

Once, in order to be Prime Minister one needed khaki shorts and the angry face of someone with chronic constipation. Not many remember that Ben Gurion's fluffy hair, conveying "see and sanctify" did not prevent him from giving back the entire Sinai Peninsula without turning a hair only a week after we conquered it in a storm that surprised even us. And when he faded away, a modest and painfully honest Begin appears just to let his Minister of Defence work on him until, overwhelmed by depression and loss, he retired, leaving us for another eighteen years of harsh schooling in Lebanon.

Once, in order to scare off all the pirates in the Middle East, a black eye patch and the limp of a farmer from Nahalal was enough. And in order to be able to dictate to the orthodox, seculars and Arabs what they could eat, you had to have thick eyebrows like those of Dov Yosef, who was Minister of the Interior during Austerity, when we were sure that a sugar cube was made of gold, and that a package of margarine was a luxury.

"Once there were flowers, wrote Talma Alagon, and the garden was full of fruit trees. And at twilight the kings would go out into the village to see the seagulls kiss the shore. But that was long ago and now the flower has turned to thorns, the seagull to prey, for the king is vicious and love has become a sword."

My grandmother would say that life must go on, they may have screwed with our heads, but in the end we'll live to see a flourishing fig tree, a woman crowned with balls, or merely someone who is innocent and painfully real.

On Saturday I looked at the pathetic photograph of the Party Heads – all fantasising about the day after, but none of them had a black eye patch or fluffy hair. All shamelessly believe themselves, others beg for a chance to try, as if we were the research institute in Ness Ziona, drunk on Pfizer's Viagra vaccine, or merely fools thirsty for a little leadership or sympathy.

I wanted to tell them that we're all sick of party "take-aways" and feel like vomiting all the tricks and shticks and lies and corruption. And although most of us bluff with the masks and don't have enough air for another attempt, we have no other country, and this melody cannot be stopped.

"I have been young and now I am old", and the sentence "this is all there is" I have repeated innumerable times. And "I know that what I see as closed, you see open; what is a dream for me might be a nightmare for you. But without a spark of love, nothing will ignite" (written approximately by Ehud Banai).

Again I look at the pathetic picture, trying to find someone who would be able to reunite our society, segmented with the political knife. And, as most of us from left and right know, it's not the mask that blurs the glasses with steam, but rather the anger that this is not what we wished for.

I am not sure what each of us sees in this picture, but "I saw a cypress in a field that withstood the storm, the khamsin and the frost and did not break. It bent his head down to the grass and rose up green and tall".

I am not sure that Ehud Manor meant the same cypress, and may the bald and the one eyed forgive me. But with all the anger, I saw at least one in that row who sacrificed his political career to make peace, and this is the kind of Prime Minister I dream of.

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