

Wall - Director's statement - [Moran Ifergan](#)

As a child in South of Israel, my dream was to go to the "Wailing wall" in Jerusalem. At the age of 10 I visited it for the first time. I couldn't sleep the night before the school's trip to Jerusalem. I was too excited. When I touched the cold huge stones, something happened. I have met myself for the first time.

During my years in the orthodox, only girl's, high-school, the wall was a home for me, a place that gathered my entire social world. I used to spend in there summer nights of youth's love or heart breaks – under the eye of god. When I was 18 I left the orthodox world and left the wall as well. I never came back again. I didn't want to meet god after I we broke up and maybe I didn't want to meet the previous me.

As an adult, non-religious, cynical woman, the wall, for me and for many of my friends, is an extremist violent and massy site, but yet, I am steel trying to figure out how I have found myself there, after 10 years, in my wedding evening, crying on the stones.

My complex relationship with this wall drove me to return to the women's section of the Western Wall in order to observe its daily routine, as well as to explore my personal experience of being there. I was wandering around with my camera, documenting the place. Like a stranger or a tourist in this Holy of Holies, the house of God which I abandoned. This time I am here as a married woman and a mother, and I am wondering why am I here and who are the women beside me? Why are we all crying?

Not accidently, at the same time, my marriage and young family had starting to disintegrate. From this state of mind I found myself stare at the women around me, overwhelmed with existential questions about the personal and the universal meaning of being a woman. The desire to live with a "strong" man, as opposed to the longing for a gentle and tender life, the difficulty of motherhood, the gap between the independence way of living I wish to live, to the economic reliance on a man, the sexuality in monogamy, and the absence of creativity and faith in this modern-day and age.

The set of all that considerations is a huge wall, the last remnant of the ruined Temple. The Western Wall is the Jewish most sacred site. It has millions of visitors from all over the world each year. People visit the Wall to celebrate or out of great desperation. The Wall is an undisputed symbol and a myth. "The Wall belongs to everyone", as the Western Wall's Rabbi told me. Yet, as a woman, I am confined to

the women's section. I am not allowed to visit in the larger and most sacred area of the site. I can only take a peek on it through a fence that separates the men from the women, and watch the men without being noticed. This site provides us a glimpse in to the most complex and volatile place in Israel. The public events that take place at the Wall, reflects some of the processes that we are undergoing, as a society – the escalation of racism and extreme nationalism; religious coercion; the exclusion of women from the public environment and the commercialization of religion.

The cinematic language combines a long period of observation on the humanity behavior, with attention to nuances and ironic or absurd aspect of the reality as I see it. I wanted to explore the different phases of this location and to deconstructed it's myth; to emphasize the contrast between the person and the wall, the human and the inanimate, the intimate and the massy, the holy and the secular.

The main element of the cinematic language is the separation between the image and the sound and composing them in a new way. I have tried to create a challenging sound & image relations, which would added a new layer and to tell a third story. The fact that we can't see any of the protagonists, only to hear them, was a cinematic experience, examining the tension between the visible and the hidden, God and his absence in cinema and in life, the consistent battle between seeing and hearing, like my inner battle between the Bible world, the texts world, which I came from, and the imagistic and esthetic world I am facing nowadays.