

ism cannot be renewed except in the light of the recent past and of the circumstances of our own lives; these include, at a minimum, the decline of belief in the supernatural, the killing off of East European Jewry, and the rise of that which in certain cardinal respects is the child of both events—a secular Jewish state. It is time, in short, that the full implications of the advent of Israel be faced and that the changes it has wrought and will continue to wreak in the situation and *mores* of the Jews be accepted.

It is always difficult to institute change that is radical without being destructive, surgical without being murderous. It requires a combination of daring and tact that is nothing if not rare. But it is simply unacceptable for great affairs to be continually left

in abeyance or, perhaps worse still, in the hands of decent, but tired men running worthy, but out-dated institutions. Nor is it sensible to look to Israel for initiative in matters great and small. The climate of daily life in Israel is not conducive today to much more than coping with daily pressures.

And therein, indeed, may lie what will amount to our principal contribution to the common task of pulling through present troubles in good order. It is from the Diaspora that most ideas and certainly and above all the *initiative* for really substantial change must come. And it would be best if such energy and thought as can be mustered in the Diaspora were applied first and foremost at the interface between Israel and the Diaspora itself—the institutions of organized Zionism.

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## April Khamsin

LEAH GOLDBERG

I know that day was a day that had no parallel,  
a day when nothing happened, nothing befell,  
and what distinguished it from other days  
no evil omen, no sign of grace could tell.

Except that the sun gave off a jasmine smell,  
except that the sands of the shore had lips that kissed,  
except that a heart in the stone pulsed as in a wrist,  
except that the evening burned like an orange's golden shell.

How to remember that day—anonymous, vague as mist?  
How shall I preserve the grace that suddenly fell?  
How shall I believe that on that day alone  
every flutter and scent came from my marrow bone?

For every tree in the wind was a trembling sail,  
and silence had the eyes of a little girl,  
and tears the odors of the blossoming grove,  
and the name of the city resembled the name of my love.

Translated from the Hebrew by ROBERT FRIEND

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