



Source: Steven Erlanger, 'Seizures show new Israel line against Hamas', *New York Times in International Herald Tribune online*, 30/06/06.

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They were secure and felt no weakness.

They were secure and no one touched them.

They were cabinet members and legislators and that, frankly, was no good.

(So, today, as an exercise in mass restraint, try to imagine your entire home is on fire. All windows and doors are bolted shut with a new electronically coded system, as demonstrated in Series 1 of the popular UK series *Spooks*, except in their case, it was a bomb, and ultimately—warning, spoiler approaching—it was a decoy, a lucky escape, and that child and woman were quite safe but both had understandable issues with Tom who worked for MI5. Never date a spy. Anyway. So, imagine your mother is on fire, running through the house, screaming for you to save her. Water, well that is just plainly out of reach, don't be ridiculous. Imagine your hand catches fire trying to save her. They will be no use to you now, no use at all, especially considering someone has changed the code while you were sleeping and there's no way out. How's that for dramatic tension? So, someone has it is in for you. They want to destroy and kill your family. They've targeted your house. Fuckers. What gave them the right? What reason could they possibly have? Whose house are we talking about anyway?)

They had experts on the case and went on and on about binational states.

They said you are responsible, yeah, and you must pay.

They wrote this while listening to Electrelane's *Rock It To The Moon* LP and turned it up loud.

They were confused about who's responsible and who devises such grand strategies.

(You see, it's been going on for centuries. Most people will tut tut now and put it all down to some remote conflict about land and religion. Most people will shut down and put down the remote. It is frightening, you know, the slaughter. The measures taken. So, today, as an exercise in futile negotiations, burn down your local television network. Make a bold statement.)

They are raising the ante and making a point.

They don't go for smokescreens and easy options.

They say he's president but who gave him authority.

They should start to worry and really keep their noses clean.

They call him Abu Mazen and say, he's being pulled, is pulling Fatah, closer to Hamas in the face of the Israeli threat, when he originally wanted to pull Hamas closer to Fatah.

They want him to make up his mind and stop the cold shoulder routine.

They talk of seizing and cease-fire.

They think it's a long shot and the pressure is on.

They better listen and learn.

They could lose power and liberty and at some point, lose lives.

(In which case, think of a relationship most would deem dysfunctional. Think of those classic personality types that sabotage situations feeling undeserved, not worthy—but we know better. Don't take sides. Don't get sucked in. Another classic. They won't last together, they've never been 'perfect' for each other, just look at their histories, no match there, no match starting their fire, ha ha, so to speak.)

They didn't like this arrogant western view of a very personal politics and wish we'd all go away to our American states.

They make no mistakes and know what they're doing.

They are squeezing, pushing, pulling, and tearing it apart.

They had no immunity and public interest had changed.

(If you had to think of the most perfect way to die—either by force, by nature or by self—what would it be? Would you go against the wishes of your family and/or friends in order to sacrifice yourself—and, look, we're not just talking personal reasons, we're not talking histrionic suicidal fits, we're not talking some small column pedestrian hit, we're not talking small at all. We're talking about big page spreads, big noise, large scale reasons and causes and beliefs and we're talking probably far away from home so the local effect/affect is lessened for the sake of palatability and reportage. So, now we're talking. If you had to think of the most perfect way to die—what would it be? What would you die for?)

They were dead and gone.

They were never to be seen again and taken.

They wanted a legal tool to take care of the problem and they were gearing up for prosecution and trials.

They are openly engaged in violent acts and must be treated differently.

They were hammering and smashing down his door with their feet.

They heard him say: 'come in' and tried to calm them down.

They came in and took what they came for.

They had their hands cuffed and were taken away.

They are going for the long haul and as a result would actually 'reinforce the radicals.'

They observed this: to occupy, wear a disguise and cover up.

They had a kind of masquerade ball going on and that's no joke.

They wore suits and ties and were smart enough.

They were seen in this way and were not well liked.

They were set on fire and that wasn't half of it.

They were a declared faction before they entered the room and they bypassed authority.

They are two big names and they never seem to get on.

They don't expect us to understand and you know what, we probably don't.

They, as in us, can't really believe what is going on and yet at the same time believe everything in an effort to understand.

They, unlike Electrelane playing on the stereo, are pretty untouchable but who is to say we won't be touched by them and can we ever say anything for sure?

(But then, they didn't want to end it on such a moralistic tone and therefore decided to change the record on the stereo to Pram's *Dark Island* which has that beautiful song where Rosie sings 'No one teaches you how to say goodbye')

*Adapted for performance by Barbara Campbell from a story by Jason Sweeney, Unreasonable Adults.*