

just about

# editorial

The ink of the previous quarterly is barely dry yet here we are again talking about the desert island of Israeli reality - God (or evolution) knows how it survives the storms it endures. In a "tractate of nonsense" it is written that God (or Evolution) looks after fools and, no wonder, since we have an abundance of these. Just think how much stupidity was needed for the national over-draft to get where it did, for Naftali to overtake Avigdor, for Yair to become Minister of Finance just as Stanley retires, and for Eini to wake up to a reality he never even dreamed of.

This natural transition from a government of surnames to one of first names really does it for me. Who would have believed that Yael could be Minister of Health, Shay Minister of Education, Tzipi Minister of Justice, or that the Minister of Finance could be Naftali – a new immigrant from New York whose childhood heroes were Meir Har-Zion and Yoni Netanyahu.

This time I really do have nothing to say against evolution. When I think about the shock waves it's endured in the last quarter, I calm down. I think this is one of the few times God is not ashamed to admit he doesn't work at the Rabbinate – that he belongs to all of us – whether we write on a Facebook "wall" on the Sabbath or drive to the beach, because, really, who cares. How many manipulations does it take for the summer clock to tick us daylight, for the person who humiliated the Turkish Ambassador to look for work on the Ivory Coast, for Syria to attempt to eliminate Assad, and for the Egyptians to pray for Mubarak's recovery.

It seems to me that Israel is passing through a phase towards a world that is kinder, more attentive, and more considerate of others. Which reminds me of the joke about an American tourist who was looking for a public toilet in Tel Aviv and, when he simply couldn't hold it anymore, went into a neglected back yard. And just as ... a smart policeman tapped his shoulder... "Sorry, not here, let me help you, please follow me." Resignedly, the tourist followed him through a small gate in a wall round an enchanting garden with a well maintained building in the middle. Wow, he thought to himself, these Israelis... "Here, under de tree, you can pee in peace." The tourist relieved himself, breathed a sigh of relief and asked: "This is what they call Israeli courtesy, huh?" "No," said the policeman, "this is the Turkish Embassy..."

Teach us that we have a great deal left to learn about human dignity, public toilets and consideration for others.

No, I'm really not complaining this time. For Naftali Benet is Minister of Economics (previously known as Minister of Trade and Industry), he and only he is the direct boss of the Registrar of architects and engineers, and in everything to do with architecture – the man is godless. I checked on Face and Naftali asks we contact him with practical suggestions, which means that at long last the Architects' Association has someone to talk to. Here is the address: [lishka.sar@economy.gov.il](mailto:lishka.sar@economy.gov.il)

**Architect Dr. Ami Ran**



Michelangelo's imagined God