

Dear audience!

The show »10 Odd Emotions« by Saar Magal is multi-lingual, but for most parts doesn't require any specific language skills. Nevertheless there are some longer parts and quotations in German. Please find the English translations below:

I quote: This is Norma. She is modelled from recent measurements of 15,000 women from many parts of the United States and from various walks of life, including series of college students and other thousands of native white Americans. She is slightly heavier yet more "athletic" than her grandmother of 1890 and has lost the shrunken waist induced by tight corsets. As to the beauty of her figure, tastes will vary; fashions change ideals from one generation to the next. Norma is not meant to show what ought to be; she shows what is.

With these words "NORMA-the average American girl" was introduced to the public in the summer of 1945. As we see, her body is straight and strong. Norma is young, healthy and unashamed. Her curves and planes are three-dimensional renderings of the statistical "norm or average American woman of 18 to 20 years of age – a modern, sexually mature female.

Norma is escorted by Norman, a strapping youth available with or without a fig leaf. Together, this upright pair embodied the triumphant progress of the years between 1890 and 1940.

We are experiencing here the emergence of a certain ideal of the "normal", through which a particular kind of person came to be perceived as uniquely modern, uniquely qualified for citizenship, uniquely natural, uniquely healthy.

Quotation (part of the text) from
Harry L. Shapiro in Natural history magazine, 54 (June 1945)
"A Portrait of the American People"

7 Jewish Children

1

Tell her it's a game
Tell her it's serious
But don't frighten her
Don't tell her they'll kill her
Tell her it's important to be quiet
Tell her she'll have cake if she's good
Tell her to curl up as if she's in bed
But not to sing.
Tell her not to come out
Tell her not to come out even if she hears shouting
Don't frighten her
Tell her not to come out even if she hears nothing for a long time
Tell her we'll come and find her
Tell her we'll be here all the time.
Tell her something about the men
Tell her they're bad in the game
Tell her it's a story
Tell her they'll go away
Tell her she can make them go away if she keeps still
By magic
But not to sing.

2

Tell her this is a photograph of her grandmother, her uncles and me
Tell her her uncles died
Don't tell her they were killed
Tell her they were killed
Don't frighten her.
Tell her her grandmother was clever
Don't tell her what they did
Tell her she was brave
Tell her she taught me how to make cakes
Don't tell her what they did
Tell her something
Tell her more when she's older.
Tell her there were people who hated Jews
Don't tell her
Tell her it's over now
Tell her there are still people who hate Jews
Tell her there are people who love Jews
Don't tell her to think Jews or not Jews
Tell her more when she's older
Tell her how many when she's older
Tell her it was before she was born and she's not in danger
Don't tell her there's any question of danger.
Tell her we love her

Tell her dead or alive her family all love her
Tell her her grandmother would be proud of her.

3

Don't tell her we're going for ever
Tell her she can write to her friends, tell her her friends can maybe come and visit
Tell her it's sunny there
Tell her we're going home
Tell her it's the land God gave us
Don't tell her religion
Tell her her great great great great lots of greats grandad lived there
Don't tell her he was driven out
Tell her, of course tell her, tell her everyone was driven out and the country is waiting for us
to come home
Don't tell her she doesn't belong here
Tell her of course she likes it here but she'll like it there even more.
Tell her it's an adventure
Tell her no one will tease her
Tell her she'll have new friends
Tell her she can take her toys
Don't tell her she can take all her toys
Tell her she's a special girl
Tell her about Jerusalem.

4

Don't tell her who they are
Tell her something
Tell her they're Bedouin, they travel about
Tell her about camels in the desert and dates
Tell her they live in tents
Tell her this wasn't their home
Don't tell her home, not home, tell her they're going away
Don't tell her they don't like her
Tell her to be careful.
Don't tell her who used to live in this house
No but don't tell her her great great grandfather used to live in this house
No but don't tell her Arabs used to sleep in her bedroom.
Tell her not to be rude to them
Tell her not to be frightened
Don't tell her she can't play with the children
Don't tell her she can have them in the house.
Tell her they have plenty of friends and family
Tell her for miles and miles all round they have lands of their own
Tell her again this is our promised land.
Don't tell her they said it was a land without people
Don't tell her I wouldn't have come if I'd known.
Tell her maybe we can share.
Don't tell her that.

6

Don't tell her

Don't tell her the trouble about the swimming pool Tell her it's our water, we have the right
Tell her it's not the water for their fields
Don't tell her anything about water.
Don't tell her about the bulldozer
Don't tell her not to look at the bulldozer
Don't tell her it was knocking the house down
Tell her it's a building site
Don't tell her anything about bulldozers.
Don't tell her about the queues at the checkpoint
Tell her we'll be there in no time
Don't tell her anything she doesn't ask
Don't tell her the boy was shot
Don't tell her about the olive trees
Don't tell her they set off bombs in cafés
Tell her, tell her they set off bombs in cafés Tell her to be careful
Don't frighten her.
Tell her we need the wall to keep us safe
Tell her they want to drive us into the sea
Tell her they don't
Tell her they want to drive us into the sea. Tell her we kill far more of them
Don't tell her that
Tell her that
Tell her we're stronger
Tell her we're entitled
Tell her they don't understand anything except violence Tell her we want peace
Tell her we're going swimming.

7

Tell her she can't watch the news
Tell her she can watch cartoons
Tell her she can stay up late and watch Friends. Tell her they're attacking with rockets
Don't frighten her
Tell her only a few of us have been killed
Tell her the army has come to our defence Don't tell her her cousin refused to serve in the
army.
Don't tell her how many of them have been killed Tell her the Hamas fighters have been
killed
Tell her they're terrorists
Tell her they're filth
Don't
Don't tell her about the family of dead girls
Tell her you can't believe what you see on television Tell her we killed the babies by mistake
Don't tell her anything about the army
Tell her, tell her about the army, tell her to be proud of the army. Tell her about the family of
dead girls, tell her their names why not, tell her the whole world knows why shouldn't she
know? tell her there's dead babies, did she see babies? tell her she's got nothing to be
ashamed of. Tell her they did it to themselves. Tell her they want their children killed to
make people sorry for them, tell her I'm not sorry for them, tell her not to be sorry for them,
tell her we're the ones to be sorry for, tell her they can't talk suffering to us. Tell her we're

the iron fist now, tell her it's the fog of war, tell her we won't stop killing them till we're safe, tell her I laughed when I saw the dead policemen, tell her they're animals living in rubble now, tell her I wouldn't care if we wiped them out, the world would hate us is the only thing, tell her I don't care if the world hates us, tell her we're better haters, tell her we're chosen people, tell her I look at one of their children covered in blood and what do I feel? tell her all I feel is happy it's not her.

Don't tell her that.

Tell her we love her.

Don't frighten her.

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The play can be read or performed anywhere free of charge provided that no admission fee is charged and that a collection is taken at each performance for Medical Aid for Palestinians (MAP), www.map-uk.org

Yesterday, before my departure, I had the Orlog people, i.e. the rebellious Herero who had been seized in the last few days, sentenced by court martial and hanged, and I chased all the women and children who had run away back to the sand field, handing over the proclamation written in Othiherero to the people. Taking in the women and children, most of whom are sick, is an eminent danger to the troops, but feeding them is an impossibility. Therefore I consider it more correct that the nation should perish in itself, and not still infect our soldiers and deprive them of water and food. Within the German border, every OvaHerero with or without a rifle, with or without cattle, will be shot; I will no longer take in women and children, drive them back to their people or have them shot. Everything will be shot dead, and that's that.

Quotation (assembled) from Lothar von Trotha' diaries

In the collection of moments, I usually escape into a reddish, floating space behind my eyelids. From there I can view what is happening from something like a scientific distance. I can. But I don't want to. I never want to. If the action happens at night and I am allowed to turn my face to the window, I often make it to the moon. I linger there, bouncing around light-footedly and licking the ground curiously. It would taste like icing sugar. Beautiful. If it happens early in the morning and I get to wear my hair down, I shake my head and imagine it would be infinitely long and ashy blonde. And they would smell of cherry trees and lavender. Dreamlike. In the afternoon I would become an athlete and run faster than the speed of light! "Übermensch!", they would rejoice, if I were Aryan. "Man-woman!", they would be outraged, if I were African.

Quotation from Sharon Dodua Otoo "Ada's Room"

When I came back she was still alive, half turned onto her back, a bullet had come out beneath her breast and she was gasping, petrified, her pretty lips trembled and seemed to want to form a word, she stared at me with her large surprised incredulous eyes, the eyes of a wounded bird, and that look stuck into me, split open my stomach and let a flood of sawdust pour out, I was a rag doll and didn't feel anything, and at the same time I wanted with all my heart to bend over and brush the dirt and sweat off her forehead, caress her cheek and tell her that it was going to be all right, that everything would be fine, but instead I convulsively shot a bullet into her head, which after all came down to the same thing, for her in any case if not for me, since at the thought of this senseless human waste I was filled with an immense, boundless rage, I kept shooting at her and her head exploded like a fruit, then my arm detached itself from me and went off all by itself down the ravine, shooting left and right, I ran after it, waving at it to wait with my other arm, but it didn't want to, it mocked me and shot at the wounded all by itself, without me; finally, out of breath, I stopped and started to cry. Now, I thought, it's over, my arm will never come back, but to my great surprise it was there again, in its place, solidly attached to my shoulder. Somebody was coming up to me and saying, "That's enough. I'll take over for you."

Quotation from Jonathan Littell "The Kindly Ones"