

## FOREWORD.

Dear Reader,

If you are looking for politics in any form or aspect concerning Israel and its role in the Middle East, or for World Jewry, or its raison d'être in general, please look somewhere else. I don't have neither the inclination and more importantly the qualification to discuss this weighty subject which was dissected, belabored and agonized over by any number of writers - or wannabes - often enough to fill a small library.

What follows is a chronicle of a fifty five year old Jew with the background you're by now familiar from the preceding chapters who lived it, saw it, heard it and smelled it and let the felafels fall where they may. "God is in the details".

As in the chapter on the Foreign Legion I'll do my best to be objective in the sense that I'll rely only on my own experiences, my own episodes and my own happenings, but not excluding an occasional quote from somebody else's book whose judgement I trust and more importantly, if it helps me to make my point. I'll definitely not deal in gossip, nor will I rehash old anecdotes about Moishe, Golda et al just because they are "cute".

I'm sure some of the oldtimers of the Legion would have found some of my remarks and impressions out of steps with the legend and the myth, and I've an unesay hunch this will also be the case with the oldtimers (vatic) in Israel. Ma'llassot(toobad).

This is a personal chronicle of my decade in Israel - warts and all.