



**LEVIAH**

לביאה  
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by Reut Shemesh © 2015

## CHAPTER 1

My very tight uniform has become a symbol; a symbol of lost dreams and sexual confusion.

I remember that men used to fall for me. My commander admired me. At that time I was sure that men's admiration will give great meaning to my life. Therefore I was doing my very best to get to know them. I did not want to necessary be touched by them, though most of the time I had to sacrifice my own body for the sake of admiration. Determined and focused I wanted to have a boyfriend.

Either way I was depressed. In those days I used to cross the road with closed eyes, trying out different sorts of danger; I stopped eating; I was walking in dangerous roads at nighttime.

I happened to find myself with Inbal. Inbal was strange, she always wanted to go home. She was a mixture of a man and woman. She had a constant smell of urine. I constantly asked myself why I unconsciously chose to be in the same room with Inbal.



The daily routines at the office had been quite repetitive. Our polyester uniform got very warm during the summer days and we all had been waiting for time to pass. Eventually, I lost my sanity. An evil power went into me. I simply could not help it anymore. I demolished the office. All sorts of vandalistic actions came across. I broke, ripped and threw objects.

I was as miserable as one can be, and the strong smell of men's sweat, Inbal's urine, and the dark power had been mixed strongly together.

Confusions and the soul's delusions have been replaced by quiet indifference. I did not feel anything and nothing felt me.

## CHAPTER 2

A lot of things happened between 15.11.2000 to 15.07.2002 - that one year and nine months. Especially bad things. There were also people who died. Some of them we really loved, some others we just heard about.

But we managed to overcome quite a lot of difficulties, mainly because of our tough education. At that time we were rather focused and developed a strong emotional regulation and mechanisms.

We knew quite well what was necessary in order to not shake and risk our personalities more than needed. We were all quite fit with physical and emotional detachment, irony and sarcasm, indifference and apathy, dark humor, avoiding of personalities and a lot of suppression. Some drugs, the elimination of incidents, short eruptions of misbehaved sexuality, a rather hidden aggression, routine, and most of all, short memory.

We were all busy with one thing, and that was the strong wish for time to pass as fast as time can pass so we could finally start planning the after-army trip to Goa, hoping for intense joy in nature parties. On weekends we were

mostly active, collecting captivating experiences and unforgettable moments. So we utilized whatever was there to reach, take and move so we could finally feel as dominant, original and enthusiastic as an individual can be. I also searched for unforgettable moments, so I was trying very hard and did my very best.

On weekends I mostly spent my time together with Maayan on the beach. Maayan had a great sense of humor and she also had an old Subaru car. Together we spent weekends driving around. We liked to get to the beach where we could meet young and old boys. Somehow it always worked out for us. Maayan was talking a lot and I was mostly listening. She also moved very slowly. Her star sign is Aries. My loneliness at that time was so deep that I simply could accept any sort of companionship. I said to myself that anyways it was temporary.

One weekend, like all others, we were driving to the beach and met some guys. In the evening we met again and then something bad happened.

Funny how some moments can be forgettable.



### CHAPTER 3

I was hoping that the bus would get into a road accident and crash. But it wasn't so. We all arrived safely to Camp Eighty whether we wanted to or not.

The first time I got into the uniform, I knew it: that smell will stick to my skin for quite some time. The thin line between the moment before and the current moment suddenly seemed so evil.

From this moment on, everything that was behind the fence looked promising and happy.

I was tired; very tired. I was deeply disgusted from the tools and food in the dining room, the bed sheets, toilets, showers, chairs, table and some people. Everything around me seemed dirty. I could not touch anything or eat for days. I could not use the toilet so I had to suppress my needs.

I became miserable and suffered and could not stop crying. I was expressing my emotions as much as I could, hoping to get some help and recognition. The only pleasure I had was looking at the stars above. My tears

have been a great help. Throughout my service I could cry whenever I wished to, and crying made other people stand on my side.

There were mostly women in Camp Eighty. Some of them were as miserable as I was, so we suffered together. Some were even open-minded. But I knew it. This institution was a men's conspiracy. Some men like to see women wearing a uniform, or not, but either way crying out loud.

## CHAPTER 4

Desperately I was still searching for a boyfriend. Finally, I met Almog. We met unexpectedly through mutual friends. Almog loved Arabs, he wanted them to be happy. He was a mutual friend of many boys who loved me.

One day we were talking and he invited me to his apartment in Tel-Aviv. We saw a film together, "the seemingly unbearable ease of existence." Since then Almog was always there with me and for me. He was sensitive and moving, kind of feminine and masculine at the same time, a unique combination of green eyes and black hair. He was reflective, a feminist and a real activist.

I also loved Arabs. Nevertheless, I really liked the fact that Almog loves Arabs and hates the occupation. He wanted me to stay and hated to see me leaving. Almog talked a lot. He liked to analyze things, especially me. He was sort of a spiritual guide and gave me lots of advice.

He was very sad every time I left and could not be happy when I came back. He wanted more and a lot; nothing was enough. Every time I climbed into my green uniform, the zippers on the front, he was watching me dressing in





his room. It was so depressing, so cruel.

Almog was very busy with understanding himself. He always breathed all the air in the room and did not leave anything for others.

Almog wanted to touch me and liked to be touched all the time. He also kind of liked boys and wanted to make love just like two men.

But I am a girl.

## CHAPTER 5

Eventually, it was all over.

I returned my uniform.

Erased all unnecessary memories and thoughts.

Left some unresolved relations.

Closed the door behind me and never opened it again.

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