



To stand before a white and monotonous wall, or to be more lucky and stand before a wall of shabby maps is the most patient reciting of Kaddish before the Kanaan Wailing Wall. Thus pass hours, a day, nights, day, clouds over the head, glow and shower to revive you. Everything is waiting, waiting, waiting, endless, insensitive, indifferent. More terrifying than curses and work, because without time, without movement. A stone place of torture and emptiness. Of nothing. Nowhere.