# **Cultural Daily**

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## Normality "Lo-Normali"

Rick Meghiddo · Wednesday, May 24th, 2017

Normality "Lo-Normali:" (ambiguous Hebrew slang for 'abnormal, crazy, exceptional, wonderful, insane, magnificent') synthesizes two previously documentaries, "The City that Never Sleeps" and "Jerusalem Journal." It presents contrasts between Tel Aviv and Jerusalem and within each of the two cities as a showcase intended to defeat misconceptions about Israel's reality.

https://vimeo.com/213755574

"Normality" does not produce headlines. Stories related to terrorism, war, political scandals and presidential visits do. I focused my attention on capturing normality: riding a bus, walking on the beach, witnessing events.



Tel Aviv-Jerusalem

Although Tel Aviv and Jerusalem represent only a part of Israel's reality, the contrast between the two cities makes more legible the country's complexity, usually oversimplified with reports on disputes – right versus left, religious versus secular, sacred versus profane, Palestinians versus Israelis.

Israel is a unique country in a unique situation. That is why its normality is simply "Lo-Normali."



Tomb of Jesus



Children at the Holocaust Monument, Tel Aviv



Beach Gym at Tel Baruch



Ron Arad's "Kesher," Tel Aviv University



Calatrava's "Chords Bridge," Jerusalem



Tel Aviv Museum of Art



Tel Aviv Museum of Art



Art Exhibit



Oldenburg's Apple, Israel Museum, Jerusalem



Pride Parade, Tel Aviv



Pride Parade, Tel Aviv



Baby at Tel Aviv's Pride Parade



Tel Aviv





## White Night at Dizengoff Square, Tel Aviv

### White Tree



Politis Park, Ramat Aviv, 6:00 AM



Film Distributor Nurit Shani



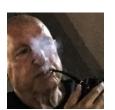
Habima Actor Alex Peleg



Painter David Sharir



Immunologist Dr. Carmi Bernstein



Film Distributor Ijo Shani



Sports Instructor Gila Peleg



Film Critics Gidi Orsher and Yehuda Stav



Selfie at Tel Aviv Cinematheque





Times of Israel, May 23, 2017

#### Amos

I sat on a bench at Politis Park,

talking to Ruth on the phone,

she in Long Beach, on her evening,

I on my early morning,

surrounded by the caws of crows

and by suspicious cats

trying to catch my attention.

We talked about Hillary and Donald,

about the interview without results that I had the day before

and about what she did while I slept

and about what I planned to do while she will be sleeping.

Suddenly an old man passed by in front of me.

His face looked familiar.

When I realized who he was, his face had already disappeared

and I only saw him from his back,

walking slowly, swaying from side to side,

as of limping on both legs.

"Amos Oz," I said to Ruth. "He just walked in front of me,

at less than a meter distance."

"Go after him," said Ruth.

I started to walk in his direction.

"If he sits at a café," I thought, "I will sit on a table next to his.

Maybe he will want to talk.

What would I tell him?

I will not tell him that I think

he should have received the Nobel Price long ago.

That would be too painful."

"Amos," I would tell him,

"it is an honor just to sit next to you."

He continued to walk

towards Rehov Levitan.

He looked very old, very tired.

Did his sad eyes lost hope

for "Peace Now,"

for the country to become a Light Unto the Nations?

I will not know. But I least I know

many of the characters that he created,

from the times of the Crusaders

to the times of our own.

Tel Aviv, Saturday, August 6, 2016, at about 7:00 AM

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