

PART SIX

P.S.

PS.

Although this story belongs technically to the next chapter dealing with my re-entry into Civilisation, being an organic ^{and} logical part^{of} my séjour in Israel, I'm including it here as a fitting last chapter sort of "here is a little something to remember us by" contributed by DAPHNA and ZIM, who handled the crating and shipping my goods to Seattle.

The enclosed documents tell the whole fascinating, hilarious happenings in all it's gruesome details, but if you, Dear Reader, find it more then you have bargained for, or can handle, here it is in a nutshell.

"The Best of the Bad Lot" DAPHNA whp crated all my furniture and everything else I packed and boxed myself, managed to mutilate every four piece of furniture. My beautiful rosewood desk arrived with its top freefloating. The righth armrest of my pride and joy Eames chair was broken off and hanging there like a fractured arm. My cute red bedside table was banged up and so was my walnut couch from WORKBENCH. And all this was duly insured to...ROTTERDAM, Holland, instead of Seattle USA. Howcum? As I mentioned previously Israelis can be maddeningly efficient when there is no need for it. As the Dear Reader will remember, I mentioned that I enquired at DAPHNA some six months before leaving how much would the shipping cost, both to Holland and to the USA as I wasnt sure yet where I will retire. Somebody must have found this zetele mentioning Holland and without looking at the BILL OF LADING which was made out correctly for Seattle, duly insured my goods for Rotterdam! If their

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efficiency would have extended to the clerck giving a fast last glance to ALL the documents before shoving them into their common envelope, s/he would have noticed that the BILL OF LADING and the Insurance Document are addressed to two DIFFERENT destinations. As these documents were just more zeteles to get rid off and out of the way for the clerck tsick-tsack, no such thing happened. Bad as this was, what really gave ^{me} an over abundance of flatus because it embarrassed me with my new mailman, was their envelope and the way it was addressed. For me it was a perfect micROCOSMOS of some of things plaguing that poor little country, one of which was and still is, that they never got their shit together and decide on their priorities, apart from having a first class Defense Force, which is of course PRIORITY ONE for obvious reasons. -

As I mentioned previously after the Six Day war you could buy any kind of luxury item you wanted or needed, from single malt whiskey, to \$100 perfume - you name it. But could you buy a decent MANILLA ENVELOPE for love or money? MAPITOM?! They still use the same crummy brown wrapping paper as after the war of Independence. And that was what my new mailman was looking at PLUS the way their Letterhead was designed and printed.(I'm enclosing it also.) As you know the rest of the world is printing the address of the ADDRESSEE in the center of the envelope and the sender's in the upper left hand corner - or in some countries in the back - in small letters. In Israel it has to be of course backassward. DAPHNA, WEISSMANN & LAVY had to be printed in big heavy Hebrew letters in the CENTER, while my name and address was typed somewhere on the top with an old worn out ribbon barely legibly. My mailman

admiring this strange specimen with an amused and bemused smile, the envelope having been sent Registered and therefore requiring my signature, asked me, this is the way they do it over there?

Somuch about DAPHNA. Now lets see the selfless contribution of ZIM, Israel's very own shipping line. Before leaving Israel for Seattle, I wrote both to DAPHNA and ZIM giving as my temporary address that of Mr. Al Feldmann and my permanent address after my arrival, requesting the confirmation of this communication so that I can be sure it was duly noted. All this was duly ignored by ZIM which sent all my documents regarding the arrival of my goods and instructions re their retrieval to Mr. Al Feldmann who was by that time in Israel for his Pessach Holiday. In these documents ZIM advised me that I can pick up my goods from their warehouse in WILMINGTON California, very considerately enclosing a map about the exact location of their warehouse - only thousand miles from Seattle. By Divine Grace they sent all these documents, as I said to Mr. Al Feldmann thus neutralizing their FIRST fuckup by this second one and saving me from a possible massive cardiac infarct if I'd would have received their instructions to pick up my goods in California.

When they noticed that I didnt pick up my stuff they checked their files and realizing their fuckup they sent me a MAIL-GRAM advising me where to pickup my goods in Seattle, which I did.

By that time Al got home from the Jewish Homeland and forwarded the original documents in person. I sent a few wellchosen words to the Manager of ZIM with copies of all their correspondence including their cordial invitation to come to Wilmington CA.

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This communication to ZIM elicited a spirited letter from Mr. Joseph Merante, Vice President, North America Traffic and Documentation (and how about THAT for impressive TITLE?) in which Mr. Merante made it perfectly clear what I already assumed, having just finished a ten years séjour in Israel, that he will tell me that it was all MY fault because I gave Mr. Feldmann's address in Seattle, so what else could they do but ship my goods to CALIFORNIA?!

This little incident proves what I found out years ago, which is that Israelis got it down to a science how to always blame the victim and thus avoid admitting that they EVER make a mistake, even if they were boiled in extra virgin, cold pressed kosher olive oil. Reminds me of the cartoon showing a dog the size of a calf chomping on the leg of a mailman, and an old harridan screaming in the door. The caption says: take your filthy leg OUT of the mouth of my little dog, you MONSTER!