

MUSIC IN THE TIME OF CORONA

For an entire year, the music industry in Israel has come to a standstill. Venues were closed and concerts were cancelled. Some musicians performed in living rooms and backyards for small groups of people, and some had online gigs.

So it came as a surprise to many when in December a new joint album was launched by two prominent rock musicians, singers, songwriters—Berry Sakharof and Dudu Tassa. *A Remnant of Light (b'dal shel or)* was declared the best album of the year by several publications.

The instrumental number *Karatas* (named after the Jewish neighborhood in Izmir, Turkey, where Sakharof was born) embodies the intent of the pair's collaboration—they are western musicians, but the eastern (*Mizrachi*) sounds are embedded in them. This merging of east and west, associated with Sakharof, has become the ultimate sound of contemporary Israeli Rock.



The album is named after a verse in The Last Moments of Light, with poignant lyrics by poet Eli Elishu (see [page 2](#)). The song depicts desperate moments, and seeks answers to an apocalyptic situation. Listen [here](#).

After a year that has brought us all to a standstill, we might want to hang on to the last remnant of light, and hope that it will shine fully very soon. This album might bring us a little bit closer to that day. Listen [here](#).

See the [Full playlist](#).

The Last Moments of Light

הַרְגָּעִים הָאַחֲרוֹנִים שֶׁל הָאוֹר

Poem by: ELI ELIAHU | אלי אליהו

Translated by:
VAVI TORAN AND AYAL WEINER-KAPLOW

On that evening I walked alone
On a street whose name I will never remember
The wind banged on the roofs like a drunkard
These were the last moments of light

בְּעֶרֶב הַהוּא הִלְכְּתִי לְבַד
בְּרֹחוֹב שְׂאֵת שְׁמוֹ לְעוֹלָם לֹא אֶזְכֵּר
הַרוּחַ חִבֵּט בַּגַּגוֹת כְּמוֹ שִׁכּוֹר
אֵלֶּה הָיוּ הַרְגָּעִים הָאַחֲרוֹנִים שֶׁל הָאוֹר

On that evening I met someone
Who wished to turn back time
I saw a girl who slipped away like a bird
These were the last moments of light

בְּעֶרֶב הַהוּא פָּנַשְׁתִּי אֶחָד
שֶׁבִקֵּשׁ לְהַשִּׁיב אֶת הַזְּמַן לְאַחֹר
רָאִיתִי בַּחוּרָה שֶׁחִמְקָה כְּצֹפֹר
אֵלֶּה הָיוּ הַרְגָּעִים הָאַחֲרוֹנִים שֶׁל הָאוֹר

It's already the end of the day, silent is the street
You have been asleep for a while
Above my head is a remnant of light
Where do we go from here

כְּבָר סוּף הַיּוֹם, נָדָם הַרְחוֹב
אֵת יְשֻׁנָּה מִזְמַן
מַעַל רֹאשִׁי בְּדֹל שֶׁל אוֹר
לָאֵן הוֹלְכִים מִכָּאן

I saw a man who could not find his home
He just walked there back and forth
And a man who has already lost his mind
These were the last moments of light

רָאִיתִי אֶחָד שֶׁלֹּא מָצָא אֶת בֵּיתוֹ
הוּא רַק צָעַד שָׁם הַלוֹךְ וְחֹזֵר
וְאֶחָד שֶׁאֵבַד כְּבָר אֶת דַּעְתּוֹ
אֵלֶּה הָיוּ הַרְגָּעִים הָאַחֲרוֹנִים שֶׁל הָאוֹר

Not far from there the fields burned in silence
And I trembled, but not from cold
Female poets wrote war songs
These were the last moments of light

לֹא הִרְחַק מִשָּׁם בְּעֵרוֹ הַשָּׂדוֹת בְּדַמְמָה
וְאֲנִי רַעַדְתִּי אֲבָל לֹא מִקֶּר
מִשׁוֹרְרוֹת כְּתָבוּ שִׁירֵי מִלְחָמָה
אֵלֶּה הָיוּ הַרְגָּעִים הָאַחֲרוֹנִים שֶׁל הָאוֹר

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מַעַל רֹאשִׁי בְּדֹל שֶׁל אוֹר
לָאֵן הוֹלְכִים מִכָּאן