

DISGUST

A Performance Text based on Video Interviews with Passersby,
Bialik Street, Ramat Gan, July-August 2006

Composed by
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Characters/Interviewees in order of appearance

Ms Elegant
Miss Teacher
Lulu (A Stage Name)
The Never-Disgusted Lady
The Hairdresser from Ramat-Gan
A Five-Year-Old Girl
Teenage Girl 1
Teenage Girl 2
Lily the Cleaning Lady
A Young Man
A Professional Street Lady
A Grouchy Woman from Jerusalem
Stage Director (in the Image of the Performance's Director)
A Transvestite
An Opinionated Man
Mona, a Poet of Disgust
Tal Bar-El, a Giggling Girl
Ms Disgusted-by-Hair
Migrant Workers: Philippines 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5
Ronen Babluki, A Reality-Show Participant
An Arab Woman from Jaffa
A (newly) Religious Man
A Woman with a Black Purse

A Viola Player
A Ballerina

All characters are performed by five actresses.

An empty stage. Five piles of clothes, shoes, and accessories are neatly folded around the stage. Throughout the performance, as the performers gradually wear and take off the clothes, the piles will become messy and scattered chaotically on the stage.

As the audience enters and takes their seats, one of the performers arranges five chairs on stage. The chairs are identical to the chairs the audience sits in.

When the audience is seated, without any change of light, five actresses enter, one after the other, and stand around the stage. They stare at the audience, examining the spectators with their looks, as if asking: 'what are your expectations?'

A viola player enters. He tunes the strings.

The actresses who are now wearing their own clothes, quietly start taking them off. Each one picks an outfit from one of the piles and starts getting dressed as the first character to be enacted. This process repeats itself again and again as each one of the actresses enacts about four different characters (male and female) getting in and out of them, taking off and wearing the clothes she needs for each character. The actresses change clothes at the stage skirts, in front of the audience, and as an integral part of the performance; a choreography of body and costume. As the performance evolves, some of the costume changes start to occur while the character is speaking in the center of the stage, performing the transformation of one character into another.

One of the actresses takes a deep breath, as if she is about to dive into cold water, and courageously takes the stage. As she walks in she starts enacting the character she is now dressed for.

Scene 1: About the Question

Ms Elegant: Um...What can I say?...well it's like everyone else. It has to do with our... senses... I guess...

(On the word "senses" a strong bright light comes up. Spot lights are placed around the stage like the lighting of an operating room. The first actress enters and turns directly to someone in the audience as if this person asked her the question. Each one of the other actresses does the same in turn.

Miss Teacher (enters): Disgusting? Like what?

Ms Elegant: Seeing this disgusts me. Smelling that disgusts me. Eating this disgusts me...

Lulu: *(enters, embarrassed, giggling)* What's disgusting?? Wow...what a huge question...

Miss Teacher: *In life...?* yea...I don't know if the word disgusting... *maybe repulsive... is more...*

Ms Elegant: I'm trying... I'm trying...

Lulu: Wow, wo, what a question... I'm drowning....

Miss Teacher: *(Trying to justify herself)* Disgusting? I can't even think of anything, it's not like I have something in mind and I'm not telling you, I can't think of anything, nothing comes to mind... it's not that I'm hiding something and saying to myself

"there is something but I don't want to tell you," no, really, I can't think of anything... nothing comes to mind...

The Never-Disgusted Lady: (*enters, tip-topping on her white high-heeled shoes*) What disgusts me?... In what sense?... Disgusting? Repulsive?

The Hairdresser from Ramat-Gan: (*enters*) So? What's the question? What kind of a question is that? That's really a tough question... there are a lot of disgusting things.

Lulu: Gosh, there are so many disgusting things... wow, I don't know where to start... hmmm... wow...

The Never-Disgusted Lady: (*decisively*) There is no such thing as a disgusting thing!... I am just never disgusted.

The Hairdresser from Ramat-Gan: For instance, and if you don't mind me saying this, what's disgusting is disgusting; Now, if I'm a normal person, I'm disgusted by the same things that disgust you. So what's the question?

Ms Elegant: "C'est abjecte." That's the word disgusting.

The Hairdresser from Ramat-Gan: It's an abstract question: what disgusts me.

The Never-Disgusted Lady: How can one...? It's not something tangible...

Miss Teacher: Wait, I'll look it up in the dictionary... disgusting, disgust, disgusted, *a strong feeling of disapproval, or dislike.*

Lulu: (*giggling*) Wow, wow, wow, wow, wow.

Ms Elegant: Can't you talk about nice things instead? Just disgusting?

The Hairdresser from Ramat-Gan: Ok, let's go on. (*surprised*) Oh!? there's only one question...?

Ms. Elegant: Only one question? Ok, then, I'm done.

The Hairdresser from Ramat-Gan: Jeez, way too easy.... Can I ask you a question too?

Ms Elegant: (*aggressively*) So what's this question for? What for?

The Hairdresser from Ramat-Gan: Why did you choose this question? It's a Purim carnival question... what disgusts me... seriously.... whoever thought of it must be really smart.

A moment of silence. A question remains hanging in the air: What is this weird question all about? The actresses exit. The characters fade out. Only Miss Teacher stays.

<p>invasion... They got in from the gutters... And then they had babies inside my washing machine! And then my husband killed one or two a day.</p> <p>How do I react? I stand on the table and I scream. I can't look at them.</p> <p>My son says: "leave them alone, let them live.." he loves animals... that's why he failed... was kicked out of the navy.</p> <p>That's it.</p>	<p>Or If I see a cockroach I die.</p> <p>Until I see it dead, I'm all over the place, jumping on the sofas, on the bed, everywhere / all over the place...</p> <p>Or things like that, but those are the things that disgust me the most, sand and hair. Like I said, cockroaches and things like that. God help me. God forbid. Until you show me you killed it. God help me. That's it.</p>
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(Both exit gesturing apologetically. They both really do not have anything to add to their answer on this question. The gestures repeat and multiply and then fade until both women reach backstage.)

Scene 3: Smell

(Tender music of the viola. An actress announces): Smell.

Lulu: *(enters)* Smell smell smell smell smell. That's the strongest. Wow, it's like, smell is the strongest thing.

Like on Friday afternoon, when all the neighbors in the building start cooking, and it all mixes... that really disgusts me... they all make all this stuff and then all the smells mixed together! *(shudders)*

(The Cleaning Lady and A Young Man enter together, energetically, they talk about different things but are coordinated with the gestures and expressions of disgust).

Lily the Cleaning Lady: *(enters)* The food that the neighbors cook. That's something that really disgusts me. You know what, I climb up from the first floor to the sixth holding my nose...

A Young Man: *(enters)* Kissing... a kiss... like if you're kissing a girl and all of a sudden you realize she has bad breath, that's something that... you cannot go on kissing her...! You step back... that's disgusting... ejhhh....

(A Young Man and Lily the Cleaning Lady shudder simultaneously)

Lily the Cleaning Lady: I come home, "what happened Lily?" I don't... The Russian neighbor made something stinking today. I don't even know what they're cooking! Those Russians! I don't know, it's on top of me, in front of me, inside me, all around me-everybody is Russian!

A Young Man: (*disgusted*) Or if you're having sex with that girl and suddenly you smell something from her "down there," or if you're going down on her or doing something, and you smell something strong, that you're not used to smell...you suddenly get disgusted and stop and close your eyes and can't believe that this is happening to you... and you say to yourself-- where the fuck am I?! What did I get myself into... What is this...? (*obsessively straightens his shirt*).

Lily the Cleaning Lady: This...I don't even know what their food is....

A Young Man: (*concluding*) And that's something that you need to be really careful with anybody, doesn't matter who, you have to be clean and not dirty, if it's down there or if it's your own breath, you really have to be tidy and clean...

A Grouchy Woman from Jerusalem: (*bursts into the stage*) What's disgusting? In what? In what way? In what sense? It's not a matter of disgusting or not disgusting, you're asking me now a question that...it's not like you say disgusting and.... Like what's disgusting? You mean like smell and stuff? I dunno ... I can't do it specifically...nothing's disgusting.
Of course I could say bad smell, the smell of piss, of urine...
The smell of breath when you wake up... That disgusts me.
And in the movies, yeah right, the minute they wake up in bed they start kissing, that's disgusting.
How can you smell each other with such bad breath!
But they're not really...I guess they have a mint...
Ah...and they're not even sleeping. It's just a movie. My life's a movie...
(*Pause. The rest of the actresses look at her in concentration. Like a close-up of this tortured soul. The Grouchy woman then suddenly runs out, runs back, and adds*) Did you ever smell a rotten potato?

Scene 4: Food

(*An actress announces*): Food.

Miss Teacher: (*Enters, asking for permission*) Does food also count?
(*coming up with a surprising answer*): Watermelon! Yea! I don't know, it just disgusts me, I can't touch it. It's liquidy and it's disgusting and it's sticky and it grosses me out.

A Professional Street Lady: (*enters*) Cottage cheese, because of its stickiness. That's disgusting... that's gross.

Lulu: (*off-stage*) The water that's on top of the yogurt.

A Professional Street Lady: And also the egg white. That's also disgusting and also makes me...

A Grouchy Woman from Jerusalem: Yolk disgusts me-- (*making sure*) Yolk's the yellow right? Yea, so that.

A Professional Street Lady: Food that looks bad, can't touch it. Yea, I'm a person who doesn't eat vegetables at all. Only food I cook. I never eat someone else's food. Only my mothers or mine.

Teenage Girls 1+2: (*enter laughing*)

Teenage Girl 2: Food? Fish!

Teenage Girl 1: yeeehhhew I hate fish! How do people even eat it! God!! I don't go into the Kineret¹ because of the fish there. I see fish I wanna cry.

Stage Director (*enters. enacted in the image of the performance's director. The actress in this role wears a gray robe and eye-glasses like those of a laboratory scientist. She also has glittering gold earrings and very red lipstick, typical of the director*). *Charles Darwin enters, observes, pays special attention to the characters' gestures and to their facial expressions of disgust*): "As the sensation of disgust primarily arises in connection with the act of eating or tasting, (Charles Darwin 1872),² it is natural that its expression should consist chiefly in movements around the mouth. But as disgust also causes annoyance, it is generally accompanied by a frown, and often by gestures as if to push away or to guard oneself against the offensive object. With respect to the face, moderate disgust is exhibited in various ways; by the mouth being widely opened, as if to let an offensive morsel drop out; by spitting; by blowing out of the protruded lips; or by a sound as of clearing the throat. Such guttural sounds are written ach or ugh; and their utterance is sometimes accompanied by a shudder, the arms being pressed close to the sides and the shoulders raised in the same manner as when horror is experienced."

(All the actresses quiver. A short concert of vocal expressions of disgust. The Viola plays a thin shivering sound/tremolo)

Teenage Girl 2: Ah! I got something--dates. I hate them, they look like cockroaches.

A Transvestite: (*enters extravagantly*) Milk...milk...milk...that's gross.

A Young Man: (*from behind*) Mayo...I can't stand the look of mayo.

A Transvestite: Mostly the color, hmm...That's interesting...

A Young Man: And I can't stand seeing other people eating mayo or touching it.

A Transvestite: It's white and smelly, and the (membrane)/texture?, I feel contractions in my stomach, inside like...everything wants to come out...

¹ The Sea of Galilee, in Hebrew "the Kineret." A vacation resort in the north of the country.

² A reference to Charles Darwin's *The Expression of the Emotions in Man and Animals* (First edition), London: John Murray, 1872).

A Young Man: Sometimes when mom makes it at home, that's the worst, I can't even look at the eggs and everything.

A Transvestite: I can't stir milk when it's boiling, and porridge also grosses me out. If someone wants me to reveal national secrets—just give me a glass of milk and it's all out. Everything that's made of cheese and is white, cum also fits this category. Everything that's with cheese and white.

(An Opinionated Man is on his way in; he stops when the transvestite says "come," draws back and waits till the transvestite exits, to enter.)

An Opinionated Man: It disgusts me, for example, that I eat a lot. It annoys me and disgusts me. But it also disgusts me to see someone else eating a lot, yea... I just can't stand people who get so excited over food but, you know, in an extreme kind of way, you probably know what I'm talking about, it drives me mad. It's fucking food, it goes out the same way, no matter what you eat. It drives me mad, it's way too disgusting, that's first of all. And that's it. *(Pause)*. Don't you have a question in math or something? That's much more specific.... *(The rest of the actresses look at him as in a close-up. He is very embarrassed from the attention he's getting, and he starts moving inconveniently in his place, tries pulling his shirt over his belly. Suddenly exits.)*

Scene 5: Hair

(A black underskirt pokes out from deep on stage. Behind it is an actress, she lays it on her body, tries it out, and through this slip she tries to figure out how to enact the character. She doesn't know this character since she interviewed her over the phone and she is now trying to create a body for a woman of whom she's only heard her voice)

Mona, A Poet of Disgust:

Hairy face
Hairy armpit
Hairy nose
Hair that is too long
Hair coming out of girls' panties
Unnecessary hair
Everything that has to do with unnecessary hair,
Disgusts me.

(All actresses fix their hair at the stage's skirts)

What do you mean what disgusts me?
It's absurd to ask me such a question.
I touch disgust; I swim in it every day...you know?
You know that I don't have just a standard job, don't you?
Everything disgusts me and at the same time nothing disgusts me.
Everything makes me sick but I don't despise anything.
(Pause)

So, how did it come out? Ah? How did I sound? I am a poet, see? a poet of disgust.

Tal Bar-El: *(enters)* Hair on the soap in the shower, and...also hair in the sink... In the sink...the...that hair. I will never pull it out. Only if I have a glove and a plastic bag and another plastic bag just in case. And then... *(shudders)* I'll rip the bags off of me so I won't feel that I'm touching it...Why are you smiling? It's disgusting. I think that's it. What, haven't ten minutes passed yet? So how did it come out? *(Poses for an imaginary camera)* I'm Tal Bar-el and I'm really pretty!! Just kidding...hhiiii...

(The two teenage girls slowly enter behind Tal Bar-El, examining her, comparing, she swiftly turns at them, and exits.)

Teenage Girl 1: Hairy guys; untidy guys.

Teenage Girl 2: *(reinforcing her friend)* Hairy! untidy!

A Moustache, eyebrows, pulling hair out, look at me now, I have to do my eyebrows and moustache, I really disgust myself now, I'm on my way to the cosmetician to take care of it all. I feel disgusted with myself, really, like people lookin' at me, why doesn't she do her moustache.

Teenage Girl 2: I can't say I feel like that, coz I don't need to do eyebrows or moustache.

Teenage Girl 1: 'Cause you're lucky... *(Choking with laughter, repeats the sentence in a loop as if captured by the words).*

Why doesn't she do her moustache...

Both announce: Hair!

<p>A Young Man: <i>(enters)</i> Hair, wow, I can't stand a woman that has hairy arms, it's disgusting, can't take hair in her armpit and definitely not on her legs. It's something that I saw once and it's disgusting. Yea, it happened to me once on a date, I went out with a girl and we got to a point where we started to kiss and hug and I put my arm on her back, and I feel hair! And it was really hair and there was a lot of it, she was hairy and it really...and in the end she also had hair in her armpit, hair on her legs, and those are basic things, like I said, that I can't stand having in a girl...</p>	
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	<p>Ms. Disgusted-by-Hair: A hairy guy! So when we used to go out...when I was sixteen, there was this guy, so kind of French and kind of cute and everything.</p>
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<p>I wanted to get up and run.</p>	<p>All the winter we went out and all, and in the summer we go to the beach. When we saw him, my girlfriends and I...when he took of his clothes...he was...full of hair, till here, till here like this... (<i>showing</i>) full full...! that...we started running away from him... I'll never forget it, we started running away from him, how can I say it, like... from a plague</p>
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Stage Director: (*Enters slowly, examines the speaking characters, comes very close to the woman, and then to A Young Man, trying to figure out the "disgust mechanism" as if asking what's going on there inside? How can disgust be so strong?*) Just like from a plague...how fearful...how fearful...fearing what?

A Young Man: Or when a girl cuts her hair short, that's disgusting, it's not nice... I think it looks good on a man not on a woman.

Stage Director: fear of the masculine mixing with the feminine.

Ms Disgusted-by-Hair: What can I say... he was like a teddy bear...but you know, seriously, a teddy bear.

Charles Darwin/Stage Director: (*Stands very close to the woman, almost touches her gently, with care and compassion, understanding her difficulty*) Fear of the animalistic mixing with the human. Fear of anything that trespasses boundaries, lines, identities. Not to mix. Not to mix.

Lulu: (*From the edge of the stage, hysterically*) Everything mixes, everything mixes.

A Young Man: That's something you think to yourself, why can't a girl take the time to get rid of those things, to look like a woman, with long hair and without hair in the wrong places and with perfumes and smells... that's the basic thing that I think a girl needs to take care of.

Ms Disgusted-by-Hair: and he still isn't married...well who's going to marry a teddy bear? A bear. Then he dyed to blonde...cuz he was really dark, blackish, but nothing, you can still see, full of hair, full of hair...

(The two actresses start taking off their clothes on their way out, frantically tearing the character apart in front of the audience. The viola player tears a hair out of one of the actresses' head and plays with it on the viola. The music intensifies as if rushing the actresses into the next scene, all actresses change clothes quickly since they must transform into a new character for the next scene. The music stops suddenly when the hair tears.)

Scene 6: Cleaning

Lily the Cleaning Lady: (*decisively*) Look, everybody's the same, leaving out their stench all over the place. (*Sits in the center. Ms Elegant, the hairdresser from Ramat-Gan, and The Never-Disgusted Lady gather around her as they start speaking. A comic pizzicato of the viola*)

Ms Elegant: Ah, it disgusts me (a c'est pas ca) sometimes people cross the aesthetic limit. I'm not saying that you have to have make up or stuff...

The Hairdresser from Ramat-Gan: I can write down a list from dawn to sunset, dirt can be disgusting, or a woman's body, pardon me, can also be disgusting... Sometimes... I meet disgusting women... not hygienic...

Ms Elegant: But then you have people who don't take care of their nails, their feet, even if they took a shower...oh, I don't know...there are just some things that...

The Hairdresser from Ramat-Gan: ...they don't care, it's simply disgusting, it leaves me like posttraumatic, like it takes you a few months to get rid of all those memories.

The Never-Disgusted Lady: (*enters*) If we're talking about cleaning, if we're talking about language, if...I always look for what's-behind the scene. If... lets say, there's a dirty place (*looks around*), I always think that probably she, they, were unable to clean it, they probably had a reason, I don't get disgusted because I think a human being, by nature, won't just do disgusting things, that's the way I think, that's how I live, this is what I think.

(*All exit and immediately return. They come very close to the spectators, and each one turns directly to someone in the audience, really asking for an answer.*)

The Hairdresser from Ramat-Gan: Isn't it like this?

The Never-Disgusted Lady: Isn't it?

Ms Elegant: Do *you* get it?

The Hairdresser from Ramat-Gan: Did you have a specific answer in mind?

Ms. Elegant: What did you say your name was?...hm...? Is my picture coming out nice? Rachel...nice to meet you.

The Hairdresser from Ramat-Gan: (*invitingly*) I could sit with you in a café and talk with you till morning. Open channel. You see, there are ugly things that are beautiful, ugliness can be beautiful, take for example Dubi Gal,³ his ugliness is beautiful, he's not dirty, he's not disgusting, there's a difference, disgusting is gross, disgusting is something revolting, it's gross.

³ A famous Israeli actor.

(They all fade out, mumbling their unending texts. The cleaning lady returns at once)—

Lily the Cleaning Lady: *(announces)* Bleach.

Bleach is my obsession. I yearn for it. Even if the house is clean I have to bleach it, that's my addiction. There are some people, god help them...used to work at an old couple's house, for example, a lost case, beyond unbelievable...there are some people that are clean... that you use the bleach and it gets really clean... but there are some, till here *(pointing her forehead)*, you need to polish and polish...some like that and some like that...

A Professional Street Lady: *(enters)* Now, sterility, well...if my house is not spotless, but I mean impeccable, I feel filthy and contaminated like the house. (No... I don't want to mention that—talk about that, it's even more disgusting to talk about cleaning the...)...

Do you know the...what you 'call it...? The rough thing, for cleaning? ...with that really rusty feel... more than a scotch...you call it Loofah? Right?

It's made of that green long thing. Loofah? The thing you scrub with and then it becomes brown, after it dries. With that. I told you, it's more disgusting to talk about...cleaning... cleaning up afterwards.

I don't know if all women use it. They probably take a shower and that's it.

But I... my shower lasts at least two hours, until they shout at home "get out, get out."

And I take that loofah and I start scrubbing until I injure myself (I am talking about the below). And sometimes if I get really sore, I can't go to work for a few days.

That's it, and sometimes I take a brush...yes...when I have the guts to do it with a brush, and I scratch.

(and when I go out, you know, I try to put on a long sleeved shirt, but you can still see marks, so my mother sometimes, you know, she surprises me:

A Grouchy Woman from Jerusalem: *(enters)* My mother would...

Lily the Cleaning Lady: My mother?

A Professional Street Lady: "What's wrong with you?" like, you know she understands...

Lily the Cleaning Lady: My mother? You go into her house.... it's like a museum. Dear god! Everything bothers her.

A Grouchy Woman from Jerusalem: Take my mother, it's true what I told you...My mother would...ehh...I'm trying to find the words...*(The viola player plays a single long note: a quiet high squeak.)*

A Professional Street Lady: ...But I can't say to my mom "listen, this is what I do, that's my job, and then come home and I scrub."

A Grouchy Woman from Jerusalem: She was this kind of a person...she wouldn't let us come inside before we washed our hands.

Lily the Cleaning Lady: When we were young she would make us stand still... "you do this," "you do that," "you clean the blinds," that's our life, and all my sisters, cleaning all day, cleaning the house... sparkly clean.

A Grouchy Woman from Jerusalem: And after it was clean, she would check if it was clean enough, that it was the way she wanted it to be. When it wasn't good enough--we had to rinse it all over again with bleach till it was ok. And till she approved that it's clean, that it's white.

A Professional Street Lady: (cuz if you saw me after I get home, you'd be asking me, why are you doing this? Like I don't know.....I disgust myself that much.

A Grouchy Woman from Jerusalem: And hair that must always be pulled back, as tight as possible...

She made me go with a tight ponytail all day long ...as tight as possible, she'd kill me with that tight ponytail...it looked like nothing, just so we don't catch lice.

She would make me stand in front of the mirror every morning, making that fucking ponytail, telling me it looks nice, looks nice..., it was ugly, ugly like some idiot, with hair clips on the sides, so that not even one single hair would fall out and with a hair band. Tight and neat. Like a soldier.

She also had a thing with her underwear, she would change them after every time she pissed. After every piss she would change her underwear and wash them hard under the faucet. She had thousands of pairs of underwear, had to wash them right away every time she went into the bathroom. She had loads of underwear. She had to be in that part ...in the feminine area...very clean.

And if a drop of urine leaked, she immediately changed.

And there's more, she would cut white sheets and towels into small rags. A whole bunch. A rag for the face, a rag for the hands, a rag for below. And if she'd leak a drop of the...from below... during her period... she would be disgusted with herself, disgusted by her period.

Then it was washing with bleach and tide and soap flakes for smell and for laundry, to make it whiter than it could ever be.

Now, because her underwear was so clean, from cleaning, cleaning, cleaning, they were already... her what's it called almost fell off...her amorphides...the soft layer of the skin. From all the cleaning, can you believe it?...her skin just came off. Wow, what a memory... we're taking a strong reverse here... ah? well?

A Professional Street Lady: What disgusts me the most...

A Grouchy Woman from Jerusalem: In her bedroom too, under the pillow she had shreds of sheet, another rag for some other purpose I suppose...don't know why...

A Professional Street Lady: What disgusts me the most...I can't say I do these things, but there are people who come and ask, to do it, let's say, from behind...or hit me, humiliate me, piss on me, things like that. Excuse me for speaking like that (*pause*) but that's what was said and done.

Lily the Cleaning Lady: For example I work for somebody... you polish her house and after five minutes she brings in her dog, and her house is disgusting all over again. Why? The Lassie leaves its hair everywhere. You say to yourself, shit, you worked seven hours busting your hump, what's that? What are you paying for? And I said that to her...

People's behavior disgusts me even more...

Look, there are some who leave you a love letter, what nerve! In four hours you're supposed to do all the blinds in the house, the whole kitchen, the inside of the cupboards... four hours! Who does she think is working for her? Superman? So lady; shove your four hours, I'll do what I can... farewell, goodbye. I wrote to her: farewell.

(While Lily the Cleaning Lady talks the other actresses gather upstage. They enact a group of foreign workers who are standing at a street corner. As such they enthusiastically approach an imagined camera, eager to deliver answers.)

Migrant Workers: *(As they speak, the actresses mimic in a degrading way a local stereotype of "migrant workers." They stretch their eyes diagonally and talk in a heavy English accent. Their polite smiles turn into obsessive giggling)*

Philippine 1: ah disgusting!! yuck, something yucky uh? disgusting disgusting. I disgusting at people who speak nasty things bad words or something unusual or something something dirty or something like that it's disgusting. ...And disgusting what I work, disgusting yea, that's it. enough?

Philippine 2:

(correcting Philippine 1) but our work it's not disgusting at all, we found it very noble, it's a beautiful work and we work with our hearts.

(gradually the actors playing the Philippines add up).

Philippine 3:

Hello before he's okay and than later on he make more

Balagan, balagan, balagan⁴

later on I accept it

it makes you.....ahh ahhh.....

I clean him, I feed him, this is like my father *(trying to sound convincing)*

Me no no nothing. I accept it.

Philippine 2:

AND WE LOVE ISRAEL. she know English...

Philippine 4:

first thing in the morning, you wake up and the baal ha bait⁵ she makes kaka, *(adding, trying to please)* and you... but I have to clean her, oh my god like now this morning I really feel disgusting, because I had to clean her ass and there was so much kaka.

⁴ Hebrew word for mess.

⁵ Boss.

It's not disgusting at all and Israel is a good country for us. And we love Israel.

So sometimes I cry, because it is not really, what I want to do, so I cry inside, but at the end of the month I get my salary, and this what I am for. I don't have any way to turn back home.

Philippines 3, 4, 5 *(like a chorus):*

We adjusted...It's a beautiful work and we work with our hearts
... but this are small things, So you don't feel disgusting at all. It's okay, you hired to help.

(Philippine 3 repeats again and again the phrase "But we love Israel," waving and giggling. As this scene intensifies, the actresses feel the need to transform. They start taking off their clothes quickly. The clothes are thrown wildly all over the stage. The actresses start running around. Strong and violent music intensifies into unbearable volume. Deep secrets start to reveal.)

(Arab Woman enters. Sits silently.)

Scene 7: I Disgust Myself

A Grouchy Woman from Jerusalem: Believe me, and I swear, I am being totally honest with you now, there are days that I disgust myself.

Me, with the fat, the cigarettes, this hair that already...

Do you know how long I didn't dye it?

Do you know how long I didn't dye it?

Do you know how much he charges me to dye it?

I have to dye my hair.

He takes 400.

At "pat's." An Arab.

He's actually nice.

400 to dye and that's only for the dyeing. Doesn't include blow drying, doesn't include...

You wouldn't imagine... an Arab. Opened a hair stylist shop. What do you know?!

(Demanding an answer) What, am I not attractive? Unattractive?

An Arab Woman from Jaffa: *(enters)* The truth. Sometimes when I express my true feelings, I feel... *(carefully choosing her words)* that it's forbidden, that I am disgusting, because how can I say things that are forbidden and unacceptable in society?

Sometimes when I think about it, I don't agree with it but I... sometimes I express myself in different ways...especially...feelings...that's the hardest part. That's when I disgust myself.

(Enter teenage girls 1+2. Teenage girl 2 has only had enough time to wear one pant of her jeans. Teenage girl 1 is holding the other pant in her hand, and struggles with teenage girl 1 so that she has to stay without clothes. She desperately tries to conceal her body.)

Teenage Girl 2: My body. I hate it. What do you mean, I think that hate is also disgust in a way.

Teenage Girl 1: What do you mean it disgusts you? It's your body!

Teenage Girl 2: What do I hate? The way my body looks. My stomach, its sides. Cuz it bothers me, it makes me feel uncomfortable with myself. Like people stare at me, in a way, and I do this (*holds her breath*), like I hide it. Like from one to ten, it bothers me nine or eight.

Teenage Girl 1: I feel very comfortable with myself, don't need to do anything.

Teenage Girl 2: But no, yeah, if a girl feels comfortable with herself she shouldn't do anything, like, if nothing bothers her and she looks good, like she thinks she looks good...

Teenage Girl 1: Good for her...

Teenage Girl 2: I wish I was like that, with self confidence... and not think what people say about me or how people look at me.

Teenage Girl 1: I don't know, I don't think it only has to do with confidence, someone who's like me, who wears what she wants, a red, yellow, green scarf and god knows what else, so like I don't care what people say; everyone has to do whatever they want. I really don't care what people say.

Teenage Girl 2: No but, yeah, we say this, but continue to think about what people say about us, and say "wow she's wearing that," "what was she thinking..." we say it but we still do it.

A Professional Street Lady: (*enters. She didn't have enough time to wear the character's clothes. She tries to hide her bare body with a pair of pants that she holds against her body and tries to speak*) What do you mean? Like through life? What's disgusting? What I do...

So when you ask me what's disgusting, I'll tell you...everything's disgusting!

Everything I do is disgusting! Everything. Really, everything...

I don't know what about the people around me...ah...in spite of it...ah...I just disgust myself... I loath myself, I make myself sick.

Like I said, if you saw me after I get home, you'd be asking me why do I do it? Like I don't know it, I disgust myself that much.

(*In deep pain*) You know what? I hoped you wouldn't ask that question and that's exactly what you asked...

Miss Teacher: (*enters. Still making an effort to deliver the right answer*) Maybe sex without love ...occasionally, not satisfying, maybe when I don't feel loved... when love ends.

(*Suddenly bursts out*) You go into a classroom and there are evil hearted children, that's very repulsive...I don't know if the word disgust...loath maybe, students that

you loath and hate. A student who talks back at you or one that insults me in public, insults me in front of the whole class... something that hurts my feelings and my self esteem, I turn him into an island, he doesn't exist for me, I don't even look at him... Until we say goodbye. Their disappearance at the end is total, it's forever... In the sense that you will never see him again, ever... and I have also changed so much... I can walk peacefully down the street, no one recognizes me, I changed a lot... people don't recognize me at all... sometimes some student appears on TV, you immediately switch the channel, he didn't see me so I won't watch him, he didn't listen to me so I won't listen to him.

Does this interest you at all?

What's interesting about it? It's really not interesting at all! (*exits*)

A Professional Street Lady: Specifically? I remember that... once my older brother eh... I have two brothers that are... called "men" in our town, so to speak, and it's inappropriate... a sister on the streets and...

My big brother ah... took me... like stopped his car, four of his friends came out from... from his car. (*As she talks she slowly draws backstage. One single spot light illuminates her and blinds her, like car lights. She tries to hide in the cloth she holds on her naked body.*)

And he's hitting them so they beat me up. (*She is very self-controlled. She makes a huge effort to distance herself from the horrible event she is describing.*)

They brought me to the cemetery and they dug a ditch... and one of them hit me on this side and the other one hit on that side, till I was totally naked and they buried me. They covered me with sand up to here... and... no strength. And stop and... stop... and... if one of them stopped he would beat him... and he didn't touch me.

So ah... that's it, he told them to cover me and they covered me like till the top, that's it I don't have any more strength, don't have a throat, don't have a voice left, like no voice comes out. And he says: "ya piece of shit, you whore what do you want? To die or to live?"

So what, can you scream? So I like screamed, to live, but no voice comes out.

So he says "take her out!" they took me out, they threw me near a hospital that didn't know who why what, and I'm all naked and bleeding.

That's it. And I was in hospital four and a half months. I have a cut here... can you see? That's a souvenir from him. I did a lot for him when I was a child ... (*tries to smile*) a lot, really, and I never expected such a thing... that's it. Of course it's disgusting.

Lulu: (*enters*) And I remember once when I was young, we went to the pool, I won't forget it, (*very very embarrassed, she gets mixed up as she talks*) and my father put on his swimming suit, I don't know... somewhere nearby... and... I turned around... I don't know, and all of a sudden *wheesht* just like that, I saw his penis, and it looked at me like... I was ... and he was really shocked. And I ... and it was really... well that explains why... just kidding... that was... that disgusted me... but I don't think about it in my everyday life ok?

But ... my stage name is Lulu...

A Professional Street Lady: I gave you my whole life story....

Lulu: I always said that if I ever become famous.... It's Lulu!

A Professional Street Lady: I'll kill you if you tell...

Lulu: So nice to meet you, Lulu. Wow! You know what I suddenly remember? That I pissed in the first grade, there was this trip, we went with our class and I had to piss and I didn't tell anyone, I was ashamed, and I pissed in my pants, and all the kids...and I had to...they told me to sit on the...once there used to be brown heaters on the classroom's walls...so they told me to sit on the heater so I would dry from the piss, so my panties would dry. Wow, I thought I was going to die, I was afraid they'd think I smelled, that I was disgusting, because of the piss smell. (*Bursts into a hysteric laughter*).

*Enters an actor, carrying a lit TV set on his back. In the TV show we see cockroaches and worms running around. This is an excerpt of a reality show in which one of the participants is being put into a locked transparent coffin full of cockroaches and mice, while his partner has to use his mouth in order to pull out the key to unlock the coffin from another box which is full of pieces of internal organs of raw meat and worms. The actor who enters the stage is one of the contestants that are seen on the TV screen. He speaks the dialogue of both partners, they try to encourage and support each other to survive this repelling task. The text haunts the actor like a nightmare. His struggle to carry the TV set, keep balance, and perform his text comes through his speech.*⁶

Ronen Babluki, Reality Show Participant: (*the following text is the dialogue of the two partners which are seen on screen*). You go inside and I release you... You go inside and I release you ! You go inside and I release you ...come on Rami, just one more challenge and we're done...wait a minute I didn't understand what we've got to do...

You lie down and they pour it on you...ok?...I am handcuffed, and need to find the key with my mouth... Which part do you prefer to do? I'll do what you don't want to do...so go lie inside...ok...go in and lie down...they will spill on you...wait...what do I have to do? To find the key with my mouth...from where...from inside those things... I can't do it. I can't do it either...can't...wait...just a second... explain to me what I have to do...listen...they spill everything inside, you go in...yea...they lock you...I'm supposed to find the key with my mouth...and then you have to open it...

To release you, you get out and release me, come on...Rami, be strong ok? Close your mouth, ok? Rami be strong, ok? Rami be strong close your eyes and your mouth ok? Rami be...ohhh...Don't open your eyes...don't open...don't be afraid they don't do anything...they're just crawling on you. Don't go crazy...don't go crazy...don't go crazy...just one more challenge and we're done--don't go crazy...don't think about it...don't think, don't open your eyes, don't open your eyes...

Ok where are the keys? What do I do? I can't...How many keys are there? Two. Rami I opened one...Rami...Rami hold on..Rami...

Be strong Rami...ohh...Rami be strong...ahh come on Ronen...I am looking for it Rami...come on!!

⁶ Taken from a reality show "Running after an Apartment." In this reality show, broadcasted on Channel 2 with a very high rating, couples competed in extreme sport tasks. The prize was an apartment. Except for this actor and his boyfriend, the rest of the couples were heterosexual. The actor and his boyfriend won the competition and won the apartment.

*Get out Rami, get out sweetie, good job, good job, what a man!
Sorry...ohh sorry...shit shit sorry. Sorry baby...sorry... it's over, it's all over...sorry
sweetie...I am so sorry... we did it Rami! We*

Scene 8: About the Question 2

An Opinionated Man: *(enters)*

Next question...

An Arab Woman from Jaffa: *(enters; very quiet)* Disgusting, disgusting...it's such a rude word...can you change it?

Please s.o.s, gimme a break, just the disgust...what's with you? You stick to one word and that's it? Ok, time up, maybe I can call someone to help me...I don't know, seriously I don't...

So ask, refresh...

Maybe we can talk about the situation...about troubling things?

Disgusting...why are you giving me such a hard time...I use this word a lot...disgusting...but when? I have to squeeze my memory, I don't know when? Honestly I don't remember...

An Opinionated Man: Don't you have a question in math? *(protests)* It's a shame you didn't prepare me for these questions, no, cuz I could talk about it for hours, If only I could've thought about it for a sec...It's stressful.

A (newly) Religious Man: *(enters; appearing on stage for the first time and is ready to lecture his philosophy in detail)* Well, you asked three questions. What disgusts me...; what revolts me; and what do I despise. Three totally different things. Three different answers to this question.

It's not the same thing, it only looks similar. For Eliezer Ben-Yehuda⁷ it can work perfectly fine because he works with synonyms. But according to the holy language... Hebrew and the holy language are not the same thing at all. The holy language has no synonyms. Each word has its own specific meaning.

What revolts you? What disgusts you? And what do you despise?...Two aspects for two...for this question.

I have two perspectives and that's why I have two...two eyes.

A Transvestite: *(enters; eager to perform more)* What else? Give me some more questions, you have any more questions? God, what kind of question is that? Come on, ask me something else... wow but this is really crude, can I say it? There are girls that don't use daily pads, and their panties, with all their... It's all white and it's gross it's disgusting. The whole thing that women go through. It's like an engine. It discharges, oils, liquids, it's one hell of a complication.

An Arab Woman from Jaffa: Are we back to disgusting? Sara,⁸ are you sure...? What exactly is this project that you're working on?; maybe it should be called

⁷ Eliezer Ben-Yehuda, 1858-1922, a key figure in the revival of Hebrew as a spoken language.

⁸ "Sara," the name of the actress who interviewed her and who is now portraying her.

"disgust"; all the aspects of disgust. What do you want to achieve with this project of yours? What? What? What else? I'm exhausted ... Nothing...nothing's left...

The Never-Disgusted Lady: (*enters; decisively*) That's all I can say about such a thing, I'm not someone who gets disgusted, and that's why I don't have anything to say. I can't say anything, that's all I can say, that's it.

Lulu: (*enters*) Wow I'm talking so much...
There are so many things
But I think that's it right?
I think that's enough for you? Enough.
Good
Wow...I talked so much.

Scene 9: Opinions

(Loud music opens this scene. The following lines are performed in dialogue with the temperamental music of the viola.)

The Hairdresser from Ramat-Gan: (*declaring*) I like the feminine look, that's natural.

A (newly) Religious Man: Naturally I am...I have my natural instincts and my desires, Maybe I like quite a lot of things...For example, the worst thing of our time ... summer time, is the issue of women's promiscuity, and the immorality of women, if you ask me. I am a newly religious... before I was religious it didn't disgust me at all...on the contrary, it seemed like the most beautiful thing ever: an immodest woman is a beautiful thing.

The Hairdresser from Ramat-Gan: Anything natural... is not disgusting, what's natural is nature, how can it be disgusting? It doesn't have to do with disgusting, it's nature, nature is normal.

A (newly) Religious Man: But now that I'm religious, I know that it's not God's will. God brought this into the world as an experiment. You've got two things in front of you: choose!

And because I started working on myself to get rid of these desires...

This thing, the desire, which is strong and bad and there is nothing like it...

According to my opinions and my prayers, of course, it disgusts me, it disgusts me and therefore I won't even look, I don't look because the Torah commanded us not to look, even if I do want to look, I have to work on myself not to look because the Torah commanded it even if you want to. That's why there is only one answer--

The Hairdresser from Ramat-Gan: What was the question?

A (newly) Religious Man: (*continuing*) --that everything that revolts me and disgusts me is everything that is not God's will. That's it. (*While speaking the actress starts changing recklessly into the clothes and character of Ms. Elegant.*)

Ms Elegant: Ah...sometimes it disgusts me that...

The Hairdresser from Ramat-Gan: Are you interested in other things as well? yea, about humanity...

Can I give you a tip? Since my profession is hairstyling I have a special sensitivity for aesthetics.

The Hairdresser from Ramat-Gan: First of all; taking care of—

Ms Elegant: When I see on MTV the...in order to present a song... there must be sexual movements. They've got to be almost naked...

The Hairdresser from Ramat-Gan: *(as if addressing his interviewer)* you don't look like you take care of yourself, excuse me for saying this, *(pointing on another woman passing by)* but she's fashionable, like you can see it's important to her to look interesting. For you it's natural to be like, untidy. Natural.

Ms Elegant: It disgusts me... *(coquettishly)* Now I'm going down the sex path ah?... It disgusts me that in all the ads you have to put your hand inside of your pants to show how good the pants are.... Ah, and that the girl has to ride on top of the guy to show how elastic the jeans are ...but I actually admire eroticism...

The Hairdresser from Ramat-Gan: She has no one to do it for... if she had a boyfriend that cared for her and persisted... like me for example.

Ms Elegant: I like it when... you look... *(teasingly)* you have to guess, and suddenly you see... and you say uhmmm...but it drives me crazy—the people, just because it's fashionable, and they are slightly overweight, girls who put on their jeans like that...and it all spills from the sides; from here...

And I wonder...Doesn't anybody tell her? Or what, doesn't she notice?

An Opinionated Man: Look, I live in Or Yehuda, I live in a good neighborhood in Or Yehuda but when you cross the railway, “to the bad part of the tracks,” sometimes I feel like I'm in a different country; In another country in which I don't want to be, not the kind that I bought a ticket for. All sorts of...(no I don't wanna generalize), but ethnic groups...that are just unacceptable....

Ms Disgusted-by-Hair: *(enters)* It is unacceptable to be... that a person is fat.

Lily the Cleaning Lady: *(enters)* Fat, there are some who are fat in a disgusting way.

Ms. Disgusted-by-Hair: No I just will not accept it that someone has to... is fat... and simply doesn't take care of himself.

An Opinionated Man: Physical things don't disgust me.

Stage Director: *(Appears once again on stage and announces):*

How moral disgust comes to be:

(As the scene develops, the Stage Director's character multiplies into four performers who are all now dressed like the first Stage Director. Sometimes all four appear simultaneously and sometimes they are split. They take over the stage, run around,

and with an obsessive need to observe they lunge at the speaking characters, and analyze their facial expressions of disgust.)

An Opinionated Man: But I'm really disgusted by the people who are in charge of the warfare here; that they have no idea about what's going on...

Stage Director 1: And here comes disgust's closest cousin. (*Pause*) Despise!

An Opinionated Man: I despise the fact that they put a headquarters officer in command of the northern front, and he's not even a fighter and has no idea how to manage the whole war that's going on there.⁹

Stage Director 2: "Partially closing the eyelids or turning away the eyes are highly expressive gestures of disdain and despise. These actions seem to declare that the despised person is not worth looking at."

An Opinionated Man: And behind him they put another general which himself is a whole new category of disgust.

Stage Director 3: "In extreme cases, we protrude and raise the upper lip, so as to close the nostrils as by a valve. We seem thus to say to the despised person that he smells offensively."

An Opinionated Man: I despise this disgrace... it's a disgrace... that's not a way to do things... you can't look like that...

Ms. Elegant: Let's say, for example, they said on TV, about the war, that surely the soldiers must be stinking... with their smelly socks, oh God, what a smell...

Stage Director 4:

"It's interesting that the tendency to sense disgust or its transformation into despise quickly disappears as one becomes familiar with the source causing the disgust and as a result of conscious self control."

Ms Elegant: But it never crossed my mind. It's not important to me, because the smelly soldiers are not in a situation that they can and they don't... like old people... they are not in a position that they can and can't...and so... (*sums up*) that doesn't disgust me.

An Opinionated Man: We should've ended this war in four hours and we didn't.

Stage Director 1: "Turning up of the upper lip."

An Opinionated Man: If it were up to people who really had brains--

Stage Director 2: "The nose is slightly contracted."

⁹ Referring to the Second Lebanon War (2006) that was taking place at the time the interviews were being conducted.

An Opinionated Man: Simply delete Southern Lebanon--end of story.

Stage Director 3: "Smell, smell, smell. Very offensive smell."

An Opinionated Man: By the way, it would have cost less money. Yeah, erase, erase, erase, next question.

A Grouchy Woman from Jerusalem: (*enters*) What can I tell you about Arabs? No need to say anything, just a complete waste of energy.

I hate them with every bone in my body. Period.

Maniacs. This Ali, the cleaner, six months the same sweater. Everyday. and he's the cleaner right?

The look in their eyes disgusts me. There's no trust. Feed him; let him drink, give him money, turn around and he'll stab you in the back.

They smell, they stink, they just don't shower, nothing. Hate them.

And I was also injured in a terrorist attack...so...you get it?

Leaves all the filth and all the hair under the stairs. The damn condominium board also...to give us an Arab cleaner and not a Jewish one. What for? What for?

Come on, only disgusting eheww I already feel...come on, take a commercial break or something...all you like is disgust?

A Woman with a Black Purse: (*crosses the stage, stops, as if doing the interviewer a favor, and replies strong-mindedly*)

Homos and lesbians. I'm against them.

Disgusting, repulsive, you see a man kissing a man, it's hideous... it's disgusting.

What is that? Why do they?

What's disgusting? It's not natural, it's not normal. It's disgusting cuz it's not normal.

It has no law but it's not normal. It's gross.

I was disgusted yesterday, I turned away... I switched the channel.

They have no shame, hugging, he kisses him. I switched the channel...it disgusted me!

A Young Man: (*enters*) I'm against homos, I'm against them, honestly I can't stand them, and I cannot even think about what they do together. It's something very disgusting. And I can't understand it, I think that a man is born to be with a woman, and a woman with a man.

The Hairdresser from Ramat-Gan: (*enters*) If I'm normal, if I'm like everybody else, everybody will give you the same answer.

A Young Man: And not all these new inventions, like a woman with another woman, it's not true and it doesn't make any sense, that there can be something like that...that...and it's a disgusting and gross thing that...

A Woman with a Black Purse: Yea lesbians! I said it! Disgusting...disgusting!

Lulu: (*enters*) For example, there are people who like S&M, isn't that disgusting? People...look at the phenomenon ...

People who piss on one another, people poo on each other.
In Amsterdam there are lots of sado clubs, S&M, look at the
phenomenon...tying...handcuffs, people dripping, dripping hot wax on each other...
What's that? What is that?

The Hairdresser from Ramat-Gan: Anything modest is not disgusting, but when
you do it in public, it becomes disgusting.

A Woman with a Black Purse: (*vehemently*) Why can't they do it privately?... We
have children! Children learn!

A Young Man: (*Obsessively pleats his shirt*) I even have a close friend who has a
brother, and they found it out when he was already grownup. But to be honest, I could
tell by his body language that he was gay. It disgusted me, it also disgusted them, they
threw him out of the family but he came back after a few years. Just to think...my
friend told me that she saw his friends coming home, to think that some guy goes with
some other guy inside the room, in your house, that's very disgusting. (*shrivels*).

The Hairdresser from Ramat-Gan: Once again, I like the feminine look, nature's
way.

A Young Man: For me, as a man, two women together, to see in the movies, I
think... sometimes I think it's nice, but I cannot accept a woman with another woman.

(*The music enflames*)

A Woman with a Black Purse: I don't see what they do, but I can imagine. Although
they don't show us what they do....a husband and wife also don't show but it's
natural. Now, I don't know where they get children from.

A Young Man: (*excitedly preaching*) And also not bi...that's doing it with men and
women, only one thing, a man with a woman and a woman with a man...
A man is born to be with a woman, and to bring children into this world, and that's
how the human race continues.

A Woman with a Black Purse: It's not normal...disgusting...I would cut it.
There should be a law that says if they are...so...to cut their...
I would put on it some vinegar and pepper.

(*All the characters giggle and laugh*)

(*The music climaxes. A stirring melody for dancing. The performers/characters
enthusiastically encourage the woman with the black purse's ideas. She responds by
stamping her feet. They all get carried away in a rhythmic movement. In the midst of
this celebration the music suddenly stops. Absolute silence. From backstage, with her
back to the audience, a perfect ballerina appears. Tall and slim, with a white tutu,
ballet point shoes, she silently exercises classical ballet movements. Gradually, the
viola player starts playing for her Schubert's AN DIE MUSIK. The actresses look at
the perfect figure. They worship her. They start reciting verses from Leviticus 13,
about leprosy.*)

Scene 10: Leviticus Chapter 13

When a man shall have in the skin of his flesh a rising, or a scab, or a bright spot, and it become in the skin of his flesh the plague of leprosy, then he shall be brought unto Aaron the priest, or unto one of his sons the priests.

And the priest shall look upon the plague in the skin of the flesh; and if the hair in the plague be turned white, and the appearance of the plague be deeper than the skin of his flesh, it is the plague of leprosy; and the priest shall look on him, and pronounce him unclean...

... And when a man or woman hath a plague upon the head or upon the beard, then the priest shall look on the plague; and, behold, if the appearance thereof be deeper than the skin, and there be in it yellow thin hair, then the priest shall pronounce him unclean: it is a scall, it is leprosy of the head or of the beard. And if the priest look on the plague of the scall, and, behold, the appearance thereof be not deeper than the skin, and there be no black hair in it, then the priest shall shut up him that hath the plague of the scall seven days. And in the seventh day the priest shall look on the plague; and, behold, if the scall be not spread, and there be in it no yellow hair, then he shall be shaven, but the scall shall he not shave; and the priest shall shut up him that hath the scall seven days more.

And in the seventh day the priest shall look on the scall; and, behold, if the scall be not spread in the skin, and the appearance thereof be not deeper than the skin, then the priest shall pronounce him clean; and he shall wash his clothes, and be clean...

... And the leper in whom the plague is, his clothes shall be rent, and the hair of his head shall go loose, and he shall cover his upper lip, and shall cry: 'Unclean, unclean.' All the days wherein the plague is in him he shall be unclean; he is unclean; he shall dwell alone; without the camp shall his dwelling be.

... This is the law of the plague of leprosy in a garment of wool or linen, or in the warp, or in the woof, or in any thing of skin, to pronounce it clean, or to pronounce it unclean.

(The rhythm intensifies. The actresses entice the ballerina, dancing the Israeli "Hora" dance. The ballerina swirls around them in pirouettes. The viola screams.)

End