

Up Front

"extended family of Moment," blood relatives through fate, though like in the best families, the relations aren't entirely harmonious.

At the end of the ceremony, the mother of Dganit Dagan stood with a small, home-made sign, bearing a computer-scanned photo of Dganit's flower-covered grave, and the adjacent one belonging to her fiancé, Uri Felix. Supposed to get married in May 2002, they died together at Moment in their mid-20s. Beneath the picture, the words: "They've forgotten the dead because they have to move on."

"Who has forgotten?" I ask Dganit's mother. "You, everyone else, my people," she replies. "They come in here with balloons to celebrate birthdays," she notes in disgust.

The morning after the bomb went off Yoram Cohen, the 35-year-old co-owner of Moment, decided to reopen. He was present that night, standing at the bar. Though he escaped without physical injury, he knew about half of those killed. "There's little to tell about the attack," he says, "that lasted one moment. It's the 'after,' the rest of your life. I'm still not 'after.'" Nevertheless, he is for moving on.

It took four months to renovate the place after the blast, and another two months till people started coming again. (Some still won't.) The compensation Cohen received from the state, of 1.3 million shekels (roughly \$225,000), wasn't enough to cover all that he'd invested in the renovation, nor all the business he's lost. Now 2 million shekels in debt, Cohen, who says

he didn't owe anybody anything before, regrets having opened up again, here, though he didn't have much choice. According to the rules, the state compensation only allowed him to replace the damaged tables, chairs and interior of the original Moment at the same location.

On the surface, everything looks the same. People come for a coffee or a beer or a salad. Some of those who were injured here a year ago come because they like it, or make a point of liking it.

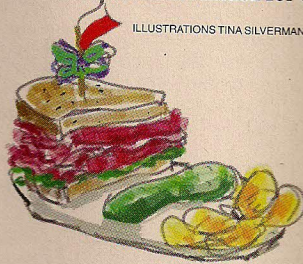
Yet everything is different, because this can no longer be just a bar. Café Moment, on the corner of Gaza and Ben Maimon, is where mourning meets moving on.

Isabel Kershner

Table for Seven

Under what name did you order the table? I asked Yusic, when we met him along with some of my parents' other friends in line at Katz's Delicatessen in Miami Beach. The Cuban head waitress had just screamed out "Fernando, table for two," and I wondered if that same Spanish-accented voice would suddenly be shouting "Kalusz, table for seven."

If she had, nobody but our group — in that Miami eatery or anywhere else — would have responded to the name. No Jews have lived in Kalusz for 62 years.



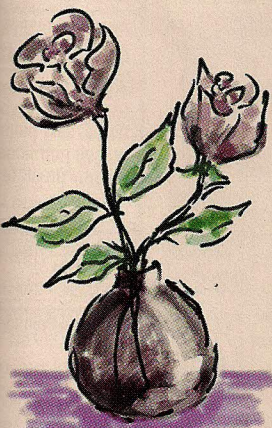
Kalusz was the small Polish town that Yusic and his lunchtime friends had sworn never to return to after being evicted in 1941. But it was where Yusic, my parents and another friend, Ishja, were all born and what they all talked about when they got together; what Yusic's wife Edja and Ishja's wife Frieda, who were both born not that far away in neighboring Polish towns, along with me, who was born very far away in Toronto, were used to hearing about, whenever some of these *landsleit* congregate.

"This has to be a record for the largest number of Kalusz people getting together," I said, having done the arithmetic. Only two or three other Jews from Kalusz, a town with a pre-World War II population of 6,000, are known to be alive anywhere in the world. "And we're all still talking to each other too!" added my father. Everyone laughed.

My father's humor appealed to round-faced, soft-spoken Yusic, a man of gentle demeanor in his 80s who had run a family dairy restaurant in the Bronx. You would expect someone like Yusic to give a straight answer to anything you asked him, but he was evasive when I had inquired about where he got the picture.

"I got it somewhere in Stanislav," he said, and changed the subject.

The picture was the blood-stained photo of my father's brother David that Yusic had brought to my father after the war. When the Nazis invaded Kalusz, they moved the Jews into the nearby Stanislav ghetto before sending them by train to the Belzec



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