**The Leaping Juggler from Jaffa**

He, Tami, and Adi were preparing for the boisterous Winter Succoth holiday. They had already glued on bright posters colored with thick felt pens, posters that had been peeled off, glued again, and peeled off again…many took part in hanging the posters, and often during a performance someone would hang up a notice advertising one restaurant over a notice of another; Indian, Chinese, French, Eastern…pasted in the center of the other—one on top of the other—until the restaurant owners came to an agreement; they attacked the five poster hangers and they, with broken jaws and covered with cuts and scrapes, stopped playing the “game.” Others took their place; they continued to glue on notices the very next day—there were many of them.

The trio, he, Tami, and Adi, jumped on the tiled steps and began to do ball tricks. The restaurant owners and the cooks ran out to the street and stood, breathlessly staring at the whirlwind of flying balls..…"great!" …"amazing!"…"a pleasure to watch!" Adi and Tami moved apart, went to stand on each side of the stairs—the Juggler tied radiantly colored phosporoos baloons to his hands and legs. He began to hop, somersault in the air, higher and higher; and the silver, yellow, red, blue balloons switched places in the air, followed his leaping, twisting body from step to step…the waiter and the cook could not tell his head from his legs because he spun around and soared, and Tami and Adi directed their balls to his head, until the multi-colored celebration reached its peak—gold balls floated in midair with a body in between, spinning on its axis—in a perfect circle.

They stood in complete astonishment. A burning stench arose from the large black frying pan used for "Chinese Food,” and the owner of the restaurant swore at the Arab cook—sent him inside and continued watching, and the other would sneak a quick look through the arched window, the metal frame rusted and rough.

He landed on his hands—he was already having trouble—he didn't feel the rock, only if he landed on the space between the stone stairs and his hand got pinched. He turned over, stood up, and called the others to rest until the next "stunt.” Adi and Tami were spreading their face with white cream…Adi, thin and very tall, daydreamed, many were amazed by his gawking eyes, as though they were fixed. Slowly, very slowly, he would move his eyes in the white mask, and his hands would flutter so quickly they were almost elusive—his long fingers grazed the balls; it appeared to the audience as though his quivering fingers were pulling a golden net of sunshine, spreading its rays—wanting to catch a moment in a world that is rolling along.

They continued exercising until the red ball touched the blue water line. The water turned quiet and the bubbles stopped skipping—like distant sailboats they made holes in the wheel, drawn in red, pushing him along until he turned completely around; after continuing they slowly became—red-faced and pale, in the shadows of those diving into the water. He loved to stand there the night before the great holiday …restaurant owners, waiters, and chefs busily preparing for the mob of visitors that would arrive in two, three hours. They remembered to serve the jugglers a napkin and a portion of hummus and pita—the cheap kind.

The three continued to argue as they always did—whether or not to hold out their hats for donations after the performance or to “get organized,” then they'd have to pay taxes, even if their profit was minimal, minimal… Those were the good old days with foreign tourists.

The passersby had become tightfisted. Maybe the older people would give – they had earned hats full of ten agoras, no one could give change for a shekel. They continued jumping. Tried to jump high, higher… Adi painted his face white, and his eyes moved slowly. Tami took a break on the pathways, stared in amazement at the windows of the jewelry shops with heavy, smooth, silver jewelry, wondering how she could put such a piece on her leaping neck and ankles. The jewelry was unusual: what strange fashions, "The larger, the heavier, the better!" She tried to look for the Yemenite Jewish craftsmen jewelry that had gone out of style—they were master jewelers, with such an intricate and imaginative work. She had always wondered how it was possible to make such delicate pieces with silver thread.

The three lived on the narrow roads between the sea and the market…houses peeling like bananas. They would joke, then become serious. On rainy days when the ceiling leaked, everything suddenly becoming wet…in March he would exercise to get rid of the humidity from his bones, but the dampness stayed on, penetrated…the juggler felt it in the cartilage of his knees and wanted to connect it to the pulse of the performance; he would jump high in the puddle on the roof. The neighbor below would scream: "Your house should be destroyed! You'll give me another heart attack, you'll fall! You'll fall…"

Sometimes he went to visit his friend, the rag artist, the one who lived at one time in Nueiba among the Bedouins and years later offered his Tel Aviv home to them…

"Everyone is welcome," he wrote on a piece of cardboard, announcing the exhibition of huge dolls. The rag dolls got soaked from the rain, and he ran around covering them with sheets of plastic, using garbage bags the neighbors were kind enough to give him; in winter they got wet, and in the summer they dried out. Tami lived with two girlfriends in "Neve Tzedek" in the section that had not been renovated, but she thought she was lucky—they'll probably renovate this year… He had never asked Adi…"Adi" —a strange name for a guy. They did not have enough room for the performance because of the great number of people who came during the holidays, so he had to perform his somersaults in a small area until a few waiters came to help him, pushing the crowd aside. People stood shouting and clapping at the shapes the nitrogen balloons formed in the air; the formations of his hands and legs—circled and turned into a rainbow of color. He tied flashlights to his ankles and flew; he jumped; stretched his legs apart in the air and soared through the narrow alleyways. Children and teenagers ran after him watching the lights blinking rapidly between the wall and the stone houses…four lights swinging above, without touching one another, rarely coming close on the cobbled path and the winding stairs of Old Jaffa. Once he cut his big toe on pieces of glass that were stuck deep in the wall.

All three were students in the Pantomime studio. A world of magic—photos of Marcel Marceau and Yoram Boker on the walls; five instructors in a hall of broken glass and shattered mirrors multiplied by the fragmented faces of the teachers; legs and parts of hands became one world after another—a hand holds out an invisible rose, hidden hands caress one's waist, breasts… Five instructors moving round in a circle, and the circle becomes a dot, and here they've changed the clock—a new clock: a computer man, a young girl, a millionaire with a gold chain on his hairy chest, a street sweeper—a new immigrant—falafel sellers, and homeless on the streets, begging. With white faces, they held onto one another, clockwise, the five moved heel to toe, changing character and shape in hundreds of frozen wandering figures, faces, and hands spread in opposite directions, sun hands, the polar bear, and the desert antelope—the face in the iceberg and the feet wandering in imaginary paths of sand, motionless, without sweating…at the start reflected in dozens of broken mirrors.

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The three loved watching the instructors. When they walked down the street, by chance they saw a senior instructor pull out a narcissus from the curly hair of a child, hesitant and full of amazement at the sight of moving fingers handing her a narcissus that wasn't there at all! And the instructors, the street jugglers, standing in front of a shop and dressing the entire family moving around them—that one in his shoes, and the child in jeans, and the old man in a hat, and when they finished dressing them in the imaginary clothes they went on their way with a noble gait, nodding to the sight of the clapping audience that had gathered around…often they received a torrent of coins thrown at their backs, while some threw stones. They turned around and stared. Those throwing were embarrassed, and the instructors continued with their movements, floating…hundreds of legs in motion.

Their masked faces did not divulge anything to the trio. From time to time one of the instructors would come forward and correct a movement, but after a time together, they'd continue by themselves. But they saw the juggler. When he began to leap—the exercise hall was narrow with a low ceiling—he jumped, hit his head, and continued leaping, immersed in dozens of images of himself. The instructors stood in a circle, clockwise, heel to toe. They slowed down their encircling, eye to eye, toe to toe. Facial gestures and white expressions passed from one to the other and they bent, slowing the rhythm of the circle to the juggler's thrust and his floating leaps. It became a double circle—as a world rolling and turning on its axle…and the juggler as a wanderer carrying and waving the pathways—he floated by, flying through the hall of mirrors faster, faster until the two circles merged into one motionless position, hovering above such that the eye cannot see it—mirror to mirror, in thousands of fragmented glass halls. The instructors' circle came to a halt, but the juggler increases his speed—only visible in the halls of mirrors, and they lowered their heads to nod, as a sign of recognition and stood erect, bringing their hands together in a distant gesture.

They went out to grab a glass of beer in the new pub near Tami's house… The instructors were quiet, the trio, the five, and another nine—since that is how the students were divided into groups, gossiped about the organizers, and the last performances and the stage that wasn't lit, nor was it smooth.

Of all the Juggler's friends in Tel Aviv, he loved Zadok the Nuebian—the rag doll man, the most. He was innocent, as though he brought with him the innocence of the desert. Before the evacuation Zadok spent a few years in Nueba; he found himself a place in the Bedouin tents. He would sit there with his hosts and sip a cup of coffee with cardamom on sizzling coals and swallow their stories. He learned the ways of the desert: silence, quiet…the dunes, the boulders, and a steaming cup of coffee.

When he found the lot on “HaSofer”—the writer's street—he didn't look at the peeling houses and the cracked ceilings. He felt a bit of space in the horizon that was blocked by the congested houses…many, many legs and sounds of screams from the asphalt and car tires shrieking in one's brain…screeching…howling… He made a monument: gigantic rag dolls in appreciation for the coffee, for the headband and the keffiyah, for the melodic guttural sound made by the tongue, and for the upright figures, coins clicking between their fingers, the head coverings. The dark hair revealed behind the coins, and their eyes smeared with blue tint. They walked erect, nipples pointed and breasts encircling the embroidered fabric of their dress, with coins jangling. He sat and dreamt about those open areas, his hands creating rag dolls, enormous dolls with veils, silk strips for hair he brought from fabric store remains.

The contractor wanted the doll lot. An announcement arrived from the city hall—even the important people couldn't help them, those who were responsible for the original art. They were to give a letter when they had free time—five minutes before the office closed. Letters piled up from the important people; those in charge of the arts in the city went back and forth, and he sits and sews rags. Instructors from the studio and their students came, and every committee of artists, to preserve the place—five instructors holding translucent air guns…air guns and wind sounds, plastic cannons, bazookas, and children's rubber balls, and one climbed on his friend's shoulders to reach the turret of the doll tank…city supervisors could not send out a warrant since the crowd of jugglers aiming imaginary guns stood opposite them, blowing up balloons in an immensely colorful celebration to shouts of delight. The police arrived but were not able to catch the jugglers—one was a rag doll, the other grabbed the policemen's hats, laughing, in fun…the desert antelope stood on piles of yellow liquid plastic, and huge balloons flew over the faces of the policemen, on the heads of the city supervisors and the crowd of onlookers who had come to the field. The jugglers jumped and thrilled the crowd, but then the reporters and cameras arrived; a face of a policeman and a balloon—a rag doll's face with a crooked leg…a carnival of color—except that the cameras didn't catch the merriment, only the face of a doll staring out of the black and white photo in the newspaper.

Tami was “mad” about the handsome juggler—and he directed her to Adi. A strange name, more suited for a girl, Adi walked carefully, tall and erect, like a towering giraffe with a white face. He always whitened his face. They weren't used to seeing him in natural tones.

Once she thought they'd be together; she tried to hold him, but he pulled back and started to dance, encircling her breasts in the air with his hand, pressing his head at her imaginary bosom… he stood and she saw her beauty—and unmending round beauty and his closed eyes…and he touched again and again. She ran screaming from the room. From that day onward, she met with Adi…and he was erect, walked like a giraffe with a white face and she breathing on his shoulder, stroking his hair, walking home, in the dark…alone…until she met the economist.

When Tami announced the breakup of the trio, he didn't say anything. Adi handed her a paper flower; he even touched her hair. She burst into tears that sprayed the peeling white mosque and the waves until the seagulls became frightened, flitting around the ring of stone on the dome of the mosque. Tami went away. Perhaps she went to work in one of those offices…she didn't go to be with the economist.

That night the juggler wandered along the beach, maybe he was thinking of just having a good time, looking at the arches of the simple waves on the white sand. The screeching of the cars was far away and the waves, arch after arch, shattered in small clusters on the rocks. Sometimes the arch of water encircled, full and quivering, and then, at the very peak of the trembling, slipped away to touch…until it became very, very delicate, like an open hand spread over the kernels of cracked sand seeps inward, sinking. He sat whining, stroking arches in the humid wind, and held himself —his hands hugging his back.

 He tried to establish himself, work in one of the schools, perhaps in drama classes. He would look at the noisy children in the class and not say a word. The children followed him, full of amazement after his juggling stunts, until he was tired of it. A few of them stayed in the class, others ran off to play outside. Roie, in the pub, began to reduce the amount of cheese in the cheese sandwiches. He would make do with two slices of bread and look down over the glass of beer of the guy nearby, until Roie couldn't stand it anymore. After a long speech he would place a glass of beer in front of him. Quietly he said, “Thank you,” and from time to time he would go over to those drinking coffee. Sometimes the shining ball would fall into the glass, and Roie whose patience had worn thin, would suggest he return to Jaffa, "where the tourists are."

 The juggler went to sweep. “What a riot! That's not for you," his friends told him.

He turned to the instructors who were busy practicing the inner clock, facing the mirrors; they were holding hands. "To be an instructor you have to practice!” blurted out one of them—once—he didn't know who since they were moving heel to toe… facing the center of the circle. He went to sweep the floors in restaurants. In the evenings, he and Adi would leap together on the tourists' steps in Jaffa. And he would float between the alleyways…

Streams of light stuck to his legs and fell in the design of an ancient map. The seagulls wondered about the flash of lights and flew off in panic around the dome of the white mosque, the church cross, and the synagogues… There were many Greek and Bulgarian Jews in Jaffa.

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An emergency decree, all young people from the age of twenty to thirty were called to army duty—they also came to Jaffa, those who had been sorted out from "Marginal Youth;” it won't help you to dress up in costume, they were told at the office…Adi was released after a month—he was covered in white, his face in a mask. He stood shivering by the soldiers' showers…"Homo! Homo!" (gay) they were shouting at him and hit him with their fists.

"You are too erect, you are not in a dancing lesson!" bellowed the officer when he looked at the juggler, standing in line. "When I say 'at ease,’ stand at ease."

He crawled faster than everyone, climbed quickly, hit the target effortlessly until they stopped him, because he painted the small green-gray balls the color of gleaming phosphorus and bounced them in the air—his fellow soldiers disappeared, maybe they’ll fall and blow up, explode, maybe the safety catch moved…

They sent him out on errands, and he ran to bring everything, even more that what was asked for. He wanted to perform for them and they laughed. The soldiers actually began to enjoy his short performances.

"Amazing! Did you see how quickly his hands moved? What a riot!"

They laughed at him; he did everything with the utmost seriousness. "He's not of this world! Where did you find him?"

He was quick, sometimes he forgot where he was. Rain fell heavily. The rocky soil didn't soak it up; the basalt and limestone rock scraped his legs.

Until the unit heard it on the two-way radio—a munitions charge exploded—the terrorists placed it and other charges in the field. One of the units tanks was caught in the middle on that field. The soldiers did not dare to enter the area, the soldiers in the trapped tank waited for the helicopter—too low, "Don't move," shouted the officer. He growled into the radio—stood up and requested that he come to the tank.

"Take the dancer away! Get that clown out of here!"

He stood before them…and asked to be allowed to try… “Give me a rope and metal rings,” he asked, and they dug in a high pole with a cable; he only wanted two blinking flashlights tied to his feet—"So it'll be pretty.”

"Crazy!" the commander exclaimed. "Throw him out!"

"Wait…he was once a juggler.” His lieutenant stopped, asked for pocket flashlights from the soldiers, and tied them to his legs. He knew that it was late and he wouldn't be able to finish the show. Quickly he painted his legs with the phosphorus colors.

"What is that crazy guy doing?"

"Bring him down from up there," muttered the commander in a growl.

"Get him out of here. The helicopter should try again… be careful of the blade!"

Of course, conditions were far from good; however, the earth was softer than the cobblestones of Jaffa. Suddenly he remembered—one mustn't fall on the ground. He decided to imitate the face of the clock, but the opposite way—a clock of one, not a group of instructors. He would jump in perfect circles, absolutely perfect. He'll change his expressions and shapes different times, in circles, different times, in big time to zero. Suddenly he remembered they were waiting for him. Finally, he’d show them what could be done. More than a stunt. He was sure that he'd reach the metal squares with their heads peeking through. This was his goal. A clock of a man; a circle of a face. Perhaps he could do it. If he could he'd bring them back with his hands and feet on the swinging cable.

They stood on the gravel path watching the trapped tank… Mouths gaping because he had flown in a perfect circle and fluttered in the air. Because of the darkness, they hadn't seen the juggler do it, but he touched the ground, then floated. The contact was soft, a fingertip, the earth didn't feel it, nor did the rocks…but he did touch, flew over, hovered over, and the men in the unit saw arches of light, two separate lights meeting, and drawing colored phosphorescent shapes in the dark.

A line, a circle, an obstructing angle, and question marks…they announced on the radio, "Landed on the turret!" And they, standing with gaping mouths, regained their composure and broke into cries of happiness. The cable was attached to the turret, reinforced by three tanks on the outside that would not move and a tank near the mines. The two soldiers connected themselves to the rings, hung in the air, heads down on the rope, and they left… Later he was seen dancing on the cable from above, his arms spread out; suddenly he fell and hung there, felt dizzy a second time as he went up again, spread his arms; like a bird, he hopped over and left.

The officer cleared his throat. He didn't know what to say. “Sir…Mr.” ("What's his name, I forgot?" grumbled the first lieutenant).

"He deserves a medal!"—then came the order on the radio about an attack from the villages, from the underbrush bazookas were fired at the tanks…some were wounded.

"Tanks, move out!" came the howl, and he forgot the juggler.

The juggler fluttered down beside the wounded, his eyes open in panic. He ran to bring water, knelt beside the medics who pushed him away…thereof two soldiers lay motionless… He tried to get them to move so they could throw colored balls…but they didn't move. Thunder exploded and one of the tanks was hit, in flames…three heads pushed up from the turret, screaming, and tried to get out…hands waiving, one struggled with the other to get out of the turret, until hands dropped on the red burning metal and the soldier's mouth opened, he screamed without sound—whimpering and weeping the juggler tried to reach the radio. The soldiers still moaned.

He ran toward the fire, and they held him back. "That's all we need, a crazy guy!"

Fire, Fire! Three blackened bodies, dripping, covered with soot, disintegrating…only hands…only hands… the hands of a young person holding onto the opening of dangling the turret and the screams! Screams! Screams!

The tanks continued on to the village, quickly demolishing the buildings, the rocks and the mosque built on a mosaic pavement. Faces and open mouths peered out of the windows through broken glass panes. An outstretched hand held a grenade without the safety pin, others held Kalashnikovs, Bazookas… The mosque's crescent, was like a rounded knife and sharp long blades ready to strike and the peaks of mountains, oaks, prickly nettle, pointed cypress that hollowed the air, the tanks shattered and covered with smoke dust, flashed fires and bombardments

The hands of the three burnt soldiers were still dangling, swinging from the turret…until they became still. They ran from house to house with the guns and grenades, faces covered, fleeing from house to house. The juggler ran and saw a woman, not moving, lying on the pavement and he heard an infant's cry.

He sat in the center of the village, curled up like a ball and whining, moaning, his face a white mask—it peeks out of the center of the ball. Until they took him by force, whining and round, and the medics tried to open his entangled legs.

"Weakling," snarled the commander.

"Shit, stop! Remember how he saved the tank?” praised the lieutenant, "A shit of a weakling!" threw out the commander.

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He was released with a blank page.

He returned to the streets of Jaffa. He met Adi in the evenings, in the alleyways. He returned to the instructors, the hall of mirrors; they received him silently as though it happened every day, to practice and practice. They did not stop their slow movements, folding into one another. Once—only once—when he sprained his ankle they stopped the movements of the clock. Bending their heads in recognition, then continuing. He never saw them apart from one another, just that once…at night, outside. During pub hours, he wandered about hungry. In his room on the roof the dripping increased and in the shattered mirror he saw a gray spot in his hair that didn't go away after he removed his makeup.

Zadok, his friend, decorated the pub with a few dolls. He offered the juggler a partnership. Zadok needed an aid so he could give attention to his dolls. He forgot Nueba. The juggler, nodded his head in appreciation, but didn't agree to his friend's proposal; he took Adi, who wore strange heeled shoes, and on the stops of Jaffa he continued to toss colored balls. Until one day he discovered an amputee on the steps who had been driven away by the restaurant owners!

"This is a place for tourists, not beggars!"

The wanderer sat down in the beggar’s place, folded his legs, and extended his hand to the mosque and the waves—extended his hand as far as he could.

He walked down the streets of Jaffa, looked around and remembered the burnt soldiers, looked around and put on his white mask and was burnt! Burnt! Burnt! In the streets of Jaffa, badly covered with soot, swinging from side to side, only his hand still alive, on the turret, burnt but hanging on, persistent, in spasms—in the streets of the Tel Aviv. In the central square of the city the water was flowing in a carton fountain. The juggler stood before lines of the fountain which was painted in happy colors, with many people and youngsters in short haircuts and girls with long hair and naked thighs sitting on the benches around the fountain … He tried to stroke the hair of a young girl in the air, but his leg fidgeted from being hurt by the bullet; he bent down out of fear of the whistles of thunder, explosions. Out of the black smoke he opened his mouth in a distorted scream—no sound was heard because there was no sound left, the bodies were scorched, distorted, fat thighs and depleted bellies, naked bodies of the mother, legs strewn in strange positions…why did the mother's heel touch her buttocks, and why was her face covered with a white scarf that had turned red?

The juggler's mouth became distorted, his voice cracked, like the cry of a baby searching for its mother's nipple. The old man on the bench shouted angrily and the girls screamed and ran away. The guy with the muscles in the gang of shaved heads came over and pushed his fist at his nose. "Get out of here. If you don’t go…" He went and stood beside the movie theater. By evening his face was swollen; he twisted in seared motions, screaming silently, whistling filled his ears.

In the evenings he walked between mounds of paper and discarded plastic bottles. He looked at shadows bent over in the lit opaque windowpanes, in peeling soot-covered houses blackened with exhaust fumes, before those on verandas with curved metal railings—aging still-life figures. Mounds of metal were taken and stopped, taken and stopped, didn't hear anything, birds stopped buzzing on the ear drum—only the game of red, green, yellow lights blinked in his eyes…reminded him of the eyes of those sitting on their verandas and Adi's motionless eyes in the white mask.

Where is Adi? He went to visit him behind bars. Adi went in shoes with heels, lips smeared with lipstick…over and over the police stopped him—in yards and gardens- until they threw him in jail. He went to visit Adi in prison.

 When he returned from the visit and showed the bars…he created bars with his long fingers…and began to wiggle his buttocks…wiggle…move his buttocks and twist…

Once the kettle in the kitchen broke from many years of use, and the juggler went to the market. The junk sellers in the Jaffa flea market would give him twisted rolls from Abulafia's bakery, still fresh and sprinkled with poppy seed…he thanked them, bowed, and a bouquet of paper flowers appeared from his sleeve. He placed the flowers in a porcelain vase on the old walnut cabinet in the antiquity shop—the artist's sleight of hand was drawn in the white glass panel.

 Children in the street asked him for the trick with the colored balls, and sometimes when he took a break from his sweeping job and juggler's tasks he would gather the children by the clock plaza in the center of Jaffa, and they would crowd together to see his flowing movements and the balls in a profusion of colors flying over their heads, and the clock would ring. Puzzled, policemen came out of the nearby police station to check on the commotion.

The juggler kept on, on, and on, but people refused to throw coins, one even tore his hat from his hand. They began to push him away, didn't want to watch burnt people, elderly bent people, weeping mothers; he went along the dark alleyways, the lights were red; he remembered Adi and began to twist as he walked, spread white on his face…and saw in the gardens…the girls under the red lights …the girls smeared with red, and began to swing—front, back, and to the sides. Looked and looked opened his shirt and swung back and forth—those with closed metal fists, who did not like what he was showing, stood at the doorways of the small houses on Yarkon Street and pounded his face, his buttocks, his forehead, to get him out of the alleyways and he left, his face cut badly, dragging his leg behind him, while punching, punching, punching the air with his fist with sharp metal buttons, beating the heavy, humid air but continued to jump—sometimes still jumping with the lights attached to his legs, in Jaffa…from day to day he stood curled up, until he went inside and pulled out the burnt bodies of the soldiers, the burnt bodies, the burnt bodies.

And one day the instructors of the Pantomime studio, his old school, stood and watched him, surrounded by a crowd of observers. They were left behind when the crowd left the place, spitting and cursing; it was unpleasant. As night fell, he became tired and dragged his feet. The head instructor came toward him, lowered his head, and asked him to join the instructor’s clock as a main hand.

"A senior instructor leaps and jumps high, very high," he explained to him. The juggler looked, wiped off a bit of white from the instructor's nose—a few nights ago he had seen him as he left one of the small hotels in the red light district…swaying back and forth…responded, and his eyes wandered over to the instructor—"But I don't need to be a part of your living clock at the studio, I have a watch …my own…I also jump in and out…high and low. I always jump.

He straightened up, hand on his waist—a policeman walked out of the nearby police station, a baton swinging on his waist. He asked the instructor's forgiveness, lifted his imaginary baton and stood as if he were to strike him…the policeman frowned.

One evening when he came to the steps and asked to remember the colored balls, to play! He so much wanted to play! Why had he forgotten how to play?

Many waited for him, crowding in the alleyway. Bullies with Fists, and other many “secret” people in one of the hallways whispered… ("morale;” "damages public morale") some waited for him in the narrow alleyways. No one knows…they broke him, bent him out of shape…the way he twisted, rolled into himself…how he felt lipstick dripping on the white mask…he managed to get away, jumped over the walls of the narrow alleyways between broken glass stuck at the tops of the ancient walls. He jumped, soared until he reached the top of the mosque, near the fishermen's wharf—slipped and held onto the stone ring…his legs cut, smeared with red…and he stood on the dome of the mosque, swaying in the wind …saw the seagull plunge…the seagull plunged…

The juggler began to move his wings, respond to the wind. He suddenly remembered and saw the instructors standing in the hall of the big mirrors, thousands of instructors, in thousands of shattered, transparent blue mirrors. The clock separated, and they brought their shoulders closer and bowed their heads in a silent prayer, and the seagulls soared, one seagull encircling the other, wing to wing…in a circle, and the seagulls plunged in a white tiara, their wings trembling in the hall of blue mirrors, their beaks gaping slightly and their eyes slow and constant…hovering, one white wing tangent to the other…beak gaping, eyes constant…quivering, he recovered his strength and straightened, bowed, clasped the lights to his legs that were dripping red to his hands, his forehead, to his wings…and began the performance.