

# OR HATRUUAH

A JOURNAL OF JEWISH YOUTH

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## OR HATRUAH

By David Kaufman

The name of our journal is "Or Hatruah". It was chosen because it conveys the aim of this journal: To communicate with Jewish youth and to cast light on the principles of Shomrei Haumah. Translated freely the meaning of Shomrei Haumah is "Guardians of the Nation," and Or Hatruah means "The Light of the Alarm."

HATRUAH:

The Truah is the alarm, the call to "strike tents" and go to war, to rise and fight against everything that separates us from God. It is stated in Numbers, chap. 10: "And when ye blow an alarm the camps that lie on the east side shall take their journey. And when ye blow an alarm the second time, the camps that lie on the south side shall set forward; they shall blow an alarm for their journeys. But when the assembly is to be gathered together ye shall blow, but ye shall not sound the alarm .... And when ye go to war.... against the adversary.... ye shall sound an alarm with the trumpets." The use of the alarm or Truah is made quite clear. While the Tkiah is a call for peaceful assembly, the Truah is the cry for mobilization, the call to war!

The Truah was in ancient times the call that required a reaction from every Jew; an immediate response. When the alarm sounded the Jew had to emerge from his shelter leave all his comparatively petty occupations and rush to battle for Israel and its God. The Truah was a biblical storm warning: The audio-waves of the Truah broke down the walls around the individual, stripped him of his protective shell, and exposed him to the electric atmosphere that surrounded Israel in its time of danger. The picture is ablaze with colour, full of primitive excitement. Israel, after travelling through the desert for days, has just camped down. The air is hot and humid, the people exhausted. A breeze begins to stir among the forming clouds. And just as the thunder cloud lifts its hoary head and swells in black fury, a small piercing sound is heard at the tents from a distance. As the alarm grows in intensity from a low moan to a siren, the people stir and finally erupt from their tents; thunder claps and the siren becomes a sea of sound around them. The call is hypnotic to the desert people, irresistible, for God and Israel call man through the Truah and the Jew must respond immediately to rescue his nation from danger.

The modern Jew is in danger for he has not learned to respond to the Truah. Hirsch states in Judaism Eternal: "In vain do you present yourself at its call before your God and your leader if you are too weak to follow his Truah, if it does not shake you out of the sleep in which you lie dreaming on the edge of the abyss." The modern Jew is in such an abyss. He is caught in a crevice of materialism, in a world of objects and object-manipulation. The modern Jew has lost contact with his history and therefore he cannot hear the Truah, by nature a call of history. A response to the Truah offers no rewards for in man's time-historical relationship with God the participants are subjects; in such a relationship the Jew must be ready to answer God's call without a reward. The modern Jew is blind to altruism; he asks "What's in it for me?" and the truth is that there is nothing material in it for him. Indeed, how can we expect the Jew to abandon his physical comfort?! Only if the Jew understands both the nature of Israel's relationship with God and the danger of his own predicament, the extinction that awaits the Complacent Jew, only then can he answer the Truah's call. Unfortunately, most modern Jews do not understand these concepts-- they cannot hear without ears-- so how do we reach them?

OR HATRUAH:

The answer to the question posed above lies in the development of the concept "Or Hatruah"-- "The Light of the Alarm." In our day the Truah has sounded, the alarm has rung, and out of the multitudes only a handful has responded to modern

Judaism's struggle for life. However with each day as the alarm grows in intensity, a light is being emitted with the sound. This is the new hope for communication with the Exiled Jew, for light can travel to distances at a great speed where sound cannot carry. Even though the modern Jew hasn't been able to hear, hopefully he can still see. What are the sources of this light? It comes for instance, from the State of Israel, a source of pride for even the "deaf"--the ignorant Jew. It comes from the Jewish Youth in Exile, the Youth that try to give purpose and get response. Perhaps the sound cannot penetrate, but with a journal such as this we are trying to light the darkness that surrounds the "deaf" Jew, in hope that he will see the Truah, break his bonds, and rally to do battle.

The Truah has sounded a cry that grows with each passing day. All Jewish history speaks when the Truah cries out; but it is the tradition of the Prophetic Light especially, that rings out with the Truah. It is a light that shouts for the Jew to abandon complacency and once more seek involvement in Jewish life. And not all the prophets are ancient for there are modern oracles, as well, who cry for the rebirth of the Jewish Nation in the Diaspora and on a wider scale the involvement of all peoples in life. The alarm is rising. As a modern spokesman of youth, Phil Ochs, has put it:

"The light of freedom is calling....  
You can see it if you try!"

#### SHOMREI HA-UMAH

By George D. Weisz

Despite the fact that I have been a member of Shomrei Ha-Umah from its formation, I find it difficult to lucidly describe the exact aims of the group; for they are an integrated mixture of emotionalism and intellectualism, pragmatism and idealism.

If pressed, however, to give a short explanation I would say that the key word for the group is commitment; commitment to somehow get Jewish Youth involved in the problems of Judaism in particular and society in general. Rabbi David Hartman, Rebbe and guiding spirit of the group, summed it up when he called Shomrei Ha-Umah a Jewish Peace Corps. For indeed our purpose is to help youth emerge from the over affluent, morally impoverished wasteland of suburban North American life, and become aware of their Jewish identity and heritage.

In order to become qualified for this, we ourselves must develop into sensitive individuals, aware of our heritage and its applications to modern life. To achieve this, a large portion of our meetings are devoted to Torah study with Rabbi Hartman. In addition, time is spent in discussion ranging from the problems and beliefs of individuals, to worthwhile books and movies. Our aim is to develop a closely-knit group of committed individuals, able to communicate with each other, inspired with Torah ideals, and who will themselves be able to spread these ideals among youth.

At the same time, however, we do have an immediate aim; to reach thoughtful, sensitive teenagers and to let them know that within Orthodox Judaism there exists a vibrant emotional and intellectual life. Or Hatruah is an attempt to communicate with a broad range of Jewish youth. (Printed below are addresses and telephone numbers where we can be contacted for further information about Shomrei Ha-Umah and Or Hatruah.) - - - (see page 3).

We believe that within the teenager lies a vast reservoir of untapped resources. We feel that teenagers have the capacity to be interested in much more than cars and the opposite sex. Our basic assumption is that youth deeply desires something to believe; something important enough to be committed to. The fact that Shomrei Ha-Umah

has tripled in number in the few months of its existence is an indication of how deeply rooted this need is. This is what Shomrei Ha-Umah is attempting to do. Through folk-songs, poems, articles, but mainly through personal commitment, we are trying to make youth aware of something important enough to care about and become involved in: The survival and development of the Jewish people as related to the future of the world as a whole.

### WHY IS THIS NIGHT DIFFERENT-- REFLECTIONS ON REMEMBERING AND LIVING

By Rabbi David Hartman

The history of our people began with the Exodus from Egypt. We were conceived in slavery and born through the act of redemption. Slavery is the existence of man in the womb-- freedom is the cutting loose-- breaking out into a world where consciousness, decisions, responsibilities, concern, conflict, failure, guilt, shame, love--hate, joy--despair, constitute the very nature of human reality. The refusal to live in this painful climate of freedom manifests itself through the regressive tendency of man to live the life of the slave-- the life of a parasite-- the life of the womb. Birth is painful-- freedom is burdensome. However, Passover tells us that this is our destiny-- we must never go back to Egypt.

The event of the Exodus enters into the marrow of Jewish life through two different channels. One, "Zechirah"-- remembering the other, "Sipur"-- living. The Torah repeatedly charges us to remember the Exodus, by "treating the stranger, the different one, with love and compassion"-- "by treating the worker with dignity"-- "by being honest in our business dealings"-- "by establishing a non-manipulative environment as a result of the Sabbath Experience." These and many more are living ways by which we remember that we were conceived in slavery and born through redemption. The remembering takes place every day of our lives. To live a day without remembering--to forget the implications of the Exodus is to sever the real connection of the today with the power of redemption. The "to-day" becomes historically significant as it links itself with the long chain of redemptive history.

Passover, however, is different from the everyday experience of remembering. On Passover, we existentially identify ourselves with the slave--people that left Egypt. On the night of Passover, redemption assumes the quality of lived reality. Freedom is not an ideal to be cherished but a lived moment to be experienced, (Sipur). The ideal of freedom is born out of the living experience of personal redemption. "Events" create the concept--ideas are born from living. (You know the soul of the stranger because you were strangers in the land of Egypt). On Passover the Jew doesn't remember history, he tastes history. When he eats Matzoh he leaves the role of the onlooker and becomes the participator--when he eats the Matzoh he participates in the lived moment of the redemption--the going out without delay--the immediate response to the call of God to become a free people. As we drink from the four cups of redemption--eat the bitter herbs--and eat the Matzoh, we know through our whole being that our destiny is to leave the security of the womb and enter into the frightening but challenging desert, free, alone, yet fortified with the conviction that mankind as a whole may someday eat the "Bread of Freedom."

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## PARADOX OF REASON

by Zvi Marks

Analysis taken to the extreme, that is to an analysis of the tools and methods of analysis, points to the absurd. In other words, an investigation of Reason, the tool par excellence of thinkers, leads to the conclusion of the unreasonableness of Reason. That, too, is not quite right. Unreason stands in contrast to Reason, and to judge Reason to be unreasonable would be to imply that one knew the condition by which even Reason could be tested, insofar as its reasonableness is concerned. And if it did not meet this test, one would say "Reason is unreasonable." But it is just not so--there simply is no such test. All things may be put to the test of Reason, save Reason itself. And to those who consider that they have found a test for even Reason, consider further a test for that test, and so on. See if you can escape the circularity. An analogy can be found in the oft cited example of defining words--it is almost needless to point out that one cannot endlessly continue to define words without reference to previous words. Eventually and rather soon after the beginning of such an experiment, one runs out of words and resorts to contortions, grimaces, and "what not" definitions, known as denotative. An interesting study would be to discover the absolutely minimum number of words necessary to define all the rest. Is there such a minimum? Is it unique? Does it fulfill all the demands made on words and languages by people? These are some of the questions related to such an adventure.

Focus your attention now on the absolutely minimum number of words (Assuming it existed--that there is a minimum is no problem: just take Webster's International as your first rough estimate). Pray tell, how would these words be defined, i.e., how would one know their meaning, so that their communicability were guaranteed. One could say this is a problem more for the psychologist than for the linguist, and the question for the former to answer could be formulated thus: What is it about people that gives them the certainty that their words, or at least some of them, are communicable? I dare say there are no persons who would be so rash as to deny this certainty. If there are, I need not answer them, for how can they be certain of my assertion? My comments are reserved only for those who share with me the certainty that some words--I will not say which--are communicable, and that it is precisely because of the property of words that the concept of a "complex" society is possible (i.e., communicability is a necessary though not sufficient condition of "complex" societies).

I could press this issue and generalize for "all" societies, primitive and complex, and for communicability in general through other media besides words; but it is just as well to study a particular aspect of a general problem, if it reflects the general problem broadly enough. Much the same way one can study the properties of points on a straight line of one inch, to deduce the properties of points on a line  $n$  times as long.

Getting back to our psychologist, the results of his study would suffer in that it would have inherent in it the very problem he was surveying. In his study of communicability of words, he would be assuming the communicability of words. To extricate himself from this dilemma, his study would have to be couched in a medium other than words ("words" used here in its most general meaning), a situation rather difficult to imagine. So you see the psychologist too would have to turn to another expert to resolve his dilemma. Who?

Enough of the analogy--back to the Reason. The circularity of Reason is cause to weep and cause to rejoice. It is cause to weep because the once proud

hope, the once celebrated greatness of man, the once unending aspiration which reached maximum acceleration of expression in the eighteenth century, has been reduced to dust. The modern tower of Babel has sent to dispossessed engineers, groping along their respective paths. The celebration of Reason is no longer the announcement of a holiday, but only an echo of a last dream, a dream from which the dreamer has recently awakened.

It is an occasion to rejoice because it means that no one shall ever have a final answer to any question in a way that reason judges it to be final. Even mathematics theorems which were considered proven by a thousand years of a thousand experts, may be disproven. Who will guarantee the proper application of the axioms and rules of inference? Who dares state axioms and rules of inference governing axioms and rules of inference? Don't you see? It means the idol worship of science is over, and refutation of many faiths by science, too. It means that life will once again be an adventure where the unexpected can happen, not because the region of knowledge is only so big and what lies beyond is unexpected, rather because it is in the very nature of what we call knowledge to be unexpected. No matter how often a scene has been played, it can be played anew with a different ending. Will there be any to deny that scholarly endeavours of any sort are sheer poetics, yea, even unto mathematics, whose poetry lies explicitly in its indefinables and implicitly in its application of axioms?

The paradox of Reason has received a just label--the absurd. It has been so called by Kirkegaard and Camus (to my knowledge). To me the paradox of reason allies itself with the thought of whether there is an even more basic "something" than Reason to motivate inspiration. Faith, the clear light of intuition, and belief, are two terms used to denote this basic "something." However, Reason having been exposed, it is futile to analyze faith, since Reason is the essential tool of analysis. Without Reason, there can be no analysis. To those clever readers who, in the light of this essay, will assert that I have over-stepped myself, in attempting to document an analysis of this nature, I can only reiterate in the words of a very famous philosopher: "Le coeur a ses raisons que la Raison ne connait pas"--"the heart has reasons that Reason knows not of."

#### THE DEATH SENTENCE

by Mira Coviensky

The elders sit and judge  
They've lived their lives already  
Not that they're old  
Only 40 or 50 or maybe a little more

They know better than us  
They sit and say  
"Follow in our footsteps"  
I add--if they haven't vanished by now

"Lightly, lightly, Be sure not to disturb  
The ground on which you lay your feet  
The houses you pass with their warm light  
Shining through the kitchen curtains

Continued on next page

Lightly, lightly, so people won't notice,  
 Disappear in the crowd. Try. We did it.  
 So can you.

Why stand out? Why make trouble and  
 get killed like that woman down in Alabama?

Stay at home, warm, secure with family feeling  
 Don't leave for the cold world.  
 There is time."  
 Yes. There is time--they have not yet left.

Don't wait. Get with it.  
 Don't let shadows of complacency envelop  
 you with their warmth, their cool sheets and  
 soft pillows light books and blinders.

Think. Think hard. Do hard.  
 Step hard. Your footsteps should stay.  
 Leave your mark.  
 Don't die still in the dark.

#### THE NATURE OF SLAVERY

by George Weiss

Every year, we celebrate Passover as a commemoration of the birth of our nation. The Jewish nation was born under unique circumstances, for before she could emerge as a nation, she had to be enslaved in order to understand the value of freedom.

In Egypt, the Jews were ill-treated and were no better off than the serfs of the Middle Ages. Moses presented an opportunity for them to become free men again, yet it is amazing how much trouble he had in persuading them to regain their liberty. Even after the defeat of the Egyptians, having been eye-witnesses to unprecedented miracles, the Jews had the desire to return to Egypt often during their wanderings in the desert.

The question is "Why?". What was it in Egypt that so magnetically attracted them and kept them in its power? Once out of Egypt, did the Jews not value their freedom? Was there some benefit in slavery which caused the Children of Israel to prefer bondage to liberty?. The answer lies in the fact that the slave who worked from 6 A.M. until ten at night had few problems. Busy with work, day in, day out, he had a life free from decision, for all his actions were decided for him by his master. Being exempt from choice, as a result also exempted him from responsibility. It was this that the desert wanderers longed to return to--freedom from decision.

Thus, the reason for the hesitancy of the people to follow Moses was their unpreparedness for accepting the burden of responsibility. Born in Egypt the Jews slave mentality was an integral part of them. From the Torah, we learn that the entire generation of Egyptian-born Jews, the "Dor Hamidbar", died out, and only the new generation, born during the wanderings in the desert, entered Canaan. The slave mentality was deadly to the generation caught by it.

Yet today most people do suffer from such a state of mind. A great majority of the populace has become tied to the yoke of the slave-mind. Today's philosophy of "keeping up with the Joneses" is an appealing one, for everyone is content with



allowing Mr. Jones to make the first move. People today seem to be content to be dragged along by society, and so become small cogs in The Great Gear Wheel. When it moves, so does every little cog.

Thus, Passover is not simply a holiday but a warning against both physical and spiritual enslavement. The Jews were evacuated from Egypt while entrenched spiritually in bondage. One commentary states that at the time of redemption, the Children of Israel were in the forty-ninth and lowest degree of baseness. What the commentary is really trying to say is that the lowest state man can reach is that which deprives him of having a mind of his own. This idea, so applicable to our day and age, is part and parcel of the Passover celebration. Let us remember it.

## THREE POEMS

by Zvi Marks

## GLUM

This is out of weariness:  
 Why should I be tired and fatigued of the details?  
 "Hence loathed Melancholy" according to Milton.  
 But I say "What's the fuss?"  
 Melancholy or mirth, does it really matter?

## FUTILE

"Know thyself"--how silly!  
 Socrates was a fine old man with fine old dreams.  
 But did he ever consider the circularity of his proposition?  
 To know oneself requires to know others, which requires  
 to know oneself, which requires.....  
 Knowledge I'm talking about, not conviction!  
 Step forward those who differentiate.

## RIDICULOUS

Thinkers of a while ago, thought the world was flat.  
 By this speculation they could (at least) reckon where they're at.  
 They were followed by the "rounders" who had this to their claim.  
 They lead Christopher Columbus to his fame.  
 But when pear-shaped followed oval, it was somewhat revoltin  
 For the truth in such distortin.  
 Does it matter flat, round, oval or even pear-shaped  
 When tomorrow we may find it's just a balloon, soon to be pricked.

## MASADA - THE JEWISH ALAMO

by Sheldon Schreter

First day of Passover, 73 C.E., Judaea.

The dawn broke suddenly and brilliantly, With assorted grunts and groans, the Roman soldiers rose from their beds on the rocky ground, their hair and faces streaming with condensed dew. Wearily they lined up for their meager breakfasts, which they gobbled hungrily. Here and there lay men who had not awoken; who would never take their places in the legions again. An atmosphere of melancholy pervaded the bedraggled men. For three years since the fall of Jerusalem they had been waging a never-ending battle to quell the last remnants of Hebrew rebellion. But never before had the subjugation of small towns and rebel pockets imposed such danger and difficulty; never had a nation so obstinately refused to surrender after such crushing defeats; never had a people fought with the ferocity of cornered beasts. The Romans longed for the sunny valleys of their homes; they were tired of fighting wild-eyed, frantic Jews.

They gazed up at the heights and trembled with hate and with fear. There stood Masada, seemingly impenetrable, the last Jewish stronghold; fortified by 1000 radical Sicarii and their families. The name of their leader, Eleazer ben Jair, like the names of Simon Bar-Giora and John of Gischela, (who had finally perished at Jerusalem) struck terror into the Roman hearts. It was impossible to predict how much longer the Jews could hold out, or what they might try next. The fury of fanatical Jewish desperation in battle was the common nightmare of Roman soldiers.

But today their efforts to scale the walls met no opposition. Suspiciously they converged on Masada, wary of some Zealot ruse. To their amazement, the battlements and streets were deserted. In answer to their hailing shouts, two trembling women and five children emerged from a cavern, and stood, blinking and squinting in the light of the morning. This was the remnant of Masada.

Every individual home told its tale of the heroism of mass suicide. In many, the bodies of three generations of one family lay side by side; the expressions on the gory corpses seemed peaceful, yet determined. The Romans were momentarily stunned by this awesome display of honour and pride, however, they soon regained enough composure to gleefully proceed with the plunder. The Judaeen rebellion had culminated in a fittingly tragic climax.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Approximately 1850 years later (in 1927), Masada was reborn in the poetry of Isaac Lamdan (1889-1954), a major figure in the Hebrew literary revival. Through him, the unyielding struggle at Masada has become the symbol of the Jewish Alamo. His powerful delineation has given it the dramatic undertones which I have briefly attempted to portray. At Masada, Jewish patriots made their last stand, and with their backs to the wall, chose death rather than subordination. To the intensely-Zionistic Lamdan, CHALUTZIUT, the pioneer movement to resettle Israel, is the contemporary manifestation of the spirit of Masada, of Jewish perseverance in the face of innumerable obstacles in the course of its history in the Diaspora, and of the Jewish cultural and moral heritage.

With intense and infectious vigour, Lamdan rejects the image of the subservient, ghetto Jew, and substitutes the prototype of the ideal modern Jew, the CHALUTZ, the pioneer. This successor to the Jewish chain of existence is often a refugee

from persecution, often bereaved of his loved ones, perhaps filled with bitterness and a burning desire for revenge, who has turned to the point of his origin, to Masada, for his last hope. Masada offers him the opportunity to achieve the fulfillment of his life, to experience the unfettered dignity of humanity. Lamdan classically describes the physical and intellectual invigoration nurtured by the atmosphere of Masada, where the Jew's self-esteem can rise to the point where "the very skies seem so close...that a man could reach and touch them."

Lamdan's Jew has been hardened and made resolute by his anguished origin. He shows none of the traditional stoicism; to him "ANI MAAMIN" - I believe, is translated in terms of action. He retains the spirit of the Chasid, but cannot accept his sweet passivity. Thus his religious experience comes through direct contact with the Holy Land, by emotion and sensation rather than through customary forms of worship. The emotion of Masada has transcended nearly two millenia and is now projected by this latter-day hero. He will cling to Masada with the same desperation of his forefathers, for like them, this constitutes his last stand against the pressures of life; he has nowhere else to go.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

An interesting coincidence of dates occurs in Jewish history, for on the eve of Pesach, the anniversary of the fall of Masada, in 1943, the Warsaw Ghetto uprising broke out. Once again, the spirit of Masada had a tragic manifestation. Once again, Jews proclaimed their basic dignity with action, even in the face of unquestionable disaster.

In essence, Lamdan's image of the Jew and the symbol of Masada, are projections of the spirit of the exodus, commemorated each Passover. Lamdan's "Masada" enjoyed great popularity among and became the unofficial "gospel" of the pioneers of the various Aliyahs, as the crystallization of their true aims and emotions. Like their forefathers, these pioneers forsook the slavery of degradation to which the country of their exile subjected them, and looked to Israel for new, meaningful lives. Like their forefathers, they had to fight for the right to settle, and keep their lands. And now, living in the land so integrally found in their heritage, they are prepared to defend it.

Yet the fact remains that Lamdan's message, the intellectual fuel of the creation of the modern state of Israel, has become obscured in our times. Its significance has been diluted by the silent forces of conformity and assimilation, indifference and affluence. Israel is become, to the majority of Jewish youth in North America, a summer vacation resort rather than an ideal and a hope for the future. Pesach, the anniversary of the exodus, the fall of Masada, and the Warsaw ghetto uprising, must become a time of serious soul-searching and honest re-examining of our values and motivations.

#### COMMEMORATION - WARSAW GHETTO

By David Zvi Roskies

The Warsaw Ghetto Uprising began twenty-two years ago. How many Jews remember the date, April 19, 1943? Not many. For man is weak; man wants to forget.

In Jewish tradition we have what is known as a "Yortsayt." This is one of the ways in which the Jew remembers the past. In recent years, a new tradition has evolved--the YIZKOR OVNT, an evening to commemorate the holocaust. In Montreal alone, there are five such evenings organized yearly. However, the people who

come to these public tributes are generally those who lived through the war themselves. Young people rarely attend. But it is youth that will have to perpetuate this tradition.

For this reason, the YUGNTRUF and the Montreal Jewish Youth Conference are organizing an evening to commemorate the Warsaw Ghetto Uprising. The program is being put together by representatives of various youth groups, and is aimed solely for an audience of young people. The evening will take the form of a pageant, consisting of readings, excerpts from plays, songs, poems, memoirs written during the war, and in most cases by young people. It follows that the theme of the evening is: "The Role of Youth in the Years of the Holocaust."

The date of the evening is Sunday, May 9th, at 8:00; the place: YM-YWHA Auditorium, 5500 Westbury Avenue. There will be no admission charge.

The Ghetto Evening is an experiment. If it succeeds, it can become a yearly program of the Montreal Jewish Youth groups. This is our goal. Help us realize it.

### LIFE IN PARADOX

By Rabbi David Hartman

Human experiences often move within paradoxical and polarized tensions. Love-hate, joy-despair, withdrawal-involvement, these are but a few of the many living paradoxes that we feel if we but focus our thinking upon the concrete situation of man. To live in paradox, to live in the realm of uncertainty and inconsistency, is the living fate and destiny of man. The Aristotelian Law of Contradiction may apply to the realm of the abstract thought but it does not disclose and reveal the structure of the life passion and contradiction which is the realm of the human--the concrete--the experiential. To demand experiential consistency, to hold up as a model of virtue, "the absolutely consistent person" is to prefer the static, the abstract, above the richly dynamic and concrete.

Because of our refusal to recognize that man by his very nature is a contradiction, we often destroy one of the basic elements that make for the dignity of man--his capacity to experiment and his ability to grow from failure. Who in his own life experiences cannot testify to the paralysis that occurs when failure and inconsistency were held up as a sign of insincerity and weakness (Judgmental parents and teachers). How free one feels, what a release of psychic energy occurs, when we are not made to feel guilty and ashamed at our own inconsistencies. We cannot love if we are paralyzed by our own anger and aggression--we are never with anyone if we are frightened and ashamed to be alone--we never agree until we are able to disagree. Without the possibility of rebellion, there is no faith--no trust. Out of the chaos of life is born the creative urge for structure. Out of the contradictions of life is born the human world of freedom, choice and dignity. The joy that results from spontaneous involvement, the profound growth that comes from allowing my heart and mind to experiment and therefore fail, is born in a climate that nurtures and develops its philosophy of the "Ideal Man" from the "Concrete Man" and not the "Concrete" from the "Abstract." From where we start in developing our philosophy of man, will determine if we are judgmental or compassionate in our approach to people. Man becomes a spectator who is frightened, rigid, and cold to all human suffering and joy, if he refuses to be burdened by the inherent paradoxes and contradictions that are present in human existence. The fear of intensity and, therefore, of inconsistency, leads to a philosophy of withdrawal. The acceptance of the contradictions

in man leads to a philosophy of involvement. Peace without struggle, absolute consistency, is the framework of the graveyard--it must never become the framework of the living.

### HONOUR AMONG THIEVES

By Mira Coviensky

His hand froze as it touched the unexpected foot. Slowly, painfully he raised his eyes inch by inch to meet his principal's glare. A paper fluttered from the trembling fingers which could grasp it no longer. A murmur ran through the dull green room. The populace, gathered for the kill, held its communal breath. The classroom drama had begun. Another student had been found cheating.

No, it is not the exception that cheats. It is the exception that is caught. Throughout the years, methods have been perfected so that even a beginner has little to fear.

The students are united in their undying efforts to make the examination system a farce. They are successful. Even those that do not themselves cheat, because of religious convictions or morals or guilt or fear of being caught, would not tell on their fellow pupils, their compatriots in the fight against authority.

There is clearly something wrong with a society that makes this necessary. Marks, originally devised to tell the student and his family how he was doing in school, have defeated their purpose. They should be a means, not an end. School should not be a prison. Pupils should not fall asleep or play Jotto or twirl pencils and count the minutes during classes. They should be instilled with a love, or at the very least a tolerance of knowledge as the path to wisdom.

Social pressure, especially in the middle class environment, is great. The higher the marks, the prouder the parents. It doesn't matter if their son slaves day and night and is too tired to think or even to want to think about life and its mysteries and still has to cheat a little at the end. He attains his goal and pleases his family and teachers. He will continue to do so as he ages-- in college, in his father's business, in his split level, with his wife and children, at his nice middle-priced funeral parlor funeral.

He will shut himself away from reality, from realization. He will suppress his doubts, ignore his slight dishonesties. He will wear a tie, and wash behind his ears, and click his tongue when he reads of Alabama. He will live an ordinary life, unbothered by any of his similarly ordinary friends, all united in their efforts to protect each other from life, truth and the world.

### THE CONCEPT OF "MAN" IN HALACHA

By David M. Roskies

Various philosophies of Man arise and develop out of metaphysical systems. Though the Torah cannot exactly be considered as a systematic exposition of a philosophy, it has a uniqueness in its implicit formulation of a humanistic philosophy of its own. To begin to consider halachic thought on human nature, it is necessary to study the primary origins of man, as related to the Creation story in Genesis. There are two aspects of Creation related to us in the first and second chapters of Genesis, early revealing a creational structure and a

view of man's ultimate nature. Our examination should pivot around two key passages: "Man was created in the image of God", and "Be Fruitful and multiply and cover the earth." The central motif here is the confrontation of Man with Nature. Man is seen biblically as an integral part of the animal world. He rises out of Nature, yet with consciousness, he finds himself transcending his natural origins. Here we have an existential view of Man (as species) as the alienated creature, at once within the natural world and outside it. He experiences a sense of aloneness, implied in the passage "and God saw that it was not good for man to be alone." Though man is exiled from his origins, he is endowed with the quality of "Zelem"--image, a characteristic serving to distinguish between him and the world of Nature. He is unique; he has painful individuality, a distinct sense of being, a self-conscious awareness. His existence is qualified--special, distinct, while the inherent quality of the animal world is its quantified existence. The world of the animal is the world of quantified herd existence, of classification and characteristic. Philosophically speaking, the difference between man and animal lies in the response of each to the command to multiply. The world of Nature bears no element of active response, coherent receptivity, to a divine command. The Mitzvah of reproduction is devoid of value response--note the phraseology "lomar" while man accepts sexual reproduction as a value--"Vayomer." The animal world operates on the principle of instinct--energy bearing no relation to a value framework. Man, in a sense, transcends the instinctual nature of his needs and desires; for Man, the Natural becomes normative; that which is a biological necessity in the animal becomes that to which we respond in the human world. The whole idea of creation is interfused with a basic idea: Man's instincts--the elemental in him--can be socialized, directed to serve society. The concept of Freudian repression is similarly based upon a concept of instinct-socialization. The argument that man can suppress his natural drives, that man is more than animal, has been the core of all humanistic dualism--the age old problem of reason vs. emotion, matter vs. mind, science vs. religion. This conflict bore two views in philosophy and human thinking. On the one hand, we have the view of Man as a creature to whom reason rules supreme. Platonic body-soul dualism, the mind-matter parallelism of Descartes, the Aristotelian concept of Form, the Pythagorean universal vs. the Heraclitan particular, the Socratic adulation of death, the Stoic negation of emotional involvement--all point to a view of man as he who should master his desires by the use of his rational faculties. In Judaism, this is known as "KVISHAT HEDER", and is seen in the concept of "NZIROOT." The other approach to human nature sees Man, as he who is capable of integrating thought and emotion, an idea also in William James' concept of ego-integration. This theory held by Nachmanides is known as "Kedushat Hayezer". Maimonides in his "Halachot Tshuvah" and "Moreh Nevuchim" takes the former view of man. The archtypal Maimonidean hero is the man who has the greatest internal conflicts between rational thought and his instinctual desires, yet who succeeds in overcoming his temptation to follow through his instinctual needs, (i.e., to do sin). Such a man is in Maimonides' eyes doing "Tshuvah Gemurah."

The second creation story deals fundamentally with the relationship between Man and Man--Man as he develops a sense of self and community. This is seen in passage "It is not good that man is alone." With consciousness Man finds his existence problematic. Man finds that to be is to relate; he has a deep human need for the other, a need to complete his existence through other people. Because the animal world is the world of the quantified herd existence, it has no need for community, and does not have Man's ultimate sense of aloneness, alienation and individuality.

Essentially the Torah sees man a being arising out of Nature, who eventually feels himself distinct from Nature, acquiring a sense of identity and community and who is capable of responding to his instinctual needs through a value orientation and approach.

## IN MIDNIGHT

By David Kaufman

Green!

The lushest tropics haven't seen the greenness of a love's rich green,  
And roamed among the parks of trees, trunks hid by curtains-- draping leaves,  
Grass, swaying mats and vertical walls that all my eyes have seen.

As blue skys condense above, my soul awakes to thoughts of love  
In streams of yellow light so bright that early scare away the night,  
And so prevent with all their might linger in Morpheus' grove.

My soul emancipated, free; come here my love and stroll with me.  
So long to wait for this one day all hours with my love away;  
The threads of passion, stiff, unfrayed, woven carelessly.

Into this bond upon which hopes had fed, to resurrect our spirits dead,  
Intruded ruthless Father Time--"Stay out so late no daughter mine!"  
So fled the daylight's hues sublime, shadowed by twilight's Red.

The sun "novaed", its flames all roared;  
It swelled up round and round.  
The far grew near, the horizon snapped  
And flung me to the ground.

As Moses in the Pharoah's time  
Had crimsoned waters blue,  
The orb of day flooded azure sky  
With all its scarlet hue.

The flood soon swelled. My bowels could feel  
Each wave upon me pound.  
One chance I had and that to hide;  
I fled to higher ground.

A pillar of red, the fire being,  
The flames--I could not stay.  
Smashed hard by spectrum's Martian hues,  
I fled into the Grey!

Grey parted as I made my way  
To black in front, at left, at right;  
And now I left a sleepless day  
And now I entered sleepless night.

The mist around was dull, dim, black.  
A shadow formed--at each step grew;  
From feet it rapidly flew back.  
Ahead--a bright, a searing Blue.

Continued on next page

Heavenly light, radiantly;  
 There was no moon, no star, nor sun.  
 I understood and I could see,  
 No objects having seen, not one.

The hands on my watch pointed north.  
 I saw where escape had taken me.  
 In Midnight I had ventured forth;  
 I must remain eternally.

Encompassed by a coloured sea  
 Warm and thick, I have no fear.  
 This universe I know to be  
 Blue's abode--created here.

I am content, desire not.  
 Time slumbers in the sleepless night.  
 Euphoria cannot be fought,  
 For no one ever leaves the Blue of Midnight.

#### MY BROTHER'S KEEPER

The extent to which man is responsible for his fellow man, is a question which has long plagued philosophers and truly sensitive people. To get a clear understanding of the Jewish point of view on this subject, it is necessary to go to the basic source of all Jewish philosophy--the Torah.

In Leviticus, chapter nineteen, Moses set down some of man's main responsibilities toward his fellow humans. The very first law in the section states:  
 "And when you reap the harvest of your land thou shalt not wholly reap the corners of thy fields. Neither shalt thou gather the gleanings of thy harvest; and thou shalt not glean thy vineyard, neither shalt thou gather the fallen fruit of thy vineyard. Thou shalt leave them for the poor and for the stranger: I am the Lord."

Thus we see that man is impelled to provide for the material well-being of the less-fortunate. Continuing in the text, however, we see that man's commitment goes further: he must recognize the human dignity and rights of others--both obvious, and less noticeable. Accordingly, theft, oppression of others, neglect in paying an employee on time, perversion of justice, and gossip are prohibited. Finally man is saddled with the burden of protecting his fellow man.

"Thou shalt not stand idly by the blood of thy brother ." Man must protect his friend from physical danger and must not allow him to pursue evil.

We can clearly see that the Torah point of view of human relations points to a mutual responsibility among men. But what is the Torah really attempting to communicate? Is it that men should be nice to each other? or is it that human relations must help man achieve something more profound?

Returning to the text, we see the statements with which this section ends.

"Thou shalt not hate thy brother in thy heart" and one sentence later  
 "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself."

This is the Torah's ultimate aim; love-not mere tolerance of humanity.

The Torah is not satisfied with such vague concepts as "universal love."  
 In Judaism, only one thing counts--action. For it is only through the acceptance of his responsibility to his fellow, and the manifestation of this realization



by concrete acts, that man can even come close to the ideal of "Love thy neighbour." For love is not confined to emotions. It is by accepting a certain standard of conduct, by making sure your friend is protected and has enough food, that love becomes more than just a vague feeling.

Freud said that it is not necessarily man's mental state which determines his actions. It is often man's actions which determine his mental state.

Judaism accepted this as fact over two thousand years ago, which accounts for the great amount of ritual that has developed through Jewish history. For, contrary to mass opinion, the rabbis did not seek to bury man beneath a mass of automatic, meaningless detail, but sought instead to put abstract religious emotions into concrete form through those actions which encompassed all life.

In this light, the concept of human commitment takes on more than just sociological implications: it now becomes linked with man's highest goals, and the ultimate level to be reached in his human development.

### A MODERN JEWISH PROBLEM

By Peter Slyomovics

One of the great paradoxes of the modern Jewish community is its attitude towards the millions of Jews who died in the Nazi holocaust. This is especially felt when Jews are in the presence of non-Jews, for whenever the topic is brought up there is usually a death-like hush among the Jews present. Instead of displaying indignance and anger at the arrogant white superiority complex that resulted in the death of their brothers, they cower in shame and quickly try to change the subject. They are afraid that the inevitable question will arise "Why did the Jews not fight back?" They realize that their only defence against this confrontation is that the Jews of the Warsaw ghetto revolted against the Germans, however, they are also aware that the Warsaw uprising encompassed only a handful of Jews and not the whole nation. The old conflict of whether the Jew is a coward or not is reborn.

These unfortunate Jews do not realize that this question of Jewish cowardice is not due to their dead brothers in Europe but is a result of their own weaknesses. They are so ashamed of being Jews that they will do anything not to portray the conventional image of the Jew. They will avoid, for example, excessive gestures with their hands and will try to be especially generous. Hoping in this way to change the Christian's view of the Jew, they do not realize that if even ninety-nine percent of the Jews died a hero's death, the Christian would point to the remaining one percent as proof of Jewish cowardice. There is no escaping the traditional image.

Perhaps a more fundamental reason why Jews themselves cannot understand the position of pre-war European Jewry is that they, today, have a different set of values. Since basic Jewish values have been Protestantized, the Jew today is sympathetic with Christian contempt for the European Jew who went silently to his death. Let us compare; for example, heroes today for Protestants, Catholics, and Jews alike is a Wild Bill Hickock, the Western hero-killer, or today's James Bond, a ruthless detective who has no inhibitions at killing people. These are dramatically opposed to the Jewish European hero, a man of learning who considers fighting bestial and inhuman, or the child in the Warsaw ghetto who continues going to school knowing full well that death awaits him if he is caught. Unfortunately, today's Protestantized Jew can only understand the hero who kills or is killed; who, if pure, wins and vanquishes his enemy with the sword. Thus the problem is not why the Jews did not fight back, but why is it that the Jews of today have

lost so much contact with traditional Jewish attitudes, that they put a generation on trial for a crime they did not commit.

## BURNT OFFERING

by Moshe Denberg

What are they that I see about me?  
A book, a pipe, a calendar  
Telling me that it is too late to turn the clock back  
But a meagre few hours this night  
When this night was last evening.  
And I walked in all haughtiness alone  
Looking, seeking, but not expecting  
What I was to find.  
I broke the law set before me  
Quite; until last evening.  
As the night set in  
And I was set to go on trampling upon  
The book I had betrayed.  
Fine; the law was mine;  
The code was in my hands  
To make:- to follow, to seek.  
But in this flight  
Back through the night  
I see myself as righteous in my eyes  
And she as what I seeked  
But set down not to follow or expect.  
Yet I, in my infinite lust  
Hath betrayed the gospel  
That I myself did sign.  
I have been untrue to the core of my heart  
And to my faith;  
I offer mine to you;  
I offer this grotesque mistake  
Of gospel or truth or finery or perfume  
That is really made of stinking tobacco.  
And offer me that which I had left,  
The old, true gospel  
That I thought putrid and rotten of age.  
Let me have it back  
For I have written my book  
And smoked my pipe  
And turned the pages of my calendar;  
Now I see it fit to take on  
Something which has succeeded before me.

## A NEW OUTLOOK

by Jack Friedman

I often find myself sympathizing with the person who declares that he does not rely upon his religion as a guide to life and has ceased believing in God. He may have adequate personal justification for this feeling, and we cannot deny him the right to speak openly. Usually the case is that someone or something directly connected with the religious, has proved an utter disappointment. Our immediate problem is not, as some may think, the readjustment of religious practice in order to accommodate the individual, but rather the reverse. The attitude toward the spiritual in general must undergo alteration.

I deplore hearing that trite expression, "What can 'it' do for me?" for this reflects the "you give" and "I get" viewpoint. Besides indicating an apathetic passivity, it is also symptomatic of someone who knows neither what he is looking for nor how to find it. He wanders in a metaphysical maze like an experimental rat and encounters disappointment at every turn. This problem is most prevalent among today's youths who find themselves called upon to make the right choices and to assume responsibility. Young people tend to take particular interest in the functional aspect of religion, but find it difficult to experience spiritual vehemence. This attitude is quite characteristic of the modern world where people are conscious of the technical, scientific, and objective. Emphasis is placed on purist doctrines, rationality and intricate logic thus placing theology at the level of ancient superstition and outmoded custom.

Before attempting to answer the question of what "it" can do, we must first look inward and find what we can do. We must realize that one cannot sit passively and expect benefits to come rolling in with automatic precision. One must break the shell of narrow-minded indifference and apathy. One must be able to assert positively why he clings to a faith, and be prepared to learn if he does not know. This revolution requires a total change of outlook by which the role of participant is substituted for that of recipient. A concept of activity must be instilled as the first step in achieving our goal.

At this point the reader may ask whether it is all worthwhile; specifically whether religion has the potency to benefit or be of advantage to the individual. I know that many doubt this quite honestly, due to a very pertinent reason. Religion has evolved from a primitive "supernaturalism and material god" stage, to a highly complex philosophic network, revolving about an abstract god. The average individual, unable to cope with this intricacy, reacts with disillusionment. The very conception of God has assumed a character of such incomprehensible remoteness that one simply cannot transcend the "I believe" and reach the "I understand" level. The question is now whether mere belief can motivate a pattern of behaviour. I believe the answer is no. Man must be able to relate religious practices to his everyday existence and thus become conscious of their necessity. In order to see how the spiritual relates to the everyday, we must view religion as a fundamental morality whose essential purpose is the preservation of life itself. This involves the realization that the world has made human survival possible but has left man himself to establish and return a natural harmony. Peaceful co-existence is not therefore a psychological impossibility but a very tangible arrangement which can be created through a great enough effort.

1943

by David M. Roskies

Moments are as long as eons,  
And tired nights and Poisoned  
With piercing, reticent gleams.  
Through dark, unmindful Poland my body rolls  
    Locked up,  
    Kneaded,  
In bloodless crates, on four great wheels  
Scudding through ominous Slavic fields.

Meanwhile  
I sojourn in Illinois  
I am in Chicago.  
My face is shaved, my belly full  
I drive a gleaming Vintage Nash;  
My son has pimples. He's 15, and gets  
Eighty-three percent in Hebrew school.  
My wife adores damask-like tablecloths  
My tie is Knotted-Windsor style;  
Above the sentient herd  
My flaming torso yields  
Its juices, sweet and black  
To screaming Death  
Who's dressed in polo shirt and slacks  
And has a talcumed face.

Forty hundred miles of numb progression  
Curve a wide and painless swath  
From New York to Lodz.  
Essentially, my death consists  
Of cushioned words, and cries unsympathetic,  
A multitude of souls.  
Solid, pompous men, who live to eat.

## EXHIBITS

By Robert Weiss

Look around you, man, and see  
The proof for the answer.  
Trees, mountains, sky and sea,  
Display nature's wondrous beauty.  
Computers, machines, rocket and skyscraper,  
Products of man, the assistant creator.  
Indeed there is an almighty G-d  
To this, the miracles of man and nature  
Bear testimony.

## I AND MINE

By Moshe Denburg

I once bought a house,  
And it became mine;  
For I had tilled the land  
Bringing forth fruits from rock  
And water from dry river beds.  
I had earned this house, and it was my blood.  
I toiled in its empty rooms, until now  
It glistens with holiness of accomplishment.  
I will cherish it, and hold it dear to me,  
And love it till the day I pass.

I once had a lover,  
And she became mine.  
I loved her dearly  
Though she did not react.  
I loved her until  
My love begat hers.  
I had lived through scorn; through pain,  
I had been patient until now she is my blood.  
I will cherish her, and hold her dear to me,  
And love her till the day I pass.

I once stole a book,  
And it became mine.  
A Bible it was,  
And I worked with it endlessly.  
And it tilled my heart and searched my soul  
Until its love begat mine.  
Now I glisten with its holiness,  
For I have become intermingled with its blood.  
I will cherish it, and hold it dear to me,  
And love it till the day I pass.

TIME WAS, WHEN

By David M. Roskies

Time was, when  
All these things  
Ablaze, and rimmed  
with the fire of life  
I knew ...

A frenzied August evening  
clothed in misty dusk  
when purple wisps,  
fabric ethereal,  
shred swollen skies,  
hiding common stars  
from horizontal glory.

Passing by on shaded streets,  
houses vague, conglomerate,  
sidewalks, chalk-white bands  
tripping parallel into the night,  
I would stop. A naked need  
to drink my fill of vital brick,  
scores a nerve-less gash, and blooms  
a solid stem of childhood tears  
down the avenues of my oblivion.

The concrete is quick  
with dust and grass  
where children play.  
The sun has died  
when Someone broke  
a test tube full of fire  
upon the patterned blue;  
such moments - wet, pungent,  
reeking of hands, feet,  
alive, and pink - can move  
a sultry vision of three-wheeled scooter  
to (sight unseen) an Apollonian chariot  
whose tired rider, full  
of battle scars, - mental, livid -  
of Indian chase and hop-scoth game,  
sunk in a feathered bed  
lies forgotten, now alone.

I was young; I did not know  
the shrouded red of summer nights.  
I lived - and yet,  
my soul recoiled from recollection  
for, in truth, I had none.

Worn and wisened,  
I could mourn  
wind, sky, brick,  
and memories...

## TWO LANGUAGES

By G. D. Weisz

Of course you care my fine young man,  
Of course you cringe in pain,  
When the world's revealed, to your youthful eyes,  
In all it's nasty shade.  
For I too was young, once long ago;  
I outgrew it, so will you.

But I must protest, with due respect  
for your sophisticated views.  
Must I outgrow, the path I chose,  
Not so very long ago.

My fine young man, my fine young man,  
Why do you so protest?  
The path of youth is a rocky road,  
To this I can attest.  
For I too was young, once long ago;  
I outgrew it, so will you.

O wise old sage, you see my rage  
But misconstrue my fears.  
Burning fires of youth I accept with joy,  
It's losing them I fear.

My fine young man, my fine young man,  
You frighten me no end.  
We all most lose that youthful surge,  
Which never let's us bend.  
For I too was young once long ago;  
I outgrewit, so will you.

What if I don't, O wise old sage,  
And keep it all my years.  
If wrongs in the world through all my days,  
Cause me to shed a tear.

Then I foresee, for you young man,  
An unhappy life of pain.  
You shall bang your head against stone walls,  
To reach for hollow fame.  
But I too was young once long ago;  
I outgrewit, so will you.

Then wise old man, my path is clear,  
So cease your flow of words.  
Lest I digress from my chosen road,  
And become dead .... like you.

## JEWS WITHOUT AN AXE

By David Zvi Roskies

In Leivick's dramatic masterpiece "The Golem," The Maharal says the following words to Reb Borsevi:

"The passage, blocked by spears and axes -  
But who will undertake to clear away the axes,  
That with the axes, our own touch, our own red marching step  
Will also have to be cleared away?"

The question Leivick asks is one of the most painful and difficult in Jewish history: "What will happen to the Jewish people when they are no longer being oppressed and are allowed freedom as all other peoples?"

On a superficial level, the answer is obvious. If the Jews are allowed equality, they themselves will benefit from it, and so will their country. However one glance through a Jewish history book will refute this statement immediately. This history clearly shows that the Jews were most creative precisely when their oppressors were most active.

According to Abraham Joshua Heschel, the greatest and most spiritual era in Jewish history was the Eastern European Era. Was it not the Pale of settlement and the incredible economic distress of the masses that gave the impetus to the creation of the Hassidic Movement? Were not the incessant pogroms and growing anti-semitism direct causes for the birth of Zionism and the Jewish Labour Movement? Was not this "Golden Era" also the era of the greatest poverty and suffering that the Jewish people have ever known?

This same theory can be argued from the other side. Is it not in America, "The Land of the Free" that Judaism is (supposedly) disappearing? Is not America the land of assimilation, of inter-marriage? Is it not in America that Jewish community life is being assimilated into a looser and more integrated community sometimes called "the Great Society"?

And again, is it not a fact that the fight for a separate Hebrew culture in Israel is being won because Israelis have nowhere to turn, except inwards? In other words, it is the wall of steel and barbed wire around Israel that has helped the Israelis create their own culture. If Israel had been situated somewhere in Western Europe, it would have been practically impossible to form a culturally independent country. Israelis would have been swallowed up by the French or Italians. Israel is isolated; the axe stands ready in every corner. This is what gives Israel the reason and the will to fight back.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

However, there are serious flaws in this so-called theory. The history of the Jews shows notable exceptions to the idea that the Jews were most creative in times of stress. Was it not in Babylonia (where the Jews were treated as equals) that the Talmud was created? Was it not a Spain of peace and freedom (900 - 1200 AD) that brought forth Hasdai ibn Shaprut, Solomon ibn Gabirol, Judah ha-Levi and Abraham ibn Ezra?

And again. According to the theory, the Soviet Jewish community should be flourishing as never before. What with Stalin's purges, with anti-semitism, with the closing down of almost all the synagogues, Russian Jewry should be having its own "Golden Era!"

And what about Hitler and the holocaust? No one will dare say that Nazism "enriched" Jewish cultural life in Eastern Europe. This theory is an anti-theory. How can it be said that Jews flourish when they are being oppressed, that Jewish culture blooms when Jews are being slaughtered.



The question remains unanswered. Only time will tell which side is right. Perhaps the free society of America will produce the most active Jewish community ever. Perhaps, when a treaty is signed between the Israelis and the Arabs, and when Soviet Jews are treated as equal citizens, then these groups will reach cultural and spiritual heights unsurpassed in five thousand years, and Leivick's question will receive a definite answer.

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