



Mikhail Rosen

JEWISH HAPPINESS  
IN ISRAEL  
*Collection*

СУПЕР ИЗДАТЕЛЬСТВО

# Mikhail Rosen

## Jewish happiness in Israel

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### **Аннотация**

The book «Jewish Happiness in Israel» consists of the two short stories and one novel based on real facts of modern Israeli reality. The purpose of these stories in some ways reflects the processes taking place in modern Israeli society without myths, wonders and fantasies.

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**Jewish happiness in Israel**

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# Terrorist's lover

*(Novella)*

*The basis of this novella is the events that took place in one of the districts of Tel Aviv.*

## Olga

Olga stood in front of a large mirror. In the mirror reflected her tanned face, golden hair, thin waist and steep hips. Boris called Olga's figure The «sexual guitar.» Olga met Boris in the army. They served together in the border police or abbreviated as «mahav.» In the «magav» only accepted volunteers. Olga enrolled there when she saw how tall and handsome the guys were there. Boris was not tall and handsome. The son of a large official, Boris became a soldier of the «magav», wishing to decorate his ordinary biography. However, Boris did not differ in bravery. The soldiers of his platoon did not want to be with Boris in the patrol in dangerous areas. They did not trust him. Olga knew this well, because the whole service was working at the headquarters of the border battalion. After the demobilization from the army two months passed. But Olga has not yet decided what she will do next.

Olga often remembered her mother recently. Five years have

passed since the day of their sad separation. In the first year of her life in Israel, Olga received letters from her mother. The letters came rarely, but a year later they completely stopped. Olga sent letters, telegrams, parcels, but there was no answer. Olga understood what that meant. Before her eyes there was the same picture. The native Saratov. Old park. On the grass, men and women with blue swollen faces share a bottle of vodka. From this picture, Olga's heart contracted.

Olga's mother graduated from a trade college and worked as auditor in the city market. This post made her the center of attention of the natives of the Caucasian republics, who sold citrus and other «fruits» on the markets of the city. Saratov was big city and among many shortcomings suffered from a lack of citrus. Caucasian men supplied ordinary citizens with these fruits, born by the sun of the Caucasus. The merchants from Caucasus the dwellers Saratov called «Georgians». Didi was the dexterous Caucasian merchant. He liked Olga's mother. But he was attracted not only by the beauty of the girl.

He deployed whole network of speculation on the Saratov market. Didi brought from the Caucasus a large number of shortage carce food, shoes and clothes, and with the help of Olga's mother solded this wares on city market, without taxes and registrations. Speculation gave big profits, therefore Didi decidedi to enter into marriage with Olga's mother. The marriage was false, but the authorities recognized it as an official one. Didi had another family.

Didi was fond of card games. He earned a lot of money on speculation, and he lost them in of the card games. As the result, he was arrested as of the speculation and went to jail. His «wife» was also brought to criminal liability, but she was pregnant and her not arrested.

Didi did not return to Saratov after his release from the prison. Olga never saw her real father. Didi was not the Georgian in fact. He was the Caucasian Jew by the surname of Galakhov. Olga found out about this at the age of 16, when she received the passport. In her passport was written, the nationality – She is Jew.

Olga's childhood passed like hundreds of thousands of Soviet children, who had no fathers. Mother was sorry for her and was affectionate with her. Mother changed a lot when Olga began to grow up. Mother lost her job at the plant, during the «perestroika», and again returned to the market. She began to get drunk there. Drunken men began to appear in their one-room apartment. The drunken mother was went to bed with them. Sometimes there were disgusting scandals and fights.

When mother was sober, she cried, was knelt before her daughter, begged to forgiveness, but then it all began again.

Olga's neighbors were the childless, Jewish family. When Olga was the child, the neighbors loved the girl. They invited Olga to her room, treated them with sweets, gave toys.

In one apartment with his mother it became impossible to live. Olga often came to the neighbors. One night Olga's mother got

drunk to the point of unconsciousness. Her partner – a bald **man** climbed to a 14-year-old girl in bed. Olga ran to her neighbors in horror. All night, the neighbors reassured the frightened girl. The morning head of the family Chaim said with a sigh: «You can not let the child perish! Still, the Jewish blood!» Soon he arranged Olga for a boarding school, which was organized by the Jewish Agency in Saratov.

The creak of the door was interrupted by heavy reflections. Olga was surprised. She saw Boris's mother on the threshold. Her name was Zlata. Zlata's view did not bode well. She was not at all like Zlata, whom Olga saw first, when Boris invited Olga to celebrate Rosh-ha-Shana (the Jewish New Year) in his family. Olga spent holiday holidays in a hotel for single soldiers. She gladly accepted Borka's invitation. She really wanted to feel a little family warmth. The family of Boris accepted Olga with respect. Olga was sitting at the festive table between Boris and Zlata. After the holiday, Boris and Olga went to their military unit. At parting Zlata embraced Olga, kissed and said: «My sweet girl! Take care of Borya! He's like your own now! I like you as a mother!»

Unexpected visit of «mother» surprised Olga. She decided to remain silent and find out the reason for the visit. Olga continued to comb her hair. «How long will you show me your charms?» «I'm not a man with whom you immediately go to bed!» Zlata could not stand the silence. Tears welled up from Olga's eyes. But she already expected such insults from Zlata and prepared

for them.

– Zlata Abramovna! I have a gift for you, – said Olga calmly, – I'm pregnant with yours from Boris! Soon two months!

Zlata jumped up like a snake bitten, and cried:

– Did something hit you on the head?

But Zlata's head hit. She blushed like a cancer, and sat down on an uncleared bed. Olga continued the offensive:

– I know that you think your Boris needs another wife! So be it! Your Boris is not a great treasure! I'll live without it, just give me this apartment! You have many apartments and lots of money, but I have nowhere to live!

Olga took a meaningful pause, and continued:

– Mammy remember, if in two weeks this apartment is not mine, I will not go to an abortion! Your Borya will pay me the elements for a long, long time.

When Zlata came out of the apartment Olga shouted after her:

– Whatever Borya comes near me any more! – and burst into tears, pressing herself against the door.

## **Weekdays and entertainment**

Every morning the bus drove Olga to the factory, where she soldered parts for microprocessors.

Boring time was when she came home from work. In the beginning Olga was very pleased with her own apartment. She got this apartment from Boris's parents. All her life she was deprived of her own housing, so Olga was very pleased to equip her «nest». Soon she was sick of it.

The only entertainment was visiting, at the end of Saturday, the famous disco «Aquarium». «Aquarium» was a unique disco and differed from similar discos with a luxurious dance hall and deft disc jockeys. Disco was located on the beach next to expensive high-rise hotels. «Aquarium» was the most popular place for wealthy tourists and «golden» Israeli youth. Girls, repatriates from the former USSR (in Israel they were called «olims from Rusia») were the center of attraction of this disco. The price of tickets in the «Aquarium» was available only to wealthy people. Young and attractive «olims» in the «Aquarium» was allowed free of charge.

On Saturday, with the appearance of the first star in the sky, when is allowed to open shops and institutions in Israel, the queue of girls was to the Aquarium. Olga met Lisa Golberg at the entrance to the «Aquarium» Lisa had an attractive appearance. She was slender, with huge dark brown eyes. The eternal Jewish

sadness was in her eyes. The sadness reigned in the family Goldberg. Lisa's mother, the solfeggio teacher at the Kharkiv Conservatory, was forced to work as a cleaner, and her father, a former literature teacher, had finding a job at the scrap yard.

Olga liked to visit this modest, intelligent family, where, despite the hardships of life, good, cordial relations reigned. Lisa had the illusion to meet in the «Aquarium» with decent man. Olga knew well the mores of Israeli «playboys». In «Aquarium» she was want only by the desire to have fun.

Once Olga saw among the dancers, the familiar figure of Boris. He was very fat. His stomach hung over his waist. From the former army colleagues, Olga heard that Boris is studying law at the university. «This scoundrel will judge people!» – thought Olga, and in her head she had a plan.

Olga whispered Lisa the few words, and Lisa, in the rhythm of the dance, was next to Boris. A few mysterious smiles of a pretty girl were enough for Boris. After the dances, Boris and Lisa drank a very expensive cocktail at the bar. Boris tried to put his hand on the girl's bare knees. Then he suggested to Liza to drive on his new Japanese jeep. They traveled around the city, crossed the Tel Aviv embankment illuminated with advertisements. Towards midnight, Lisa began to hurry home. She hinted that today she is alone in the apartment. The parents went to visit.

Boris understood the hint and gladly agreed to bring the girl home. Bois's mood worsened as they drove through all the center

of the city. There were old houses around, and dark, dirty streets. These streets were notorious and was considered a hotbed of drug addiction, theft and prostitution. Poor returnees lived on these streets. Lisa asked to stop the jeep near one of the old houses.

The street was deserted and dark. Boris did not want to leave the jeep. He pressed a button and Lisa fell with the seat. Boris piled on it, but Lisa deftly jumped out. Boris went out after her. Olga appeared before Boris at that moment. Boris was at a loss. He did not expect to meet Olga here.

– Hello, dear! Decided to have fun?

– And did your mother allow you? – Olga asked with sarcasm.

Borka tried to hide in a jeep. He remembered that Olga always took first place in the karate competition in «Magav».

– What do you want? Have you paid a little? – Boris muttered in fright. Olya kicked him in the groin. He bent, and squealing like a dog. The second kick was in the face. Blood dripped on the asphalt.

Lisa hung on Olga's back at this second.

– Olga, stop immediately! – she cried out loud. Boris jumped into the jeep and, using turmoil, left.

– Olga! You're a beast! – Liza yelled, stammering. She looked indignantly at her girl-friend's face:

– Is it possible to beat so?

– Of course, he's a scoundrel, but he's the Jewish guy!

– A Jewish guy? A Jewish guy? And who am I! The beast?

Olga cried in the hysterical voice:

– You were lying torn on a gynecological chair? Pieces of a living body from you pulled out? Were you thrown into the street?

He intimacy between girl-friends disappeared after the massacre of Boris. Olga painfully outlive this rupture. Olga did not understand, unfortunately, that she violated the almost genetic «taboo». This «taboo» lives in the soul of almost every Jew.

## Unexpected of the meeting

Olga was in a depressed mood after a rupture with Lisa. She became indifferent to the people around her, and even her own destiny. She went in such the mood when going in bus after work. Beside was two young Israeli women chatter loudly. They enthusiastically told each other about the tricks of their young children. From this usual female chatter, Olga suddenly felt her throat tighten. She left the bus on the embankment of the Yarkon River. The weather was great. March and April are the best times of the year in Israel. The sun does not burn, but only caresses. A cool breeze blows from the sea. The earth is filled with rain, was covered with lush vegetation. High green bushes quickly filled with buds of colorful exotic flowers.

Olga, busy with her sad thoughts, did not notice how she got to the city center and was next to the underground passage leading to the bazaar. She was not going to make purchases, but the human whirlpool took her to the market square to the stores selling women's underwear. A woman always remains a woman, despite the troubles. She began to consider the various styles of underwear, imagining how she would look in these panties and bras.

Olga suddenly felt someone's attentive look, and in the market – place she came face to face with a tall, handsome guy of eastern appearance. He seemed familiar to her, She

looked at him again, and remembered: «It happened a few months before the demobilization. After a year of relative calm, a new «intifada»<sup>1</sup> suddenly flared up. Inside Israel and the «shtakhim»<sup>2</sup> «live bombs-shahids»<sup>3</sup> were blown up. Under the cover of the «stone rain» of Palestinian teenagers, the terrorists fired at soldiers. Israeli Arabs rebelled too. Many thousands of demonstrations in defense of the Palestinians often went into fights and shooting.

The border police went into emergency mode. There was no end to the alarm and patrolling. These events affected the girls-soldiers. The Frontier Battalion were forced to establish checkpoints in all suspicious locations. Girls soldiers checked documents and personal belongings of all Arabs who wished to enter Israeli cities. The commander of the control post was usually Lieutenant Zeev. Lieutenant Zeev was a Jewess from Morroco. Girls soldiers did not like this lieutenant. She always demanded the exact execution of orders. uld quickly identify the dangerous Arabs. Through the control post, where she commanded, the terrorists could not pass.

Zeeva demanded that the girls pay the main attention to «teudat-zeut». (Identification of identity) Identity cards from the Arabs had several colors. The Arabs, citizens of Israel, had one color of documents, Arabs not citizens – another color.

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<sup>1</sup> Intifada – Revolt of the people (Arabic)

<sup>2</sup> Stahim – the occupied territories (Hebrew).

<sup>3</sup> «Living bombs-suicide bombers» – suicides.

Often Arabs, citizens of Israel, handed over their documents to Palestinians, or Palestinians used false documents. First, it was necessary to pay attention to photographs and seals. If the photo or print was not in place, the Arabs immediately detained.

It was a cool November morning. The sun was barely rising, and the first rays warmed the backs of the girls, who took places in the control cabins. The crowd had already gathered at the control post. It was Thursday, before the day off for the Arabs. The Arabs hurried to get to work or to the market. Olga noticed him when he was just entering the control post. He was slender, tall, and handsome, in a fashionable light jacket of expensive skin. He favorably differed from other Arabs. Olga somehow wanted that he passed other girls and went straight to her. He seemed to hear her thoughts. He had a «teudat-zeit» of an Israeli citizen. She opened the document and shuddered.

The document may not have been in order. The photo moved to the side. But Olga did not touch the secret call button of the guard. She looked up and their eyes met. In his hot dark eyes there was neither fear nor request. There was only contempt in them. His eyes seemed to say: «Well... sell! I'm not afraid!» Olga did not know how long this duel of views lasted. She returned him, his «teudat-zeit».

Olga was, as under the influence of hypnosis. Zeev's voice return she to life. Zeeva usually was behind the backs of girls and watched the work of her subordinates through black glasses, which she never took off. She noticed Olga's

embarrassment, but Olga answered her, as calmly as possible: «Ha-coll beseder!» (All right in Hebrew)

When Olga crossed the market square, her legs began to behave badly. Not knowing why, she turned to the side and slowly went to the sea embankment. She felt that the Arab was following her.

– Excuse me, girl! Your name is Olga? – He asked her in perfect Hebrew.

Surprised, Olga stopped: «That's great! He remembers my name written on the tablet I wore while working at the check post!» They went down to the quay and sat on the parapet stones heated by the sun. The Arab was silent, looking into the sea. His neatly shaven face.

His neck, a stubborn chin seemed to her carved out of dark marble. His full sensual lips moved to the rhythm of the voice of the muezzin that was heard from a distant minaret. The sun drowned in the depths of the sea. The wind from the sea felt cold.

– It would well to drink coffee! – he said, jumping off the parapet.

– Now the beginning of the Sabbath – everything is closed, Olga answered quietly.

– It's all closed for you, but we have it open! – he smiled and held out his hand to, – Let's go! In Jaffa there is a seaside restaurant. There is a real coffee – arabic!

«What am I doing? I have to going of with an Arab in a taxi?» She remembered the terrible stories about the Arab

murders and violence, and her forehead was covered with a cold sweat. However, the Arab restaurant looked decent. Painted walls, open windows overlooking the sea. In the beautiful hall there were round tables with low comfortable chairs. Dark men at tables and almost without women. From several tables, greetings immediately flashed:

– Salam, Said! Salam!

– Do you have so many acquaintances here? – Olga was surprised.

Said smiled affably:

– These are my friends! We went to school together.

At the end of the hall a large, well-lit from inside aquarium stood. In the aquarium swam large fish, reminiscent of Russian carp. Near the aquarium stood a swarthy boy in a white coat with a net in his hands. Said sat Olga near the aquarium and immediately invited her to choose any of the fish swimming there.

– Caution! In fish, sharp bones! – Said warned her and moved her a plate with water to wash her fingers.

Coffee in small silvery glasses was unusual. From it emanated a stupefying smell. Olga felt slightly dizzy after a few sips. They were sitting in front of the open window, and the sea was in front of them. Outside the windows of the restaurant was an ancient pier, overgrown with moss and seashells. Above the dock, was the pedestal with the memorial plaque? At the top of the pedestal, stood the small mock-up of the ship?

– I wonder what is written there, – Olga asked.

Said was silent. His face suddenly changed. A polite smile disappeared.

– This is a monument to the suffering of my people! – He began to say slowly, – A hundred years ago, Jews from Russia came to this shore. They said they only want to pray. We believed them. They deceived us! They stole our land and robbed my People! – Sayid's words were a surprise to Olga.

– The Jews lived on this land before the Arabs..., – she hardly remembered the lessons of clever teachers who convinced her of the full right of the Jews to the land of Palestine.

Olga's mood spoiled. She asked Sayid to take her home. In a taxi, Olga forgot about political differences. She was worried about purely female questions: «What if Said wants to visit her? To refuse or not to refuse?». Said brought her out of a predicament. He helped her in a man's way out of the taxi politely thanked for the evening's. He kissed her on the cheek and left.

Olga was disappointed with the cool parting. She remembered the smallest details of her short acquaintance. Olga received a lot of special briefings to communicate with the Arabs while serving in the border police. Based on these briefings, Said was a suspicious person. But how strange that such thoughts did not hit her head. She thought of him only as a man. In her short life. Olga saw many men. Some men harassed her, she despised others, but nothing like this happened before.

Every morning she woke up hoping to see him. Hope vanished by evening. Next Friday, when she returned home in the evening, she suddenly had a hope. Olga lived on the first floor of an ancient building. The house was built on columns. She saw, in the moonlight, a tall male figure. Her heart pounded. She recognized him. Said stood leaning on the pillar. Olga, like a rabbit, mesmerized by a boa, silently walked up to him. He hugged her. His strong hands closed on her. She led him to her apartment, and all night she was in his power. She woke up in the middle of the night, and she admired his beautiful body for a long time, and stroked his hair, which was black as a resin, curiously. When she got up at the break of dawn, he was no longer in the apartment. In the bedroom, there was only an exciting smell of his body. She naked went to the old mirror and was surprised. On the delicate skin of her chest, bruises were visible. «It's strange! I did not feel pain?» – she thought, stroking the bites.

Said came usually at night, and left at dawn. All the night hours were filled with passion and only passion. This passion prevented Olga from thinking seriously: «Who is Sayid? Where does their connection go?» Olga was very afraid to destroy the fragile illusion of happiness. She decided finally and directly asked him: «Why do you come only at night? You afraid of pursuit? Are you an illegal?»

Said took questions calmly. He looked at Olga with an enigmatic smile and hugged her tightly: «My Fatima! (The Beauty from Arab folklore) You give me love that I never knew

in my life! I thank Allah for such love! Do not worry that you will be bad if the police learn about our connection! I am a normal Israeli citizen!»

Olga wanted to create a habitual situation for Said. She went to the Arab market and bought food there. From these products, Olga prepared everything that she knew from the recipes of Arabic cuisine. Young lamb with vegetables, finely chopped bitter and sweet pepper, apples baked in the dough, salad from the hasy, sharp hummus, pita, sweet dates and juicy olives, all these dishes were on the table on Saturday. He, with an appetite, ate the cooked food and praised her progress in the field of Arabic cuisine. The morning was approaching, when Olga woke up from a love eclipse. Said was sitting opposite her. He folded his arms on his chest, and said:

– I am an Israeli, but I was born in Khan Younes<sup>4</sup>. I remained an orphan at five. My uncle, took me in Nazeret<sup>5</sup> and made from me an Israeli. There, in Gaza my own sisters live.

Olga thoughtful. She had to visit the Gaza Strip. Women – soldiers were usually not allowed there, but there were extraordinary circumstances. Not far from Khan Yunes, near one of the Jewish settlements, the soldiers of the border battalion found terrorists. The battle began. Terrorists were destroyed, but two soldiers of the battalion were wounded. Chief of Staff

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<sup>4</sup> Khan Yunes – The city in the Gaza Strip.

<sup>5</sup> Nazareth is an Arab town in the territory of Israel.

of the battalion, was to immediately draw up a report for the general about this incident. The sergeant, who was carrying out the documentation on the terrorist attacks, was absent. His grandmother died. He sat «shivu» (the law of Judaism about the fact that close relatives should stay for a few days in the house of the deceased, after the funeral). This law for Jews, immigrants from Morocco, is a sacred matter. Olga had to do the work of this sergeant. The Jewish settlement, located near the sea coast, was surrounded by a protective fence. The settlement consisted of several dozen two-storey villas. Around the villas there were blooming gardens and greenhouses, peacocks to walk along the green grass.

They returned for the «green line» in the evening on armored jeeps. The road passed next to the camps of Palestinian refugees, existing here since the War of Independence.

Narrow streets, small houses, a total lack of greenery, garbage heaps around these houses. Ditch with sewage in the middle of the street spread a strong stench in the hot air. The donkey, laden with bags, was walking along the dusty road.

A dirty boy of about eight to ten drove a donkey. When the jeep was beside with the boy, the boy raised his hand with two fingers spread out and shouted: «Ipah el jehudi! Ipah el jehudi!»

The soldier, the Moroccan Jew who was sitting in a car next to Olga, translated the boy's words: «degenerate boy creams: Jew need to be cat!» This cry Olga remembered for a long time.

Another week passed. Said again appeared in Olge's

apartment.

Smiling, he handed Olga a small box, in which lay a gold bracelet with an artfully executed miniature image of «Fatima's hand.»

After dinner Said pulled out a cigarette from a leather cigarette case, with a strange, poisonous-green tobacco, and handed it to Olga: «Try it, my Fatima! This is a real kaif!»

Olga often encountered drug addicts in the service. She was afraid of drugs, but seeing as happy Said when he smokes these cigarettes, she decided to try.

She felt nausea at first, but then she felt cheerful and easy. Everything around was filled with a kind of fog. In the fog floated figure Said. He leaned over her, and she felt the sweetness of his kisses.

Said often brought these strange cigarettes with him. Once he brought with him a small suitcase. In such suitcases, usually locksmiths and electricians carry their tools. Said and Olga began to smoke. Again, the mist floated in front of the girl's eyes. Said disappeared, then appeared again. She heard his voice, as if from a distance: «We had a fight in Nazareth. The police suspect me. I need to disappear for a few days.» Olga immediately answered: «What's the problem? Live with me!»

Said kissed her so much that she felt a taste of blood in her mouth: «The Arab does not make a beloved woman a problem! It is better to live in a good hotel. They will not look for me there.»

– You do not know? Do the hotels carefully check the

documents? – Olga asked in surprise. Said answered quickly, – We will in hotel without problems, if you show your police ID!

Despite the fog in her head, Olga had an alarming thought: «How does he know that I have a police certificate? I never told him about it!» Olga had the police certificate. She was the sergeant of the reserve police. Olga in the morning, tried to remember when Said left. Olga seemed that he left without his locksmith suitcase.

«Said probably forgot the suitcase» – she thought. Olga looked around. The suitcase was nowhere to be found.

Olga was struck by the fact that the door that led from the kitchen to the pantry was not locked. Olga always locked this door. From this pantry can easily get straight to the street. The old things of the Boris family lay in the pantry.

The clock was shown to five minutes to six. The bus will not wait. At work, she forgot about the door and suitcase.

They rented a room in the «Panorama» Hotel in a few days.

The room was «super-luxury». The room had soft carpets, wide sofas, on the walls of a picture in a gilded framework, air-conditioned air and a huge refrigerator full of various drinks. This room was worth more than a hundred dollars a day. Said, put in Olga's the police certificate of a pack of green banknote.

Olga liked most of all the bathroom and white whirlpool. The walls and ceiling of the bathroom consisted of illuminated

mirrors. In these mirrors, the naked bodies of the bathing could be seen in all directions. The swarthy, muscular body of Said was reflected in mirrors in all male beauty.

They, after bathing, wearing soft terry dressing gowns on bare bodies, approached a huge window that occupied almost the entire wall of the bedroom.

Before them, from the height of the fifteenth floor, the panorama of the evening Tel Aviv flooded with electric light opened. The colorful panorama stretched from the old lighthouse to the high-altitude pipes of the Reading power station. A fiery river of thousands of automobile headlights flowed along the streets along skyscrapers and squares.

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