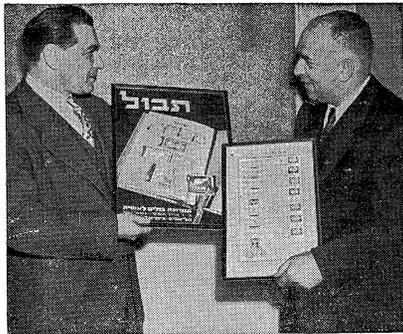


ISRAEL STAMP EXHIBIT ON TOUR



Zvi Pri-har (right), postmaster-general of Israel, turns over to S. D. Gershowitz, executive director of the National Jewish Welfare Board (JWB) a complete collection of all postage stamps thus far issued by Israel. Under the auspices of JWB's Jewish Centre Lecture Bureau, the collection has been converted into a portable exhibit which will be sent on a nation-wide tour of Jewish community agencies.

Modern Heroes Buried On Mount Herzl

By SHARON SEGAL

Jerusalem—Four months in Israel is altogether too short a time to completely understand the current scene in Israel and explain it to readers in Canada, but I do feel that there is one thing that people back home as a rule tend to minimize, and that is the cost of our state and the very expensive price of this war.

Just last August while touring the battle scarred areas, along with the thirty-one members from Canada who visited Israel for the summer, I was indeed shocked by the dramatic manifestations of the bitter struggle where I went. Shattered buildings, mountains of rubble, deserted buildings and monuments, along with all the varied paraphernalia of war told us of the nature of the hard struggle fought by a handful of people to preserve their homes and the very heart of their culture.

But nothing could portray the cruel inhumanity and suffering consequences of the war as the scene that I witnessed in Jerusalem today. Here, while upwards of fifty thousand watched in solemn reverence the remains of three hundred young men and women were brought back from the now Arab occupied territory in which they fell eighteen months ago, to be laid to rest at last on the slopes of Mount Herzl. Here was the ultimate by-product of the grim business of war. Here was mass grief and indescribable pain on the part of the two thousand loved ones who assembled around Yeshurun Synagogue beside the forty military trucks bearing the caskets draped with the Israeli flag. Here lay the young bodies of the flower of Israeli youth, who gave their lives to save the city of Jerusalem. Here was an electrifying example of the costs incurred in Israel's struggle for freedom.

These young heroes from the settlements around Jerusalem were killed in the new Kibbutz of the Etzion bloc, on the road to the Kvatza of Kfar Etzion while attempting to bring food and supplies to the isolated settlements. They

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Miss Segal, at present studying International Relations at the Hebrew University, is an ex-Winnipegger, Hillelite, and University of Manitoba student. From time to time her special dispatches from Israel will appear exclusively in The Jewish Post.

Israel's War Opens New Vistas For Hebrew Writing

By I. M. LASK

The abortive Russian Revolution of 1905 was a decisive factor in Hebrew literature for a full decade and longer. The only real attempt to combat the effect of its failure on Hebrew circles was made, paradoxically enough, by Joseph Hayim Brenner, who was himself in many respects the most Russian of all Hebrew writers. Indeed, the whole of Brenner's literary and editorial career until his untimely death in 1921 during the Jaffa Riots may well be regarded as an attempt to counteract the spirit of hopelessness which, after 1905, characterized Hebrew literature, and which as it did Russian literature, and which found its damning expression in Bialik's poems over a decade; that "Wasteland" state of mind and mood which Bialik expressed two decades before T. S. Eliot.

This is not the place to describe Brenner's attempts to jog the Hebrew-reading public out of its apathy and jab some vitality into the writers, first through "Hameorer" in London and afterwards through the sundry and various publications he produced in Palestine. The important thing about him, for my purpose, is that he was an essentially Russian writer and remained so, although he had turned his back on the country of his origin. Most of his contemporaries were equally Russian in their essence, from Ahad Haam and Bialik on. Toehernichovsky, with a far more Russian background and mannerisms, was actually a genuinely universal poet using Hebrew as his medium. Shmeur had made up his mind to be a cosmopolitan man of vision though the very heavens might fall; and he hung on to his resolution like grim death, with not infrequent debasing effects on his poetry. Looking back, he seems like another and a lesser Lermontov. Even in Palestine the members of the Second Aliyah, laboriously creating the Hebrew terminology for hammering out their problems and disputations, found themselves transferring Russian manners of thought and phrase together with their 'Rubashki', high boots, long and carefully careless locks and meticulously pointed moustaches. David Frishman, busily engaged in trying to inculcate the rules of literary good manners and good writing according to West European standards, was a far more Russian figure than he could possibly have realized, for a whole Russian literary school was busily engaged in the same game both before and after him; and, what is more, doing it in pretty much the same fashion, albeit with far less charm and skill.

The only persons standing out of the ruck were Mendele Mocher Seforim in Odessa, rising, let us tell the truth, head and shoulders above all his contemporaries in Hebrew and Yiddish alike, as resolutely Jewish as a Purim play, the 'shammes' of a little 'shool' or the Sabbath 'cholent'; obdurately opposed to any ism that might diminish the Jewishness of the Jew, no matter whether that ism was Judaism, Reformism or Zionism; and, unnoticed and negligible in Palestine, Samuel Joseph Agnon with an atavistic fondness for the style of Hebrew fairy-tales and their equivalent, and David Shimonovitch who found that the life of his fellow recent arrivals from Russia was well worth writing about in hexameters. The balance were for the greater part Russians, just as Osher Bellin told the writer some two decades later.

How Russian they were I only realized upon my arrival in Tel Aviv during Passover 1930. In those days Tel Aviv still looked and behaved like a suburb of Odessa during the halcyon days of summer 1917, after the Kerensky and before the Lenin

Revolution. It is worth noting, though, that the Russian, both spiritually and linguistically, was of a kind that could no longer be understood in Russia itself.

For several years following the Bolshevik decision that Zionism and Hebrew were reactionary, bourgeois, anathema and rather too indecent for mention in the new society, the centre of Hebrew culture was to be found in Berlin, along with Bialik, Frishman and various other persons who by some ingenious means or another had won permission to leave Russia. But Germany was only a temporary home, and by the middle of the twenties the transition of Hebrew writers to Palestine had begun.

The older generation of writers, to be sure, were not really too happy at what they found. The hot-headed and impudent youngsters of the Second Aliyah had matured into a competent, responsible and, on the quiet, rather impatient group of executives, busily engaged in building up a labor and co-operative movement with a very definite 'elan' of its own. Furthermore, there was no longer any room for the old pre-war patronizing with which Palestinians had once been received. If there was a patronizing now, it was the Palestinians who engaged in it. Yet the young fellows who counted were so busy on their job of settlement, with all that was implied thereby, that they had little time for literature. Most of their spare energies went into learning Hebrew, and turning it into a medium of communication fit for all contemporary purposes. And so Hebrew literature remained, for the greater part, in the same hands as had been running it for two or three decades previously. And to that degree Hebrew literature began to take a back seat in Eretz Israel, while Hebrew journalism began to assert itself.

By that time Hebrew had become the vernacular of the Eretz Israel Jews among whom, of course, it had always served as a 'lingua franca'. It was true that so far there had been no Yishuv-born Hebrew writers worthy of the name with the possible exception of Burla; but this was the result of a number of factors involving the pride of the local youngsters (they were not yet

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DAILY CONTACT WITH GREAT MINDS



President Abram L. Sachar of Brandeis University chatting with a Counsellor of Student Activities and a student committee in the lounge of Smith Hall on the 100-acre campus of the Waltham, Mass., institution.

Chanukah Love

By D. SCHOCHER

Mr. Abelson lit the Chanukah candles. "Blessed art thou O Lord, who didst perform miracles for our ancestors in those days at this season." "Amen," said Bess Abelson. Beside Bess was sitting Philip. A young lawyer, he had met Bess some two years before and was now almost as regularly a weekly visitor at the Abelson home as Time Magazine. Philip, too, said Amen, when Mr. Abelson finished his B'racha, but in such a low tone as scarcely to be audible.

Mr. Abelson didn't seem to hear the "Amen's"

the cruse of oil," she said, "is wonderful and has a very great significance for the modern day. It has an eternal significance whether it is legend or reality, it symbolizes a great truth."

"What great truth?" asked Philip. "Well," said Bess, "Phil, I am afraid you won't be able to understand. You see, Chanukah is a festival of heroism — Maccabean heroism — and I am afraid heroism is not exactly your line. The Maccabees

CUPID IS A MACCABEE TOO!

for he had hardly finished reciting the benediction when he began rather leisurely to expound on the significance of the holiday. Mr. Abelson belonged to the in-between-generation, between the old, pious and more Jewishly informed and the younger, more estranged generations, and he felt it incumbent on him to act as a kind of bridge between the old and the new. "This is a very significant festival — this holiday of Chanukah, commemorating the Maccabean heroism. This Chanukah candle is kindled, as you know, to symbolize the cruse of oil which Judas Maccabeus discovered on regaining and re-entering the Temple. Legend says that the oil ordinarily sufficient for one evening, miraculously lasted for a whole week."

Mr. Abelson paused when he had said this much. He felt a bit apprehensive about how this younger generation would take such statements as he had just made.

Philip soon showed that Mr. Abelson was right. "Do you really believe," said Philip, "that this ancient festival has any significance for modern times? Take this cruse of oil lasting miraculously for eight days — well . . ."

He was not allowed to finish his sentence by Bess. "It seems to me that this little legend about

were heroes — they dare, Philip, I ask you, did you ever dare?"

"Well," said Philip, "you know what they say, discretion is the better part of valour."

"Yes, I know all that," said Bess. You are a lawyer, you have plenty of discretion and it may be a part of valour, but I am not sure, it is the better part. Don't count too much on proverbs. But I suppose you lawyers have always something written — a proverb or a precedent — or something like that — to fall back upon."

Philip had never heard Bess talking to him like that before. "Just what, Bess, are you driving at?"

"Simply that I don't think that you can understand Chanukah, because heroism and valour is just out of your line. It's beyond you."

"Will you be specific?" asked Philip. "Yes I will," said Bess. "I am going to be darn specific — so specific it may be unladylike and it's going to shake you up. How long have we known each other? Don't answer. I'll ask the questions this time and answer them too. We have known each other for two years and

you've been coming here regularly like the rent collector — only more frequently. You must have found my company desirable. As I understand it, you do not go to see any other girls. Why don't you propose? Because you are afraid. Afraid of what? Well, of a number of things. You are afraid, for instance, to undertake the financial responsibilities of supporting two people. You have no belief that a little cruse of oil sufficient for one may endure for a whole week or that a little income might possibly be stretched or grow enough to support two. You are afraid of this and afraid of other things. You are even afraid to propose for fear that I would reject you. So I have told you, Phil, what's on my mind."

Phil was stunned. He said nothing for a while.

"Well, aren't you going to say something?" asked Bess.

"Yes," said Phil, "I'll say something. Will you marry me?"

"I thought that would be coming," said Bess, "and here's my answer. "No, not k-n-o-w but n-o. Do you understand? I've watched you all along and these Chanukah candles speaking of Maccabean heroism have given me an idea. You haven't the heroic in you, and yes, I want a hero, do you understand. I'm very romantic."

"If that's the way you feel about it, why, I suppose, that's

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'Forbidden Neighbors'

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The appealing picture above appears on the cover of a 24-page pamphlet, "Forbidden Neighbors," just published by the New York State Committee on Discrimination in Housing to advance its campaign to outlaw discrimination and segregation in urban redevelopment and to secure a broad legislative investigation of discriminatory housing organizations cooperating with the State Committee because of the national civil rights aspects of this pilot project include the American Jewish Committee, American Jewish Congress, Anti-Defamation League, Jewish Labor Committee, National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, National Labor Service, the Urban League and other religious, labor and social welfare groups. Headquarters of the State Committee are in New York City at 35 West 32d Street.

Klein's Verse

The Rocking Chair and Other Poems. By A. M. Klein. Toronto, The Ryerson Press. 56 pp. \$2.25. Reviewed by NEIL WEISS

With A. M. Klein, the Canadian poet the author of "The Hitleriad" and "Hath Not a Jew", we come upon a craftsman of the finite and particular, working in strictly delimited forms (not the sonnet or the sestina), forms determined by a clean and yet luminous scrutiny of the thing observed, an artist who has turned against the baroque dynamism of much modern poetry influenced by Gerard Hopkins and Dylan Thomas. His best poems are "observations" closer in method to the poetics of James Joyce than to Marianne Moore, and proceed from a blend of modernism and regionalism, the two sides of his "bilinguefact." Of Montreal, he writes:

Grand port of navigations, multiple  
The lexicons uncarved at your quays,  
Sonnant though strange to me; but chiefest, I,  
Auditor of your music, cherish the  
Joined double-melodious, vocabulaire  
Where English vocable and roll Ecossic  
Mollified by the parole of French  
Bilinguefact your air!

Mr. Klein's new work is an example of the modern regional artist who has been more successful in finding a subject, or at least a goad for working, than his rootless "alienated" big city brother. (The cases that immediately come to mind are the Southern school around Ransom, Warren, and Tate and novelists such as Walter Clark.) Reading most of these poems for the first time, one hears many of the modern echoes, but they are worked in cleanly, inseparable from the poem, rising with the poem. In "Krieghoff: Calligrammes"

These must be spun, these must be bled  
out of the iris of the intent sight:  
red rufous roseate crimson russet red  
blank candid white

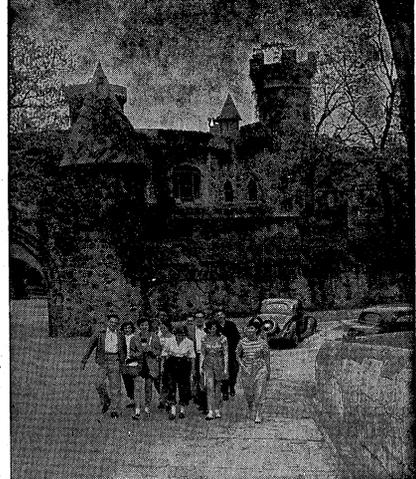
recalls Rimbaud's sonnet, "Vowels." When we see "doors grated: wooden stairs: the incunabulate dreams/stacked" — we are almost certain that the poet is "remembering," at the moment of composition, Crane's "Faustus and Helen." And this stanza of "Pastoral of the City Streets" might not have been written if Pound's "Cantos" did not exist:

Comes a friend's father  
with his pet of a horse  
and plays the sidewalk black  
cavelike and cool.

From these poems one gains the conviction that it is possible for the poet, if not to change his actual position as a kind of exile, or poor pariah outside looking in (a condition which, at its worst, is modified into modish-

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HANDSOME CAMPUS FOR BRANDEIS U.



A group of Brandeis University students returning to the campus of the nation's first Jewish-sponsored, non-sectarian institution of higher learning after an outing on the nearby Charles River. Shown in the background is The Castle, beautiful fieldstone, ivy-covered structure, the largest of ten major buildings comprising the University's home.