

Dvar Israel 13.10-Lian

I live in a bubble. Almost 21 thousand squares kilometers so full of drama and tension that you think it might explode any second. When I was in Israel, in my bubble, I heard a lot of things about the outside world. Especially about the way that the outside world looks at my bubble, about all the people how are trying to pop my bubble, and of course about the ones that are trying to make sure that nothing sharp comes anywhere close to the bubble.

The bubble effect is specially designed to protect us from the judgements of the outside world.

Not a lot of people get the opportunity to spend a lot of time outside the bubble and come back.

I think it is because once you leave, you see all the things that you've heard about, and that felt so far away from you when you were inside.

I'm excited and happy to announce that my bubble got shattered.

It wasn't that exciting when it actually happened, but it was definitely for the best.

In the past month I have seen a lot of things that I have never seen before. Two of them are what caused the bubble to pop.

The first event was a week and a half ago at Nuit Blanche. A main event in Dundas square featured a big stage with a band and a rapper, and a big silver statue that was entirely made of Arabic words. There was a very big crowd so my ShinShinim friends and I walked towards the music to see what was going on. We realized very quickly and were surprised to find that it was a pro Palestinian event. We were a few teenage Israelis speaking Hebrew in a crowd of pro Palestinians. I believe that most of them didn't have anything against me specifically, and I knew it was probably not a dangerous situation, but the "I was born and raised in a bubble" side of me took over and I got very scared and nervous.

We have a lot of very unusual things in Israel... for us going to a bomb shelter or hearing in the news about a terrorist attack are normal. I am not scared of those things anymore. But I have never seen a pro palestinian rapper rapping about my home in another country...

The second scenario was just a few days ago. For our host family weekend, my host family and I took a vacation in London England. It was my first time there and I had so much fun exploring the city with them. When we got the chance to visit an art museum, one of the installations was a video projected on a wall. The video portrayed a protest in Israel about the Gaza Strip and the West Bank. The Israelis in the video were shown cursing at the Palestinians and screaming at them to go away, while the Palestinians were shown crying, and begging to be left alone. There were a lot of people watching this movie and I could see judgment and contempt in their eyes. As an Israeli teen, I felt like the video was painting my home, my life with a hurtful generalization.

It was hard. It was hard to get a glimpse of how people see the Israel that I know and to feel judged, when I don't think they have the whole story.

And aside from being very frustrated, there was nothing I could do to change it.

It is art. And my feelings were complicated by my circumstances - I'm an Israeli, working in Canada, in London, England, at an art museum, with my host family, enjoying a family vacation. I found the combination of all these things shocking. And I felt powerless.

I wonder if the other people watching and seeming to judge the video have ever been to Israel, ever had to run into a bomb shelter, ever known someone who died in a war. I wonder if they have friends in the army, or if they themselves have to join the army in a year like I do.

I have to admit that it was hard to stop the the tears.

I lived in a bubble.

And It was nice. Safe.

But now I feel like it is better to be aware and exposed, then to be safe.

My job here is to bring my bubble to you.

And when I will come back home, my job will be to to bring the outside to the ones who still live in the bubble.