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THE YOUNG ZIONIST

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IN THIS EDITION



The Great Betrayals

Trendsetters

Mazkirut Profile

*Anti - Semitism
an Analysis*

Paths to Civilisation

Hagoshrim



THE YOUNG ZIONIST

ORGAN OF THE FEDERATION OF ZIONIST YOUTH

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EDITORIAL

es are already beginning to
tents on their backs and
their own respective camps.
that came with the war
to splinter. What is to be
reserve the oneness? As far
aeli political situation is con-
ere is very little that can be
n outside the country itself.
oo clear to see that the strug-
lower is on. General Dayan,
hero, is waiting in the wings
one to pull the strings and
n jumping into the political
Prime Minister. Mr. Eshkol
been regarded as too much
derate to exist in the jungle of
olitics. Yet the fact remains
is at present head of a victori-
ntry. The questions, however,
oo readily to the mouth. Was
spiration that helped the coun-
ictory? Was it his decision to

launch the defensive attack? Or was
it all Dayan?

Refugees Flooding Back

Mr. Eshkol's opponents have an ex-
tremely strong weapon in their hands
in the shape of the economic crisis
which is now reaching bursting point.
If the West Bank is to remain in Israeli
hands millions of pounds which are
not at present available will have to
be flooded into the area to prevent
economic disaster. The refugee prob-
lem is beginning to work both ways.
The £5 and the three months' supply
of food kindly provided by Britain via
Jordan to the refugees who will soon
begin flooding back is hardly going to
last very long. It is to be hoped that
whichever way the pendulum swings
in the power game, democracy will not
be replaced by any form of military
dictatorship — however gentle be the
hand that holds the sword.

The need for unity is not only found
in Israel, but also amongst the Youth
Movements in this country. During the
crisis nobody considered whether the
volunteer working by his side was
from Y.P.Z., Habonim or F.Z.Y. The
cause was common, therefore questions
were unnecessary. Gradually, the situ-
ation is slipping back into its pre-war
state. Clearly each Movement caters
for a particular type of individual. Yet
within each Movement there are, one
hopes at least, individuals — people
who think for themselves. At the
moment the idea of just one Zionist
Youth Movement is a pipe dream.
Yet unless problems can be discussed
calmly around a table, the dream will
never become reality. Surely British
Youth can see that if they refuse to
understand their differences, there is
no hope for the future of Israeli-Arab
relations.

THE GREAT BETRAYALS

ect of Judaism, I have countless clichés, much ng, and emotional out-descriptions of Liberal . Kosky as 'a fifth col-tburst by Mr. Rickman no room for different on in Judaism'.

enmity, witch hunting, and counter accusa- which effectively stifles sion is rapidly destroy-ermeating it and pois-very source.

stopped shouting blas- other and took a cool, tive look at Judaism as

Below are some con-reached over a period observation and reflec-by no means complete, them to be absolutely respect.

hope to achieve is to into taking a fresh assumptions and beliefs from the complacency sm that is stifling Jud-id driving Jews, both old, away by their

Interpretations

in with one man's re-d followed by a na-e of His laws, and their terpretations of them ovements. The whole daism allowed for its h and interpretation to

By attempting to stop thodoxy is denying the ish history and tradi-and by sterilising reli- ng its external value is associated from the ism.

alst professing to draw from this source of denied this source by tifle the plant that has vn during their period, at times rapidly. Or-day shut out the sky sky exists and causing op by bidding it look

to its roots instead of looking towards its natural source of growth, the light.

Unless this process is stopped immediately, this green and fertile plant will die a slow and painful death from lack of air.

Progressive Judaism (i.e. Liberal and Reform) on the other hand have pulled the roots, nurtured over 5,000 years of trial and error, from under Judaism and replaced them with a synthetic, artificial attempt to create an assimilationist religion completely incompatible with the burning nation-hood spirit of Judaism, whilst keeping vague associations with some of the main tenets of traditional Judaism.

Thus progressive Judaism is psuedo-Judaism, Judaism torn up by the roots nourished by 5,000 years of faith, fervour and sacrifice, and replaced by nothing more solid than an emphasis on the temporal, and the immediate society in which a certain number of us find ourselves at a given time.

The Orthodox establishment has made an idol of our religion, counting it higher than man himself and has thus denied man G-d's representative on earth. We are asked to submit blindly to this idol and thus surrender our responsibilities, instead of using religion as a means of self-expression and self-fulfilment, and as a check to our more dangerously wilful and anarchistic tendencies.

Man-Made Rules

Perhaps it is necessary to start shattering this idol if we are again to affirm man, and therefore G-d, by showing we are more important than any set of rules, essentially man-made, at least in their practical aspects. Yet in breaking these rules and renewing our faith we must be aware continually of the original essence of Judaism which has inspired all other faiths and formed the basis of both Western and Eastern civilisation.

Our religion has for the most part become a mere automatic set of gestures. Where the spirit is gone, the rest is less than worthless.

Man cannot find faith in nothingness. He must discover eternal faith

in its origins and reinterpret it in the light of his own experiences. We are not G-d, we cannot build from nothing. We can only recreate, using those materials He has provided us with.

Synthesis

This solution is a synthesis of the most valuable parts of the two main trends in Judaism today, Orthodoxy and Progressive Judaism. It looks to its original spirit, which progressive Judaism has glaringly failed to do, whilst at the same time continuing its growth by re-interpreting its essence in the light of present-day experiences, a challenge which Orthodoxy has tragically failed to respond to.

This, I believe, is the only solution that can bind Judaism into one united whole again and preserve it as a meaningful and dynamic force in every facet of our existence.

May all Israel again be brothers.

DAVID DIAMOND,
Central Y.Z.S.



★ SOCIAL & PERSONAL ★

CONGRATULATIONS

TO

Brian Tanaman (Kinneret) and **Ruth Solomons** on their wedding. They have just left for a year in Israel.

Maureen Levy (Kinneret) and **Jack Weinstein** (Kinneret) on their engagement.

Len Lazarus and **Stephen Forman** on passing their Chartered Accountants Finals.

John Samson, **Robby Wilton** and **Geoff Woolf** on obtaining their LL.B.'s.



god - day

an nervously blinked as the light in my direction. I held my hands to shield my eyes, remembered too late that they were covered by leather thongs. I felt the bruise on my forehead round the face until I saw it again. The fat man

asked you decided yet?"

He answered but merely looked through the light. Coloured and painfully in front of my face, a blow from the right.

What you need do is sign. Just make a sign and you're free. Sunshine; and all waiting through that you need do is sign."

I signed my head stupidly. He looked at me and I felt a shock run through my body. The thug on my left poured some water over me, and the witch was flicked again. I am not out loud, at least. I signed internally — Why don't you sign and it's over. Why don't you accept you? I thought

Twenty Years Ago

Twenty years ago it hadn't mattered what I was Jewish. We'd all been a minority, it was true. Yet I was expected. Represented — by me. I hadn't even been asked, yet by a stroke of birth I was expected to express their views. The line had been gradual, I certainly noticed nothing. Admittedly, there had been an increase of religious favour on their side. It was, I thought, inevitable. Nobody really expected that they'd push the button in the corner. And when they did, they only prayed just that little bit more, then looked around for the answer. We were there, waiting as the wool had grown long on our heads—it needed shearing. Then I noticed. One by one the men in the office disappeared. There had been many but, one by one, they went to the slaughter, they died. The fires started. Initially

it appeared to be the work of the pyromaniac. Then it all fell into place when I saw the names of the shops destroyed. People began to get very cautious about talking to me. Everybody knew what was happening. Nobody tried to stop it, at least of all. I was, I suppose, in a unique position. There were few men in the country who did not know me by name. My family was established, respected. Small countries like ours need a famous banking firm for prestige. Slowly, year by year, I felt more and more like a survivor. It was when G. called me in that I realised it had been a fattening up process. He explained to me exactly what he wanted. All that was necessary was for me to take the vows and to be seen in public wearing the platignum symbol around my neck. Quite simple, really. Just accept the State religion, and that was the end of it. My mind told me clearly. This was the only thing to do. I nodded. He said that it was good, as that would save any unnecessary unpleasantness. We smiled at each other. Both men of the world. He pushed the short statement across the table for me to sign. I took out my engraved gold pen. It was odd. It wouldn't touch the paper. I exerted all my strength, but still it hovered in mid-air. Smiles faded. He pointed to the dotted line, and guided my hand down towards it. Suddenly, without really knowing what I was doing, I threw the pen, with all my force, full into his face. Blood gushed from an ugly cut over his right eyebrow. He pressed the button on the desk. . . .

In the Corner

In the corner, where it was dark, the tall man in his long, black, flowing robes fidgeted impatiently.

"Can't you hurry things at all?" he asked the fat man. The latter shrugged and absent-mindedly flicked the switch.

I saw from the corner of my eye the tall man fingering his platignum chain and muttering softly.

He spoke directly to me for the first time.

"My son, just sign this. Cleanse yourself. Take this great opportunity of proving yourself innocent."

I turned my head slowly and painfully. My animal eyes probed his face. How could I expect him to understand? How could I plead innocence when I knew deep down in my guts that I was as guilty as a new-born babe?

M. A. STEIN.

POTTED PALM

*Who would have thought an aspidistra
Could look so vibrantly divine?
Its verdant foliage so luxurious
And the prismatic leaves that shine
Like a microcosm of life itself,
Glaring past the sight
Into the brain.
Oh, mama did not know
How her faithful Victorian centenarian
might
Excite my soul through a haze of hash.
But Hell itself would look real fine
If light reflected on shiny leaves
Could look like Originosa Divine.*

LEWIS COWEN,
Glasgow Hafinjan.

J.P.A.
still

needs you

ANTI-SEMITISM — AN ANALYSIS

Part 2

By STANLEY S. PINCHES

pininess anywhere was re-
Papacy as contrary to
and a menace to Christen-
55, Pope Paul IV ("the
of the Jews") forced the
like animals in a com-
known henceforth as The
emphasised the perpetuity
every.³ Papal legislation
following centuries added
ressive measures. Even
ho held friendly discus-
Jew suffered death at one

sm did not diminish with
s of Jews from countries
y had previously lived,
intensified as a result of
thing. When in France,
r the expulsion, the Jews
itted, anti-semitic litera-
widely disseminated by
iont who stirred up hate
d it to further his own
. In a collection, orga-
necomorate the memory of
y (who had forged docu-
proved the guilt of Drey-
ssed over 130,000 francs
). The contributors in-
nces, 7 dukes, hundreds
counts and barons, 32
r 1000 officers and 300
mont revived the blood
ted the myth of the Jew-
nal financial conspiracy
ed the fate of the world".

Propaganda

propaganda, directed
ws in the last quarter of
tury was the same old
brance, superstition and
as already been told
hristendom for a thou-
by repeating these fables,
the foundation of future
n which Hitler built his
eath.

so Pinsker, a Jewish doc-
been shaken out of his
confidence by what he
open in Russia, told the
ly any more on the sense
the professed friendship

of other nations, but to save them-
selves by their own efforts. He told
Jewry in his "Auto-emancipation" that
they would never have peace until they
recovered their status as a nation, by
living in a Jewish State.

Michael Davitt, the Irish Nationalist
Leader recorded details of the 1903
Kishinev Pogrom; "from their hiding
places in cellars and garrets, the Jews
were dragged forth and tortured to
death. Many mortally wounded were
denied the final stroke and left to
perish in their agony; in not a few
cases nails were driven into the skull
and eyes gouged out. Babies were
thrown from the higher stories to the
street pavement; the bodies of women
were mutilated, young maidens and
matrons dishonoured . . . Jews who
attempted to beat off the attackers
were quickly disarmed by the police
. . . the local Bishop drove in a car-
riage and passed through the crowd,
giving them his blessing as he passed."

Sentiments Not Shared

After Kishinev, Russian Jews were
naturally attracted by the idea of go-
ing to Palestine. But Great Britain
did not share these sentiments. "The
faithful" believed that Palestine was
cursed by God, who would not allow
Zionist traitors to destroy the divine
stillness and desolation of the Holy
Land.

The Christian teachings in England
implanted the notion in young child-
ren's minds that the Jews being guilty
of Deicide should suffer a correspond-
ingly severe penalty.

The riots of Eastertide in Palestine
in 1920 were the direct consequence
of the notorious anti-semitic attitude
of the whole British Military adminis-
tration, many of whose best friends
were Jews, after which Jabotinsky was
arrested and sentenced to 15 years of
penal servitude.

During the pogroms of 1929 the
Palestine police frequently connived at
murder and even took part in it.⁴
Decorations were given by the Govern-
ment to soldiers and policemen for

"Gallantry".⁵ British newspapers re-
ported "clashes have taken place be-
tween Arabs and Jews". According
to Palestine criminal law, the penalty
for harbouring a murderer was five
years, but any Jew found guilty of har-
bouring his wife or mother or daughter
who had escaped the Nazis and taken
refuge in Palestine was liable to be
sent to prison for eight years. English
anti-semitism was an underground
movement, underground in the British
mind, protected by the pretence that
it did not exist. From time to time,
comments within the administration
were heard that the Jews crucified
Christ and would probably do it again
if they got the chance. The mandate
was "an iniquitous document" im-
posed on the League of Nations "by
international Jewry". Copies of the
Protocols of the Elders of Zion circu-
lated openly among British and Arabs;
the Brown Book of the Hitler Terror
was banned by the British censor. The
Administration sanctioned in silence
the sale of Mein Kampf in English
and Arabic.⁶ Mein Kampf merely ex-
pressed similar religious ideas about
Jews as St. John Chrysostom's "Sixth
homily against the Jews".

Non-Jewish Refugees

No country was willing to admit
Jews, to escape from the Nazis—
Palestine was open to refugees IF
THEY WERE NOT JEWS. About
1000 Poles were admitted into Pales-
tine by the British. The Nazis held
that the Jews were a parasite, grow-
ing on the branches of other nations.
They thought, logically, that they were
ridding the world of Jewry in self-
defence, and this met with universal
support from many other govern-
ments. The Western Governments felt
that it would be frightfully inconveni-
ent—to cite an official of the British
Foreign Office—"Where should we be
if the Germans should offer to dump
a million Jews on us?" And Officials
of the U.S. State Department too "pro-
crastinated when concrete rescue
schemes were set before them, and
even withheld information about atro-
cities in order to prevent an outraged
public from forcing their hands."⁸

(continued foot of page 7)

PROFILE

ELLIS TEMERLIES

HAFINJAN OFFICER

October, 1947, the Temerlies were blessed with the arrival of a baby boy. I am happy to say the 'babe' is still bouncing out of the F.Z.Y. Office Hafinjan meetings for

Ellis in F.Z.Y. had a more part than most; inspired by the arrival of Vernon Epstein, he was prominent in the forming of Hafinjan in April '65, remaining until October '66 when he ended to dizzy heights as Officer of the Mazkirut. As to this, rumours from the office of Southgate would suggest it is also on the committee of the Jewish Society. It's not it?

In years, Ellis has developed a knack of saying things which are so ridiculous they are one notable occasion he was asking (and I quote), "the nearest branch of the Highland?" I will resist the temptation to give more examples, for, penetratingly observes, "you know what people might think." I believe the Office is preoccupied with the sayings of Mao Tse-tung, which is to be carried out by all loyal F.Z.Y.niks.

Outside of F.Z.Y. Ellis's main interest is the Jewish Lad's Brigade. Every Thursday evening he dons the uniform of a 2nd Lieutenant and trots off to Finchley where he is second in command of the Company. Amongst other things, he teaches fencing and map-reading, at both of which he is very proficient.

Our hero's likes include girls who go Dutch—mere wishful thinking unfortunately; leading rambles through the country—in fact, were it not for the lightning reaction of the driver of a combined harvester last autumn this tale would have a grisly ending; and white shirts—although in all fairness, working in the Civil Service (dare I say it, Department of Inland Revenue) probably is the cause of this.

His dislikes include eggs—maybe he's scared of the Lion stamp; electric shavers—he insists on using a cut-throat; and getting up in the mornings (and evenings).

Finally, if I may end on a serious note, I don't think that people realise just how much work Ellis does for Hafinjan. He is what is known as a back-room boy, working quietly but efficiently. I would like to take this opportunity of thanking him for all this.

ALAN SHACKMAN.

Record Auction

in aid of J.P.A.

to be held on

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Dear Sir,

In reply to article 'Mene "Why didn't you go?" It would be so easy for me, lying here in hospital recovering from a leg operation, to say that it was impossible to go to Israel as I was awaiting the aforementioned operation.

However, it is more honest to admit that I just wasn't sufficiently educated as a Zionist to make that 'personal decision' when the hour of need arose. Having been an F.Z.Y.nik for under a year, I can honestly say that in that time the programmes did not provide enough "fire" in the spirit of the movement to produce in me a burning desire to be one of the first to go to Israel when the time came. I can also say that if the "fire" had been burning in me, I would have been in Israel long before the crisis arose.

However, as Herzlia's new Chairman, I hope, with the able help of the new committee, to be able to promote a need in our members to answer the call of Aliyah by a higher Zionist content in the forthcoming year, and hope to follow the example of our Israeli army's during the war, and to say in the very near future not just 'go to Israel on Aliyah', but to cry out zealously, "Follow me!"

Sincerely,

ALAN RUSSELL,
Chairman, Herzlia.

NATIONAL SEMINAR

at

GRANGE FARM
Chigwell, Essex

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THE SIX-DAY WAR

For further information please contact your
Society Chairman or F.Z.Y. Office

THIS TO CIVILISATION

CONSERVATISM

any other political philosophy of conservatism is usually confused with the Conservative Party. As it embraces the twentieth century of both the British and Liberal parties and, in contrast, that of Labour as the creed of the conservative is not tampering with institutions which would work quite well on their own. A conservative may think existing institutions could work, but would feel that the present would not be as strong as it is of man to be opposed

of conservative philosophy is directly attributed to the party system in As it began to take shape in the seventeenth century,

it could be seen that it acted as the political wing of the Jacobites. Its platform (if political platforms can be spoken of at all in the seventeenth century) was based on rigid conformity in the religious field, and a certain amount of benevolent paternalism in the social sphere. In the early years, the struggle centred on religion, those supporters of the conservative philosophy becoming known as Tories, and those supporters of a more liberal line being known as Whigs. Both Whigs and Tories are literally types of Irish (or Scottish) bandits. With the eighteenth century, the development of political philosophy became fossilised. The British constitution emerged and with it, a game still familiar today, that of 'ins and outs'. In any case, the liberal spirit was dominant throughout Europe. Between 1714 and 1763, only one member of parliament was 'elected' who claimed to be a Tory.

Together with most political systems, conservatism was split wide open

by the new dimension added to politics through the French Revolution. At first, reaction amongst all shades of British political opinion was favourable. As excess followed excess, however, opinion became firmly entrenched in two camps—pro and anti. These two parties formed a rough dividing line between liberal and conservative.

The leader of conservative opinion and generally acknowledged father of conservative philosophy was the unfortunately named Edmund Burke (1729-1797) who was, incidentally, a Whig. A veteran controversialist of the American War of Independence and the Indian wars, Burke epitomised the spirit of conservatism. He was a friend of the American revolutionaries, because their revolution was based on legality and did not involve a social upheaval. The French, on the other hand, flouted the laws of natural justice and destroyed institutions for destruction's sake. As he said, 'A State without the means of some change is without the means of its conservation.' Though some change and adaptation

(continued on page 8)

re English people re- was a pity Hitler had the job. The Jews they caused the war, to stay and help in of Germany, to assist revival of Poland, destroyed.

British Government re- date. They now dis- armed the Arabs in- the country," and al Navy to watch the l immigrants". They all their troops and inevitable destruction ones, the Christ kill- Race. But the Jews f Independence, their

ever had to pay so for freedom, the un- led dead: an exceed- Only a remnant has intolerance and pat- western world. Never tory of inhuman con-

flict is "so much owed, by so many, to so few."

I have often wondered if Israel has presented this theory to the Christian and Moslem World. Perhaps they do not even know of it to be able to present it. Nobody wants the threat of the population explosion or nuclear war. Since these evils are recognised, a good chance remains of avoiding them. On the other hand the divine chastisement of Jews, a chance to earn a place in paradise by the persecution of a race of God-killers is still subconsciously regarded by the Western world as both desirable and carrying out the will of God, and until such thoughts are eradicated by exposing the evil, we still live under the threat of extermination, an inevitable consequence of such teaching, as the past has periodically shown.

Chief Rabbi Jacobovits said recently, "It is time we exercised the cherished privilege of freedom of speech to try to arouse thought on the great controversies in the Jewish world today." Wrongs cannot be put right un-

less these wrongs are recognised. It is the responsibility of the Jewish nation to make known the past, if lasting peace is desired.

Never before have we been so free to express our opinions publicly, and we must take advantage of this situation while we are still able to. Until and unless we face up to this menace, the cancer of religious hatred remains a peril which threatens to destroy the Jewish people.

¹ The Papal Bull "Cum Nimis Absurdum". See C. Roth, "History of the Jews in Italy", 1946, p. 295.

² J. N. Kann (the Dutch Consul), "Some Observations on the Mandatory Government of Palestine", 1930, pp. 36-57. Douglas Duff, "Sword for Hire", 1934, p. 258.

³ For example, Police Officer Cafferata, stationed at Hebron.

⁴ "The Rape of Palestine", William Bernard Ziff, 1948, p. 221 and the whole book.

⁵ Daphne Trevor, "Under the White Paper" 1948, p. 121.

⁶ Henry Morgenthau, "The Morgenthau Diaries", 1947.

⁷ "Politics Among Nations: The Struggle for Power and Peace", 1955, p. 418, (Hans Joachim Morgenthau).

CIVILISATION—from p. 8. Conditions is necessary, this could come gradually and considered absolutely necessary. Later criticised this that when change came inequitable and long overdue; it was that Burke's caution against change led from the horrors of the French Revolution. In his "Reflections on the Revolution in France", Burke proved to be the foremost opponent of violence in Europe. Yet his views were not confined to the French Revolution. In his address to his constituents in Bristol he defined the principle which a member of parliament should be divided between local and national interests. Finally, he re-emphasised the conservative spirit in the field. According to Burke, the right to live and be free was entitled to justice. In this he was an egalitarian. However, his interference beyond the laws was taboo. Thus, the right to live and to be free was to tread the King's highroad and did not have the right to anything but bare existence from the State. If, however, the poor wished to beg for charity from the rich, it was to be hoped that it would be granted. 'No sound principle could be heard in the church but the voice of Christian charity. The church is a place where the truth ought to be allowed to flourish and animosities of

Old Institutions

we may see that conservatism of old institutions such as the Monarchy, the Church and the prevalent economic system in the mid-nineteenth century, the prevalent economic system was capitalism. Thus Sir Robert Peel led to the old landed aristocracy classes the new industrial classes. This unity was achieved at the Aulton Conference of 1842. It was too great. The landed aristocracy looked to economic protection in the form of tariff barriers for their production, whilst the industrialists favoured free trade for their export. In 1846 the party split, the landed aristocrats later joining the Conservatives and the industrialists later joining the Liberals to form the Liberal party, the older landed aristocracy stay-

ing with the Conservatives under the nominal leadership of Lord Derby, though he became increasingly under the control of Benjamin Disraeli.

Disraeli more than anybody else recognised that to exist, the conservative party must accept some change, though this should be delayed as long as possible. He thus accepted free trade, and several other reforms of the Liberals. Though leading a predominantly rural party, he saw that one section of the populace could be appealed to by conservatism. As Shaw says in 'Everybody's Political What's What?' he had learnt that 'the bulwarks of conservatism were not in frivolous May-fair but in poverty-stricken Mile End'. In 1867, he 'dished the Whigs', and enfranchised the working classes. Though his attempt failed, the Tory working man is a feature of the political scene right up to the days of Alf Garnett.

Disraeli

In 1874, Disraeli became Prime Minister on the strength of the slogan 'maintenance of our institutions'. For the previous four years, Gladstone's administration had interfered in every sphere of the realm worth interfering in. The army, the voting procedure, the civil service, all the holy cows of Victorian England. Even the status of the Queen herself had once been questioned! Disraeli did not seek to put the clock back. To a conservative, change, be it backwards or forwards, was equally anathema. Since all these reforms seemed to work quite well they were left as they were. This principle seems to be the main reason for the longevity of the Conservative party. Acceptance of the status quo and adaptation to changed atmosphere is the basis of the conservative philosophy. Conservatives believe that change is necessary but wish to act as a restraining influence. This is why a conservative ministry always acts as a consolidating factor immediately after a period of rapid change.

The Conservative attitude to change is one which has been ever-present in the conservative party and is one which is still there today. In addition, the conservative attitudes to social reform and foreign affairs can be traced back almost a century. In the field of social reform, the conservative attitude is one of giving help where help is needed.

Though Disraeli's 'Sybil or the two nations' may appear at first sight to be a revolutionary novel, in fact, Disraeli's attitude is one of giving help to those in dire need. As time has progressed, the conservative estimate of basic standards has increased. Thus Burke envisaged none whatsoever, Disraeli a certain minimum standard of welfare and Edward Heath, a fully-fledged welfare State. Yet the principle of help to those in need has never been infringed. In its day, Disraeli's artisan's dwelling act was something far more than even the Liberal's envisaged and his follower Chadwicke's public health reforms stand out as a shining example.

Imperialism

Before it became a dirty word, 'imperialism' was also a basic principle of the conservative party. The unity of the Empire and of the English-speaking dominions was one of Disraeli's efforts. In 1874, he was also elected on the principle of 'development of our undeveloped estates'. This ideal was continued by Joseph Chamberlain well into the twentieth century and by his two sons, Neville and Austin, after him. Today, this principle has largely been abandoned by the party, mostly because of their acceptance of the new status quo. However, it is still upheld by the Daily Express, and by the 'Support Rhodesia' branch of the party. It was this same policy which led to the trouble over the Irish secession at the turn of the century.

Though conservative policy is largely empirical, a basic philosophy does exist. In the North American continent, adherence to these ideals is gaining rapid strength, and on this side of the Atlantic there is evidence that a new conservative philosophy is evolving. As Jews, we must hope that this 'swing to the right' does not go too far as it did in pre-war Germany. However, it is a philosophy well worth studying, if only to try and understand why it has so many adherents.

DAVID KOSKY.

ANASTASIA

—I am the princess—the old woman said.
 —I am that young girl—forcing the mind back.
 —I am the revolution—booms the Kremlin now
 —I am all the people's voice—echoing through greyness.
 See the steps as they swim in blood,
 Work for the peasants to mop it up,
 No jobs before, all starved in dying farms,
 Redness dries as it melts into the white.
 Like the man brass rubbing in Church,
 An English Church—they closed them here.
 Decades of development—all ploughs improved,
 Industry ten per cent up—why no Churches?
 —I remember the black frocked priests—
 The Jew my father did not trust.
 My passport says I am a Jew, elsewhere a Russian,
 But at home I am classified, a Russian Jew.
 Our soldiers died in the snow.
 We changed allies in mid-war.
 —I am the princess—she murmured on
 And old woman dying of her youth.
 I looked hard at the scene of the trial,
 But I could not concentrate on the question,
 Could only see the redness drying into the white,
 The fresh-clean redness on the white flag.
 Answer the question unless you are scared,
 So many questions and so very few answers.

M. S.

THE AFFLUENT SOCIETIES

ary age, it is all too
 hat, as a movement,
 rofit making, runs an
 e annual deficit and,
 1g, makes a virtue of
 of sins, poverty. This,
 always true of its affi-

Many amass such
 of money, have few
 even fewer members,
 id by a neighbouring
 inevitable.

ernary Spirit

ot the object of my
 events have shown
 ncreasingly mercenary
 vement, and that the
 quarely on the shoul-
 bers themselves. Pos-
 itable when consider-
 d numbers of Char-
 ts in the Movement.
 a yiddishe boy do ?)
 nnot account for the
 l games and general

forms of gambling which are taking
 place. Particularly noticeable in this
 field are the two rival firms of book-
 makers in the movement. At once,
 F.Z.Y. events cease to have a signifi-
 cance of their own; what matters is
 not which team wins, but which part-
 ner wins. A spirit of gentlemanly non-
 concern has been lost. One has only
 to look at the displays of outright
 blackguardry in the recent football
 competition (a picture of which was
 published in a recent edition) for
 proof.

Tip of the Iceberg

Gambling, however, is but the tip
 of the mercenary iceberg. All forms
 of business, from photography to
 hosiery, are now being transacted
 under the auspices of F.Z.Y. Rex
 House has become a market on a par
 with Petticoat Lane or at least East
 Street. On figures collected, if the
 present rate of expansion is main-
 tained, the F.Z.Y. group of companies

will have a turnover of £2,500 a year
 within twelve months. We will no
 longer have a Mazkirut but a board
 of directors.

Yet, surely, you may ask, this is a
 trifle exaggerated. Perhaps so, but
 some good may be able to come of it.
 If for instance, the Hafinjan Summer
 School were turned over to private
 enterprise it may have a little more
 success. The rising cost of Rex House
 lunches could be offset by farming it
 out to a firm of private caterers. All
 these new activities would provide
 scope for a bank to be set up. Our
 new slogan could be 'Invest in F.Z.Y.
 and be part of a growing market.'

What I am really appealing for is
 a return to the good old days of
 F.Z.Y. when money meant nothing to
 anybody. Yet I suppose, as usual, I
 am speaking to a brick wall. I'd bet
 10—1 that none of those concerned
 take a blind bit of notice

FEDZYO.

Young Zionist Bookshelf

Middle East Crisis has indirectly both to emerge to study in detail the and the Suez Sinai campaign, paradoxically, has more recent public reserve new books.

Affair (Hugh Thomas, & Nicolson, 36/-) is a workmanlike analysis with a bibliography and is an edition of the Sunday Times articles. Hugh Thomas, is definite work on the 1948 War, gives a sober perspective. The B.B.C. publication **Years After** (B.B.C. Publication, which is the printed version of eight broadcasts by Peter Calvocoressi for the 1960s. The contributors include Nasser, Christian David Ben-Gurion and the late Anwar Sadat, introduced and edited by Anthony Lewis. The only British contributor is Anthony Lewis (whom more anon). This is a chronology which is a bibliography, but no index. Nutting's book however is a **Lesson**, Constable, 25/-) is an index but, because of its date in June, was prone to no end of a disappointment. Nasser, anti-Israel bias throughout; indeed the book is dedicated to 'Musa Alami of everlasting admiration of and compassion', but Jerusalem is in Jordan. This perhaps criticism (if such it be) of the book's title **Israel Miracle in Pall Mall**, 45/-), published in 1960, its boundaries due to the war are now somewhat difficult to read and not merely a propaganda exercise for or against) as many Israel appear to be. Analysis of problems, the Desert, the future, the problem of religion, a plethora of parties. Terrence's book gives a new angle of Israel's way ahead and,

as he concludes, 'But there is an Israeli saying—He who does not believe in miracles in Israel is not a realist. Israel must and will survive.' This is perhaps the answer to the question posed by Georges Friedmann in his new book **"The End of the Jewish People?"** (Hutchinson, 45/-). George Friedmann visited Israel as an agnostic Jew, in 1963 for the first time. First made aware of the Jewish problem in 1940 when France was occupied by the Nazis, Israel had a profound effect upon him and this book, his investigation into Israel's problems, is the result. He analyses the "two-faced Janus" of the Histadrut, the Kibbutz and the 'other society', the Sabra and the ideals of a Past Age, theocracy and what he terms 'the misadventure of Zionism' as well as Kashrut and casuistry, 'the Deicide people'. A provocative work, as is indeed **Babi Yar** by Anatoly Kuznetsov (Macgibbon & Kee, 36/-) translated from the Russian, this documentary novel well illustrated with superb woodcuts by S. Brodsky is introduced by the Yevgeny Yevtushenko's poem of the same name. As the author prints it, 'Everything in the book is the truth. Thus the word "documentary" in the subtitle of the novel means that I am presenting only authenticated facts and documents...'. As a witness of the massacre of 200,000 people, including Kiev's 50,000 Jews in the ravine of Babi Yar, Kuznetsov, a gentile, presents us with a haunting 'novel'. And Amos Elon, a forty-year-old Israeli journalist was also haunted on his travels through Germany as foreign correspondent for Haaretz so much that he puts his thoughts and feelings in **A Journey through a Haunted Land, the New Germany** (Andre Deutsch, 25/-).

Auschwitz

Beginning with a visit to Auschwitz with a Frankfurt War Crimes Trial Court he traces the past, the present and the future throughout the Germany of today. He describes German industry, press, universities and politics in an absorbing manner. Who is

innocent and who is guilty is his theme. Why is it so inextricably mixed? Which is a question asked too by readers of **Stauffenberg, The Life and Death of an Officer** by Joachim Kramarz (Andre Deutsch, 30/-), for Stauffenberg, one-eyed, missing his right hand and three fingers of his left, was the leader of the abortive July 20th plot against Hitler, a plot which cost him his life in his 37th year. An idealist, yet an Officer in a German Army in a Nazi State, Hitler's tyranny became too much for him in 1944, but the question remains why was the bomb attempt not made in 1939? Perhaps Clara Urguhart and Peter Luding Brent give the answer in **Enzo Sereni—A Hero of our Times** (Robert Hale, 25/-) for Sereni, born into the Italian intelligentsia and son of the Court Physician, gave up a life of material wealth to help in building up Palestine, and at 22 became a worker on the land and a pacifist. But on World War II he became a parachutist and on his missions behind enemy lines did what he could to save persecuted Jewish lives. His epitaph is in the records of Dachau, 'Prisoner No. 11 3160 block 23 . . . taken to special punishment cell for interrogation, November 18th, 1944. Died November 18th, 1944.'

"Sacred Shaft"

The Sacred Shaft by John Weatherhead (Harrays, 18/-) is not one of the best mystery novels I have read but it has an unusual theme, the mystic sect of the SICARII, under the fanatic Alexander Jannaeus in modern Israel intent on using force to fulfil its own ends, a Jewish Mafia. It is a pity that such weak jokes as the telegram sent to the Jewish boy marrying a Roman Catholic —'Don't worry . . . one of our best boys was a Jew . . . '—are inserted in the story and the plot to overthrow the Knesset and establish a New Israel 'based on a monarchy and a sacrificial cult with Jannaeus as priest king' is very far-fetched, but it certainly is different!

SIDNEY L. SHIPTON.

HAGOSHRIM

ith a virgin sheet of
ightly battered F.Z.Y.
trembling under the
of Kosky (who does
it resemble me—I'm
thought I would ring
two birds with one
ou about my Israeli
remind you that you
ne a 21st present yet.
the betting shop, no

well remember, this
ond visit to the holy
ith apprehension that
x House, glowing all
w Zionist glow to
the already bulging
. Kosky, in his infi-
obviously knowing it
pen in ordinary cir-
ly conned me into
'Only fifteen bob and
early flight out".
many days of frustra-
ing (I lost many bald
week), clutching my
bership card declar-
a Zionist true and

through, the slightly unstable aero-
plane containing even more slightly
unstable volunteers touched down at
Lydda.

With thanks to Uncle Jack for a
hard night's kip on the floor of his
old-age home and wearing our newly
pressed blue and white knickers with
gay starred motif, we hobbled aboard
a Quote "Air Conditioned" Egged fast
cruiser like sacrificial Kosher pigs to
the slaughter.

And so to the Kibbutz. Ah, that
pretty little village nestling under a
towering Syrian slag heap! Hago-
shrim was the last stop, or should I
say shuddering halt, of the bus and,
screaming my thanks at allah for spar-
ing my torn and aching limbs, I looked
around at my travelling companions.

At this stage of the journey I was
looking around for someone on whom
to vent two weeks of frustration at
Rex House, three days of waiting at
London airport, a solid marble floor
and a horrifying bus journey . . .
my eyes fell on Corre.

John was positively wilting in the
evening sun, like a three-day-old sand-
wich, his hair was beginning to curl

up at the sides, I took pity on him
and shut my mouth. (Ed. note.—I've
never seen a hairy sandwich.)

Accommodation was next. I was
told with what I still believe to be
sadistic glee that I would be sharing
a room with a skinny scot and about
4000 different species of bug. One of
the first tasks was to strap our strug-
gling mattresses to the floor and beat
the inhabitants into submission. This
being quickly achieved we dashed off
to the Hader Ochel (Nosh shop) to
sate our terrible hunger. We were
in luck: tonight we could have to-
mato AND cucumber.

A day of rest for the weary travel-
ers was declared. In true democratic
fashion, Corre elected himself to every
electable position and made certain
that everyone (apart from me) had a
responsible part to play in the efficient
and smooth running of the group.

The responsibilities fell something
like this:

John Corre—Beloved leader. A sort
of mini Marjorie Proops. If you had
any problems come to Corre; unfor-
tunately one of my major problems
WAS Corre.

Phil Morris—Beloved side-kick. Giver
outer of goodies.

Dave Lewis—Not beloved side-kick.
Giver outer of Green death (Nadiv)
and Bad will.

Ernie Cohen—Giver outer of work.
At various times the responsibilities
were cycled around in the best possible
way—sideways.

The next game to be played was
who fancies who. A strong setback
was the position with numbers and
also, as my learned Scotch friend put
it, "What a load of bats". One of the
first to go was poor old Nod. Out-
matched and outweighed he went to
his doom with a smile and a tube of
aspirins.

Slowly and inevitably most of the
others went the same way except, of
course, for our beloved leader who
was seen at odd times to creep into
a corner and moan "Tabby" or words
to that effect.

Another interesting game was dis-
ease. After the first week 50% turn-
out was standard. The old faithfuls of
shil shil and sunstroke were well to the
fore with various odd combinations of
sleeping sickness and oriental amoebic
dysentery showing themselves to be
rife.

(continued on page 12)



F.Z.Y.niks having a break.

TRENDSETTERS

HAROLD PINTER

Harold Pinter was born in 1928. He did not write his first play until 1957. This first play, 'The Birthday Party', was followed in the same year by 'The Cretaker' and 'The Caretaker'. Yet it was with 'The Caretaker', written in 1959, that Pinter achieved his first success. 'The Caretaker' has been adapted to every dramatic media and has survived in every form.

Pinter was born in North-East London. He began his theatrical career as a playwright. Both these factors play an important part in his style of writing. His dialogue is always realistic, now and then fantastic may be its undercurrent. The mood shifts suddenly from the comic to the tragic and then to the horrifying.

"The Caretaker"

'The Caretaker' is generally regarded as Pinter's 'pièce de résistance'. The play is set in an untidy room in a small house. Aston, who lives in the house with his younger brother Mick, has rescued Davies, an old man from a nasty situation. Aston brings him back to his house. During the course of the conversation, it is revealed that his real name is not Mick but he is unable to prove this to Aston. The papers are in Sidcup. Throughout the play his whole attention is on his 'papers'. He says: "If I could get down to Sidcup. I've been waiting for the weather to break. I've got my papers, this man I left them with, it's got it all down there, it proves everything."

They are interrupted by Mick, a man with a violent sense of humour. He comes with Davies, he offers him the job of caretaker of the house. During the conversation it becomes clear that Aston has been in a mental home and is now not fully cured. Mick describes his scheme for the house and Aston who is enthusiastic over the prospect of his new job.

Yet he is not satisfied. He plays the brothers off against each other. Aston has the idea of building a tool shed in the back garden. Once the shed is built there will be no end to his achievements.

Mick finally changes his mind. What the house requires is a decorator. Davies must have misunderstood him. Aston, slow and still puzzled also demands he leaves. Pathetically, Davies tries to plead with them—"Listen . . . if I . . . got down . . . If I was to . . . get my papers . . ."

Individual Dreams

Thus the play ends on a note of pathos. The main theme of the play is that each individual has his own dream which he is utterly incapable of communicating to any one else. For Mick it is the development of the house into a valuable property; for Aston his garden shed; and for Davies the end of his problems once his papers are retrieved from Sidcup.

Throughout his work Pinter is obsessed with this notion of lack of communication in modern society. In 'The Lover', the young married couple are incapable of living their lives on an everyday normal basis. Thus the husband creates for himself an imaginary mistress, a tart, and the wife creates a lover. This additional plane of existence adds spice to their lives. It is only at the end of the play when the dream-world and the real world become intermingled that the danger of the skating-rink mode of living is revealed.

"The Homecoming"

'The Homecoming' is one of the few Pinter works that contains a Jewish element. In this a North London Jewish family is visited by one of the sons who has been lecturing in America. He brings his wife with him, and she is at first regarded as a prostitute. Gradually it becomes clear that she is not Jewish. As the play develops the atmosphere changes from one of humour to impending tragedy. The girl is revealed as immoral. The play ends

with the girl remaining with the family who have every intention of putting her on the streets, after sharing her amongst themselves. The husband, with hardly any show of emotion, save for some petty spite, returns to America.

Pinter has recently moved into the world of cinema, having written the precise script for Joseph Losey's brilliant film 'The Accident', and the adaptation of Penelope Mortimer's novel 'The Pumpkin Eater'. His production of 'The Man in the Glass Booth' at present on the West End stage is just another example of the man's seemingly endless talents.

HAGOSHHRIM—from page 11.

The time is now ripe to cut out this light banter and get across the real message or punch line, so to speak.

As you know, Mel, during that frantic week many people gave up jobs, college places, wives, sweethearts, other people's wives and sweethearts to do what they in their hearts felt was right. I did, too. Now once more in the comparative peace and security of Rex House, I look back and marvel at the ignorance and inadequacy of the Jewish Agency.

The situation on Hagoshrim is, I am sure, reflected over all Israel. There are about twice as many volunteers as are required. The work they are doing is not only unnecessary; it is bordering on wasteful.

I should like, through you, Mel, to thank the Jewish Agency for their present of 30 Israeli pounds. Perhaps if I had donated more as everyone else they would have given us more of our own money back.

Never mind. When emergencies are over we can once again return to the relative peace of argument and discord.

Your old mate,

MICHAEL COLLINS.

A YEAR IN JERUSALEM

July 24th, 1966. The Hebrew University's Jewish studies range of 300 voices in dozens of languages ranging from Yiddish, and English to Hebrew rang shrilly and in the 1966 Summer Ulpan as a student at the city in Jerusalem.

In May when I read about it in a well-known magazine (which shall remain unnamed) one-year undergraduate at the Hebrew University of the World Union of Jewish Students known as WUJS. The idea of the scheme was to give students from the whole world a chance to live as Jews for a year, to learn Hebrew and to be able to attend lectures not offered elsewhere. Archeology and Near Eastern Studies were offered in Paris and then in Jerusalem. A group of 22 students from Holland, France, Belgium, Austria and Italy, flew

populated by ten thousand Israelis and from that time onwards it was one mad fight to hold our own with them; to kick our way back into the queues in the cafeterias, to yell at them in the library for not having a book ready that we'd ordered two months previously, and to stampede into lectures to grab chairs not too near the front.

Universal Campus

I suppose campuses and students are much the same the world over, but I must say Jerusalem often appeared more of a holiday camp than a University with scantily clothed torsos stretched out under the cloudless blue sky. Needless to say, we foreigners were the worst offenders at this, and naturally enough we became unpopular with the Israelis because of it. Here we were given the best of everything—rooms on the campus in the most modern and spacious hostels, each floor equipped with kitchen and 'fridge for each room. We took the minimum number of hours at lectures. My group was obligated to take twelve hours a week so-called Jewish studies including Hebrew, history, etc., and then we could attend lectures in anything else that really interested us, so the average number of hours we actually studied numbered about twenty weekly. We had the best of University life with the minimum amount of work, whereas the Israelis really worked hard. The majority of them take about thirty hours of lectures weekly and in addition they work to support themselves because life at H.U. is pretty expensive. Besides spending almost £100 annually on tuition, they have board and books to pay for. Their B.A. course is a three-year one, and only one-third of some departments pass up from the first to the second year. Also the rooms in the hostels are allocated to those with the higher grades. Their holidays are long—four months in the summer and six weeks at Pesach. However, none of the examinations fall in term-time. As far as they were concerned, foreign, especially "English"-speaking students did have one advantage. I think it is quite safe to say that any student who does not have a good knowledge of

English at the Hebrew University will find himself at a marked disadvantage. Although most lectures were given in Hebrew, apart from special courses for us, all the texts and books provided were in English, so we would find ourselves being pestered by Israelis to help them translate.

Life, even to the Israeli, wasn't all work and the social life was very good. Because the University lies outside the town and communications between the town and the University go out of existence around 10.30 at night, most evenings were spent "in". However, we found enough with which to occupy ourselves. There were usually special lectures in the evenings for those who were extra-lecture prone on Far East politics and Russian Jewry. There were films in the University every Wednesday and in the hostels on Monday evenings. We were offered a choice of drama, folk-dancing, ceramics, walking, debating, photography, music and countless other societies. Every other Friday night there was what was known as an "Erev Havai" or "Folk Evening" in the hostels. It usually started off with folk-singing and then general dancing developed. The university even boasted its own discotheque—the Bar Aton, which was open most nights of the week. Then if ever we did get bored we could visit friends any time of the night or day. In fact, it was a bit disconcerting to walk down to the kitchen at 1 a.m. and find a group of boys frying eggs!

Week-Ends

Week-ends, or rather Shabbat and Friday night, were very quiet and the University appeared to be pretty well deserted. A lot of the Israelis went home and we used to spend our time hitch-hiking round and visiting as much of the country as possible. Friday nights we could be "palmed off" to various families in town or the American Group ran a special service and meal in one of the cafeterias. Jerusalem is a beautiful place for walking around in and most fine Shabbatot would find people strolling around the town or out on the surrounding hills. Saturday night or "Motze Shabbat" was the one night of the week

(continued on page 14)

Ulpan
The Ulpan lasted for ten weeks. It commenced when we were given us a "working knowledge" of the Hebrew language. We were studying diligently, not so diligently—after all, it's not so easy to study when the sun comes and get tanned?) till Friday, five hours a day. We were told by the head of the Ulpan that we were not to expect to understand a lecture for the first time.

The Ulpan afforded us the opportunity to know the camaleon, as well as the students. However, it was an accent which dominated as H.U. had been in the hands of them. By the end of the year we had fully taken possession of the campus and looked down on the parties of camera-wandering around. On everything changed — had become overnight

e went crazy and the e bars, discotheques and e packed with people try- themselves. One or two lights of my year at the eem to stand out most. s the inauguration of the building when the city tourists and Israelis from country. There was a ght procession and folk d on the campus itself. for a party and after all ons had ended, students o each others rooms for es which lasted well into rs of the morning. Com- e noise? Never!

o-Week Holiday

only completed about a ctual studying when we to a two-week unexpected n the Students' Union ce protesting at the Gov- oposed rise in the tuition its poured in from all untry to take part in a n and loud-speakers 3shkol propaganda at us ers of the campus. Need- t didn't do any good and ater the students decided ly wasting their own time and went back to work.

in with a bang when we wn party that lasted until llowing morning. Christ-

mas felt very odd and terribly far away, although we could hear the carols on Jordan radio a few miles away. Like most foreign students we went to midnight mass on Mount Zion, a thing we would never have done at home; perhaps having been brought up to Christmas we wanted to associate ourselves with it in some way.

Purim afforded us another chance to celebrate and for a whole week we did nothing else. Every single faculty had its own party and after a week of little sleep and too much hard liquor, the majority of us needed the six-week Pesach vacation to recuperate. With the vacation came the examinations and many of us who weren't afflicted left the University to escape the long faces of those who were.

The holiday spirit persisted well into the next term as the celebrations for 1967's Independence Day were held in Jerusalem. We returned from the holiday to find the town turned into a huge Army camp and all day long the beating of drums and the singing of the soldiers as they marched along echoed above the campus. The students began reminiscing about their own Army days and people weren't at all inclined to settle down and work. It was wonderful seeing all the preparations—the stadium on the campus was decked out with menorahs and flags, while the streets boasted fairy

lights. The military tattoo was held in the University and we were lucky enough to get seats. It was an unbelievable experience to see all the boys and girls marching; they all looked so young and proud and alive—the real spirit of Israel. Somehow it seemed fitting that they should be marching in the finest University in Israel—the soldier and the student—Israel's hope for the future. It was so marvellous singing the Hatikvah in the packed stadium under the black star-studded Jerusalem night sky. I'll never forget it as long as I live.

Two weeks later the Hebrew University campus was devoid of students. The Army had come and taken them out of the lecture halls and on to the Egyptian front. Classes were cancelled and the foreign students had disappeared to border kibbutzim to help.

As I left Jerusalem for the last time the sky behind the University was blood-red, silhouetting the buildings sharply. The most wonderful year of my life had come to an untimely end. A wasted year? Perhaps, in a way, because we did not receive any actual credit for our studies. Yet again, not a waste, because it gave us a chance to really live and be part of Eretz Israel, to meet youngsters from so many different cultures and backgrounds all studying together to form the backbone of Israel's future existence.

JUDIE ROMER.

ESSAY COMPETITION - 1967

Once again F.Z.Y. is launching its annual Essay Competition. This year all essays and short stories must be on the subject of "REFUGE". This competition is divided into Senior and Hafinjan sections and each entry must be not less than 750 words. All entries should be addressed to the F.Z.Y. Office and the closing date is October 31st. The first prize in each section will be 2 guineas and the second prize 1 guinea.

CENTRAL HAFINJAN - QUESTIONNAIRE

It was a surprise and relief, the questionnaires were filled in. They were all very interesting. Some were filled in by people who have attended meetings twice. Their answers give impressions of us as a society. Not always complimentary as you can see, there is something in their answers to the question "Are the meetings what was the best meeting you had?", and in writing that I have mostly disappointing answers. A large number of people who filled in have come to most of us since our formation. Some were, on the whole, negative and constructive. Others of us through friends, especially, the way to make it better, and, I would have said, the best way to keep them. More than 58% of us are interested about Central and long, but another 29% are not. Some come with them, but I was very encouraged by the response I received from which Daphne had "Jewish Chronicle", and some people have attended our meetings having phoned me.

Percentage

To see that 76% attend and are interested to note these did not consider good member, while one third herself a good member only attended occasionally for this may have been willing to give a vote only 13 people have done this, 7 of whom are on and so should be willing to give a vote. 30%, the best meeting we have had was on March. You may draw your conclusions as to the minds of the members. I feel that the most interesting are those from different, and I hope that we are getting more in the near future. Some think our meetings are good but not so many think

the meetings are varied and think they could be more so. If anybody has some interesting suggestions for future meetings, perhaps they would like to let me know.

Although only two people think meetings should be on a different day, 30% think meetings could be weekly. As this is such a large proportion, I will bring the matter up at the next committee meeting, though I do not support it myself.

66% would like to settle in Israel, though only a third of these consider themselves good Zionists, and 5 people who consider themselves as good Zionists do not want to settle in Israel, which seems a little odd to me.

The answers to the last three questions were the most intriguing and fascinating and gave the most scope for answers. Ambitions ranged from subjects such as "to get married; women; sex" to "owning a semi-detached house like ten million others but calling it St. James' Palace". Pet hates ranged from "greasy sausages and greasy hair" to "phoney, unsociable, nosey and unfriendly people". There was such a variety of adjectives describing the questionnaire that I could not even mention half of them, but the most odd description was, I thought, "ducky".

I was sorry and disappointed that only one person took the opportunity of giving any constructive criticism of the questionnaire and, what is more important, of the Society. I realise that the questionnaire was slightly inadequate for the purpose for which it was compiled, i.e., mainly to see what people think of us. It has been, however, quite informative and I was pleased with most of the results.

I had thought of having another questionnaire in the distant future, and I would be gratified if anyone who has any proposal, complaints, or grumbles about Central would tell me, so that I could then do something about it. Some people are tending to withhold their views which the committee would very much like to hear. For example, one of the people who think the meetings are not varied have attempted to suggest any possible meetings or talked to the committee about it.

While it is the function of the committee to keep the society going, it relies upon the active participation of all members to make a success of every meeting and all future activities.

Finally, I must thank Daphne Goldner and her father, who were kind enough to provide the paper and printing of the questionnaire.

KAREN GENESE.

★ ★ ★

SOUTHGATE HAFINJAN

Recently there has been much discussion concerning the relationship between Hafinjan and Senior Societies.

To improve relations, and raise money for Israel, the Hafinjan Council organised a Dance on July 16th, to which all F.Z.Y. members were invited.

Unfortunately, the enthusiasm on the part of the Hafinjaniks did not spread to the whole Society. Around twenty members of Senior Societies attended—three from the Mazkirut, who obviously felt it their duty to put in an appearance.

The West London and Central Y.Z.S. members who came congratulated us on a well-planned evening, with the exception of two young men who said they had been 'conned' and insisted on having their money returned.

Surely the relationship between Societies will not improve if members will not support the functions arranged for their benefit. Perhaps they gain a greater pleasure in complaining needlessly?

DEBBIE PINNICK.

●
IF YOU WON'T
WRITE FOR LOVE—
HOW ABOUT
MONEY?
●

●
ENTER THE
F.Z.Y. ESSAY
COMPETITION.
SEE PAGE 14.
●

MASSADA

A sudden shrill of an owl
 cuts the humming chorus of the crickets.
 Suddenly the crunch, crunch of footsteps
 in the balmy darkness.
 Footsteps get louder and louder
 we can hear the Roman battalions
 marching. While their cries come
 ever nearer,
 and louder.
 God pounds in our ears
 waves thundering on to the shore.
 Nothing,
 but a shrilling of a
 bird in the awakening world.
 It becomes lighter
 and footsteps plod slowly onward.
 Suddenly, from over the mountain tops
 a huge ball of fire appears;
 black peaks awake from their slumber
 and firm,
 military guardians of this desert waste.
 Each step is an effort, the top is a million miles away
 and,
 go,
 go up and go back, go back.
 The winds narrowly up and up
 long, long snake
 and turning on its tortuous way.

It is hot, so hot—oh! for some cool, cool water.
 On and on, scarcely realising that one footstep
 Follows another and another as
 Our aching muscles cry out for rest;
 Our hands clutch the bare rock to help us
 Foot our way along the eternal track.
 A stone falls down the mountainside.
 I see it drop, but its sound is lost to me.
 I no longer look to the forbidding summit,
 I no longer look down to where the
 Sun glistens on a silver sea.
 Our goal reaches out to greet us
 As with our last breath
 We push our weary bodies towards it,
 Collapsing as our knees buckle beneath us.
 The guardians of the desert waste bow down
 To where the land meets the sky
 And time has no meaning.
 Beneath us the shimmering salt sea
 Steams in the scorching sun.
 No bird sings here,
 No plant grows here.
 Only the ruins of an ancient civilisation
 Crumbling into time immemorial,
 As the very blood-soaked stones themselves scream out
 to us
 "Massada shall not fall again."

JUDIE ROMER.

TO AN F.Z.Y.NIK FROM AN UNCLE IN ISRAEL

22.6.67.

—, that you will understand
 I am unable to reply to your pre-
 All of us have been so
 letter writing has been far
 ands.
 returning to normal only very
 y of our soldiers have not
 eased—not only the regu-
 s but also the reserves.
 ot a war fought by the
 but a war fought by all
 f Israel, every single one
 some kind of job. Child-
 after the postal service,
 drivers returned to their
 s far as my family is con-
 k God, we have all re-
 thy and well. Only one
 still away in the army.
 ank you in the diaspora
 for your help, but do not
 one moment that this is
 just that we don't know
 start again. You people
 not go to sleep now. You

can help by holding public rallies,
 giving financial assistance . . . but
 above all you must **come here** and stay
 here. We desperately need young
 people who settle in Israel.

Believe me, we ourselves did not
 know how we could possibly succeed
 and even today we simply cannot
 grasp what actually happened. Our
 soldiers have done the humanly im-
 possible and we know that God must
 have helped us as He did in the olden
 times and in 1948.

Even our 'best' and 'loyal' friends—
 the French—left us in the lurch, nor
 did we get any help from the English
 and American Governments. As re-
 gards the United Nations, the pros-
 pects there do not look rosy either.

Nobody in the world should run
 away with the idea that we will give
 back Jerusalem, Bethlehem or Heb-
 ron. We have sacrificed almost 800
 dead and many wounded and yet there
 are still people who want us to return
 territories—the same people who still
 today occupy territories taken by

aggression. The English Government
 caused us the greatest difficulties dur-
 ing World War Two up to 1948, and
 it ought to be her moral duty now to
 assist in every respect, not only in the
 U.N., but also with arms deliveries in
 the same way as this is being done by
 Western Germany.

This is not only my view, but the
 opinion of all the Israeli people, with
 the exception of the Communists. We
 have forgotten all differences between
 political parties; we are all united in
 one decision—not to give an inch.

My dear, this sounds like a 'lecture',
 but this is what moves us all, and
 everything else is forgotten. And you
 people out there try to do everything
 possible so that as many people as
 possible come here and stay here, and
 your daughter is no exception.

Our hearts are full, and I could say
 so much more but I had better break
 off. Remain healthy and well, and we
 hope to see you soon.

Love from every member of my big
 family,

Yours,

SHLOMO.