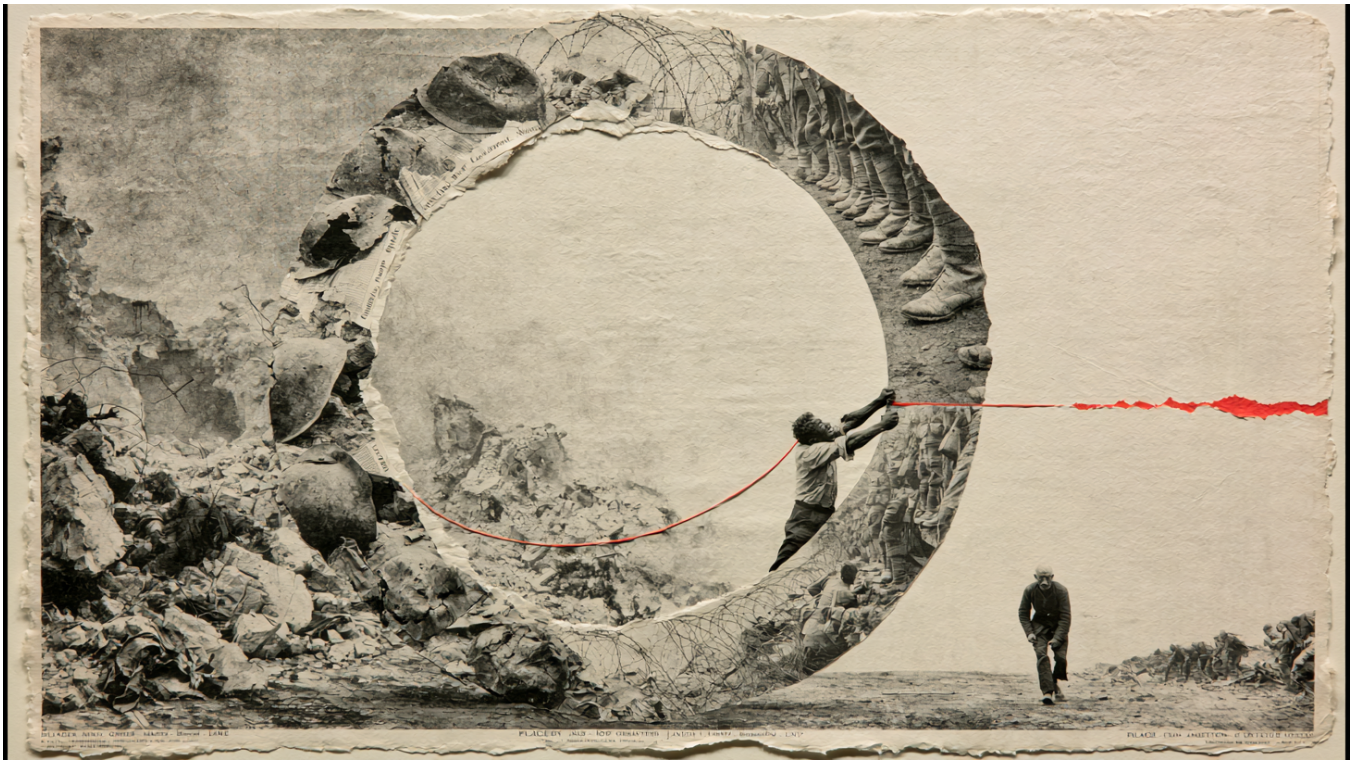

FRIEDENSNOTE NR. 69 · BACKSTAGE

Again and Again Is Now!

In her Gaza poem, Sabrina Khalil describes the terrible compulsion to repeat that keeps bringing forth violence again and again.

“Homeland on ground of blood, battlefields like human garbage dumps, the rest is devoured by hunger, devoured by despair.” That is how drastically the actress, speaker and writer Sabrina Khalil describes the horror of Gaza in her poem. Instead of the German post-war generation’s vow of “Never again!” becoming reality, we are dealing with a dynamic of “again and again.” Only the settings change.

Why is it so hard to learn from history? And can we absolve ourselves of any complicity in this catastrophe? The author believes in the possibility of collective healing through self-knowledge.

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AUTHOR Sabrina Khalil

SONG Immer wieder ist jetzt

PERFORMER Sabrina Khalil

Never again did we want to smoke, drink too much alcohol or let ourselves be humiliated. Never again did we want to lash out, sow discord, cheat, steal. Never to hurt our children so badly that they still suffer the consequences as adults. No more lies, no more violence, no more self-sabotage!

So far, so well-intentioned.
None of this is impossible if one persistently walks the path of self-knowledge and does not shrink back even from unpleasant discoveries, honestly admits one's addictions and longings and begins to search for their causes.

When do I use drug-induced states of intoxication to veil a feeling of emptiness, of existential insecurity?
Why do I feel so worthless and guilty that I keep landing in self-destructive situations?
How is it that I feel better when I treat other people with contempt or torment them?

The search for clues usually leads us into early childhood, into conflict-ridden or even violent situations, into dark family secrets, transgenerational traumas, prenatal circumstances.
Some people even set out on an even further journey, exploring karmic entanglements from earlier incarnations.

> *The aim of all these reflections: to illuminate causes, understand connections, discover patterns, and then: to transform what one wishes to change. To accept what cannot be changed. To integrate what wants to be seen. To heal.*

Here we may recognize: there are individual traumas, such as parents who died early, abuse or poverty, that shape us, or collective traumas, such as war, displacement, environmental disasters, that affect entire peoples, regions or countries. But also such traumas as find their way in an "epigenetic" manner into our mental-physical-spiritual fabric, without our having been directly affected.

And collective fates too, with which we identify, to which we "dock" and which then work within us, can be a burden, even though we do not suffer directly under them: past or currently ongoing

crimes that have to do with the suppression of the feminine principle, with slavery or the extermination of indigenous cultures, with patriarchal violence or religious delusion.
Here – and this is decisive – both the perpetrator role and the victim role can torment us with rage, guilt and shame.

If dishonesty now creeps into the process of self-knowledge, if we become sluggish, fearful and sloppy in our "reckoning," if we let ourselves be told where we may look and where we had better not point the spotlight, if monetary or ideological interests hinder our inquiries, if we encounter taboos and let ourselves be intimidated by them …

What happens then?
Can we transform what we do not know, accept what we blank out, heal where we do not feel the pain?
How do we overcome compulsive behaviors and destructive patterns that go hand in hand with greed, fear, anger or despair, if we absolutely do not (want to) feel greedy, fearful, angry or despairing?
Or ascribe these qualities only to our counterpart, to the Other.
Or recognize these qualities in ourselves, but classify them as justified, because they are without doubt provoked by an "outside" to which we are "merely" reacting.

Never again war and destruction, we have vowed countless times.
Never again!

Let us look around: the trouble spots are absurdly numerous, and the kinds of mutual mistreatment range from open violence, torture and war to subtle forms of manipulation and tyranny.

As if in a frenzy we erect firewalls against supposed perpetrators – and in doing so become violent perpetrators ourselves and at the same time victims of our conditioning.
As if in a frenzy we show solidarity with supposed victims whose own perpetration we make taboo, which in turn makes us accomplices.
Who here is the aggressor, who the resistance fighter, who the terrorist, who the oppressor, who the criminal, who is defending themselves, who is innocent, and: who decides that?
At the expense of genuine reckoning and self-knowledge, attributions are desperately cemented that

distort our experience of reality ever more glaringly and cause massive feelings of disturbance.

The account is of course drawn up without reckoning with the “universal laws” that operate in perfect serenity – or rather in the soul-turmoil of us all – whether it suits the ladies and gentlemen of the propaganda department or not.
There are laws of polarity, of attraction, of interaction.
There are swings of the pendulum and feedback loops. Systematic, thorough and consistent processes on the biochemical, energetic level, which do not disappear just because we do not perceive them or do not want to acknowledge them.

Even if in the meantime it looks like chaos or like supposed “victories” or “defeats”: the alchemy of the universe operates according to laws that know neither “good” nor “evil,” but follow an inner logic that we can intuit if we are sincerely willing to see through our programming.
How can we even make decisions (“Never again this or that”) if we have no access to the code that determines OUR inner logic?
Or, loosely after Tom-Oliver Regenauer: "If you have no plan, you become part of someone else’s plan!"

Which agenda of preserving power and profiteering we submissively subordinate ourselves to when we slaughter one another for all eternity shall not be discussed here.
But one need not first invoke the great geopolitical connections to establish: the “Other,” in whose plan we play a role, is first and foremost the automatism within our own being that forces us to reel off stimulus-response behaviors incessantly. Without an autonomous choice or expression of will having intervened beforehand, we reproduce the ever-same.

I am not against repetition per se – we may imagine Sisyphus as a happy man! (loosely after Albert Camus)
But we should indeed ask ourselves which principle we wish to serve.
What does the stone stand for that I roll up the mountain anew every day?
For retribution, revenge, demarcation, violence, fear, malice, delusion, or for joy in life, gratitude, dignity, compassion, integrity, truth, wisdom?
Only if we make clear decisions here and conscientiously strive for an autonomy in thought and

action that courageously confronts the power of habit can we be a little freer, a little more peaceful each day.

And then we formulate our intentions once more, make resolutions that we can implement, because we have seen through our true motives and are now able to act instead of react.
And above all: let us formulate our aim positively, for we are not good at following negative instructions (“Do not touch the hot stove plate”).

"Never again" then becomes "again and again."

Again and again: protect my dignity, my body, my soul.

Again and again: see, understand, respect my fellow human beings.

Again and again: live peace, speak truth, seek healing.

Again and again is now!

"Never again" has never been.

Again and again is now

ORIGINAL

„Aus Opfern werden Täter, und alle könnten es sehen,

nähmen sie nur mal die Finger aus den Ohren,

um mit den freigewordenen Händen die Angstfessel zu lösen,

die um ihr banges Herz sich windet

seit diesem Tag,

seit den Kriegen davor,

seit der großen Schuld und dem Schweigen danach,

seit der ersten gewaltsamen Eroberung.

Unerträglich ist das Offensichtliche –

auf allen Kanälen in Echtzeit,

das erbarmungslose Landgrabbing-Game:

„Zerstöre, vertreibe, besetze!“

Die Macht ist mit Dir, der Du das Recht des Stärkeren,

des Auserwählten, des bis in die Zellen Bewaffneten verkörperst,

junger Held

während die Körper der Geknechteten und Entrechteten

zu Abertausenden zerbersten.

Woll´n doch mal sehen, welchen Dreh wir noch finden

in Sachen Auslöschungs-Fantasy…

Karma is a bitch with a wicked sense of humor –

Aber die Seelen brechen auf ALLEN Seiten zu ALLEN Zeiten,

wie man das nur immer und immer wieder vergessen kann?

Opfer zu Tätern. Täter zu Opfern.

Kaputte Vergangenheit, perverse Gegenwart, kaputte Zukunft.

Keine Zeit für Heilung, keine Zeit, keine Zeit!

Trauma über Trauma. Mauern aus Zorn, Alltag in Trauer.

Heimat auf Blutboden, Schlachtfelder wie menschliche Müllhalden,

den Rest frisst der Hunger, frisst die Verzweiflung.

Heiliges Land, wie eine Projektion der Hölle wirkst Du von außen.

Mit SICHERHEIT von INNEN erst RECHT.

Brudermord, Kindesopfer, Schwestern wie Furien, Tod und Teufel –

Tod ohne Namen, Namen ohne Zahl.

Rachsüchtiges Blut, fegefeurige Gedanken,

altes Testament in jungen, wilden, dummen

Mörderpuppen in Uniform.

Was habt ihr denn erwartet?

Und was glaubt ihr, erwartet eure Kinder?

Seht, wie ihr blindwütig ausführt, was ihr nicht versteht.

Mit der Zeit erkennt ihr

wie nah Fluch und Segen beieinander wohnen,

und wie leicht ihr, als wäre es nichts,

den Fluch gewählt,

den Fluch erfüllt.

Wohlfeile Worte der Rechtfertigung kaufen euch Zeit,

Blendgranaten für die Angsterfüllten.

Eure Taten dagegen schreiben sich ein in die Matrix des Alls,

der ihr nicht entkommt.

Aus Tätern werden wieder Opfer, Gott würfelt nicht,

das war euch wohl entfallen, oder wolltet ihr es nicht wissen,

nicht besser wissen...?

Grausamer Fehler beim Überschreiben des Hologramms.

Gnadenlose, zwanghafte Wiederholung.

Immer wieder ist jetzt!

„Nie wieder“ war noch nie.“

ÜBERSETZUNG

„Victims become perpetrators, and all could see it,

if only they took their fingers out of their ears,

to loosen with the freed hands the shackle of fear

> *that winds around their anxious heart*
>
> *since that day,*
>
> *since the wars before it,*
>
> *since the great guilt and the silence thereafter,*
>
> *since the first violent conquest.*
>
> *Unbearable is the obvious –*
>
> *on every channel in real time,*
>
> *the merciless land-grabbing game:*
>
> *“Destroy, displace, occupy!”*
>
> *The power is with you, who embody the right of the stronger,*
>
> *of the chosen one, of the one armed down to his very cells,*
>
> *young hero*
>
> *while the bodies of the enslaved and the disenfranchised*
>
> *burst apart by the tens of thousands.*
>
> *Let’s just see what twist we can still come up with*
>
> *in the matter of annihilation fantasy…*
>
> *Karma is a bitch with a wicked sense of humor –*
>
> *but the souls break on ALL sides at ALL times,*
>
> *how can one keep forgetting this again and again?*
>
> *Victims into perpetrators. Perpetrators into victims.*
>
> *Broken past, perverse present, broken future.*
>
> *No time for healing, no time, no time!*
>
> *Trauma upon trauma. Walls of wrath, daily life in mourning.*
>
> *Homeland on ground of blood, battlefields like human garbage dumps,*
>
> *the rest is devoured by hunger, devoured by despair.*
>
> *Holy Land, from the outside you seem like a projection of hell.*
>
> *With CERTAINTY from WITHIN all the more so.*
>
> *Fratricide, child sacrifice, sisters like Furies, death and devil –*
>
> *death without name, names without number.*

> *Vengeful blood, purgatorial thoughts,*
>
> *Old Testament in young, wild, stupid*
>
> *murderer-puppets in uniform.*
>
> *What did you expect, then?*
>
> *And what do you think awaits your children?*
>
> *See how, in blind fury, you carry out what you do not understand.*
>
> *In time you will recognize*
>
> *how closely curse and blessing dwell together,*
>
> *and how easily you, as if it were nothing,*
>
> *chose the curse,*
>
> *fulfilled the curse.*
>
> *Cheap words of justification buy you time,*
>
> *stun grenades for the fear-filled.*
>
> *Your deeds, by contrast, inscribe themselves into the matrix of the cosmos,*
>
> *from which you cannot escape.*
>
> *Perpetrators become victims once again, God does not play dice,*
>
> *that must have slipped your mind, or did you not want to know it,*
>
> *not want to know better…?*
>
> *Cruel error in overwriting the hologram.*
>
> *Merciless, compulsive repetition.*
>
> *Again and again is now!*
>
> *“Never again” has never been.“*

Here you can buy the album “Voices for Gaza”:

Protestnoten

or download it:

Voices for Gaza

The poem set to music, „Immer wieder ist jetzt“, can be found on the first part of the album.

LISTEN & WATCH

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Sabrina Khalil, Jahrgang 1976, absolvierte ihre Schauspielausbildung an der Neuen Münchner Schauspielschule und war anschließend einige Jahre Ensemblemitglied der „Schauburg München“ sowie als Schauspielerin für Film und Fernsehen tätig. Für das Literaturhaus München und diverse Verlage und Buchhandlungen nimmt sie an Lesungen teil und arbeitet als Sprecherin für Podcasts oder Radiobeiträge.

Als Sängerin und Texterin hat sie in verschiedenen Bands und Musikprojekten mitgewirkt. Sie lebt mit ihrem Mann und zwei Söhnen in München.

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