

HOMELESS IN PARADISE

November 9-15, 2018

CEDAR STREET SUMMIT - Part 15



Two Dachau crematoria, Source: Wikipedia: By FaceMePLS from The Hague, The Netherlands - Dachau, CC BY 2.0, <https://commons.wikimedia.org/w/index.php?curid=71635835>

ON WHICH SIDE OF THE BARBED WIRE FENCE ARE YOU?

By Wanda Sue Parrott

WARNING: Concentration-camp content ahead!

If holocaust questions make you cringe, ask yourself why.

Do crises at our borders raise questions about a rise in possible Fascist or Neo-Nazi activism? If yes, read this column and its predecessor.

See my Facebook timeline rerun at <https://www.facebook.com/wanda.parrott.5> and then ask yourself: Is America skirting around United Nations' Article 9 of the "Universal Declaration of Human Rights"?

Article 9 says: "No one shall be subjected to arbitrary arrest, detention or exile."

Last week's introduction of hate crime, homelessness and the Human Rights Declaration that evolved from the atrocities perpetrated by Nazis, including burning Jews alive in the ovens at Dachau during World War Two, moved prominent American-born artist/poet Helen Bar-Lev to respond by email from Israel:

The Oven in the Wall

By Helen Bar-Lev

As far as burning victims alive—it is true—I was regressed at age 40 to finally get rid of a nightmare that had been recurring since I was 10 when I opened up a many-volumed pictorial dictionary of World War II.

I saw an oven in a wall.

And then the nightmares began, that I was being pushed in alive.

The regression showed me that it was thought I was dead.

I would wake up screaming.

Of course, with time the dreams were of less and less frequency, and then, after the regression they finally stopped.

But I shall never forget them.

I know many German youth come here to care for holocaust victims and to do good deeds in Israel. I met quite a few of them when I had my gallery in the artists colony in Tsfat from 1989-2001. . . I understand forgiving Germans who were innocent of events, but to forgive Nazis? NEVER!!!!

The holocaust is probably question Number One I have for God. . . if and when I meet him, and if he exists, because I really have trouble believing he sat with arms crossed, looking down at the world. . .well, here's a poem I wrote:

SomeOne is Watching

By Helen Bar-Lev

A world newly created
in a little garden called Eden
tomatoes, zucchini and parsley can be seen
trees of fruit, of life, of knowledge
all give shade, even on the hottest of days
animals are cuddled up peacefully,
the lamb with the lion, the snake and the rat,
the dog and the cat
a human appears, then another
similar, but different
then they have children, and look:

SomeOne who has invented
this innovative experiment
has been observing, taking notes,
making adjustments here and there,
drawing up plans for improvement
when one of the children murders the other—
Interesting, thinks the One who has created them
as He eats a date, sips some wine made from local grapes,
decides not to get involved so does nothing
First mistake

It's 68 A.D.
they're selling popcorn at the Coliseum
marching Christians in,
all have been tortured before, of course
lions descend,
they've all been starved before, of course
no need to continue the scenario
but look at the spectators sitting in the stadium,
eating popcorn with dates and cheese, and look:
SomeOne is sitting there
popping grapes into his mouth—
and no, it's not Bacchus—

It's the year 1,410
the guys are at it again
gallant, galloping
burning with the lust of conquest
with the pleasure of slaughter
the rape of daughters
all over Europe the Inquisition is in full swing
and on the highest hilltop in Jerusalem,
drinking goat's milk, eating figs, and look:
SomeOne is watching them
with a telescope, a new invention—
but it's not Galileo—
great spot, He's got, a view of the heavens
so He can see what His angels are up to
and also the action on the blood-stained ground
we didn't say he approves
but He's not critical either
let's say He's nonchalant

It's a thousand years later, give or take,
They're selling popcorn
at the movie theatres
books at the schools
steaks at the restaurants
pizza in Rome, falafel in Jerusalem,
olives in Baghdad, tickets to concerts in Paris
they're gassing, bombing, beheading,
slaughtering, kidnapping, torturing
a Cinerama of humanity
too enormous to view from just one vantage point,
so that someone we've glimpsed before
is watching now from the clouds
sipping pineapple juice
maybe latte if it's a cold day,
and no, it's not an astronaut
yawning, tsk tsk, boys will be boys,
kill, rape, conquer, destroy
this is the planet of free choice

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Last weekend's news featured bales of barbed wire, like spikes in the memorial sculpture at Dachau, arriving at our border to prevent homeless refugees seeking asylum from entering the US.

The President proudly called the wire "beautiful."

California Governor-elect Gavin Newsom said of Californians in his acceptance speech last Tuesday:
"We go where there's no path and leave a trail."

On which side of that fence are you?

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Photo caption: SomeOne is watching:

Were live humans shoveled like raw pizza dough into these ovens at Dachau?

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