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UTOPIANS AT BAY

by

HORACE M. KALLEN



THEODOR HERZL FOUNDATION
NEW YORK

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Printed in the United States of America
by American Book-Stratford Press, Inc.

PREFACE

EVERY SO OFTEN, while I was in Israel, I thought it a kind of goldfish bowl for social scientists, both Israeli and other. Almost wherever I went I ran into some pundit engaged in a research, anthropological, medical, political, sociological, economic or what have you. I came to doubt whether any other of the new sovereign and independent states set up after World War II was as much subject to diversified, methodical, "scientific" scrutiny. And here was I, with my own ways of looking and interpreting, adding my own two cents worth.

Ruminating upon the whys and wherefores of so much attention to Israel from specialists in the sciences of society, I concluded that it must have been aroused in part by the predicament intrinsic to Israel's position as a sovereign state among the rest of the world's sovereign states, and as a member-state of the United Nations: the position is full of trouble, and trouble is highly visible. It keeps Israel's own elite and Jews everywhere, particularly American Jews, in a state of deep anxiety which extends to the inner conditions of the country's survival and growth. The inner conditions, moreover, are involved in a utopian design of social reconstruction and personal redemption which is being executed amid the exigencies of existence

of a numerically small people in a tiny land where all the vectors of their struggle for self-preservation are hence more readily observable, measurable and to be accounted for. In sum, here was a society-in-the-making whose dynamic configuration was more visible, and whose shaping had a more critical import than that of other new sovereign states.

The aspect of this configuration which was my own concern is what I have called Israelization. I owe to the Theodor Herzl Foundation and the American Association for Jewish Education the opportunity to inquire into this theme, with the aim of discerning and appraising the roles of creeds, codes, folkways, mores, public institutions and private enterprises and their impact on one another, in facilitating or hindering the formation of an Israeli people out of the global miscellany of Jews and non-Jews who make the State of Israel their country.

The method I used was conditioned by the nature of the theme and the time and resources available for the inquiry. It resembles what is called interview in depth, but is not technically such. It provides enough data to make statistical tables and graphs with, but I could not see that they would add anything to what perception apprehended. A number of the interviews were planned, especially where changes in perspectives and programs might turn on the character and outlook of the persons interviewed. Most were undirected and developed as circumstance and occasion permitted. Questions were designed to liberate the baring of attitudes and intentions rather than of facts. What I sought was disclosure of the respondent's basic beliefs regarding Israel and himself as an Israeli. I hoped he might make evident the configuration of sentiments, memories, ideas and plans by which he was presently shaping his life with respect to an Israeli

life-space, present and future, together with the concurrent conflicts, balkings or facilitations. Where I quote from an interview it is to instance one or another aspect of such a configuration. I have given the whole study the form of a personal narrative embodied in the perspectives of a social philosophy.

To the Senior Counsellor of the Institute for International Social Research, Dr. Hadley Cantril, I am indebted for helpful suggestions concerning procedure and for the loan of a recording device which, alas, conditions in Israel made it impracticable to keep in use. During the first period of my inquiry I had the very efficient assistance of Dr. Ruth Ludwig, at the time an associate of the Israeli Institute of Applied Social Research. For the second period, Raphael Gill of the Hebrew University was appointed to assist me. Throughout, I was able to call for counsel and suggestion upon Professor Carl Frankenstein of the Hebrew University and Mr. Yitzhak Kanev of Kuppas Holim. To them all, and to the many other Israelis, official and unofficial, my best thanks. Writing this report and preparing it for the press, took much more time than I had expected. It might have taken still more without the aid and comfort of my friends and associates, Dr. Judah Pilch of the American Association for Jewish Education, and Dr. Alfred Marrow of the Harwood Manufacturing Company. Prof. Robert Ulich, of the Harvard Graduate School of Education, kindly read the chapter on "Culture, Schooling and Education." To him, and to Dr. Raphael Patai, who has also prepared the glossary of Hebrew, Yiddish and Arabic words, I am indebted for many helpful suggestions. My most pervasive debt, however, is to my wife, Rachel Kallen, who accompanied me to Israel. Without the sensitivity and judgment with which she responded to my observations as we talked them over, my work might have

fallen into the conventional argot and complexities of the social sciences.

HORACE M. KALLEN

New York,
March 1958

Chapter I and VIII have been published in a slightly different form in the *Jewish Frontier*.

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UTOPIANS AT BAY

I

“HEAR O ISRAEL”: VISION OF THE END-TIME IN TWO VOICES

Hear O Israel, the Lord thy God is One
But Israel His people is dual and therefore undone
—Israel Zangwill

I AM ONE WHO HAS RETURNED FROM ISRAEL with two strange blessings upon my head. It happened thus:

Rachel and I were spending the last days of our sojourn among the land's Utopians in the new Jerusalem, the old being kept a desolation in the hands of Arabs besieging the new. Those last days were to be a somewhat prolonged Sabbath of rest and recovery. Instead of the workaday querying and analyzing, we were simply to see, admire, enjoy and praise. The exciting *khamzin* which had prevailed during much of our quest had quieted down. The sleep-denying stress which it helped to build up was sliding toward the more ordinary ups and downs of consciousness that come with coolish nights and tightly hot but breathable days. Now we were to assume the acquiescent receptiv-

ity of tourists with a licensed guide to lead and instruct them. We were ready for epical wonders, stale or fresh. The time was at hand to relax and renew ourselves for the journey home.

So, at least, our friends proposed, and as usual God disposed. With his wonted providence he interposed an unintended call upon Agnon at Talpioth and the bafflement of spirit which this Nestor of the new Hebrew literature produced. For Agnon imparted the feel of a pious *hasid* remembering, not of a man of the time perceiving and imagining; the curiosities which the sweet-faced man of Hebrew letters awakened had to be starved even as they were beginning to be fed.

Again, Yaakov Maimon called, on almost our very last day, to take me finally upon one of his regular turns in the environs of Jerusalem, among the newly-settled immigrants from the North African lands. He goes to teach them Hebrew as the language of work and life instead of worship only. Yaakov Maimon is an expert stenographer, perhaps the most expert in Israel. He had learned the art from Germans in Germany and given it a Hebrew application in Palestine. Short, pot-bellied, unkempt, with near-sighted eyes whose blueness is magnified by his heavy glasses, Maimon speaks an abrupt, hardly accented English English and a staccato Hebrew. A Litvak born and bred, he was at this time entering upon his thirty-fifth year in "the land of his fathers." He had passed over into it "illegally," on ways strange and hazardous, and against the will of the British guardians of the gates who were then ruling Palestine as a mandate from the League of Nations. After a month of enforced idleness and hunger, he found work in the office of the *Keren Leumi*, doing stenography in German. Soon he transposed that shorthand to Hebrew. He had been early convinced that a people's most potent

bond of union is language, the language of the fathers in the land of the fathers, and he had his own part to play in the *Kultur Kampf* which replaced Yiddish and German and other tongues with the Hebrew that was to become the *lingua franca* of the Palestinian Jewries.

It is five years now since Yaakov Maimon came to see also that a new people in a new land, even though it be the land of the fathers, can better learn a new language, new even though it be the tongue of the fathers, when its teachers are friends and neighbors teaching it freely, without pay, out of goodwill and lovingkindness to them, and out of piety to the homeland. Maimon was ironic about the officials who were ever calling upon others to help the newly-ingathered with Hebrew but failed to do it themselves. As for him, Maimon, he did it himself, and he charmed and bullied schoolboys, schoolgirls, their mothers (and sometimes their fathers), to do likewise. He wangled cars and trucks even from the military to carry his missionaries to their chosen places. Before long he found himself the guide and guardian of teams of loyal volunteers, piously initiating the uninitiated into the vernacular Hebrew of the Israelis.

The company that took me along was slow assembling at the bus stop on King George Street. Our transportation was as retarded in arriving as our miscellany of missionaries. When we set out for the new border-village of *Mevaseret Yerushalayim*, the workday was already ending and the workers were on their way to their homes. These are two-room stone or concrete structures a stone's throw from the hate-born, hate-nurtured, unnatural barriers between Israeli and Jordanian. The Israelis of this village are recently ingathered North Africans. The speech of their daily life is still African Arabic and a kind of French, and their dress, their manners, their morals and their beliefs

go with their speech. A few welcomed the gift of the language of the land. Some could not credit that anybody would be doing what Maimon and his disciples were doing without some profit for himself. Others were ironic over the assumption that Hebrew could be superior to North African French and made fun of the teaching while availing themselves of it. In due course, each missionary found himself the center of a family group. Slowly and more and more footsore, we made our way over the roadless hillside of rock and rubble upon which the village had been set. Our final visit was to a family from the Atlas Mountains with whom Mrs. Maimon was to spend the night. First the women and the small children came out to look us over, last came the grandfather who was their patriarch—a thin, tall figure in a dust-grayed brown burnouse, his face and head framed by its hood, his flesh of a color beyond determination, so entirely innocent was he of any washing. The Hebrew of his *Shalom* was the Hebrew of the Bible, spoken in the rhythms and accents of African Arabic: a scholar, Maimon said, rare among his kind, at ease in the Talmud as well as the Bible. That I gave him my left hand and not my right offended him, and the explanation that my right, in which I hold my stick, is arthritic and hurts when squeezed obviously did not much remove the offense. But he accepted my left hand and kissed it several times. Amid the squalid desolation of his own new beginnings were beginning also the ages the prophets had foretold. Come weal, come woe, he and his had been brought out of exile and bondage into the freedom of Israel, and in God's good time now, Messiah was sure to follow. So he said. When he learned I was an American, he essayed to kiss my brow, but I succeeded in getting the kiss on a shoulder, whence he transferred it, many times repeated, to my left hand. He clung to the hand, and with tears in his eyes spoke thanks

to the Jews of America, God's agents of his redemption. When, at last, our company just had to get moving, he blessed me, and in me the Jewish communities of the United States.

The second blessing was laid upon me before the post-Christian, gargantuan, fourteenth-century sarcophagus miraculously enclosing the remains of twelfth-century pre-Christian David, son of Jesse, King of Judah and Israel. This was no spontaneous blessing by an exile grateful to be home at last. It was a ritual blessing delivered by a squat, squalid, bleary-eyed, short-bearded, Slavic-featured functionary. Before he who gets blessed could say *Yes* or *No*, he has had it as a swift rote following the summary directive patter of the authorized guide: *Shmuel, a misheberakh!* The blessed one pays for his blessing with pressured freewill offerings for the upkeep of the sacred shrine.

Compared with the Wailing Wall, for which it serves as surrogate, it is a shrine set up *ad hoc*. You reach it from Mt. Zion whereon, the archaeologists insist, David did not build his city. But tradition and the need-to-believe have ordained it for tourists' *must*, as close to the Wailing Wall as today's believer can safely get. Our dear friends Carl and Ruhama Frankenstein took us to the foot of the climb in their antique little British car. We alighted beside a stand selling *gazoz* and souvenirs, and providing with its shade shelter for as beggarly a beggar as we had seen in Nazareth. I could not guess whether the planners who measured and laid the concrete steps of the psalmodic ascent had been only thoughtless or sadistically malicious. To a climber they feel steeper than the Pyramids, and one's urge to use one's hands becomes more compelling as one mounts; the sweat-begreased hempen guide-rope so affects the eye that the hands prefer the ground. At intervals, cartouches admonish the climber with verses from the psalms or the

prophets, while a beggar repulsively signalizes each verse. The top is a flat, rubble-covered rock with starved trees and fenced-off archaeological diggings, here and there a lonely woman squatting, her infant at the breast, elsewhere small children busy amid the naked stones. Mt. Zion is too literally *Zion* . . . Well, an authorized guide picked us up at once—a Sephardi, he told us, one-ninth Ashkenazi and a veteran of the wars; equally positive about authentic and unauthentic sacra and sancta, Christian, Moslem or Judaist. He led us across guarded boundaries and up onto roofs and down into sub-cellars, descanting on images and events. In the hour he was our cicerone, he organized several thousand years of history for us, the climax being our induction, policed anteroom by dingy anteroom, into the Davidic fane.

There, on hard benches by the door, unkempt women sat weeping. At the iron trellis which guards the great sarcophagus from the touch of yearning hands, an oh-so-thin young Yemenite stood swaying, turning on us fiery sad eyes. At one side, behind a table glossy with the uncleansed grease of years, sat a round-faced, more or less white-beard, equally shiny, with candles for sale. Our guide had me sold one, and set it, alight, to join the others burning and smoking before the sarcophagus. Then, having directed my *misheberakh*, he told me what might be the price of it. The payment completed our affair with Mt. Zion and the Tomb of David.

Our cicerone now led us back to the open air of the flat-top, expounding his view of the shrine and its meaning as we went, and bringing to mind, somehow, the words Robert Browning put in the mouth of his "Mr. Sludge the Medium."

But a mood had beset us which the knowing irony of our Ashkenazi-Sephardi failed to mitigate; nor did the

all too-evident role of the shrine as an exploitation of faith in an economy of deception. What the overt hypocrisy here pointed up was a covert sincerity. Its *haecceitas* was the faith of those sad believing men and women to whom the shrine was the lodestone of their long suffering aspiration, a stance of the spirit they had breathed in from the breath of their fathers as those had from their own fathers, generation after generation. It came to me that some envied me my blessings and that I should have had them set up for all present. To them, a blessing would have brought Messiah, Son of David, an infinitesimal moment nearer; it would have brought a moment of the comfort of the promise of the Lord to his people, Israel. Here, on Mt. Zion itself, with the enemy sniping from the rooftops, across barbed wire, it would have awakened again the vision of the end-time as, two and a half millennia ago, the prophet Micah had reported it (4:1-5) and as Isaiah had repeated it (2:2-4).

In the end of days it shall come to pass,
That the mountain of the Lord's house shall
 be established on the top of the mountains,
And it shall be exalted above the hills.
Peoples shall flow into it,
And many nations shall come and say,
“Come, let us go up to the mountain of the Lord,
To the house of the God of Jacob;
So that He will teach us of His ways,
And we will walk in His paths;
For the law shall go forth from Zion
And the word of the Lord from Jerusalem.”
And He shall judge among many peoples,
And rebuke strong nations afar off;
They shall beat their swords into plowshares
And their spears into pruning hooks;

Nation shall not lift up sword against nation,
Neither shall they learn war any more.
They shall sit every man under his vine and
under his fig tree;
And none shall make them afraid;
For the mouth of the Lord of hosts hath spoken it.
For as all the peoples walk every one in the
name of his god,
We will walk in the name of the Lord our God
forever.

Here, it seemed to me, is the vital center of an inveterate commitment, still reckoning with inner doubt and outer frustration, often shaken with laughter, surcharged with tears, enduring, refusing to yield. It came to me that the men and women here are, and must be, Utopians and that their land of Beulah is the vision never yet incarnate in a place at a time; not in fact any place at any time on earth, yet ever about to be incarnate in this place here, at this time now.

Perhaps it was this reverie which, as we descended the hazardous steps of the Mount of Zion, transluminated the stinking men and unwashed women, begging at the intervals of precept and promise, with another meaning and led me to give them the alms that, on the way up, I had denied them, and wanted to.

It has never yet been news that the state of Utopia is a state of mind, a substance of things hoped-for, an evidence of things not seen, such stuff as dreams are made on, but articulated to a local habitation and a name. It might be news that the state signalizes the quandary of all individuals or communions who identify themselves by such an act of faith and lust and labor and fight to embody vision in event. Existence, for them, is their vision, sustaining a

perennial aggression from the world around. For them, to live is to bet their lives on enfleshing faith in fact; it is to practice religion. Perhaps, indeed, all the peoples of the world are thus religious, each according to its kind. Perhaps every form of the human enterprise, by whatever name men call it, is ultimately a Utopian endeavor enacting a creed by means of a code. Perhaps all religions are utopian; perhaps all revolutions are such which consist in a turning *from* simply destruction of the no longer tolerable *to* the complex, laborious creation, out of that intolerable, of whatever the heart craves or the head approves. That the great multitude of the world's religions signalize a turning *from*, is of course true. They do function as here-and-now flights in idea from facts of existence condemned and rejected; they do put off living the good life they propose and affirm to a future no man can attain while alive. Their Utopia is a heavenly Tomorrow which never follows any living man's Today.

Religions obtain, however, which envision a Tomorrow that believers do work and fight for, and do strive to create and enjoy as an earthly Today. These faithful do struggle day in, day out, to establish the Utopia of their hope as the Here-and-Now of their experience. They mean to live it alive, not dead.

Wandering up, down, and across Israel, talking with the miscellany who, by accident, aspiration and desire, or out of fear or need or discontent have gathered there from all the corners of the earth; talking as well with the human cacti who are growth of the arid Israeli soil, I came to perceive most of them as such Utopians. Oldest of settlers, their Sabra descendants, European victims of Hitler, African or Asiatic refugees from Arab anti-Semitism, they are all such Utopians. They might be “Yekes” who distinguish themselves as those who sought Israel *aus Über-*

zeugung and those who got to it *aus Berlin*; duly both acquired the Utopian aura. They might be Jews to whom Israel is a naturally inevitable endeavor after a free and just society; they might be Judaists who look to a supernatural restoration of naturally restored Zion or those who look only to such a restoration and condemn the natural one going on as blasphemous sin denying the will of Jehovah and flouting His providence. These last elaborate rite and argue rote as a way of life, a sort of *vita contemplativa* of Talmudical disputation and *Shulchan Arukh* ceremonial. Theirs seems to be an easier, yet more fanatical determination than that of the authentic Israelis who strive to humanize Nature's bleak realities of waterless, windswept sands, stony hills and malarial swamps with the same unyielding faith that they confront the human nature of neighbors whose irreconcilable hatred intends all Israel's destruction. Many times during my traversing the land the thought came to me that *he who strives with God* aptly renders the meaning of *Israel*, that—I think Ben-Gurion has remarked it—in Israel the realist must believe in miracles, and undertake them; the naturalistic humanist must pursue scientific consequences with a greater than humanistic faith.

And what could be more Utopian than such a naturalistic supernaturalism, than such a wrestle with God, for the sake of God, to consummate the Biblical prophecies of providence with humanistic commitment and scientific ways and means? Naturalist and supernaturalist Israelis alike appear to believe that they are realizing a destiny whose first foreseers were the prophets of the Bible and whose present agents are the Jews building and defending Israel. Many repine as they believe; all sweat and bleed and shiver and hunger at once to make over the wasteland of their God's promise into the earth that shall nourish

the life more abundant; all yearn to persuade the neighbors whose hate besets them with unceasing war into a fellowship of abundance whose seeds are friendliness and peace.

Some conceive the persuading as a steady and firm counter to aggression while a design for living gets implemented, of works and ways that shall attract communication and flower at last into the free trade between good neighbors in all things. They concede that the time needed is long and the faith and patience great. Moshe Sharett spoke to me of a generation in the Arab lands that must die away naturally and a new generation which must as naturally grow away from today's wilderness of hatred to the future Beulah of good neighborliness and goodwill. Meanwhile, waiting for nature to consummate this conversion of the Arab spirit, Israel must endure and not yield.

Others, a handful preaching the outlook and program of Judah Magnes' old *Ihud* movement, design conciliation and sharing *now*, although they concede that the design is theirs alone, and that no Arabs, Moslem or Christian, have joined with them.

Still others argue that peace cannot be negotiated, that the entire record of Arab-Jewish relations proves it, and that hence peace must needs be won and enforced by armed strength. Israel-in-arms must needs make itself a garrison-state every one of whose citizens—but not its Arab citizens—is a soldier always ready for battle.

And others still cry: Let the children of Israel rebuild Zion and trust to God's promise for its victory and survival; His providence has preserved His Chosen until now, nor will it ever fail these true Jews.

However the societies of believers argue, none seems to separate the building of Zion from its defense in fact, nor

the miracles of God from the principles and practices of the men of science at the Technion, the Weizmann Institute, the Hebrew University, the Institute of Applied Social Science. One senses, in the agonists of Israel's diverse intellectual enterprises, the practical paramountcy of the scientific spirit for the accommodation of nature to the service of men, and for the understanding of human nature in the reconciliation of men to one another. The configuration of sentiment and sense brings to mind—perhaps because the scene is Israel—Francis Bacon's *New Atlantis*. That any of Israel's sages may have given thought to the *New Atlantis* or even that more than a very few have read it is not very likely. Nevertheless, the Englishman's 17th-century fantasy could as readily figure in the purposeful imaginings of 20th-century Israelis as Theodore Herzl's *Altneuland*, and with an equal, perhaps greater, congruity. For Bacon's *New Atlantis* possesses a spontaneous Biblical coloring, Biblical connotation, and a Biblical This-worldly intention. Its chief city is *Bensalem*, the seat of its government is *Solomon's House*. Because in this land, government is the practice of forethought, based on faith in science, *New Atlantis* has outlasted Greece and Rome and Carthage and the changes and chances of the Christian polities. Away from the hitherto charted course of conventional navigators, its snug harbor is one, nevertheless, which any scientific sailor can find if he has the courage and the perseverance. But, because this land has long been isolate, and thus free from foreign entanglements, it has been able to grow into a land of abundance, good health, fertility, and long life. Peace and security have enabled the compassionate men of science whose home is *Solomon's House* freely to carry forward their inquiries, to discover and to invent—to produce the knowledge of Nature's ways and laws which is power over her energies and which un-

derlies the arts wherewith the kingdom of God in heaven is transvalued into the kingdom of man on earth. The inventors and discoverers are honored in this kingdom as the saints of religion are honored in un-Utopian lands.

Should a stranger somehow find his way here, he is welcomed. The New Atlantis is a hospitable and curious land—the lookout tower of Bensalem is higher than the Bible’s Tower of Babel, and converse with strangers and their strange tongues is eagerly sought. Nevertheless the land stays self-contained and self-containing, holy, angelic, the land of promise for mankind. Bacon does not tell how the knowledge which is power, once secured, is preserved, appraised, passed on or discarded, as the generations of Bensalem succeed each other. Unlike Plato or the Bible’s priests and prophets and sages, or the generality of Utopianists, he does not concern himself with education, desirable or undesirable. For the Utopianists of Israel, education is ineluctably the nucleus of their entire quest; education is their miraculous means of transforming not alone the Jews and Judaists from everywhere into authentic Israelis of *Medinat Israel*, but all who live out their lives in the State. The formation, survival, and perfection of Israel are an ongoing process of Israelization of the land’s total population, old and new, living, dying, and yet unborn. And Israelization is education.

The activities of Zionists anywhere in the world, the operations of the Jewish Agency, the establishments of the Jewish National Fund, of the *Histadrut*, and of the other “agencies” devoted to building the “homeland” are, no less and no more than the government of Israel, preparers and maintainers of this educative endeavor. The entire configuration of peoples, places, creeds, codes and institutions which compose Israel are, like it or not, only the

soil and seed whose Israelization is to produce the authentic Israeli.

The authentic Israeli is an image that gets named and talked about, not a person encountered and talked with. One does not meet, among the actual men and women making a life in Israel, an original to whose likeness the authentic Israeli is being molded. There seems to be no consensus about any of this day's leaders, however representative (not even about Ben-Gurion whose role has been transvalued among many of the ingathered with a charismatic allure, such as is often bestowed on Hassidic wonder-rabbis or Christian saints). Nor do other faces that look at you from the walls of shops and restaurants and other public places—Ben Zvi's for example—serve as such originals, nor do we note them among the still unforgotten dead. The latter have their fanes—Bialik or Trumpeldor or A. D. Gordon or Berl Kaznelson or Ben Yehudah are revered—but the piety which tends the fanes seems to be partisan or denominational, serving their memories a factional reverence. Zionist leaders—even Herzl, even Weizmann, even Jabotinsky or Ussishkin—are tangent. However seminal had been their roles in the conception, gestation, and birth of Israel, they do not stand for growths of the soils; their parallels are Lafayette or Thomas Paine, not Jefferson or Washington or Madison. The figures in the foreground of the daily life compose into the "Torah Jew" with bearded face, long peyoth, doubly-covered head, kaftan and conspicuous talit-katan, or clean-shaven, short-haired, bareheaded, barekneed, naked-armed sabra with his truculent air. The types are not merged into any image such as might recur in cartoons, comic strips, or other publications. Uncle Sam or John Bull have as yet no opposite number in Israel. A symbol and surrogate of all the

people is not in evidence; nor are there any myth-grown figures like Yankee Doodle or Paul Bunyan. Israeli literature and art, when not simply sad remembrances of times past or ironic presentations of existence going on, retain hardly a vestige of the Jewish type created by the non-Jewish stage and press.

The turn of vision is away from Europe's religio-cultural tradition. Neither the Wandering Jew with his pathos and passion nor the Ghetto Jew with his gaucheries and comic indirections seem to figure. Whatever shape becomes at last the type and symbol, the accepted representation and authentic image of the people of Israel will receive lineaments with hardly a noticeable residue of that past or this present. Both seem definitely recessive. The dominants appear to be forms of the *Sabra* as *Halutz* or soldier, Bible figures and *Kibbutz* intentions. Perhaps the authentic image will impattern elements abstracted from these dominants. I could not, however, discern emerging from them any representative concretely singular, imaginatively individual, betokening the entirety of Israel. I have been able to perceive only conceptualizations defining a faith which the miscellany of Israeli mankind shall work out into the fact of an authentic Israeli type.

The articles of this faith seem to be the Jewish people, with Palestine as their land, Hebrew as their language, the old Testament as their nuclear achievement. To those who hold this faith, the relations between land, language, book and people are internal. That is, they believe each exists only as a part of an organic whole wherein all that it is, was, or can be depends on the *how* and the *wherefore* of its being together with the others. This belief seems to me *fons et origo* of the Declaration wherewith the progenitors of the State of Israel both brought it to birth and laid

down a gradient for a future whose beginnings they assign to Bible-times and terminal to a post-atomic end-time.

The Declaration, issued on May 14, 1947, suggests a conception of man, nature, human relations and human destiny diverging impressively from that of our American Declaration of Independence. Both communications are events of mankind's ongoing struggle for life, liberty and pursuit of happiness. Both define ends and means of the struggle. But the import of the American Declaration is as cosmic as it is abstract. History makes no difference. Like the law of gravitation, the laws of human relations apply to all humans everywhere, at all times. Appeal to them by the peoples of the British colonies of North America is but the drawing of a particular, local but necessary conclusion from the universal premise. Other peoples draw similar conclusions in their own behalf. And so, some argue, do the Israelis, whose own Declaration willy-nilly postulates, without making explicit, the basic articles of the American one. But on the face of it, the Israeli communication regards only people called Jews, is made by Jews for Jews, and speaks to Jews first and only thereafter to all mankind.

Both declarations divide broadly, into two parts. In the American, the first consists of the philosophic articles of faith on which are grounded the indictment of British power and the justification of separation from that power and the assumption of the freedom and independence of a sovereign state. Indictment and assumption make up the second part. In the Israeli Declaration, the first part asserts the reciprocal identification of the Jews with Palestine and Palestine with the Jews, and summarily records the fortunes of the relation. The record spans also the pathos and terror of Jewish martyrdom. In effect, the first part is a very brief account of the Zionist endeavor and a statement

of its historic roots in religion and culture, thus: “The land of Israel was the birthplace of the Jewish People. Here their spiritual, religious and national identity was formed. Here they achieved independence and created a culture of national and universal significance. Here they wrote and gave the Bible to the world.

“Exiled from the land of Israel, the Jewish People continued faithful to it in all the countries of their dispersion, never ceasing to pray and hope for their return and the restoration of their national freedom.”

The prayer was enacted into program when in 1897 the Jews who became Zionists proclaimed “the right of the Jewish people to national revival in their own country,” and the hope was transvalued into the laborious redemption of Palestine from a wasteland into a homeland with assent of the then spokesman for Arab interests under the reluctant tutelage of Great Britain and with the sanction and heedless supervision of the governments comprising the League of Nations. The enduring task was “to solve the problem of Jewish homelessness,” to “endow the Jewish people with equality of status among the family of nations” and to enable every Jew who so wished to live in his “ancestral land a life of dignity, freedom and honest toil.” Half a century later, by its Resolution of November 29, 1947, the Assembly of the United Nations Organization, representing almost all the peoples of the globe, confirmed the common belief that Palestine is the land of the Jews and the Jews *the* people of Palestine by adopting a Resolution which called for the institution of a Jewish state in Palestine. Six months later, on May 14, 1948, a “National Council, representing the Jewish People in Palestine and the World Zionist Movement” met in Tel Aviv and declared as established “the Jewish State in Palestine, to be called Medinat Israel.” Their Declaration

also states that the global Assembly's recognition of the Jewish right to establish the state is "unassailable," that its institution is based on "the natural and historic right" of the Jewish People. This the Assembly's Resolution does not and cannot confer but only recognizes.

The sentence proclaiming Medinat Israel concludes the first half of the Israeli Declaration of Independence. It brings to a secular focus certain beliefs which, by and large, have been commonplaces of the dominant religions of the Western world, and the rationale of Judaist doctrine and discipline wherever traditional Judaism existed as a creed and a code. Its latest voice is but a secularization of its earliest, and Emanuel Neumann's affirmation of 1956 C.E. but redefines Utopian beliefs taking form in 956 B.C. "In our vision," this president of the Zionist Organization of America told the members of its 59th annual convention, "in our vision . . . we see the Jews as a people among peoples, as an organic entity, as a historic people having its appointed place in the onward march of human history . . . this people must struggle for its existence . . . on a front as wide as the world" against "tyranny, bigotry, oppression" from without, and from within, "sectarianism and disintegration . . . lapse of historic memory . . . flight into assimilation which spells extinction." Salvation from this utter death is alone "concentration in the Jewish Homeland under conditions of freedom and national independence . . . the Jewish State, once created, is not simply another Jewish community . . . not just a refuge for refugees; and not merely a Jewish cultural center. . . . It is *the* center . . ." which gives shape and direction to the Jewish people's struggle for survival everywhere.

Here is the nuclear Zionist faith, the Zionist philosophy. Its traditional supernaturalist teaching was challenged and repudiated by the reformation of Judaism which followed

emancipation. Its secularist transvaluation has been widely opposed among all sorts and conditions of Jews, not Judaist only. By some of the non-Jewish inhabitants of Palestine, Moslem and Christian alike, it was translated into a false teaching, a religious lie rationalizing an unjustifiable invasion by a foreign people of a country to which they have no right and on which they had long ago lost all claim. Arab denial and Arab antagonism were active from the beginning of Jewish settlement in Palestine, and have heightened and spread, with the progress of the Jewish “redemption of the land.” By the time the British decided to terminate their mandate, it became pan-Arabian. Since the institution of Medinat Israel, it has become pan-Islamic, and many Christian interests—for example, those represented by the group calling itself American Friends of the Middle East—have organized to affirm and defend the Moslem denial of the Jews’ claim, to “natural and historic right” (to say nothing of any supernaturally predestinate right) to their promised land, and a life therein “of dignity, freedom and honest toil.”

Where this new direction in the Judeo-Christian-Moslem tradition regarding the relation between Palestine and the Jews leads, is anybody’s guess. It may be an incidental bypath. It may begin a high-road ballasted not solely with the oil-altered economy of Islamic lands, the Christian missionary investment, and the “Arab nationalism” so largely a reaction against Zionist achievement, a counter to its principles and practices; for it may be ballasted also with radical alterations of religion and culture. Yet the tradition lives on still intrinsic to both, still taken for granted by unbelievers as well as believers, by anti-Semites as well as the Christians and Moslems who affirm the title of the Jews (as a people no less than as an aggregation of individuals) to equal liberty in the land which faith

and history regard as theirs. Was not even the Nazi alternative to *Jude, verrecke! Jew, go back to Palestine?* Was not some such reunion a sort of negative benevolence toward Jehovah's Chosen People among the illuminati of Europe's Enlightenment? Those were the prophets and poets of "Emancipation," the champions of freedom and toleration for Jews almost equally with all other unfree believers in unauthorized religions. Like their 19th century Utopian epigoni, Proudhon and Fourier and Engels and Marx and all that ilk, they were also "anti-Semites" in that they envisaged liberty for Jews as emancipation from Judaism and its consequences. Reading the Bible, they fixed on those portions of it in which Jehovah figures as a jealous, intolerant, ruthless, revengeful, cruel tyrant; the Jews, his people as fanatical, superstitious, lustful, usurious and as intolerant as their God; believing themselves to be a race apart living as strangers everywhere, "exiles" whose destiny is to return to their own country, Zion. And the illuminati acquiesced in the idea that Zion is the land of the Jews, and the Jews the people of Zion. To a Jewish contemporary who charged Voltaire with intolerance while preaching toleration, the latter wrote: "I love you so much that I would like you all to be in Jerusalem in place of the Turks who are devastating *your country*. There you will cultivate this unfortunate desert as you did before. . . . You will be able to transform *your land* as the Provençals have transformed theirs. There you will function at ease. . . ." As the phrases I have italicized show, it never occurred to this *philosophe* to question the identification of the Jews with Palestine and *vice versa*. He could not but spontaneously refer to it as "your country," "your land." In this he was typical of the entire generation of eighteenth century illuminati.

Nor did their abstract individualism and naturalism

much affect the configuration. On the contrary, a dominant consequence of the French Revolution was the realization that the rights of the man and the citizen remained ineffectual abstractions until they were perceived as the actualities of his speech, his song, his dress and diet, his shelter, his ways of work and play, his ideas of ancestry, faith and land—in terms, that is, of his culture and nationality. The fantasies of Arnold Toynbee notwithstanding, nationalism as a libertarian ideal was an ideal of equal liberty for individuals in and through equal liberty for the groups of which they were most concretely, intimately and extensively conscious members. It transvalued the Enlightenment's natural man with his natural rights into the 19th century's national man with his national rights. Among the Jews it led to reenvisioning the national man on supernatural grounds as the national man on natural grounds. But their supernaturalist rationalization, although somewhat dislocated, persisted. It continued among them a potent creedal force no less than among the Christian and Moslem societies where it sustains the sentiment which supported and continues to support Zionist faith and works. Thus the radical reformation and humanization of Islam called Bahaism, whose holy places are Acco and Haifa, restates the vision of the End-time in very proximate terms, and prophesies it from events as they go on. Declared Abdul Baha, in 1906:

Universal peace and concord will be realized between all the nations, and that incomparable Branch will gather together all Israel: signifying that in this cycle Israel will be gathered in the Holy Land, and that the Jewish people who are scattered to the East and West, South and North, will be assembled together.

You can see that from all the parts of the world groups of Jews are coming to the Holy Land; they live in villages and

lands which they make their own, and day by day they are increasing to such an extent, *that all Palestine will become their home* (*Some Answered Questions*, p. 76).

Jews who dissent from this conception of the relation between their people and the land are still proportionally few in number. In the Jewish image of the Jew, the antitheses *Diaspora—Israel*, *Exile—Return*, are essential features of the spirit even of those multitudes who are little likely to abandon the lives they do lead for another they might lead in Palestine. Jerusalem is still their Jerusalem the Golden, especially as it stays the symbol of their aspiration never likely to corrupt into the asperity of their experience. On the other hand, the miscellany of Jews who have accepted that inevitable transvaluation and suffered the asperities of experience without disillusion, manifest an unfailing consensus. In the light of the monotonous record of sweat and tears and blood, from the first Aliyah, to the latest, their unanimity becomes impressive. It voices the traditionalist and the revolutionary alike. Regardless of any divergences or conflicts, their conviction that Palestine is the land of the Jews and that the Jews are the people of Palestine seems as certain as their consciousness that they live and breathe.

Expression of the conviction seemed instant. In my questioning, I kept asking: *Why are you here—because you couldn't go anywhere else? Wouldn't you prefer the Argentine, England or the United States, or some other free country? A good many emigrate from Israel, either back to where they came from, or somewhere else: if you were free to go or stay, what would you do? Why?* Sometimes the respondent would be shocked by the question: "Why—why—this is our land!" Sometimes the answer would be: "I am a Jew, I belong here." Sometimes it would be: "I am

not afraid here.” “I was in a concentration camp; this is the only place where I don’t feel in danger of one.” “This is the only place where I am not made to feel I am an alien.” “Here I feel free at last.” “I didn’t even think of going anywhere else. . . . I might have stayed and prospered in Russia; but I wanted to build something for the Jewish people.” “I had to come”—from a young American mother in a Kibbutz—“you cannot tell other people to go to Israel and not go yourself”; “Here is ‘peace of mind’ and more”; “Here I am at home.” A Kurd from Kasawandry: “For 2,000 years we said ‘Eretz Israel’”; another American: “Because I am a Jew.”

It was an eighteen-year-old boy from the Argentine who signalized the essential attitude. He was big, blond, expansive, with stride and gesture that are a growth of abundant food and open spaces. We were Sabbath-evening guests at the new, admirably conducted Louise Wise Hostel. The company were girls and boys from everywhere, many boys with *yarmulkas*, at least as many without. The meal was of course kosher and the main dish was fish—the inevitable carp. Rachel, who was placed next to the young Argentine, noticed that he left his carp untouched. “Won’t you be hungry later?” “Oh, Madam, I am often hungry here, but no carp thank you, Madam. I do not wish to swim. At home I used to have big steaks twice a day. Here we are rationed. I came for a year. My parents may not like it, but I plan to stay. Just now I am back from a turn of volunteer work at border defenses. Here is the dream.”

For the most part, expositions of Arab counter-claims on Eretz Israel were met with incomprehension or contradiction, either reasoned or angry. The record of the Jewish sojourn in Palestine seemed to have no effect. The recurrence in Palestine of the handicaps and disabilities of Eu-

rope mattered not at all. It mattered not at all that under the Turks even the most ancient Jewish stock were counted aliens and treated as second-class subjects; that the effendis of the towns regarded the Jews from Europe subversive competitors challenging their privileges, inducing discontent and even resistance among the fellahs; that to the latter in their villages, to the Bedouins in their tents, the newcomers were one more outgroup rightly to be feuded with, ambushed, robbed, cheated, as was the way of the tribes of town and country with one another and with strangers. It mattered not at all that the entire cultural economy of Arab Palestine was isolationist, feuding and xenophobic; or that too many of the British military and the colonial-minded civilians serving the British empire looked upon the Jews as they looked upon the natives; that so treating them, they found the Jews demanding rights to which British Christian creedal prepossessions as well as British colonial-mindedness refused them any title; they found the Jewish reaction to the refusal impudent, rejective, trouble-making. It mattered to the Jews not at all that the British undertook to put the bounders in their places or that here and there sign-boards warned: *Englishmen only; Jews forbidden*. They knew their true places and defended and strengthened them.

Even in the context of recent history, you heard from Jews of all sorts, lately from everywhere in Europe and all now from Israel, in their diverse Hebrew, the pervasive sentiment: "Anywhere, Hitler might happen again. Not here." For this sentiment, the Arab, not the Jew, is the alien, the stranger and sojourner in Israel. Long had the Jew dwelt in Israel on sufferance, whereas dwelling there was his right. Now he has recovered his right, and with the wilful Arab-fomented exodus of Arabs from Palestine, the scales of justice are being evened.

One hot morning, in a luxurious hotel on the outskirts of Tel Aviv, I was talking with the owner, a long-time Garibaldian leader in the formation of the State, the secret arming of Jewish settlers, and both the forbidden and free ingathering of the Exiles. He was telling me of a project to use his inn as a kind of summer-camp for Jewish children from abroad. Our talk fell, of course, on his personal history and the ethic of Arab-Jewish relations. He spoke his own sense of them in memorable words. "For two thousands years," he said, "we Jews, in and out of Eretz Israel, have been Zionists, waiting for the Messiah, following Herzl, at last painfully re-establishing the State. Now I am willing that others should be Zionists for two thousand years." Even such of the Ingathered who soon or late found Dispersion more endurable than Redemption seem to retain the sentiment which binds their people to this land, and this land to their people; they depart shame-faced, often with the idea of returning. Those one encounters here at home, or elsewhere in their Diaspora, often tend to pitiful boasts: "I've been there, too. I meant to live there. I regret it, I couldn't. . . . Tell me, what do you think!" You get the impression that the spirit had been willing enough. Their faith, alas, was inadequate to the works that its incarnation called for; their flesh could not endure the strain. They are sad about it, suffer shame, but what can they do? God is not with them.

Such, then, is the common ground of the generations of men called Jews. Whatever part of the world they live or die in, however diverse their looks, their speech, their ways and works, they are made one by the belief, passed from father to son, that Palestine and no other land is the land of Israel, that to live elsewhere is to live in exile and dispersion, that their destiny is to regather and return. Of

such as reject this credo for themselves, all but a very few acknowledge its rightness nevertheless, and bring aid and comfort to the strivings toward reunion and return. The first part of the Israeli Declaration of Independence projects no arbitrary hypothesis; it signalizes at least one singularity of the Jewish psyche as Jewish; together with its perennial cultivation and renewal by means of the Bible, if not also of the rites and rites pervading the orthodox daily life.

The second part of the Declaration is an avowal of policy. It implies certain Biblical attitudes and once explicitly refers to them. It postulates a distinction between persons called Jews and persons called by other names. Jews are not only to be permitted but encouraged and helped to immigrate to Israel unconditionally. Others are, by implication, subject to at least the checks and controls common in free societies. But all who dwell in Israel, "without distinction of religion, race or sex" are to share equally in all the benefits created by developing the country and maintained through its political and social structure. Freedom of religion, conscience, education and culture is guaranteed. The State's total economy, all that makes up its life, is to be "based on the principles of liberty, justice and peace as conceived by the Prophets of Israel" and "the principles of the United Nations Charter." Pursuant to these conceptions and principles, the Declaration extends the "hand of peace and neighborliness" to the governments and peoples of the entire Middle East. It invites their co-operation "for the common good of all" and "the progress of the Middle East as a whole." Finally, it calls upon Jews everywhere to join Medinat Israel "in the great struggle for the fulfillment of the dream of generations for the redemption of Israel."

This part diverges from the first in that it signalizes a

record only to set forth an intention. The intention raises questions—questions concerning the operative configuration of such purposes as guaranteeing equal liberty for everybody, fulfilling a dream of redemption, and pursuing regional “progress” and “common good” with neighbors whose notions of such values are quite incommensurable: questions as to what prophetic precepts of “liberty, justice and peace” amount to in this context, and what they can in effect signify for all the inhabitants of the Palestine of 1956 and after: questions of how these precepts mesh with the urging by Jews of their peculiar “right to a life of dignity, freedom and honest toil in their ancestral land.” The expression “right to honest toil” as used in this connection gives one pause, and one wonders why the programmatic second part of the Declaration only implies it, whereas the definitional first part explicitly affirms it.

On the other hand this part continues using the past to account for a present urgency and to vindicate its satisfaction. This part likewise postulates an ongoing specific history not easily transposable into the universal terms of the American Declaration even though it is implicated in those as the first part is not. That “honest toil” is a right, that people who are different from each other—whether among Jews or the strangers in their midst—are equally entitled to live and to grow according to their kinds in peace and in freedom, and by being good neighbors to sustain and perfect their diversities—these are obviously articles of faith. They can be assigned to the Hebrew prophets only selectively and after considerable reinterpretation. Commitment to them assumes certain backgrounds of group-history and personal experience. It projects specific ongoing purposes into the farther future. It implicitly affirms a selected philosophy of the human enterprise, a utopian credo first chosen to shape certain

institutions of the Palestine of the Zionists, now assumed as the design for living in Medinat Israel. This philosophy, this faith, is a bet by a precarious present on a hoped-for, unknown, but undetermined and unpredictable future, an uncalculated risk taken unyieldingly with what "realists" from everywhere appraise as illusion. It is the *leit-motif* of much of the inward conflict of the spirit among the peoples of Israel, and some observers say that its impulsion is altogether centrifugal; that if the centripetal pressures of the enemy without were withdrawn and removed, this issue of faith might drive the peoples apart. The Arabs, they say, have a better chance of abolishing Israel by letting the State alone than by attacking it; for attack unifies and consolidates the Israelis, whereas let alone, Israel the whole, would be disintegrated by the mutual repulsions of its component factions.

Be this as it may, there obtains in Israel's cultural economy a Utopian dominant, whose paramount symbol is the expression "honest toil," with "redemption," "fulfillment of the dream," "common good," "progress" subordinate and derivative.* Together, they signify a pattern of inten-

* How dynamic is this Utopianism may be inferred from the reaction, some time in the 1920's, to the Palestinian scene, of such incidentally Jewish captains of industry as the late Julius Rosenwald, or again, of such devout secular mystics as Herman Melville who visited Palestine just about one hundred years ago: "No country," Melville wrote in his journal, only recently published (*Journal of a Visit to Europe and the Levant. October 11, 1856—May 6, 1857*: Princeton University Press), "no country will more quickly dissipate romantic expectations than Palestine, particularly Jerusalem. To some the disappointment is heartsickening. Is the desolation of the land the result of the fatal embrace of the Deity? Hopeless are the favorites of heaven."

"In the emptiness of the lifeless antiquity of Jerusalem the emigrant Jews are like flies that have taken up their abode in a skull."

Between Herman Melville and Julius Rosenwald a succession of notables went to the Promised Land in religious hope and returned in secular revulsion. Already three years before Melville Ernst Renan had found it "a gruesome abomination, a howling wilderness. Here the voice of God has once been heard and the voice of man will never be heard again.

tions unlike what those words conventionally bespeak. The precepts of the prophets of Israel, their declared avatars, are transposed to them only by analogy or allegorically.

It did not take many days of sojourn in Israel to persuade me that the dominant matrix is the notion, “right to honest toil.”

I sensed it first at Afikim, one of the “progressive,” larger and more prosperous kibbutzim, which had already moved into a mixed economy, and had added the manufacture of plywood to the growing of grain, grapes and other farm stuff. At the suggestion of Ruth Ludwig, and under her guidance, Afikim was my first stop among the communes of Israel. Dr. Ludwig, a modern European, German-born, German-bred, and a devout Israeli, is herself an alumna of this kibbutz, in continuous nostalgic

This land is destined to remain a ruin till the end of time.” Forty years later, his country-man, Pierre Loti, described the land as “rocks and rocks and rocks again stretching as far as the horizon,” its villages, aggregation of smoke-blackened cubes, the ways between them not roads but trails, each a mantrap; its fellah ever in danger from Bedouins, those “eternal invaders who seem to have come into the land to carry out the Biblical curse by slowly emptying the country of people, by slowly pulling down and throwing to the ground what still remains erect and by slowly spreading over those fields that strange torpor which fixes everything into the immobility of ruins.” About everything there was the aura of “tombs, ruins, unimaginable decay” until well after World War I, with its sequels of Balfour Declaration, British Mandate, Jewish settlement. The traveller had no alternative to danger on the road, unendurable food and shelter save in monasteries and convents. Changes following these events led General Jan Christian Smuts to appraise the building of the Jewish homeland as “the most worthwhile thing that has come out of the war.” But Smuts was a Utopian, too.

One can still perceive the wastelands that repelled Rosenwald, the desolations that evoked Renan’s anger, Loti’s disgust and Melville’s irony. One can still perceive Jews abiding in it as flies in a skull. . . . And one can perceive these with the vision of the realistic business man, the disillusioned man of letters, or of the businesslike Utopians and the dedicated “lovers of Zion” to whom what their eyes see is but the beginnings of an envisioned transformation which their hands work out, reconstituting the skull into a myrmidonic hive.

contact with its founding fathers and mothers. The seminal group had been a fellowship of fifteen boys and girls, none more than twenty years old who, as members of Hashomer Hazair in U.S.S.R., had lived through the abominations of the Bolshevik revolution, the White Terror and the civil war in the Ukraine. Many of them had been guilty of Zionism and jailed; or else they were convicted of underground socialist affiliation or of overt socialist resistance to Bolshevik usurpations of power. All came to feel that, despite the Utopian labors of Dr. Rosen and his Agrojoint to establish a "Jewish region" below Kherison in Ukrainia, there was no life for them as Jews anywhere but in Palestine. So they made their way, often with travails inconceivable, to the wastes which their faith transluminated into homeland. None had hitherto needed to earn his bread by the sweat of his face; all had *quomodo* been "intellectuals"; if "workers," then white-collar workers. Their language was Yiddish or Russian; their Hebrew was still the sacred tongue of the Scripture and the Siddur—and that which is developing as the common speech of these people continues to suggest the Yiddish and Russian which it overlays. Many were even apt in *Torah*. They arrived in Palestine during the earlier years of the British mandate, with no resources but the clothes on their bodies and the muscles of their limbs. They gladly took what jobs they could get, making of themselves roadworkers, carpenters and builders, stonemasons, even electrical workers at the power stations Pinhas Rutenberg was constructing. Not until 1932 did they succeed in wangling land enough (some 600 *dunams*) to set up their kibbutz.

Two years later some forty young American members of *Hashomer Hazair* joined them. In the generation since then, their total membership has increased to five hundred. In the summer of 1956 Afikim's total population, counting

also its five hundred children, was thirteen hundred. Many among them had come to the kibbutz via the Youth *Aliyah* from places as diverse as Buchenwald, Harbin, or Hong Kong. I talked with a Chinese girl, a youth from Bombay, women from Cochin, from Morocco, from France, a man from Rumania, one lad from Iraq and another from France. None of these newer arrivals evinced either the social heritage or the personal experience of the peasant who lives his life in his transactions with the land, always and everywhere. In this respect the new ones were as unready as had been the elders of the kibbutz when they arrived in Palestine. They had, however, what should have been the advantage of joining a fellowship desirous to welcome them, to naturalize them in their communion of aspiration and labor with its climate of opinion. But at the time this was not experienced as an advantage. Its impact on the newcomers seemed that of an alien spirit, in which they had no creative part. They lacked the elders' almost animal certainty of utter commitment. The faith they expressed sounded like a convention of the community, not a passion of an individual.

But in Shlomo Alpert, in Josef Israeli, it disclosed itself as a commitment of the heart. Shlomo had meant to become an engineer and his interest in machinery had directed his activities in Afikim and the rest of Israel as well; Josef had looked to learning, and his intellectual skills had taken him from field and kitchen (he was at this time again happily doing his stint as a waiter) across the seas in the service of the party and the State. They presented figures of peasant intellectuals. But in the Russian-Jewish enclaves of their birth, the gentile *muzhik*, the Jewish *am-haaretz* or *baal mlakhah* had alike been regarded as of lesser dignity and worth than the *talmid-hakham*, the learned man, the scholar, lesser even than the scholar in

the *goyish* disciplines. In those enclaves, the week-days of labor, but not of study, were profane; the Sabbath of rest—whereon study of Torah could still be righteous—was sacred. For the Lord God Himself had declared His six workdays as Creator inferior to the seventh day when He ceased from creating and rested. That day He consecrated, declared holy. He blessed and hallowed it as no other day and ordained it to be the day of rest for man and beast, commanding that the children of Adam whom He had created in His own image, likewise their oxen, their asses, their men-servants, their maid-servants and the strangers among them, also rest even as He rested, and “be refreshed.” Whoso failed to rest, the Lord God commanded should be killed, for “on the seventh day he rested and was refreshed” (Ex. 19: 8; 23: 12; 13).

Moreover, as the Eden story, which is so seminal of Christian theology, testifies, Judaist tradition came to appraise work the evil consequence of the divine curse, laid upon Adam and his children for disobeying God; an evidence of his displeasure valuable for penance, proper for slaves and women, not befitting the dignity of men giving themselves freely to the study of God’s Torah. The good life, the most truly God-fearing life is the life of the student of Torah, the *vita contemplativa* whereof the divinely-ordained Sabbath of rest consists. This used to be the sentiment of the vanished *Shtetl* with its classifications of status and its correlative mores; it still obtains in the *Shtetl*’ translation to Israel called *Mea Shearim* whose *Neturei Karta* often observed the holy Sabbath by aggressions against those who do not observe it in their manner. Their livings are earned for them by their wives, whose labors free them for the refreshing passions of the *vita contemplativa* in the *Yeshivot* and *Batei Midrash*. That the wives largely work without living, while their husbands live

without working, is an epicurean libel; for the woman's labor enables her man to lay up treasure in heaven for them both; its reward is some lowly bit of the eternal Sabbath that her husband passingly observed on earth.

Of course, the attitude which holds labor and production to signify servility, punishment, unworthiness and indignity, and takes leisure to go with superiority, freedom, worth and dignity, recurs in all cultures. It sustains these valuations as invidious distinctions between person and person. It builds them into the mores which divide gentleman from workingman, and take the division for indefeasible, everywhere in the world. In Europe and North America the Enlightenment challenged the distinction, the Democratic Revolution rejected it. The revolutionary conception, *the dignity of labor*, got woven into the common sense of the freer world. All the anti-Semitic socialisms—Fourier's, Proudhon's, Marx's, his epigon's, endowed labor with supreme dignity and paramount worth. They made consumption, which so conspicuously appears a function of leisure, secondary; they made production, which appears synonymous with labor, primary; and they assimilated to consumption all other occupations which an economy develops, such as trade in goods or in money or any work of other peoples' hands. Production, as they appraised the human enterprise, was the matrix of all human values, spiritual as well as material. They stigmatized the *vita contemplativa* as a life parasitical.

Marx's way of doing this, the passion he did it with, caught the imagination of certain intellectual segments among the peoples, though not of the workers themselves. Moreover, he eulogized his own "socialism" as "scientific" while he condemned other socialisms as "utopian." His dramatic emphasis on "classes" and "class-struggle" brought his doctrine closer to the personal frustrations and

aggressions of reflective youth of both sexes already chafing at the indignities of servility in tyrannical Germanic or Slavic lands. It was almost entirely from the latter that the young Jews of the Second Aliyah found their way to Palestine, moved by a creed which, at least in sentiment, penetrated the Judaist tradition of their bringing-up with the socialist innovations of their growing up. They made their pilgrimage to Palestine aspiring to dignify labor in their own persons, planning to "proletarianize" themselves as the true sign of their commitment and reverence. The Sabbath and its holiness, the workday and its commonness, all that this required in the upkeep of an old established way of life, were transvalued in their hearts. They did not know it, but their Marxian discourse became a shell of words which the transactions with the barrens of their Promised Land shattered and reshaped into a uniquely other revaluation of the dignity of labor and of the worth of the laborious life.

The prophet of this new gospel was Aaron David Gordon. His is an oft-told tale, with his essential intent left out.*

For that intent was, to establish the workaday week as the Sabbath of the spirit and to ordain the Day of Rest as a servant to the week of work. Gordon taught, not the dignity of labor but the holiness of labor. A sensitive spirit, in culture an authentic European, he had never worked with his hands until, in middle life, he came to Palestine, a widower with an only daughter. He took upon himself all a poor workingman's indignities of joblessness, mindless labor, malaria, thirst and hunger. But he did not take his ordeal for a self-proletarianization. It meant to him initiation into holiness by labor, through labor, in

* But see Joseph Baratz's simple and truer restatement of it. *A Village by the Jordan*, pp. 85-95 (Sharon Books).

labor, and uniquely labor as holiness in this land so long estranged from him, the Jew, and he so long estranged from this, his land. Barren but abundant of enmities though the land be, Gordon called to the Jews of the Aliyah, give yourselves to it, take it for yourselves. So you will complete yourselves, now so incomplete; you will free yourselves, now so unfree; you will save yourselves, now so lost. By your union with this land, in labor and through labor, you will come to the holiness which consummates the labor that begets it; you will be of the truly redeemed—*adam hadash*, the new, the redeemed man.

One hears, obligated across this sanctification of labor, across its transvaluation into the values of Sabbath, the tones of a sort of pantheistic naturalism. Spinoza comes to mind, but a Spinoza of the committed heart, rather than of the convinced head, a Spinoza more pluralist than monist, recalling Gustav Theodor Fechner, and at moments, William James, although there is more evidence that Gordon had read Tolstoi than that he was aware even of the names of either of these philosophers. His own philosophic faith seems to have envisioned a universe all one creative energy manifesting itself equally in worm and star, a universe from which his own Jewish people had become somehow tragically alienated, but to which each one of them, by himself but for his fellow Jews, could return and be home at last—let him but unite his own energies with those of the land of Israel by holily working on it!

Of this entire sentiment Berl Katznelson became a variant voice. It is more specifically remembered and echoed than Gordon's, and has its institutional memorial, because, I do not doubt, of its more insistent accent on suffusing the actualities of labor, however autonomously holy, with the entire cultural heritage of the Jews. Berl had the *Histadruth* and the *Histadruth* had Berl, as it does not have

Gordon. But it was Gordon who projected a gradient. And the attitude of Shlomo Alpert, of Josef Israeli, toward labor, their personal history as laborers, spoke to me of a faith deriving from Aaron Gordon. I left Israel impressed that this stance of the spirit it was which set the tone and generated the atmosphere of acculturation for the Aliyahs from Europe, whatever their motivation. Of all things called Israeli, this seemed to me, insofar as there yet exists anything authentically so, the true authentic thing.

That the spirit obtains in its conceptual purity is another story. It does not. It is an item in a complex pattern some of whose figures heighten, others diminish it, while it affects them all. To begin with, there was, there is, the strength it contributes to the struggle for personal survival. Merely to stay alive in the Palestinian wastelands among its furtive peoples called for that added imponderable which the Gordonian sanctification of labor generated. In their struggle with predatory man and stony-swampy-and-malarial nature, working merely to live on would never have sufficed those pioneers against sickness and death. Gordon's gospel added a dimension to their efforts which made the difference between defeat and victory.

Nor would it have sufficed any man alone. It must needs have become the common faith of a working fellowship. No pilgrim could have gone it alone, however autistic his enterprise, however anarchistic his socialism. Gordon couldn't, and his refusal of formal membership in a kibbutz in no way diminished the organic intimacy of his belongingness. The human as much as the natural scene exacted teaming-up and teamwork as indispensables of survival. My friends' remembrance of their somewhat hysterical dancing away the night as an anodyne, apparently, to the never-removed fatigue of the day's work stirs pity as well as praise. Since those early days and nights the danc-

ing seems to have become institutionalized; it seems a communal rite ordained to signalize both traditional and autogenous ceremonial occasions. But its original function was sedative and restorative. So was the communalism. Shlomo tells how the friends whom the Rothschild-secured “colonist” could not or would not add to the number of his hands, found work wherever they could and took their pay home for the common treasury. Willy-nilly they had to have all things in common. Only so they might at a fellah’s wage labor at all things the fellah labored at and still live on, working. And so they came to know one another as an Each, assuring and being assured by All.

In such wise the fellowships struggled on, until they could form their own kibbutz, their own autonomous society on their own land. When all has been appreciated about the role of Franz Oppenheimer and Arthur Ruppín as theorists and planners, the transaction of people with land and livestock and one another which they call kibbutz is no configuration realizing a blueprint. It took shape as response to the challenge of a predicament, as a developing engagement with critical economic and interpersonal problems, an engagement which grew into a way of life and a vision whose vital spring continues to be the belief that in work, not rest, man experiences his true Sabbath.

Of course, the fact falls ever short of incarnating the faith. *Simhat avodah* is a more arduous joy to attain than *Simhat Torah*, and a cumulatively more trying holiness. The requirements of administration, the mastery of its details, are not so readily met via any town-meeting-like community council. One’s rebirth into adam hadash looks in too many cases like a persistent struggle with one’s unregenerate past. Surrendering one’s person and possessions to the commune one joins entails countless un-

expected inner resistances, in many cases unamenable forbiddings. As in a love match after marriage, the trans-luminating glow fades from the features of the spouses' life together, till there remains but its dull matter-of-factness, and its excess of routine and fatigue, its deficiencies of privacy, of the inward lonely satisfactions which heart and mind require; the outward inadequacies of bed, board, clothing and shelter become the warp and woof of the habits of daily living, sustained in unconscious desire without hope, while the hope and desire of the conscious self envisage only the kibbutz—its faith, its ways and its works. The personality falters into a sort of acquiescent schizophrenia, outwardly at ease in its reciprocal reassurances, inwardly uncertain of that psychic income, and craving a freedom it dare not seek. This impression I took away especially from Kfar Blum, more incidentally from Afkim.

I got the feeling, too, that the burdens of leadership tend to accent the predicament. In the kibbutz, leadership seems a reluctant responsibility. It removes the leaders designate from routinal security into a chanceful initiative which nobody courts. Hence rotation in office according to creed or rule tends to be discarded for continual re-designation of the same functionaries. This, in its turn develops an unwilling and segregated "élite" to whom accrue also the tasks of representation in the wider economies of the several inter-kibbutz organizations, and in pursuing cash and converts abroad.

For this élite, what Louis Brandeis denoted as "the most comprehensive of rights and the right most valued by civilized men"—the right to be let alone—becomes more substantive than for their brethren in the kibbutz. Those, the common danger as well as the shared faith push in on one another beyond privacy, until the tensions compounded by reciprocal pressures break out in centrifugal

and eccentric attitudes and actions. It looks as if the freedoms from want and fear which are the same as security in kibbutz economy can cost too much in terms of the individual *integer vitae*. The assumption that the commune is a voluntary society and that any member can resign from it without penalty, the provisions for easy leave of absence, for the equivalents of what among Roman Catholics is a “retreat,” only mitigate the danger. Nor does the diversification of functions do more, even though a healing psychic distance come with it. Growing numbers seem more efficacious; even in a goldfish bowl, the individual is more private when he must be distinguished in a multitude.

Nevertheless, whatever the safeguards, pressures do pile up, and ultimately, nothing in the kibbutz daily economy arrests the piling. Not even the nightlife, however diverse its intellectual and esthetic comestibles—be they concerts, lectures, motion-pictures, plays, exhibitions, or what have you. Many of these, like Jove’s messengers, make their appointed rounds unstayed, settlement to settlement. Like the meals in the common dining room, they are public exercises, profane, not of the spirit’s fane itself. And yet the global discrimination between the values of vocation and culture, daylife and nightlife, labor and leisure, which is rejected in principle, lives on in practice, an ineluctable fact, that confronts you, kibbutz or no kibbutz. Look—you have washed your hands at one of the taps outside the entry to the great communal hall. You have somehow wiped them on a communal towel. Now you stand by while the communicants go in to their evening meal. Some come from their cabins, their toilets already made, most come direct from field or shop, to wash up at the communal taps. The families join at the door or assemble at an appointed table. Their food is brought to them on wheeled carts, and one or another dishes it out for the rest. There is enough,

but it is not designed to intrigue the eye or please the palate. It is designed to still hunger and refuel the organism as engine. There is little lingering over it or over the words and thoughts of the neighbor, if indeed they can be distinguished in the clatter of dishes and voices. The tables are left quickly. Here, holiness does not seem to offset fatigue or to prevent exhaustion. The faces of the diners, their postures as they eat, tell of no joyous awareness of the *kiddush avodah*. One senses weariness, hurry to get away, to be alone, to rest. The night we were at Afikim was regular movie night, and the whole kibbutz turned out under the hot, open sky to see the show. I thought they evinced a state of mind which would need many reinterpretations indeed to be made one and the same with the workaday consciousness.

And yet it gave out an aura, as of a pervasive mystique. The Gordonian holiness makes itself felt; one is aware of a sort of monastic, a secularly monastic, commitment. That endows the communal spirit with its singularity, that generates its atmosphere. That is the "mind stuff" of which kibbutz morale makes itself—the morale which created and sustained so much of the fighting faith of Haganah, of Palmach and of the current impulsions to settlement and service on the dangerous borders of Israel that qualify the Israelis of the kibbutzim more than any others.

Its diffusion elsewhere among the Ingathered is a different story.

II

OF THE INGATHERED, THE UNGATHERED, AND THE UNGATHERABLE

BASICALLY, THE PEOPLES of the world make themselves. Their existence is a self-creation whose substance is experience lived through and remembered. Its method is the compounding of the memories into articulate images which their creators presently struggle to embody, to nourish and to perfect. Such an image is the actuality of the Jews' doctrine that the Jewish condition is one of "exile and return," "dispersion and ingathering." Only those who have in fact been driven or seduced from their homelands and yearn and work and fight to recover them are the exiles in fact and not only in faith. The members of the Assembly of Captive European Nations are such exiles. So are the Arab "refugees" from Palestine. So were the Judeans deported by Nebuchadnezzar to Babylon. So were *not* the non-Judeans whom Essarhadon of Assyria had transferred from their homelands to Palestine; they, as Ezra tells the tale, were content to stay where the despot had settled them, and desired to identify themselves completely with the Judean returnees, who refused to accept

them, hence making of themselves, in the eyes of the rejected, strangers in a strange land. The descendants of actual exiles are not such by experience but by self-identifying empathy of an image composed of present remembrances of things past, and made the substance of their education. The descendants of actual exiles are exiles by a faith which generates the experience it is a faith in. The state of exile of the epigons is a state of mind, intensely, conspicuously so when no alternative states of mind are at hand which have been rejected in favor of "exile"; when "exile" is a personal choice and not another person's imposition.

Practically until the Democratic Revolution the Western image of the Jew included the idea of Exile as the dominant Christian feature, while in the Jews' image of themselves it went inseparably with the idea of Return or Ingathering. There was only one available alternative: conversion to Christianity or Islam; and even among the many who did choose this alternative freely it was not a satisfying one: the penalties for the rejected Judaism somehow persisted after its rejection. In most of Europe, this continued to be the case after the Democratic Revolution had made available many more alternatives to the component, "Exile and Ingathering," in the Jews' image of themselves as Jews—had not the disillusioned author of *Autoemancipation* declared, "The Jews are alien everywhere"?

On the record, Exile was the actual experience of "the princes, the craftsmen and the smiths" and the rest of the Judeans who figured as élite in the power-politics of Nebuchadnezzar, and whom he therefore deported *en masse* to Babylonia. The craving of all these exiles, old and young alike, to return was their spontaneous, natural defense-reaction to their bitter humiliation. Their image of themselves as returnees—Ezra, Nehemiah, Ezekiel paint it,

Haggai and Zechariah give it the Utopian transvaluation—is the image of a rebuilder of Jehovah's temple and a restorer of Jehovah's worship by rite, by rote, by creed and by code. This image Jeremiah also projected, although he put off its incarnation to a remote time and urged upon the exiles submission and patient acquiescence until "he who scattered Israel will gather him" (31:14). If, to Jeremiah's contemporaries in Babylonia, exile was a fact and return a faith, to their prospering and prestigious descendants, Exile was a faith and Return a prophecy preferred. Thus Ezra the Scribe refers to "the word of the Lord by the mouth of Jeremiah" the decree of victorious Persian Cyrus permitting such descendants of the Judean Exiles in Babylon as so desired, to return to Judea; whereas Nehemiah of Susa, cupbearer to the King, is moved to tearful prayer by what he had heard about the condition of the Judeans "who had escaped exile," and of Jerusalem. Nehemiah reminds his "great and terrible God" of his promise to Moses that if the unfaithful repent and return to keep his commandments, then, "though your dispersed be under the farthest skies, I will gather them hence, and bring them to the place which I have chosen, to make my name dwell there." For Ezekiel, the sacerdotal prophet and utopian priest, the truly faithful to the Lord were the Exiled, not the unexiled. The latter were still the deJudaized renegades whoring with strange gods, while the former were now the loyal keepers of Israel's covenant with Jehovah, who directs Ezekiel: "Therefore say: 'Thus saith the Lord: I will gather you from the peoples and assemble you from the countries where you have been scattered, and I will give you the Land of Israel' " (11:17). Ezekiel's covenant was to be a new covenant securing also to aliens and to their children the equality of status and right (47:21-23) which the restoration of the old one by Ezra and Nehe-

miah did not. All three notables were Zionists imaging their people as exiles to be ingathered. They differed in their attitudes toward the unexiled residues and the aliens. Here, Ezekiel the seer and Nehemiah the administrator differ from Ezra the Scribe. Through the ages, these differences repeat, and diversify as they repeat.

From the standpoint of Medinat Israel, today's Jewries present analogous divergences. They may be distinguished as Undispersed and Ungathered, Dispersed and Ungathered, Undispersed and Ingathered, Dispersed and Ingathered, Dispersed, Undispersed and Ungatherable, and in addition there are the Strangers and Aliens gatherable and ungatherable. The ideal and actuality of Israel the State are the terms of the relationships which these words signify.

We look first at the Undispersed and Ungathered. They are what might be called the "native" Jewries of Palestine, yet not the Sabras. I have heard of none who claim descent from Nebuchadnezzar's left-behinds, the "holy race [which] had mixed itself with the peoples of the lands" that Ezra depicts; nor from the families of Ezra's and Nehemiah's returnees, although, indeed, a genealogical ethnologist might determine such. But I have met and spoken with ladies of charm and beauty, men of affairs, minor government officials who claim an ancestry of five centuries in Palestine, that are epigons of Iberian Jewry fleeing to the benevolence of Moslem power from Christian malevolence; pre-Zionist Palestinians whose generations had come to feel themselves at home in Turkish Palestine-as-it-was, living on, prospering, maintaining their speech, their culture and their mores as the Jewish *millet*, the peer of the Moslem and Christian and more than the peer. Their speech was Ladino, their cultus Sephardi, and their Hebrew what is now the preferred measure of tongue and pen

in all Jewries save those of Mea Shearim and the other ultra-Orthodox ghettos of the Ashkenazic world. They had acquiesced in British rule as they had in Turkish, and they seemed to be taking Medinat Israel similarly, participating in its political economy with a somewhat deploring commitment, maintaining the while their separate communion of cultus and culture, with its own rabbinate, its own hierarchies of family and fortune.

Although the communion comprehends the immigrant Sephardim, the "natives" perceive them as alien. They seem to respond to them as to the Ashkenazis. Compared with them, the "natives," the authentic Palestinians, are not those Arabic-speaking Persians, Iraqis, Egyptians, Tunisians, Moroccans, Algerians, and those Jargon-speaking Ashkenazic Poles, Lithuanians, Russians, Czechs, Hungarians, all with plebeian Hebrew speech and impudent slavic ways, but upstarts and bounders? When all is said and done, is not the Ladino stock the true élite of Jewry, not alone in Palestine-Israel, but everywhere?

Thinking of these natives, there comes to mind the moral stance of America's Colonial Dames. We may set beside them, and over against them, another communion of pre-Zionist Jews of Palestine, also "native," but not so native as the Ladino-speaking Sephardic communion. They are the Yiddish-speaking mid-European Ashkenazis whose forbears came trickle by trickle into Palestine through the centuries, either to die in the Holy Land, or to be on the spot when and if Messiah, Son of David, does come to redeem them and the land as Jehovah God of Abraham and Isaac and Jacob had promised them. They brought with them, from their countries of origin, a variant cultus, folkways and mores. Their existence consists in cultivating those and educating their descendants in them. Their center of concentration is the section of Old Jeru-

saalem known as the Hundred Gates, Mea Shearim. There they live on in their own exile, self-isolated, avoiding in every possible way contact or communication with the Jews of the Ingathering, holding that non-Jews to whom the Torah had not been committed are sinners less dangerously contaminating.

I had visited Mea Shearim several times: once, to get the general feel of it, again with Rachel and some heretical Israeli friends; yet again, to meet if I could, householders in their homes, and yet again, guided by one of the community's "spiritual leaders" and a companion, to visit the heders and the Yeshivot and to learn of the Faith.

The externals are the externals of the Shtetl, but an arabized one of ingrown and crowded disrepair. What it disclosed could be qualified as the worst features of a slum, but psychologically it was not a slum nor was the neglect of the streets and housing such as the concept "slum" implies. The condition is cultivated, a consequence of concern, not negligence or abuse; it is conceived as the concrete symbol, among them who love the Lord their God and obey his commandments, of the Exile which must endure till all the children of Israel shall love and obey as the faithful of Mea Shearim do, and no longer burn up the Torah in the flames of their idolatrous disobedience, as it had in fact been burned up one *Shiv'a Asar b'Tammuz*. Such architectural signs and markings as the Torah enjoins are meticulously maintained. They present a significant perfection.

The case is the same with the human person. There is an odor which, rightly accounted for, is the odor of sanctity. It stands out from the mingled scents of foodstuffs decaying, untended excrementa, of open sewage. It is the fragrance of unwashed persons in unwashed garments. The washings which both do get are rather ritual lustrations

than secular cleansings. They are of the *mitzvot* performed by keepers of the Commandments. So long as boys and men can have their *peot* aptly grown and appropriately curled, so long as the face is unshaven and the beard abundant, what difference need the presence or absence of vermin make? You put your arm around the shoulders of a runny-nosed little boy who is shyly answering your questions, and your wife pulls your arm away. The boy's eyelids are encrusted, lice are in visible motion among the clipped hairs of his head, his garments are ragged. But his *talit katan* is clean and the fringes set duly and in good order.

No doubt his mother does for him the best that his father's faith and her own habits permit. He said she was "handlen" and that his turn at *heder* would soon come. He had led us to that heder up flights of insecure stairs to a door we did not open and through one of whose dirty panes we caught glimpses of the youngish, bloodless visage of a rebbe, made the paler by his dark beard. He was swaying to the unheard cadences of his moving lips, his hardly more robust pupils swaying in time with him. These, like our tiny guide, seemed to be of the considerable hard core of the faithful whose resistance the valorous women of Hadassah and WIZO had not yet succeeded in breaking.

Our little guide had an immediate rival: a great, red-bearded, blue-eyed lout of a true believer who noticed me talking to the child and dashed up, his broad-brimmed black hat shaking, his sloppy pants slipping from the hold of the wide "gartel" visible under his unbuttoned *chalat*. He was shouting: *ich seh ihr wilt sehn. Kumt, do is a shul. Ich well eich weisen*, and rushing with brief quick steps toward one doorway, and as we did not move, rushing toward another, shouting. *Kumt! Do is a Yeshivah. Ihr wilt doch sehn!* He kept after us until we left Mea Shearim's

exhalant stone-paved narrow main street. The Yiddish in which he solicited us, and the little boy replied to us, is the tongue of Mea Shearim's daily life. Hebrew is still the *leshon kodesh* reserved for addressing the Holy One, blessed be He, and occasionally for comment on Torah. Yiddish is *Thisworld's* medium of communication and expression, Hebrew the *Otherworld's*, as it guides *Thisworld* of sin toward its final purging and redemption in righteousness.

Yiddish is especially the language for women, and for the instruction of girls. Mea Shearim cultivates a Yiddish literature peculiar to itself, and focussed on the urgency of building unchanged into the next generation, the Torah of God as the doctrine and discipline of their elders. During the last six years the elders have been publishing a weekly, "The Word of the Lord from Jerusalem": *Dos Yiddishe Licht*. They describe it as an "independent orthodox journal," aiming "to penetrate, with the light of Torah, with reflections on traditional education and the spirit of original Judaism, the Jewish masses of Eretz Israel and abroad." The content, the mood, the temper of such numbers as I had a chance to glance over, suggested the subsoil of Samuel Agnon's vision and values.

"And abroad" is no simple expression of missionary goodwill. Mea Shearim has its peers abroad, the most prosperous and powerful being in the United States, and these have their non-participating Judaist fellow-travellers. Mea Shearim must depend on them for the upkeep of its economy. Mea Shearim could not long retain its isolation without their dollars, and isolation is presently the critical condition for Mea Shearim's survival. By means of this consecrated spot, the Upper One, blessed be He, gives the truly devout the opportunity to cultivate the *mitzvah* of *halukah* naked and undisguised, while elsewhere in the

lands of so many wrong ones, the performance of the *mitzvah* enables the *Kosherer Yid* to practice, at least vicariously, the right Judaism. Mea Shearim is the dwelling-place of the Dispersed and Ungathered of Medinat Israel, whence they refuse to be ingathered, and are fed and nourished in their refusal with the cash and kudos provided by their likes abroad. Significantly, Israel's government permits and protects them—like Druse and Arab communities, they are still a millet. Save when their breaches of the public peace in vindication of their Holy Torah become excessive, public authority lets them alone. Committed citizens of Israel, both religionist and secular, invited to comment on them, appraise them as trivial anachronisms without power and without a future, for authentic Israel is infallibly destined in due time utterly to absorb and to Israelize Neturei Karta's descendants. How, the respondents do not say: perhaps by the osmosis and contagion of the Israeli scene; perhaps via such freewill services as Hadassah's and WIZO's. Nor will anyone say, when. All are sure that Neturei Karta cannot keep closed the gates they guard, nor defend the walls of separation they man. All believe with a firm faith that the barriers, both spiritual and physical, will be razed and the Ingathering consummated. Meanwhile, municipal Mea Shearim continues the Citadel of Israel's Dispersed, Ungathered and Ungatherable.

I turn from these to Jews who are psychologically Undispersed but Ungathered. Practically all of this type whom I came upon are refugees from the Nazi sadistocracy and of German derivation. The sense of alienation that many of them communicate seemed alienation *from*, not *in*, Weimar Germany. There, the Zionist faith had left them cold, many of them had grown up with no knowledge or

feeling for the Jewish Idea. At heart they were "non-Aryan," "deutsche Staatsbürger"—and not so many of them added—"jüdischen Glauben's." They came to Palestine as they might have gone to the United States or elsewhere and they undertook to rebuild their lives like any newcomers in a strange land. They brought to this endeavor, if little material goods, a very notable psychological wealth: the rituals of *Kultur*, of course, and on occasion its *gemütlichkeit*, but more vitally some of the knowledge, the skills, the economic understanding and managerial competence which have qualified the German economy since its agonists made it an industrial economy. Those thus endowed knew their superiorities and showed they knew them, with the usual consequences in resentment and caricature. They bestow on Tel Aviv much of its go-getting spirit, its expansionism, and its ambiguous, somewhat formalized nightlife. They have acquired Hebrew, but German is still their language of freedom and the heart. Their individualities, no less significant than the individualities of such as would see them only as a type, were sunk in the type, which the habitants christened *Yeke*.

The label is a term of judgment, signifying what it judges by its sound alone. As I got to know Yekes here and there, it became clear to me that they were a productive, yet sober and stabilizing force in the economy of Medinat Israel. Their attitude toward making their new home and building their new lives in the land seemed a matter-of-fact, unsentimental acceptance of their situation and its responsibilities, but with some nostalgia for the Deutschland of their derivation and without Zionist pretensions and an outlook on the future without Zionist illusions. Their spirit seemed German "bourgeois" and "capitalist" and their comment on the relation of Histadruth to free enterprise was in keeping. Yet they man-

aged to do business with its agencies, and on occasion, I gathered, despite its agencies and their plausibly imputed stranglehold on Israel's economy. The Yekes project none of the *Zionut* which the sabra generations take a bitter delight in mocking. Their type includes old-timers and newcomers of other derivation, impressively Dutchmen such as the mining engineer with whom we talked of the past and future of King Solomon's mines as he drove us to Timna from Eilat, and such as Eilat's bored-mannered, taciturn mayor. Their economic creeds diverge, but the image Yeke stands for them all. In terms of faith and works the type is likely to maintain and enhance their distinctive character among the Ingathered without ever having been inwardly or outwardly of the Dispersed. Their Israelization proceeds as a normal immigrant response to the challenge of the new scene and the new people. This, even with the Nazi abominations which figured in their personal history. Their Israelization has become a transaction with equals, not a mere response to inferiors or superiors, and their having come to Israel "aus Berlin" seems in no way to disturb it. The temper of it diverges sharply however from that of the Germans and other West Europeans who went to Palestine "aus Überzeugung."

These last were the ever-uprooted in spirit, not the incidentally uprooted in the flesh. Hitlerism for them was no irruption of the irrational, no mad interlude of sadism and paranoia within the normal courses of history. For them Hitlerism was another of the recurrent acute phases of chronic anti-Semitism which is the stuff of *Galuth*, and going to Israel was the achievement of redemption. They were the convinced believers, their Ingathering was a self-ingathering and return home from Exile. Before there was Israel, they were in this sense already Israelized; and to live and labor in the land of the Fathers was to be renewed

at the roots. Their value-systems joined them the Dispersed and Ingathered who gave form and force to Israel the Vision as a design for living by means of the Declaration of Independence wherewith Israel came to be. They are of the authentic Utopians, whose creed and code laid down the gradient from which actualities of history are all de facto deviations, as the historical actuality of any church is an ongoing deviation from the doctrine and discipline by which it persists in defining itself. Many of them brought with their utopianism not only the learning and skills of German university men, but also long practical experience in government and administration which the non-Germans whom they joined did not have and could not have gotten. Their conceptions of the relations of organization to freedom and individual to institutions run the gamut from the collectivism of Mapai to the diverse individualism of the Progressives and *Heruth*. But whatever the doctrine, learning and skill and experience join it to such manifestations of efficiency—indeed, of beauty and use—as the works of a minister without portfolio at one end of the doctrinal spectrum, the operation of the grain-elevator *Dagan* at the other, and the control and management of the Hebrew daily most relied upon for objective reporting and unbiased editorial judgment respected by all parties, in the spectrum's middle.

This paper has its parallel in the English daily whose generation-long editor is a member of Mapai and the new Mayor of Jerusalem. As Mayor he faced not only the problems of municipal housekeeping in a beleaguered but expanding city which must handle together such unsavory concentrations as Mea Shearim and such developments as Mevaseret Yerushalayim, the city's health, its good order, its water and food supply, its education, its police, fire protection and its military security. As Mayor he faces also the

responsibility of meeting and solving his problems of the greatest good of the greatest number to the satisfaction of each and every special party whose "advice and consent" can make or break his administration. Burdens of party conciliation and adjustment can be far more vexatious than those of administrative efficiency. Every so often, challenges come presenting forced options. One such was *in actu* when we were visiting the Mayor: Providing in a new building a place for worship by non-Orthodox Judaists had been proposed. The Orthodox, who with Mapai formed the Mayor's support in the city government, put in their *Veto*, put it in despite the spirit and the letter of the law. The Mayor opted for the law, and the God-fearing Intolerants withdrew their support.

The Mayor came from the United States. He has been in Palestine since World War I, a journalist and editor, long-time friend and neighbor of my sister Deborah, who died in Jerusalem in March, 1957. I had known him here at home, long before he made his personal Aliyah, as I had known other such young men, and the band of dedicated young women who had preceded and followed Henrietta Szold in those years to the land once again the promised land through the Balfour Declaration. I had counselled with him and Deborah, Judah Magnes, Dr. Bluestone and other Americans when I first visited Palestine in 1926. The group Gershon Agronsky came with also belonged, with the German likes of them, to the Dispersed and Self-Ingathered. But they belonged, and so continue, with a difference. Whatever they may have believed about their living in dispersion and exile, this belief got no such confirmation and nourishment from the theory and practice of anti-Semitism as it got in Europe. Their exile did not stem from the attitude of their non-Jewish neighbors; its actuality was a posture of their own minds, and dis-

cordant with the democratic faith which postulates that all diversities are equally free and equally at home together. The number of Americans in Israel is smaller than that from the residual West, and the whole West has given Israel little more than five per cent of its entire new immigration. The Americans' option for the Jewish homeland was free, not forced—the Europeans' was forced—and the Americans' carried much of the conscience of the missionary, little of the consciousness of the refugee. Hadassah seems to me, both at home and in Israel, to sustain this spirit more aptly than other American organizations which also concern themselves with the fortunes of Israel. The Zionist intent, as reshaped into configuration with the American Idea, implemented service and self-sacrifice rather than self-help and fulfillment. As Louis Brandeis told his Jewish fellow-Americans: "The sole bulwark against demoralization is to develop in each new generation of Jews in America the sense of *noblesse oblige*, a sense which can best be developed by actively participating in some way in furthering the ideals of the Jewish renaissance; and this can be done effectively only through furthering the Zionist movement."

This may be why American Israelis, whether *oficionados* of *Habonim*, of other congregations, or independent pilgrims unattached, seem to prefer the collective asceticism of the Kibbutzim and the unconscious penance they enable for Galutic wellbeing to the private forms of Israeli enterprise, with their less disguised bets on a struggle whose successful continuation can have no guarantees.

Outside the collectives one meets Israelis from America in the ranks of the government and the Agency. Numbers in the higher managerial echelons of business and finance appear to be half-time Israelis busily flying back and forth in the service of the economy, like a student I knew forty

years ago at the University of Wisconsin. His interest was to develop the petroleum industry in Israel and lands further west. We met him one Shabbat afternoon, at tea in the garden of another early friend of Deborah's, Isaiah Braude. That pilgrim of the Third Aliyah had started his Palestinian redemption from the intellectualism of the Shtetl with the dedication of his energies to the Gordonian faith in working the earth. Accidents of fortune finally led to an accountant's career, and he was now the foremost in Israel. The connection between him and my oilman was consequential. Of course, after forty years I failed to recognize the latter, and his recognizing me, making himself known, telling me of his occasions, was heartwarming as such encounters always are to a teacher. He was flying, he said, as he might have said he was walking down the street, to Ankara the next day and would be returning two or three days later, then home to the United States for a bit and back again to the Middle East. His was the type one noted in such "luxury" hotels as the King David in Jerusalem, the Dan or the Ramat Gan in Tel Aviv, hotels endeavoring to keep up with the Joneses of their species in Miami or Malibu and in some ways outJonesing them.

Numbers of the Ingathered from the English-speaking countries are of my oilman's kind. There seems to be a rough division of labor among them. For the same reason that English as spoken in Israel is English as spoken by Britons, much of the public service of Israel seems to be entrusted to Jews or Judaists whose derivation is from the states of the British Commonwealth; or who, if from other lands, have studied like Moshe Sharett in English schools and universities. I have met one or two who attended the American-sponsored university at Beirut, and of course there are functionaries whose instruction and experience derive from the United States or Italy or France or Ger-

many or elsewhere in Europe. In the Hebrew University, the Technion, the Weizmann Institute, the Germanic tradition is prepotent and the role of the *Herren Doktor* in the freer areas of Israel's economy sticks out. But in the administration of the civil service, the law and the courts, the routine of foreign relations, the military establishment—so many of the brass had fought in World War II as soldiers in the British Army, had been trained by Wingate during the troubles of the '30's—British ways seem to exert a continuing magisterial influence. There are not only the knowledge and knowhow of the holdovers from mandatory times: there are social attitudes, forms, amenities and standards unconsciously absorbed, as the diction was absorbed. The British contribution to the formation of the culture that shall be authentically Israeli is far wider and deeper than can be inferred from the fact that there are only 5,000 British Jews among the Ingathered, half in Kibbutzim or *Kvutzot*, the rest where and as they can practice their crafts. There is a widespread desire, of which the Kiryat Gat project is an expression, to keep them together as now the communities from North Africa and the Near East are kept together.

Sometimes I have thought that perhaps the most powerful carriers of British values are the ingathered South Africans. They do not, unless they formally surrender it and formally take Israeli citizenship, forfeit their South African nationality even though they serve in Israel's Defense Army. Their approach to utopian Israel is postulated on this freedom. I met a young man in the Health Center of Ashkelon who in 1948 left his prosperous orthodox home in Cape Town to volunteer for service in Israel's army of liberation because he could no longer compromise with the Malanic immoralities of white-negro relations. After seven years he finds himself anxious over the con-

trast between Israel's egalitarian "Law of Return" and the actual attitudes of "white" and "colored" Israelis toward one another, the former superior yet uncomfortable in association with the latter; the latter acquiescent and resentful. Far decenter than in the land of his exile, but still unworthy of the land of his redemption, with its Histadruth, its calls to all Jews to come and be saved. So he feels cut off, minding his own business and caring for his family. True, public institutions, like the Center which employs him do endeavor to serve all alike. But, it seemed harder to overcome feelings of inferiority and to develop self-respect and self-acquiescence than to work on the condescension of the "betters."

The "betters" are the descendants of Yiddish-speaking East European Jewish emigrants to South Africa who took up their lives in a culture whose formations were suffused with a fundamentalist Christian creed and code. They received the full civil rights of the white-skinned at alert amid the dark multitudes. They prospered. Like American Jews of the deep South, they adopted—perhaps more anxiously than their likes in the United States—the dominant attitudes toward the colored majorities, thinking thus to assure themselves from degradation because they were Jews. Their situation gives the creedal Exile an actuality it lacks in Australia or Canada or New Zealand, and which is only occasional in Great Britain; it endows the idea of Ingathering with a deeper promise. The promise becomes project as Afridar Ashkalon. The project is a city already planned, to be financed, built and governed by South Africans, and inhabited by all the types of Israel's Ingathered, but particularly those who have "returned" from South Africa, Great Britain, the United States, Canada. Currently, among the 2,000 inhabitants of Afridar there

were some twelve families from South Africa, fifteen from England, six from the United States, one from Canada.

The site of their paradisaical city-to-be is that well-watered coastal area which had been settled, perhaps long before Homer or the Siege of Troy, by people from the islands of the sea, the Pelasgian Greeks whom the Bible calls Philistines and whose name had become the name of the entire land, Palestine. Ashkelon had been their great *polis*, and their vision and ways had there received a notable expression of the creative imagination as they reworked the recalcitrant and inharmonious stuffs of the natural scene into adaptive and satisfying forms for their human one. Now their works are fossils of mankind, overlaid by the strata of half a dozen no less dead cultures, which the archaeologists will be digging up and treating as cryptographs of the spirit of man to be decoded and prized. Philistine divinities were counter-Jehovah humanizations of the life which the sea hid: fish-like Atargatis and Dagon were its dominant symbols. Their names and shapes and worships persist diversely to this day, especially hers the Lady of Ascalon, once Stella Maris, again Dea Syria the Great Mother, now Mary, Mother of God and Daughter of her Son. But her city's name lives on in English speech not because of her generous providence but because of the no less generous onions Ascalon exported long millennia later: it lives on in *scallion* and *shalot* and her divine self. The Lady of Ascalon is a memory contracted into the Lady of Shallot.

The biblical record is as unfriendly to the Philistines as to the Amalekites. The Hebrews had never fought them to lasting victory, nor ever occupied Ashkelon. Jeremiah's contemporary Zephaniah, transposes the hope of both into prophecy (2:4-7)

For Gaza shall be deserted,
And Ashkelon shall become a desolation,
Woe to you, inhabitants of the seacoast,
Yea, the nation of the Cher'ethites.

The word of the Lord against you,
O Canaan, land of the Philistines:
 and I will destroy till no inhabitant is left.
And you, O seacoast, shall be pastures,
 meadows for shepherds and folds for flocks.

The seacoast shall become the possession
 of the remnant of the House of Judah,
 on which they shall pasture.
And in the houses of Ashkelon
 they shall lie down in the evening.
For the Lord their God will be mindful of them
 And restore their fortunes.

But the wish, become prophecy, became a memory trans-valued into a promise, the promise into a project. So now as a sort of architectural antiphony to the overlaid fossil of old Ashkelon, a new Ashkelon, an Ashkelon for the Ingathered remnant of Judah, was being designed, the utopian conception of a Jewish sociologist somewhere in Capetown or Johannesburg, the city-plan of a Jewish architect somewhere in Johannesburg or Capetown. Its financing was undertaken by the South African Afridar Company created ad hoc. Its main street is called Zephaniah Boulevard, and the plans project a civic center to be its terminal. Its buildings, from Guild Hall to Hospital and Theatre are to form a great square where the community is to consummate its civic and cultural life. Spreading radially from this core of civility would be four more communal units. One will be a second Afridar. One is the

old Arab Majdal, now already overcrowded with Ingathered from less favorable lands of exile. One is a housing development of *shikunim* for other such new immigrants. One is Barnea Ashkelon, to be built to Ashkelonic specifications by private capital. The sociologist who conceived the design for living and laid out the pattern of implementation became his city's first mayor. But his works could not materialize the utopian articles of his contagious faith. Neither the capital investments and good will offerings of South Africans nor the amenities of acknowledgement and communication between the children of Ashkelon and the children of South African communities could render administration efficacious or management economical. The mayor died. Ashkelon, the symbol of Exile and Return singular to South Africa, had to subdue utopian vision to actual need. Government and Histadrut had to take a share in capital investment and in developments; the Afri-dar company felt it necessary to send in a *Madrich*. The design is there, on the walls of the office, a lovely and moving vision of hope deferred. The actual scene is suffused by the grace and lightness of that coastal land. One feels that somehow, some fragrance of this has seeped into the souls of the people. But as for the grand design—however willing the spirit may be, the flesh is unable. That which the flesh requires makes its manifestation in the *Yuval Gad* Pipe Factory which sticks a dark unnatural pattern into the bright blue void of the Philistine sky. This is the factory which produces the great pipes that are to bring the waters of life into the dead bones of the Negev and the skeletal hills of Galilee. But in Ashkelon there was fog and a heavy rainfall one day during the zenith of the dry season, while we were there.

The pipes bring to mind the originals of the Ingathering, the pioneers of the early decades of the century whose

intransigent perseverance had, in the framework and against the will of the British rule, readied the Jews of Palestine to take over as the people of Medinat Israel. These are the men and women who set up the divergent institutions and economy which rendered the Jewish settlement under the British Mandate a state within a state and are the matrix of the formations which presently give Medinat Israel its character as a sovereign and independent nation. Their creators, the brethren of the Second and Third Aliyahs are seen, and plausibly enough see themselves, as the Founding fathers of Israel the State. They figure, not in other people's minds alone, as the *I'atikim*, the élite of the élite, the ultimate originals whose visages the processes of Israelization could most hopefully endeavor to reproduce through the generations. That their own sabra descendants should already disclose a different semblance with unexpected features belongs to the nature of things where nothing ever recurs without bringing a difference—or belongs, if you prefer, to the will of Rabbi Nachman of Bratzlav's God, who never does the same thing twice.

The progenitors know, however, that there must be an ongoing recurrence to support and conform the innovations. They believe yearningly that the configuration of their faith and works is the authentic gradient on which Medinat Israel's future should proceed and upon which all diversities now and all diversification to come be reformed or reform themselves. One encounters them at home as missionaries of their faith at private conferences and in public meetings; in Israel they are the department heads and power manipulators in the agencies of Histadrut, in Mapai, in the agricultural settlements whether moshavot or kibbutzim, in the Knesset. They are the elder statesmen who believe, not implausibly, that the power they

hold is their creation, not their trust, and seem resolved to surrender it to no one, not even their own epigons. For who else has now the habit of confronting extremities boldly and firmly, but without extremism? Who else can lead the struggle for a utopian Israel against the irreconcilable enemy abroad and the uncompromising diversified opposition at home according to a set strategy and flexible tactic which shall constrain the reaction of both foes toward what the elders would have and not what the foes would prefer? Whatever the occupation of these veterans of the Second and Third Aliyah, however strenuous their rivalries, strained their disputes, diverse, even clashing, they form a communion of vision and work and warfare that has been two generations shaping itself out of shared unthinkable riskings of liberty, life and limb, and saved by an unmeasured need of bloody sweat, tears and laughter.

The foremost apostle of the faith of these utopians has long been the foremost shaper and most durable premier of their State, David Ben Gurion. Except that soon his role is that of *primus inter pares*, his story of his beginnings is story of them all, and his aspiration the aspiration of them all. Utopian "Eretz Yisrael" articulates the image of his aspiration's satisfaction: the rest is struggle against resistance and frustration to embody image in event: struggle against the disillusion of *Petah Tiqva*, that "mother of the colonies" behaving like a wicked stepmother: struggle to learn labor as peasant and fellah knew labor, but to make of it an ongoing act of worship; starving, getting malaria, nevertheless continuing "the conquest of labor" with haverim old and new; realizing that *Petah Tiqva* was only a shtetl transplanted, exile transplanted, and developing over against the fact of it the shared vision and will whose changes and chances brought at last into being the communes and the union of them which is now Histadrut.

And then new diversifications come, with the qualities of men disclosing themselves at the challenge of events or the stimulus of occasion. One becomes a smuggler of men, women and children, another a smuggler of munitions, another an organizer of watchmen; another a projector of Haganah and still another an organizer of Palmach. All give themselves to the conquest of Hebrew as they had given themselves to the conquest of labor. Their struggle knows no letup: They give battle against the strangulation by the Mandatory, against deficiencies of land and water, against Arab mores of predation and feuding.

The women emulate the men in spite of the men. They insist on the equal right to immigrate, to work and to fight, and to stand beside their men in all things. They meet the responsibilities of child-rearing by rendering them collective and delegating them to some one made a specialist in child-care. Later, they organize a sort of commando of working mothers, to put an end to the social and economic penalties laid upon them merely because they are women. They set up schools of agriculture for their sex; they undertake collective farming on land leased them by the National Fund. Duly they make their way into the clandestine defense groups. They serve in Haganah, even in Palmach. Numbers are now British veterans of the Second World War; more are veterans of Israel's War of Liberation. Several have been elected to the Knesset. But before the rabbinate they are still secondary persons, in no way equal to their men, and in the economy they get paid thirty per cent less for the same work. They organize a sort of commando in the interest of mothers and many extend a mother's attitude—an enlightened one—to the care of the Ingathered in the new settlement.

I remember Ahuvah. Perhaps she is an exception, but if so, it is because she seemed so expressively representative.

I saw her first, a squat figure, her head covered with a white kerchief, trudging in the roadless dust of Otzem. Otzem is a settlement of *Olim* from the Atlas mountains. Its several dozen two-and-three room houses make a village in a section of waterless Lachish. The necessities of surviving involve a radically new turn from the pattern of existence that the settlers had followed in their native mountains. Artisans now must needs work at unskilled labor and learn dry farming. Meat-eaters now must needs content themselves with a few vegetables and not enough of those. Their perceived difference from other Israelis made them feel inferior. They emulated as they could house-keeping ways and even synagogal rites. And they had to protect their village, night and day, against marauding fedayeen across the all-too-near frontier. To make ends meet, the women had to violate a taboo and work outdoors like the men. And both sexes had to become convinced of the survival-value of personal and domestic hygiene, of the greater health it assures babies and the like. Surviving meant, willy-nilly an adam hadash, an *ishah hadashah*. Clearly, overcoming new fears, which added to old habits an hysterical strength, could not be left to circumstance and chance; the costs to everybody would be too great. Guidance, by a leadership that would be accepted and trusted was required. The government endeavored to provide this leadership, but the most authentic was voluntary, usually from some long established kibbutz. Ahuvah and her husband Bezalel were volunteers. They came to Otzem from Kibbutz Ginegar, were just finishing the two years of service which they had offered and were preparing to return home. Ahuvah had assumed the responsibilities of mothers' teacher and helper, Bezalel, of village secretary. They were Russians, and had been living in Palestine-Israel since 1922. Ahuvah was on her way to visit a mother

in one of the cottages when our car came out of the dust of the road into the dust of the roadless village. She led us at once into her one-room dwelling whose spartan disrepair, though not its neatness, Al Capps of Dogpatch could appreciate. There Bezalel soon joined us. They offered us tea and melon which only many apologies and explanations kept Ahuvah from preparing. And they talked—simply, easily, bits of personal history, amplitudes of their present service: They saw their task as an easing of attitudes—attitudes of their villagers toward one another, toward their children, and toward their work—so that the new life and the new scheme of values might develop with as little strain as possible. This, said Ahuvah, requires above all love and patience. Sitting, in uneasy violation of her feelings of hospitality, on her one authentic although dilapidated chair, her round, smooth face glowing with spontaneous lovingkindness, she told how she had thus endeavored to reassure her charges, through months of what often seemed fruitless labor. Now she was sorry to leave, she said. Bezalel interposed that their Kibbutz also had its needs and its compensations. Yes, she went on, she and Bezalel had at least won the trust and friendship of the villagers, so that they realize that the innovations of the redemption were not fearful but to be cheerfully tried out. Now both mothers and daughters were making Ahuvah their confidante and confessor; fathers, *mirabile dictu*, would, in a pinch, wash their baby's diapers; the girls would, to the consternation of their mothers, try to shower every day. Their Ahuvah would miss the friendliness, the feeling she was of use. But it would be just good to get back to Ginegar. There, at least, Bezalel hastened to add, no one goes hungry so long as any one else has food, no orphan is left to shift for himself or to feel that nobody cares for him, and the entire atmosphere is one of friendli-

ness. This is not the case in a moshav, where the settlers compete for profits, parents and children don't get on as well together as in a kibbutz. People age sooner. "Our kibbutz started the same year as Nahalal but how much younger do I look than any Nahalite! I hope our people here may build as good a life as we."

Since May 14, 1948, when the community of Palestine Jews declared itself the State of Israel, and these already Ingathered led in taking up the responsibilities which the mandatory abandoned, the new role brought out new traits and new attitudes. The new State was born of danger and has survived by battle, year in and year out of its brief history. What devout Mr. Eisenhower would call its Crusade for the Ingathering and Israelization of the Ingathered in accordance with the vision and works of this élite, brought radical challenges that might disrupt the Utopian pattern at the vital center. The new state necessitated a new man. If the redemption of the exile by his redemption of the land with the work of his hands made holy by this work, was his rebirth into dignity and freedom as a Jew, the creation of the State of Israel required a transvaluation of all he had been as Jew, into the potential of all he had to be as Israeli. Now, indeed, he must needs consummate the second birth whose gestation had begun with his taking to the soil of the Promised Land. Now at last become one of the twice-born, with his Proclamation of Independence covenanting a new covenant, he named himself with a new name that signalizes a circumcision of the spirit transcending that of the flesh.

The renaming among the élite seemed to me at once a symbol and a disclosure—the disclosure of a feeling of consummation, of a journey's end, through the valley of death to which there would be no return, into a new existence

in a new world; an existence whose inward traits must be incomparably different from those of the life superseded and outlived. As a symbol, the renaming has its analogies to the widespread practice among the orthodox of giving new names to such as have been sick unto death and survived, of the baptismal names which supersede those by which Christian converts are known before they enter their state of grace, of the renaming of Popes when the Holy Ghost designates them as the new vehicles of infallible revelation. I am assured, and I do believe, that this renaming has no parallel in the Diaspora replacement of Hebrew or Yiddish names with such as are supposed to be more acceptable to the Gentile neighbor: Milton or Maurice for Moshe, Robert for Reuben, Gwendolyn for *Gittel*, Ida for *Chayah*, Sidney for *Shmuel*, Harry or Horace for *Zvi*, and so on. The Israeli renaming seems as religious a symbol as any can be. Sometimes it takes the form of a more or less fanciful translation of the name borne in exile into the Hebrew of return: A Finkelstein turns himself into an *Even-hen*, a Goldstein into *Zahav* or *Zahavi*. Sometimes there is an assonantic modulation, with perhaps also a metaphoric purpose such as might be inferred from the early passage of David Green into David *Ben Gurion*, or of Dostrovski into *Dori*, Shertok into *Sharett*, Kolodney into *Kol*, or belatedly under-pressure-Meyerson into *Meir*. *Ben* is a prefix to a parent's or an ancestor's name. Sometimes the new name embodies a memorial intention such as Saul Meyerson's who founded Haganah. His young son had been, for his valor, nicknamed *Gur*, the lion. He was killed in battle, and his inconsolable father took the name, *Avi-Gur*. The transposition of Torczyner into *Tur-Sinai* is phonetically obvious, but Sukenik into *Yadin* has a rationale I cannot guess. What became clear to me, in the matter of names, is the

difference of the inner attitude which the new names express. Whether the differentiation will be fertile and not barren of desirable consequences, whether an Israeli living his life lives otherwise with a Hebrew name than a non-Hebrew, whether an Ish-Zahav would perform more adequately than a Goldmann, the future will disclose. What presently solicits attention is how this change of name relates to the doctrine of Dispersion and Ingathering, and to the personal histories of those brethren of the Second and Third Aliyah whose changings have a certain global visibility.

At present certainly, the only inference I can draw is that new names for old consummate a certain closure; that what the spirit had felt as somehow open is open no longer. For the rest, neither in the expression of faith or the performance of works did any qualitative difference in the renamed disclose itself or between the renamed and the unrenamed. I have found in both, as I met and talked with them, watched them on the job and shared their leisure, a kind of simple courage and behavioral matter-of-factness which level doings, that to the listener seem heroic, out into routinal necessities of time and place and circumstance . . . There was a situation: Munitions were needed. Munitions had to be cached. By land or by sea, Olim had to be brought into the country. Arabs had to be repelled. British police or British soldiers had to be checked. Desert land had to be watered or swampland dried out, and so on, day in day out. What needed to be done, got done, and that was that. Now, the doer was going about the—by comparison—dull routines of earning his living and telling of these other events of his personal history as if they were no less routine and dull. He is truly unaware that his conversion is history and the story of his life a tale in the creation of his country. After a time, the listener concludes

that what sounds like heroism has been such a commonplace necessity of the struggle for survival among these Ingathered, that they are not aware of heroes or heroism. Brought to their attention, they are as surprised as Moliere's M. Jourdain, when he learned that he had been talking prose all his life.

The equal consecration of the safe commonplace and the hazardous unprecedented seemed to me a revealing differential of the utopian temper prevalent in the fellowship of the Second and Third Aliyahs. It still lives on in a certain concentration in the kibbutzim, so that the Government's utopian strategy is to send all youth, inborn and Ingathered alike, to live and work for a period in some kibbutz. But by and large, it is not the temper of the generation of sabras, in or out of the kibbutz. They retain the pioneer matter-of-factness, without the transvaluing utopianism. To them, if they were Christians, a communion wafer could never be a miracle of redemption, or anything but a morsel of stale, insipid, dry bread, ambiguously white.

But no more than a remnant, who are the seed of the kibbutz movement, lastingly retain something of its vision and ways in their design for living, wherever it takes them, and however they live. They stand out among the teenagers who volunteer, like Ahuvah and Bezalel, for service among the newly Ingathered, who man the Nahals on the borders and opt to turn them into permanent settlements, who volunteer for tasks of exploring and preparing the ground for the new Israelis. But those with whom I spoke did not impress me as aglow with Gordonian enthusiasm for the Jew's reunion with the soil through the work of his hands: work was more a necessary, an inescapable evil than a sanctified renewal; a duty to be discharged without illusion, not the illusory joy which the fathers had made of

it. What had been *vita nuova* for the latter, was for the children old folkway. Galut, the shtetl, the pang and poignancy of persecution belong to tales told in leisure hours, not happenings of the working day. They were of another dimension than the vexations and challenges, the perplexities and perils of the scene this youth grew up in, working and fighting for survival. Confronting the reality of it, they did not propose either to let it delude them or to get them down.

Ruth Ludwig's daughter Raya, a tiny brunette whose vocation was nursing, now the mother of an infant son; her tall, blond young husband Aharon, working as a mechanic in *Solel Boneh's* garage in Haifa Bay, were separately emphatic about this. All their friends, each insisted to me, felt the same way: they would do what they had to do, work where work was called for, fight where fighting was required. But why make a fuss about it? Why indulge in Zionut? The deputy engineer at Timna, an alumnus of Technion, expressed himself similarly. He was giving me lunch in the refectory for all the workers of the establishment. "We can't be efficient and Zionist at the same time. On a limited budget I can't undertake to Israelize newcomers or train them in human relations. I must have workers. But even the willing ones lack the right attitude toward work. I beg, I shout, I explain, and finally I send them away." Their Israelization was not his job, nor Hannah's his secretary's, impressive in her red shorts.

We came upon the same attitude but in a very different frame of reference, when a truckful of workers carried us over the desert bumps back to Elath. My student assistant Raphael Gill and I had arrived there by plane from Lod, at mid-morning. We had been quite disembarked and were standing lonely and insecure by our small luggage when a noticeable woman with dishevelled red hair dashed up to

us, talking breathlessly; after her followed a deliberately moving, not noticeable, bored-looking male. Since we were the only strangers, they knew it was us they were to meet, but they knew neither what for, nor who we were. The red-hair was Bluma, keeper of the inn, *Yam Suf*, where our nights' lodging had been arranged for. The not-noticeable man was Hanoeh Nenner, Mayor of Elath. He at once packed us off to Timna, in charge of a Dutch engineer on his way back there. The journey was a bouncy, choppy hegira in an American jeep that alone could take those frozen unexpected waves of Negev rock and sand. Our engineer told us that he had stopped in Israel for a look on his way home from the Dutch Indies, had liked what he saw and stayed on.

The truck back was a more stable conveyance. When it dropped us, it was the hour of Elath's midday siesta. We did not know where to go, and did not find whom to ask our way—no mayor nor policeman, no child nor dog. We did not know where our bags were, or that they were any more. We wandered and wasted in the dry Elath heat. The watchman in a fully occupied hot hostel told us where the mayor lived, and we finally found his front yard where we divided the time by contemplating his view and beating on his door only, alas, to enrage his next door neighbor. After a time, we wandered down the height again and came upon an open door to what was to be a hotel for tourists. In the attractive hall women were deliberately busy readying the place for a future much too late for us to have any part in. At long last we found our blind hot way to *Yam Suf*, our luggage, and voluble Bluma. Her hostelry had once housed the horses of British cavalry—the British were now across the gulf at visible Aqaba—and its rooms retained their distinction. The furnishings reminded me of a kibbutz of 1926; the broken-down chair,

the table, the cot with jagged springs, perhaps an antique from that kibbutz. Bluma urged that the delicate American professor should be better housed and sent us off to seek more comfortable lodgings in town.

I can't say if she knew that none such were to be had, but she didn't seem surprised when we finally returned to her, soaking wet, thirsty and hungry. She had no food for us, but plenty of native beer, which we drank gladly, bottle after bottle, while she sat with us in our stall, her red hair glowing, her red tongue wagging with sardonic comments on the Mayor's courtesy, and bitter appraisals of her neighbors near and far. She was already forty, we learned, engaged and soon to be married and shake the dust of Elath from her feet. Elath was a terminal phase of her career of trials and errors. She liked the place; she would stay on. The mountains are so beautiful. But she couldn't go the people, especially not the detachment of *Kibbutz Hameuhad* who had taken over Yam Suf's best places, including dining rooms and waterclosets. They were supposed to be readying some land nearby for a new settlement. They called themselves pioneers, but if they were pioneers why didn't they pitch tents as pioneers should, and not sprawl all over a hotel and take up rooms needed for other people? She, Bluma, was one for free enterprise, and she was utterly frustrated, doing her job, by these ridiculous, amateur pioneers. That her hostelry was a property of Histadrut and being used to serve patriotic ends, was no service to the economy. Here she was, and she couldn't feed her guests because the pioneers had taken possession of all her facilities; she could scarcely heat water for tea. We could probably get something at the snack bar set up by *Tnuvah*—everybody with no home eats there. But it would be a long walk up hill on a hot evening.

When I invited her to come along with us, nevertheless, she freshened up for the unique occasion and came. The snack bar turned out to be the Mayor's eating place, too. His wife had flown to Tel Aviv—and since he had put in an appearance before we left, I invited him to join us. Soon I found myself giving a dinner party of egg and milk dishes, swathed in the tepid dairy bouquet that gave pervasive body to the unmoving air of the place. Our table-talk got a touch of suspense from the repeated ingress of Elath's policemen and their whisperings with his Honor. The things I recall of what he told me are personal. He had arrived from Holland intending to join a kibbutz. He did, but found kibbutz life no life for a Dutchman. He had been appointed to Elath five years ago, but now for one year he had been an elected mayor. It was he who made the headlines by choosing in person the refugee Moroccans who could meet the exigencies of existence in Elath.

Mayor Nenner's talk took my mind to the work-commando of young folks at Yam Suf. They seemed very young, these pioneers, oh pioneers. Raphael Gill and I had paid them a brief visit before our Aliyah to Tnuvah's refectory. The day's work was apparently over, and they were gathered round the fly-beset table in their dining room, drinking tea. They had been assembled for their current tour of duty—one volunteered, as he swiftly imprisoned a Knesset of flies under an inverted cup, while another, a girl, was inviting us to share their tea—from several of the units in kibbutz hameuhad, to do the job of work that was needed here. They were polite, but we sensed that they felt our call an intrusion: our airplane tickets sticking out of our suit pockets brought ironic glances and the remark "They've got their return tickets, see!" Nevertheless they answered my questions although

reluctantly. They believed their existence as members of the kibbutz to be existence at alert. They were minute-men; their vocation was, to be ready. Boys and girls answered the call of duty together, each taking whatever assignment—laundry, cooking, cleaning and the like—would enable them to live on while they did the work they were sent to do. This might include sweeping and dusting the great, empty, unbreatheably hot Philip Murray Community Center, preparing land, working at the shore or on the water. The kibbutz had lived by one rule since its beginnings in both the Petah Tiqva orange groves and the Tel Aviv-Jaffa coastal lands, when their parents were teaching themselves to work with their hands and to speak Hebrew every day all the day.

The communion's spokesman, a sabra from Ein Harod, hoped their movement could recruit more teenagers in the towns and the maabarot.

In the morning I joined the kitchen squad preparing breakfast—it seemed to me for the flies. Flies, I thought, were being accepted as a constitutive condition of pioneer existence, an evil, but a necessary evil, not to be permitted to divert one from one's real duties. I got the impression that a similar asceticism affected all that concerned the cosmetic of personal life, and when I saw on the plane which took us to Tel Aviv how one blond, blue-eyed, golden-mustachioed youth, now going on to meet the world outside the fellowship, had transformed his whole person I concluded that the appearance was not deceitful. The ways of these teenagers on the job recalled the ways of combat-troops at a battlefield, their relief at relaxation of the struggle to maintain the image of the self which sanitary ideals prescribe:—the disregard of nature's dirt and the self-neglect could well signify such a pride of self as the humility of saints discloses. They are matters-of-fact

on which salvation is felt to be conditioned; and salvation is not *Zionut*, but its abandonment. For to this state of mind, *Zionut* is the cosmetics of Zion. The general indifference to the World Zionist Congress last held in Jerusalem was a symptom.

But, so far as I can make out, this state of mind is the state of mind of a minority among all of the sabras who deprecate *Zionut*. This minority is still missionary, even for converts and recruits—there was an American girl in the Yam Suf works commando. But the new generation—the hundred thousand, more or less—old enough to challenge their elders for place and power, unaware of the actualities of the “diaspora,” encountering them only in the persons of the tourists, the officials of the Agency, the delegates to the Zionist Congresses and like assemblies, speak with impatience of those aliens. Listening to one or another, you sense a certain xenophobia whose object is non-Israeli Jewry, especially the Zionist faction of it; you catch in their speech a timbre of resentment. They resent the defacto dependence of Medinat Israel, economic and other, which many appraise as a mutation of Mea Shearim’s halukah, but still halukah. They resent as mystical and false the doctrine that all the world’s Jewries are one people, whereas in fact they are a diverse and diversifying lot with conflicting allegiances, and with as little spiritual as geographical unity. They regard the communal economy of the Kibbutz, the image of the halutz and the Gordonian sanctification of labor as perverse coercions of the spontaneous impulses of man’s nature. They accept work as necessary, but as necessary evil and appraise halutzit correspondingly. *Au fond*, they are consumer-minded and anascetic. They affirm the primacy of the individual and want to cultivate his freedom and independence. They will do what they must in the way of working and

fighting, but for themselves, where they are, as they are, here and now. They want no truck with either the *batlanut* of the Israelis or the Zionists of the deficient, unhealthy, unrealistic Diaspora. They admonish each other: *al teka-shkesh Zionut!* What the hell is Zionut all about? they demand.

The views I have just set down are a composite expressing a mood I found common to young Sabras who figure as opposition in *Histadrut* and *Mapai*, to the larger number who identify themselves with the Progressive or the General Zionists, and particularly to the marginal persons who once formed the now disbanded, very articulate small society that their foes and critics nicknamed Canaanites. The last seemed to me to bring the mood to its limit of expression, the apex from which the next step must be dissipation. The founder of the group—Aharon Amir, seems to have had this in mind from the outset of his talk with me. Handsome, well-spoken, a poet and short-story writer, he grew up in a home where Hebrew has been spoken and written before his father ever reached Palestine. This is his story: His adolescence coincided with the period when the British like the Arabs conducted themselves as overt enemies of the Jewish communities. He felt impelled to ally himself with the Stern gang because their methods seemed to him the more hopeful response to the challenge of so much more numerous and better armed enemy forces. But, for whatever reason, he became disillusioned with the methods of terror. He recognized that they were bound to fail as means to the Jewish ends. Then in 1940 Rommel began his victorious march toward Egypt, and it seemed as if he would take Palestine also. How to save Palestine from Rommel, how to build up a power at once of defense and development? Amir saw that it must be done by persons on the spot, who cared; that an ingath-

ering of the ungathered Jews of the Diaspora could not do it. An older man, also a poet, Jonathan Shelah-Ratush, had the same idea: to form a sort of band of Gideon, an association of sabras to be called Young Hebrews, whose mission should be to unify all the peoples of the land and of the neighboring countries into a single nation that could free itself from the Nazis and bring progress and prosperity to the region. The band did make contact with Maronites, Druses and Kurds, the minority of faith or race in Arab lands. It did win good will and the promise of co-operation: "I know that when in 1948 our troops crossed the Lebanese border people were waiting in Beirut with Israeli flags. I know that in 1950 the children of Nazareth had been given hats with Medinat Israel inscribed on the bands. There were opportunities; but the powers that be in Israel refused to take them. Now, chauvinism among the Arabs and Zionism among the Jews are destroying such opportunities. We were too far ahead of the times. But we are still young—between twenty and twenty-five years old. Just now we are disbanded."

The idea of a regional confederation of defense and construction, subordinating if not rejecting the creed of Exile and Return of Jews solely, earned these "Young Hebrews" the satirical epithet "canaanites." With their utopianism dissipated, they are left to the somewhat cynical plainness or flatness of vision, the matter-of-factness, which failure and disillusion bring. Yet, the proposition that the creed of Ingathering extends not only to people called Jews can well resound with prophetic clamor. At this time of writing, however, the Canaanites are of the Undispersed and Ungatherable.

Enough now of the Ingathered and Ungathered of Medinat Israel whose countries of origin were Russia, Po-

land, Rumania, Austria, Hungary, Germany, the United Kingdom, South Africa, Holland or the United States. Our look turns to the immigrants from Yemen and other lands of the Near East, from India and other countries of the Far East, from Morocco and other North African regions. Together, these outnumber the Europeans, and the Hebrew University's demographer, Prof. Bachi predicts that their greater fertility, nourished by the ways of the modern with infant mortality, will greatly further the outnumbering.

But the faith and works of the Westerners set the standard of living and challenge the patterns of believing of the Easterners. The Westerners stand as the Joneses with whom the Easterners, each, with its own constellation of beliefs, works, and ways, craves to keep up. But they do not compound into one Jones; they stay many Joneses, with their diverse political economies, theories of human relations, conceptions of the nature and destiny of Medinat Israel, and programs of fulfilment. The diversities impinge simultaneously on the necessities for survival: a common language; food; clothing; shelter; defense against disease, drought, and other natural enemies; defense against human foes; the knowledge and skills to get these necessities most simply and cheaply and to use them most fruitfully.

The necessities, being common, are the first concern of both public and private social agencies. Their job is "absorption," "acculturation," "assimilation," and the like; and these words signify to them everywhere replacing on-going non-European principles and practices in the conduct of life by modern European ones. To the overlarge numbers of "social scientists," inspecting, surveying, measuring, advising, the intergroup and interpersonal relations of the inhabitants of Medinat Israel are a rare opportunity

to study social processes as in a test-tube at first hand. Of these, some are commissioned by Israel's government, others by UNESCO, others by some Israeli institution with curiosities bespeaking a certain anxious uncertainty behind the brave front of the Israeli consciousness. Still others are attached to institutions of higher learning abroad, or to this or that one of the Jewish organizations which pursue their own ends *hutz laaretz*. Whether or not he knows it, what any perceives—however “scientific” he thinks is his method, and “objective” his attitude—is refracted and recomposed by the value-system he brings with him, and for and with which he lives and learns. This, I unblushingly submit to be my own case; and I as unblushingly add that our indefeasible diversities could more readily unite in a consensus if each were to start thus aware of his singularity of vision and judgment.

Whatever such a consensus might establish, the power-holders and policy makers who are signified whenever anybody says “Israel” would employ it as a diagnostic guide to the strategy, tactic and logistics of the sovereign and independent State of Israel's struggle to survive. Soon or late, they would take “absorption” “acculturation,” “assimilation” to signify whatever relationships are found most fruitfully cohesive and reciprocally strengthening among the human beings who together are the people of Israel. In the freer societies of the West such relationships are postulated on individual and collective diversity, on the right to be different, the parity of the different, free communication between them on all levels. Where this conception of “absorption” is a working hypothesis, each group finds something of a Jones in every other, each learns to feel at once that it wants to emulate others in some things and to be emulated in other things; each has learned to respect itself for what it has, and instead of

condemning itself for what it lacks, strives for a free exchange on equal terms of that which it has for that which it lacks and desires. It believes itself a participator in a cooperative enterprise; an individual member of an inter-group union, with its own characteristic part to play.

Both the departments of the Jewish Agency responsible for the policies of Ingathering and the social workers, health officers and others charged with facilitating the newcomers' struggle in the new land, have learned the hard way to employ this working hypothesis. None of the number who were good enough to discuss with me their problems and experiences have reported a different finding. That which neither by discussions nor the record of the eight-year-old pother over "absorption," "integration," disclosed, was a gradient of belief and expectation upon which the global miscellany of people called Jews might move toward a spirit and mien that would be accepted as the authentic image of the Israeli, the typical, the representative Israeli. That such an image is in formation, I am persuaded. But it is forming, and may continue so, below the threshold of visibility until the barriers of visibility signified by "absorption," "integration," "clash of cultures" are removed. Inquiries using these terms see and shape and judge what they see by means of the terms. In my own view, as is well-known, the less distorting symbol for the desirable ways of group with group is "orchestration." The ways look like transactions whose transactors each play a dynamic role in an ongoing configuration reaching to every sort and condition of human being, not Jewish only, in Medinat Israel.

I prefer to call the configurative process in Israel "Israelization," and I was persuaded soon after our arrival in this utopian land that the major influences in the process are the Histadrut, the Army and the educational establish-

ments. Apart from any other roles they play, they act as institutional bridges over which new and old can join with one another and mingle their lights. All three seem postulated on the propositions and perspectives of Israel's Declaration of Independence. All three have a tradition of strategy, tactic and logistic older than the State and shaping State activity. All three manifest morale rooted in history and flowering in aspiration—unfriendly observers say, pretension. All three are utopian in their motivation, "realistic" in their pursuit and exercise of power. All three are qualified by the characteristic strife between faith and works internal to every society's struggle for its own Utopia, checked only by the necessity of fighting the war waged against their country by encircling foes whose—to date only partially successful—strategy is to cut it off from all contact and communication and render it utterly friendless and alone.

Thus, Medinat Israel gives the impression of a society in the making embattled for its Utopia within, surrounded and at bay without. It is this society that the Jews of the world who are not yet there are exhorted and invited to join for their freedom and safety. It is this society that the Jews of Asia and Africa are moved to join in their multitudes. What so moves them? How readily can they be brought to commit themselves to its vision, to give themselves to its works? each to convert himself in his turn, into adam hadash and authentic Israeli?

The impressions I have brought away from my encounters with these Ingathered are ambiguous. Few of those I have met in the homes of friends, in the shops, the factories, the fields, on the roads, in the quarries, were without discontents, without appreciations of the life they had laid down much to the disadvantage of the life they had taken up. But none, save one or two of the Bnei Israel

from Bombay, confessed to wanting to resume the old life. Whatever the burdens, here was their country, here they were not afraid and free. There was manifest a grumbling determination to make the most of the new condition, or else a somewhat sardonic resignation to it. Left to themselves, they could somehow survive like the people of Mea Shearim, whose fundamental creed and code were also theirs, maintaining the ways of the fathers in the land of the fathers until in God's good time, the Messiah should come. But they had not been, they could not be, left to themselves. The idea of living on in freedom, without fear, carried with it certain promises, certain visions of fulfilled desire, which were not coming true. They were living in redemption far more laboriously, poorly and dangerously than in exile. Yes, they were supplied with means of defense and were being taught to defend themselves. But all this rendered them the more strangers in a strange land by some blow of fate believed to be the Homeland. If, at least, they could settle back into the exile way of life, they could endure until Messiah Son of David's advent. But it was these ways which the Ashkenazim who had preceded them into this foreign Homeland of theirs were challenging, were pestering and luring them to alter. Not only were they uprooted from the old soil, the old roots were denied nourishment in the new; they must grow from them new roots whence the new ways might sprout; else they must resume exile and perish.

To the Ingathered of the earlier Aliyahs this mood seems to make little sense. It impresses them as a deficiency, it provokes them to appraise the newcomers as dependents inadequate to the responsibilities of Return, therefore inferiors. Even the formerly Roman Catholic peasants from Italy, the converts of San Nicandro who, having way back in 1925 gotten hold of a few Old Testa-

ments adopted the sacrificial rites and rites of its pagan Judaism, seemed apter than these newly Returned. They had written to the Chief Rabbi in Rome requesting to be inducted into the house of Jacob; he refused them, as he had to. Whereupon they formed an independent and autonomous congregation, to serve Jehovah according to the Old Testament's priestly directives. The appearance in their village of Jewish soldiers from the land of Israel, even though in British uniforms, seemed to them a message from the Lord of Hosts that the time had come to go up into the Promised Land. They did not find the Beulah of their ritual expectations. Those who clung to them stayed on to continue their leviticized peasant ways in Almah; the less utopian went to Gerah. The children of both retain the parental peasant virtues. But, said their fellow-Italian, Dr. Nachon, who was telling me about them, they are now "Ebrei normale," normal Jews. In sum, these righteous strangers, welcomed and not rejected as Ezra had rejected alien volunteers, were, although disappointed, carrying the burdens of redemption like veritable Israelites. Why could not the originally veritable meet the challenge so? Suppose that hardships are intrinsic to the Ingathering, how light they are beside the hardships which they of the earlier Aliyahs accepted freely, happily, as they found their way to the land of Israel of their own choice, at their own risk! Did they not sweat and bleed to take root in its wastes far more hungrily, far more laboriously and not less dangerously? They required no agency to help the passage from bondage to freedom. They had no social workers, no *Kuppat Holim*, no Hebrew, no teachers, no schools, no experts of farm and factory to help them on. Instead of a government to care for them, they had the Mandatory blocking and preventing them. Yes, there were Zionists hutz laaretz, but what help could they be regard-

ing vital immediacies of the onerous daily life! They, the old-timers, had to do it all themselves. And they did it, working, suffering, fighting and dying obstinate step by obstinate step toward Medinat Israel. Consider, one ancient of the Third Aliyah told me, how he himself stole his lonely way into Palestine, how he stayed "illegally," how he lodged under roofs far worse than in any maabarah, how his hands swelled and bled as from sunrise to sunset he worked out his hungry living with them, for not enough bread to keep on working! Consider how, even after hunger and sickness had made a kibbutznik of him, he often went hungry, enduring the malaria which still besets him, fighting off the murderous thieving Arab neighbors who respond to retaliation but not to forgiveness! But he and his *haverim* had the vision and the will; they would not yield, and here they are with their children and grandchildren. And here is the State. How much easier everything is for these later Olim, wherever they come from, especially the Orientals! What's the matter with them?

The answer to the question is a preoccupation of all officials and volunteers, whose concern is Israelization. They "research," they assert, they suppose. Some even dare to suggest that there's nothing the matter with them, and that it's the question which creates the problem, and not the other way round. They're different, and it's the impatience, the intolerance with the difference that makes it "something the matter."

For one thing, there's the difference of color, which ranges from the sun-tan brown of some Casablancon to the chocolate brown of the Bnei Israel or the Cochin Jews. It is natural that the eye sees, that the seer reacts to, color. But that the reaction should stir aversion or be held to signify inferiority, is cultural, not natural. Children see and accept difference of color without turning it into an invindi-

ous distinction until they are taught otherwise, perhaps by adult example such as may be noted even in a kibbutz, where one night I overheard a little girl turning away from a newcomer with *hu shachor!* I have been told of a Moroccan six-year-old who declared "When I grow up I shall be an Ashkenazi."

For another thing, speech is initially different, and after Hebrew has replaced Arabic or Yiddish or German or Ladino, the new common language is tongued in the rhythms and intonations of the earlier diverse ones. With this difference of language there go comprehensive differences of culture and cultus, differences often trivial to an outsider, but to the insider like the word *Shibboleth*, the momentous test of belongingness. These differences identify the Insider. They single out the Outsider. Kurds are Kurds first, Israelis afterwards. So are Yemenites, Bokharians, Moroccans, Algerians, Tunisians, Iraqis, Persians, *et al.* Singularities of friendship and feuds, of patterns of work, worship and play, of command and subservience whereby an individual is identified as belonging with these and not those, live on transferred from the many lands of their Dispersion to the single one of their Ingathering. Mix the individuals and proximity intensified repulsion. As the very able Giora Josephtal remarked to me, one morning at Pension Greta Ascher, where mostly Progressives of the Knesset seemed to lodge, "We tried the melting-pot method and it didn't work." Israelization requires orchestrating the communities of Olim to one another as well as to the cultural economy of an Israel mechanized and militarized. It requires a design of intercommunal relations intending this end, with a baseline in whatever consensus the people's diverse Judaisms may disclose. The future they aspire to cannot be healthily a rejection or discarding of their past. Only death, which breaks off a per-

son's future as well, can truly break off his past. Every ongoing present is a living past from which all future significantly branches. At most a break here can only suppress, not liquidate; growing freely, a future absorbs and transvalues, it does not break with, the past it presently varies from.

I was enabled to have a look at various stages of the valorous endeavor, now eight years old, to work upon this vital center of men's struggle for survival both among North Africans and Yemenites.

One late June morning Yehuda Weissberger, of the Shaar Aliyah, took Ruth Ludwig and me to the Immigrant Reception Center at Haifa Harbor, to board the S.S. Artza, docking with an aggregation of Olim from the Atlas Mountains, Tunis and Morocco taken on at Marseilles. The immigrants made as motley a company as ever were debarked at Castle Garden, not say Ellis Island. Extraordinarily few looked older than thirty, fewer were alone, without wife or children; many of the women were advanced in pregnancy. (In point of fact this entire Aliyah is at least as youthful as the Second and Third Aliyahs but have a very different view of birth control.) Family men and individuals on their own grasp in one hand a sheaf of papers. In the other they juggle an infant or a parcel or both. Only authority expressing itself harshly can stir any to relinquish the papers even for a moment: these are their passports to the *vita nuova* of their Promised Land, the vouchers of their capacity to become the adam hadash whom the sponsors of the design for the new life so wistfully, so compulsively intend.

The owners of the papers had received them but a little while ago as proof of their having been "processed" during the strange passage from Marseilles to Haifa. They eye my

fingers while I leaf them over as though they were wolfish fangs tearing at their lives. Their breath comes quick and shallow, their free hands twitch a little. When I give back the papers, the hands snatch, the eyes widen, incredulous. One is a barber and he has brought his razor. He is headed for Lachish, he tells us in Tunisian French, with his wife, his infant, his sister, his mother and his seventy-year-old father, to start the new life as a farmer. Others are tailors. There are many cobblers and some students. Their baggage—clumsily wrapped paper parcels, discarded duffel bags, wicker baskets, fabric and leather suitcases—contains, besides their bodily necessities, their lares and penates, the belongings which signify their cherished values. Religious objects are mentioned less frequently than one expects, or general literature; the men say they have learned to read *Humash* and the *Siddur*. But the men are functionally illiterate, the women, even such as had attended Alliance or “Joint” schools, not only functionally. Radios are noticeable, and noticeably tended. Many women have brought medicinal herbs, and seeds they intend to plant in the Homeland.

Ashore, at Shaar Aliyah, Bohemian Yehuda Weissberger finds for us at last the director, Russian Kalman Levin. I immediately feel that I have met this busy, sensitive official before—in Palestine? In the pre-Stalinized “Yiddish Region” of the Ukraine, projected by Agrojoint under that other Utopian, the good Dr. Rosen? Levin draws for us in vivid Yiddish a series of thumbnail characterizations of the diverse communions he deals with. We see the *Bnei Israel*, out of Bombay, as the least hopeful and the black Cochin Jews as promising as Yemenites; the Moroccans as manifesting much hostility toward anything labelled “Arab,” the Iraqis not enough. War, Levin suggests, might cause some panic among the oldsters, but nothing

dangerous. As for the youngsters, they've shown they can be counted on. You'll see, in *Gadna*, in the *Nahals*. Ah, see the children, all the children: they're good . . .

It had been our wish to go with the new arrivals to their destination, no longer a maabarah, but the place of permanent domicile, where their new lives are planted and cultivated under the guidance of a nurse, a teacher, a social worker, a security instructor. (They get a week to settle down in the frontier communes prepared for them. Then they are taught the indispensables of frontier defense. This is something that pioneering Americans, trekking west in covered wagons to take up land, would understand. The rest—a tutelage perhaps burdensome, perhaps enviable—would be outside their experience as it had been outside the experience of the earlier Jewish immigrants to Palestine.)

It was not practicable to have our wish. Instead, Yehuda Weissberger took us to Taanach, where settlers had gone only three months ago straight from the ship, to join a commune some of whose members had been beating out an existence for five years. Taanach is a large village of stone houses, still without roads, without water. The houses have no cellars. They stand on six pillars, and herbs are growing in the place beneath. The edges of some houses are dusty-bright with flowering plants. We enter a house at random. To the Western urban eye it seems unspeakably dirty. The lady of the house looks at us with great, anxious, questioning eyes. Her face is beautiful, not too clean. On the floor in a basket lies a tiny infant, wrapped from head to foot like a parcel to keep the legions of flies off its flesh. The furnishings are the least that will meet essential needs: beds, blankets, kitchen utensils and the like, provided by the Jewish Agency. A neighbor comes in to see what it's all about. He already speaks a little

Hebrew and in that tongue invites us to his own house. Before we can get set on the two blanket-covered beds placed at right angles, a gun within reach of both in the corner where they meet, our young friend's brother comes in. After him comes an old man wearing narrow, light blue trousers, a black stripe embroidered at the ankle—we learned afterwards it was a stripe of mourning for the temple destroyed two thousand years ago. The old man's gray beard is pointed; his eyes are dark and restless. He comes from the Atlas Mountains, and he is a rabbi. Last to arrive is David. He talks to us in French, and proudly reads to us from a French letter. He is a Casablančan, he discloses, and had had some schooling in a United States financed school.

Our host will not hear of our leaving without having drunk tea with them. We are the first visitors in his house, and how could he show his face if we did not accept his hospitality? The tea is a long time preparing. While we wait, we talk of the whats and whys of their faith, their exodus, and the future they hope for. At last the tea is brought in by a silent, lovely, young girl who as silently fades away. We exchange warm handshakes on leaving, and I notice that the rabbi, uneasy during the colloquy at Ruth's presence, nevertheless gives her his hand in farewell.

Our knowledgeable cicerone takes us to another house. This is the home of a Kurd from the region of Kurdistan belonging to Persia. His tiny dark-haired wife wears a clean calico dress, gold earrings and a brooch whose antique workmanship titivates Ruth's curiosity. The lady's person makes a sharp contrast with the fragrant uncleanness of the place and its furnishings. There was a tiny infant on the bed, and the four older children were in and out and underfoot during our visit. The husband and

father is a tall, thin, dark-skinned young man whose features suggested sometimes Fernandel, and at other times, Robert Nathan of our Americans for Democratic Action. His hospitality is insistent, and we sit doubtfully on the beds, now overlaid with cotton spreads, at a rickety table on which is duly set out, in the Arab manner, sweets, *gazoz*, turkish coffee. Our host is five years in Israel, but only a month in Taanach. He is the support of his wife and four children, his father and mother. They had begun with a month in Shaar Aliyah, went thence for three years to the maabarah near Afuleh, until that life became unendurable, and he and the heads of seven other families asked the Jewish Agency for land and houses. So here they are. He has twelve dunams of unirrigated land and is dry-farming. He has this house, which he helped build in two-and-a-half years. So what? No tools, no tractor, no satisfaction from the instructors the Agency sends! They were better off in Kurdistan—he was able to turn his hand to anything but this *falha* (dry-farming). They had a good life. “The Goyim did not say anything to us. They left us in peace. We had our synagogue where we worshipped, morning and evening, and three times on Shabbat. Here—we have no time. We have our music and our dances—sword dances. When we first came seventy families danced from here to over there—we have not forgotten. Next time, you let us know before you come, and we’ll dance for you.”

“If life was better in hutz laaretz why did you come here?”

“Why? For two thousand years we kept saying *Eretz Israel*. The Goyim didn’t bother us. They left us in peace. After the war for independence, they began to murder and plunder. Then we had to run, at night, leaving everything behind . . . We had to fight and defend ourselves there. We do it here. Every night four or five of us are on

guard, watching. Just let them come—we'll lick them every time! If only we keep our health, we'll be alright in a few years. But the Agency should . . ."

We went to Lachish from Beersheba, where we had lodgings in the air-conditioned, functionally furnished Hostel for professionals set up by HIAS. We got substantial meals in a concessionaire restaurant whose manager cultivated an autograph book where I added my own name and an ad hoc sentiment to those of a succession of public figures who had eaten at her Ashkenazic table. We had come down by *sherut* (a taxi used as a bus). Our fellow-passengers were representative. One was a gaunt, red-nosed taciturn young immigrant, a Hungarian, sweating underneath layers of judaist and European garments, his face abristle with a three-day beard, glistening with sweat that seeped down from under a yarmulka over which he wore a flat-topped broad-brimmed hat; when, in one of our pauses, he removed his headgear to wipe the sweat, we saw that his head was also shaven, except his long, long, *peot*, which were combed back behind his ears. He answered our questions in monosyllables that told us nothing! Another was a thin, spectacled fellow, speaking a German Hebrew with the other passenger who aroused our special interest. The thin man was a Yeke, currently the secretary of a Kibbutz in the Negev, returning to his post. The third passenger was something new—big, broad, brawny, his black beard well-trimmed, his *peot* hardly noticeable, his yarmulka the size of half an eggshell and perched precariously on the back of his head. He spoke an Ashkenazic Hebrew loudly, in positive quick tones which reminded me how certain New York policemen speak to citizens wrong or right. This apparition was an expert on sheep farming in service at Sde Boker, where he would

have to make it on foot from Beersheba if he could not thumb a ride. By religion, he was a Mizrachi, by political faith a "national socialist." He had come to know national socialism in Poland, the land of his birth. As child and youth he had been enrolled in Pilsudski's fascist Poland's youth organization and inducted into its creed, especially concerning Outgroups. Of course, all Jews are his brothers, and their claim on Israel is also his claim. The Arabs push like claims that they will make good if they get the power. They are right, the Israelis are right, and Israel must mobilize all possible might, eliminate its rivals and thus validate its indisputable right. What fun it would be, I thought, as the pious expert on sheep culture delivered his revelation, to attend a colloquium between this voice in the utopian wilderness and an opposite number from among the Canaanites . . .

In due course, Beersheba's mayor took time out of one busy day—when the howling, fiery khamsin was quieter and the Bible's pillars of cloud by day, but our day's columns of dust, bitter, gale-swept and whirling—had somewhat levelled down, to come and talk to me. A round-faced, jolly man, at once perceptive and imaginative, his utopianism seemed realistic and rooted in practical experience. His name is now Tuviyahu. I did not get what it had been before his rebirth with the birth of Medinat Israel. He was born and grew up in Hasidic Galicia, his mother the daughter of a Hasid, his father a Mitnaged. At twenty-one he found his way to Palestine. He came to his maturity with the rest of Aliyah Bet. After eight years in Kibbutz Gera near Ein Harod, he went on to a moshav, where he farmed for twenty years. Then he took a job with Solel Boneh as a building contractor. He still has his farm north of Petah Tiqva—his daughter lives there; his son is a *haver* of a Kibbutz near Acco. He had been ap-

pointed Mayor of Beersheba in 1950, when it was held safe to replace military by civil government. His job is to administer the affairs of his city in such wise as prosperously to translate the design for living there into the facts of life. This he works at as head of a council of thirteen, of whom five represent *Mapai*, four the other labor parties, three the Judaist denominations, and one Heruth. They complicate his problems; a city manager would have an easier time of it than a city mayor. Nevertheless, when a year later, an election was held, he was the one chosen, and in 1955, he was elected again.

Tuviyahu had a haver drive us around the town that is, and indicate the town that is to be. Later, off a crowded, pleasant, public park, in the old mosque that had been converted into the municipal museum, I had a look at the image of the future here. It is shown together with immemorial remains of cultures long past, today's ordnance maps of the battles of the War for Independence. Its materialization is to take five years. By 1961 Beersheba is to be a city of 66,000 people with 40,000 and more in the outlying villages. Already old Beersheba's 500 flats of British times are increased to 1200, and there are 2,000 in the new Beersheba, whose building Histadrut sponsors. The factories give employment to 1500 workers who buy what is available from 300 shops. And the six wells which Mekorot has dug provide enough water to share with less fortunate settlements. They hope that by 1960 Jordan water will be available. Water is literally life to the 25,000 persons who live in the twenty communes centering on Beersheba, to say nothing of the close to 15,000 Bedouins who pitch their black tents in the Negev and must be persuaded from their ancestral economy of herding, thieving, smuggling, sickness and ignorance into the one of good health, literacy, agriculture, crafts and civic conscience that utopian Israel

envisions for them. Already five health stations are in use, and the plan looks to as many more as are needed. Automatically one's mind goes to the ironic story of the American Indians under the tutelage of Europeans north and south. *Absit Omen!*

Education is central to the entire design for Beersheba. Knowledge is power, isn't it? If water is life, knowledge is the life of life. Half the city's annual budget goes for education.

The preoccupation with water is necessarily paramount everywhere in Israel. It was the first consideration in the program for the Lachish area, initiated in 1954. Our guide there was the manager, Eliav, another of Israel's authentically twice-born, an associate of Arazi before World War II in getting Olim into Palestine, and arms into the hands of his surrounded and outnumbered comrades of Haganah. Eliav had fought the war as a private in the British army and Israel's War for Independence as a minute-man on call. Then he had volunteered to serve as instructor in a village of Cochin Jews. Now, after this service, he is responsible for the development of Lachish. Married, with two children and hoping for more, he is nevertheless looking to a year of study in the social sciences at the Hebrew University.

Our carriage from Beersheba to Kiryat Gat of Lachish was an army jeep which bounced headlong over ambiguous roads under the strong, heedless hands of an unvocal draftee. We descended at the length of wooden buildings housing the administration. The scene is more primitive than a primitive movie western, and endlessly busier. Utopia is in active gestation here, on the topmost stratum of layer upon layer of cultural fossils, works of all the ages

of man which the present work here for future men would disentomb and expose to the curious day.

Eliav's responsibilities include salvaging these residues for Israel's Department of Antiquities, who would have preferred to keep the entire area unchanged, under their care. But this was only one branch of his logistics, which included the planning of thirty settlements and the provision of the minimal requirements for human habitation. Getting this done demands bringing the planners together, unifying their intentions and labors, harmonizing the movements of materials and men so as to assure equitable and efficient distribution; thus, the Olim from ship and land in the inner ring of communes, the Nahals of Sabras—three of them—at the border, to guard and defend the plantations taking root from the marauding foe. The tutelage of the Olim of the villages is to be entrusted, each, to some ten volunteers, mostly from the Moshavim. These become actually a commune's vital center, who bring its members to self-help by teaching them Hebrew, farming, reckoning, the care and feeding of children, personal hygiene, the military arts required at the frontier. Ahuvah and Bezalel were such volunteers. The young Sabras at the Nahal Lachish were such volunteers. The boys and girls were but two months out of the army, twelve of them doing guard duty day by day and night by night, all having in mind, so the secretary of the group told us, to stay on and establish a Moshav for themselves.

An economic and cultural capital is being designed at Lachish. Its name is Kiryat Gat. It is to become, as an advertisement of the Anglo-Israel Development Corporation said, "a thriving British town in Israel," and to signify for the Dispersed at home in England what Ashkelon signifies for the Dispersed at home in South Africa. It is to be similarly financed. In one way or another it is to equalize if

not to better, for British Jews, the competitive differential between Israel and British ways of life, while the British ways of work and play, whether of the prevailing white-collar or the blue-shirt type, are to figure in the eyes of their non-British lesser breed as the ways of the Joneses they will spontaneously aspire to keep up with. Of course, participation by industrialists, American and other, is not unanticipated nor unsolicited. Nor will it be possible to carry on without the help of Histadrut and the Jewish Agency. Kiryat Gat is abuilding, and building is what most of its population are likely to be doing for some time to come. As soon as possible they will also be spinning and weaving, polishing diamonds, making barrows, processing beet-sugar and providing more and more of the sports, the central social and cultural services which the peoples of Lachish will require. It is conceived that the performers of these services—the teachers, the coaches, the doctors and nurses, the managers and the like—will be an élite Ingathered from Britain, but at one, somehow, with the Asians and Africans and East Europeans of the region, their equal and equally free fellow citizens and soldiers of utopian Medinat Israel . . .

The Yemenites are an older stratum of Israel's "immigrant" population. I visited a community of them already in 1926, and they had been coming in greater and greater numbers up to the climactic Aliyah of "operation magic carpet." They kept together spontaneously, and still keep together as in their old settlement on the outskirts of Rehovot, in the later ones such as Aminadab or Orah. Their cultus and culture are more complex, lettered and sophisticated than the non-Gallicized North Africans'; and by and large, their burden of Moslem anti-Semitism had been much heavier and more painful. They impress one as

a dark-skinned small-boned people of slight physique and delicate features. Their unmarried young women are often very beautiful, their married ones, ravaged yet serene in their servile roles. They make up only about one-sixteenth of the Aliyah to Israel as against pre-Israeli Palestine. Nearly half of them earn a living, such as it is, as field workers, another quarter are settled in Kibbutzim or Moshavim. The rest turn up in the towns and cities, working at their traditional crafts as silversmiths, embroiderers, leather-workers, potters or trying out mechanical occupations. What they had brought from Yemen, apart from their communal rites and rites and ways of life and work, was an attitude toward power:—the dual power of a sheikh to whom this or that family paid tribute for protection, and of the *Imam*. In Israel it is the power of the Europe-derived. But whereas they could only submit to it in Yemen, in Israel they are invited to challenge it. So they come to emulate and envy it but don't feel quite up to it, even when they have themselves become power-holders.

I had no chance to visit the cooperative communes in the Jerusalem corridor, and it was perhaps just as well, for again and again I came to feel that the anxiety of Israel's Utopians about the Israelization of their newer fellow-Israelis was born of a fear for its success, and led them to treat every settlement like a goldfish bowl whose denizens were to be unceasingly exposed to unceasing inspection. But each time I drove through the corridor by car or sherut, the feeling deepened that here was a deadlier soil to resurrect than any in Israel. This is the mountain wilderness of Judea, stretching from the heights of Zion to the coastal plain. The Jewish National Fund has long been reforesting it, but the endless ridges of white-gray limestone stick out like the skeleton ribs of some overwhelming monstrous beast, dead and worn to dust since before the

flood. Some seemed raised by masonry to make retaining walls that hold the soil and water in, and you can see the tiny human figures stooped busily upon the earthen planes, sweating over pines and vines. I should have liked to see face to face a kibbutz or moshav of Yemenites, answering the challenge of their Ingathering to turn this wasteland into a field fertile and abundant. The Yemenites I did come face to face with I met less as a social philosopher than as a friendly visitor enjoying his social occasions.

The first occasion was an evening in the home of Itzhak Kanev, long time director of Kuppat Holim, expert in the theory and practice of social security and head of a Social Research Institute. I came to know him first in New York a couple of years ago when he was visiting in connection with the exhibit of the Histadrut's health work. He met our plane on our arrival at Lod, and was at pains throughout our entire visit to Israel, to smooth the ways of my enquiry, taking time out to accompany me when he felt it desirable and making whatever contacts I asked for. He is one of the originals, a slight, blue-eyed, blond figure who had found his way to Palestine from the Crimea in the earliest years of the Second Aliyah and had occupied himself with the health and healing of Olim from the earliest beginnings of "the fund of the sick," which Kuppat Holim literally denotes. He speaks slowly, in almost a monotone, but with an upward lilt. His recurrent admonitions: "Don't worry. Take it easy," echo in my ears as I write these lines.

Apart from his own wife, the wives of the guests, his daughter and her husband, there were in the company he brought together that evening mostly Yemenites who might be said to have "arrived" if not to have been "absorbed." The daughter was an authentic Sabra, with the typical impatient realism of her generation. Her husband

was a Bulgarian *oleh*, sharing his wife's views. Both were architects. Of the Yemenites, two were members of the Knesset and executives in Histadrut—one a *haver* in a kibbutz; another was an executive in Histadrut's cultural department; the youngest was a student in the Hebrew University. A Canadian-born American family friend, May Baer Mirom, and Heinz and Ruth Ludwig completed the party.

I raised some questions to this effect: What separates an Israeli of Yemenite derivation from European ones? Do the Ingathered from Yemen suffer from unconscious feelings of inferiority? Do they tend to belittle, to deny and cut off the Yemenite heritage in a sort of Yemenite "self-hatred" (or for the matter, Moroccan, Iraqi, Kurdish, and so on), the parallel in Israel of the "Jewish self-hatred" outside of Israel? May Baer, a child psychologist, thought they do. She told of the tension in a little kindergarten girl over her dark skin, weeping "ani shehorah!" and perhaps infecting her lighter-skinned schoolmates with her own attitude toward dark skins.

The findings of the psychologists, it was suggested, indicate that such sentiments are not spontaneous, not inborn but learned, hence symptoms of a configuration of communal attitudes and habits. How did the grown-ups present feel about this? Did their own personal histories and present experience confirm the observation?

It seemed to me that the questions especially embarrassed the members of Knesset, that their responses avoided any direct answer, as if they could not say *No* and would not say *Yes*. The non-political guests were less inhibited. Their *Yes* seemed reluctant, but it was a *Yes*. Some weeks later, in a jeep from Elath to Timna, we picked up a couple of deeply brunette Yemenite girls, buxom instead of slender, bubbly and outgoing instead of silent and with-

drawn. They had just been discharged from the army and were taking a brief holiday before returning to work, seeing the country by hitchhiking. These young women gave no indication of any feeling of inferiority or self-hatred. On the contrary.

My second encounter with the Yemenite Israeli was in Rehovot. My Yeke student assistant, Raphael Gill, had spent some of his early years on the edge of Shaarayim, the Yemenite quarter at the outskirts of the town. This was one reason why, as a student in the Hebrew University, he was participating in a university study of that community. He had grown up with its sons as a neighbor and his return to it as an inquirer was not the intrusion of an alien impertinently snooping, asking rude or foolish or even dangerous questions. He was simply bringing an American friend, a professor, to get acquainted. The houses of the quarter were small, the streets, the usual dusty unpaved earth that will be burghul-like mud when it rains. As we came down the wider one, we could see, on a low, piazza-like wooden abutment, the seated figure of a woman; on a chair against the door, a slight man, neat and complete with beard, peot and yarmulka. There was a stillness about them, and a stillness in the air. Even the couple of small boys who appeared out of nowhere seemed too subdued for childhood. The man was the local Nagid whom we were calling on, unannounced. The woman was his wife, the boys their children. They were in repose in front of their shop, certain that the customers would turn up, and quietly waiting.

We had a long afternoon with them, in the course of which one neighbor came to buy either sugar or gazos, I couldn't make out which; another with a live chicken for our host to slaughter according to the laws of Moses and of Israel, which he did, spilling the blood which is the life

upon the ground as the law ordains, and taking his fee of fifty *pruta*. Male neighbors came by, ostensibly to exchange the time of day, actually to look the stranger over—an American, and a professor at that. As our talk moved desultorily on, our host disclosed that he had built a synagogue for himself, to which he proudly led us, through an enclosure for chickens and goats, and incidental growths of vegetables. It was a small structure that a *Minyan* of somewhat larger than Yemenite figures would overcrowd; against the lintel inside the door our host had nailed a list of rules he had drawn up for the decorum of the worshippers during services. With the inspection of the synagogue some of the stranger's strangeness has ceased to trouble. Our host had come to feel he need no longer keep up Israeli appearances. Now we must of necessity sit under his roof, and partake of his hospitality. A daughter put in an appearance. We were conducted into a room with a bed, on which our host sat. A son in uniform came in, on leave from the army. Wife and daughter moved quietly in and out with refreshments, only the darting eyes in their still faces showing how alert they were to our talk about the past in Yemen, the future in Israel. There are burdens here, our host indicated, especially the inquisitorial income-tax. But here is our country, that for 2,100 years we prayed to return to. Of course, it's not yet the kingdom of David, but it is sure to be, as we mend our ways, obeying God's commandments. Regarding this, the Neturei Karta are mistaken. They are wild fanatics and crazy. Here God is blessing the work of our hands, and service in the army—yes, for girls, too—is *mitzvah*, not sin. In Ben Gurion we have a righteous leader; like a good shepherd who keeps his sheep from straying. The son seemed silently to assent, but there was no assent in his eyes. The little boy came in, with his books, either to or from school. One, entitled

Keter Torah was printed in three languages, Hebrew, Aramaic and Arabic—all in the Hebrew alphabet.

After our host came to feel quite reassured about our attitude toward his Yemenite heritage, he stood up on his bed and from a secret closet high above brought out the treasured remnants of the past they had put aside but could not forget and would not quite abandon. He showed them off with a gentle pride: our hostess' bridal garments, the ornately embroidered head covering and leggings, the dress; her jewelry of an intricate design that the Bezalel workshops have made familiar in the West; our host's transcription of the entire Bible done in a beautiful pearl lettering and bound in black-dyed parchment; his *smikhah* as *shohet* from the hand of Rabbi Kaphael of San'a. The calligraphic art, alas, was being lost, and as for the embroiderer's and jeweller's crafts—one could see that the young people were respectfully bored by all this—where was the dedicated apprenticeship? His wife has a brother in Tel Aviv, who had learned the jeweller's craft in Yemen—we could take him a greeting. Some time later we looked up this brother—in a dim cubicle at the end of an unsavory Tel Aviv alley—an indifferent, brown-bearded, sad-eyed, skinny, very little man, seemingly reluctant to show his work, impatient to get on with attaching tiny globules of silver to a filigree bracelet he was shaping. He wouldn't bargain, and he didn't seem to care about the greetings from his relatives in Shaarayim.

So much for what I have seen and heard in the course of my ups and downs among the peoples of Israel, Ingathered and Ungathered. When I join to it the multitudinous statistics and conceptualizations I have read, they confirm the impression that here is a pluralistic society whose togetherness is postulated on a common past which isn't com-

mon, on a simple faith which isn't simple, and on ethnic unity which is conspicuously multiple. What initially unites the diversities is the classification "Jew," and not "Jew" as the diverse groups so named mean it, from within, but "Jew" as Christians and Moslems mean it from without. "Jew" as an anti-Semitic qualification, not "Jew" as a Jewish self-identification. The shared instrument in the latter is first and last the Bible. But what Neturei Karta, Mizrachis, Yemenites or Kurds or the comrades of Kfar Blum see the Bible as and use it for, appear ineluctably tangent to one another. The spectrum of Bible-grounded vision and works stretching between the infra-red of David Ben Gurion and the ultra-violet of Amram Blau gives no evidence that it can fuse into the white radiance of the utopian end-time, and it is this fusion that the embattled utopians of Israel strive and sweat and bleed toward. This is the *Ultima Thule* of the "ingathering of the exiles," "absorption of immigrants" and the like.

One does not see the struggle that must proceed between initiation and consummation as promising consummation and not struggle-without-end. The forms and the rules of the struggle will, of course change, as all things do in the affairs of men. Until the Olim have sent out fresh roots, they will live uprooted, and however they prosper, they will feel inadequate, insecure and somehow a lesser breed. The sentiment comes home to one in such invidious self-descriptions as "the Second Israel," second not only in time but in quality to "the First Israel." "We look on the Ashkenazim as on the Arabs; rights are not for us, but only for the beautiful whites." To get the full import of this remark, it should be joined to a protest of a tribesman of the Second Israel, when the distinguished expert in Arabic dialects, Haim Blanc of the Hebrew University addressed him in one of them: "What do you take us for,

Arabs?" and the event that addressing Olim in Hebrew flatters them. A mother's helper defends herself to her parents: "I am copying my *geveret*." The guilt-feeling over lapses in studying Torah is rationalized: "In Israel you don't need to study and can still be a good Jew." A little schoolgirl is cited: "When I grow up I shall be an Ashkenazi."

Each group's entire configuration of manners and morals is confronted not merely by the challenging alternatives of peers whom it may despise but of the betters whom it envies and emulates and yearns to excel: the foods they eat and the clothes they wear, where and how they sit and where and how they lie: the treatment of sickness, the words and gestures of the daily life; the father-son, father-daughter, husband-wife relations as embodied in the conventions of marriage and divorce, in the role and uses of parental authority, in the role of children's earnings in the family economy, in the entire conduct of life and the anticipation and meeting of death. These, culture-patterns of the Exile in Morocco's mellahs, or the regions of Yemen, are consecrated by a tradition within which the ways of the sons seem timelessly to repeat the ways of the fathers under the rule of the laws of Jehovah as revealed to Moses. The alternative patterns of Redemption taught by its agents in the communes and villages of the Promised Land are taken by that fact alone to be better, but oh how incommensurable!—especially that sanctification of manual labor, in the face of the supreme commandment to remember the Sabbath day and keep it holy! And labor measured by clocks, using machines of which people are only extensions instead of tools which are extensions of people!

I have heard the situation described as a confrontation of West and East: and the task of Medinat Israel, seeking to develop its Ingathered into citizens and soldiers of the

State, as the Westernization of those Asians and Africans. And I have heard numbers who work at this Westernization deprecate the potentialities and will of their pupils, and charge their own failures to the pupil's deficiencies: the pupils refuse to learn, they are sullen, you can't trust them, they expect you to do everything for them; they won't do anything for themselves, they become hypochondriacs, always running to the doctor. Again, I have visited with others, like Carl Frankenstein of the Hebrew University, David Wilensky of the Szold Institute, Arthur Miller of the Hadassah Center, Dr. Reinhold of the Youth Aliyah, who manifest an empathic awareness of the perplexities which beset men and women and children facing the sharp alternatives, and of what happens in their minds and hearts. Those practical utopians have discerned that for the building of a free society the only function of tutelage is to make itself unnecessary as soon as possible, to abolish its help in self-help. They have discerned that the spring of self-help is self-respect, and that self-respect cannot be had at the price of self-hatred and self-rejection. The Second Israel must needs see in its differences from the first equal cultural excellences, some of which it can give as integers in return for others it does not yet have; others which it can reshape, not by "westernizing," but by modernizing, by absorbing into its form and function the powers and values of science and industry.

To this end, the agents of tutelage need another awareness than that carried by their occupational knowledge and skills: they need the wisdom of the cultural anthropologist, and the special knowledge of singularities of the history, the folkways and mores of the groups whose guides, philosophers and friends they are ostensibly assigned to be. Most of all, they need a certain attitude that I have come upon several times in the communes, but have heard most

articulately expounded in the Army. Simple Ahuva spoke of it as ruling her work with the people of Otzem. "I have made my place among them," she said, "by dint of patience and love." Aryeh Simon, the supervisor of education in the Negev, a born Yeke, scholar of German universities, veteran of all the wars, humanist and utopian without illusions, gave it another perspective. Love, he said, was indispensable. But the children of the newly Ingathered had experienced a schooling in which the teachers were men who beat them. That was the familiar thing—and "the children feel safer if they are beaten by their teachers. Love is an art which has to be learned. We have to teach out teachers."

III

OF “THE ARAB QUESTION”

—AND THE DRUSE

IN PRINCIPLE, the insights concerning the relation of security to familiarity, of love to change, apply to all the peoples of Israel, not alone to those called Jews. Moslems, Christians, Karaites, Samaritans, Druses, Bahais, in their diverse conditions and communions, are equally candidates for, and forces in, the endeavors toward Israelization. However, their diversities still receive little attention. Israel is currently envisaged as the Palestine which two peoples, Jews and Arabs, war over, and the State's struggle for survival is seen as a struggle to defend itself against Arab aggression without and insure itself against Arab betrayal within. The image is plausible but not correct. Like all societies, big or little, which sincerely endeavor to make and keep themselves free societies of free men, Israel is a pluralistic society. The numbers and varieties of association that its men and women figure in, are their security against totalitarianism, whether political, theological, or theologico-political.

The Arabs are many, not one. Anthony Eden's Arab League is an ambiguous union of diverse “Arab” interests, brought together by a bumbling British bribery and

held together by a common hatred of Israel. Some truly believe, most slyly pretend, that Israel threatens their security. They use this hatred as they use the religions of their peoples—as an instrument of policy, even vis-à-vis each other. And they use their peoples as they use their religions. The peoples of the Arab lands are not “Arab” by race. Whatever the country—Palestine, Syria, Lebanon, Iraq, Jordan, Egypt, Saudi Arabia, Yemen—their multitudes are descendants of stratum upon stratum of invaders settling there and mingling with the earlier ones. The contemporary “Arab” of Palestine is a scion of Canaanites, Hebrews, Babylonians, Aryans, Persians, Greeks, Romans, Byzantines, Negroes, true desert Arabs, Turcomans, Franks, European crusaders, Mongols, Mamelukes, Britons. Even the more visibly Semitic Arabs of Kuweit and Qatar, however stable culturally, are ethnically a pot-pourri. Those of Palestine appear to excel all others in diversity of form and feature. I have noticed, among those I have seen, as varied physical types as among Jews. They are Arabs together with other Arabs mostly by language, to a lesser degree by religion. They belong to the Arabic-speaking peoples, and the Arabic they speak is a dialect not too readily intelligible to the Arabs of other lands.

The word “Arab” means nomad, and originally “Arabic” may have been the speech of certain nomad tribes of the Arabian desert. In religion they were “pagans.” Others of the forgotten ancestors of the Palestinian Arabs were Judaists, Christians. Most “Arabs” became Moslems by force, by inertia, by contagion, by persuasion or by emulation of the followers of Mohammed who conquered the land and shaped its existence to the doctrine and discipline of the Koran in the language of the Koran. In this shaping the arts and crafts of a very high civilization receded and were forgotten. The discipline of the Koran replaced

the skills of civility; what had been the ongoing production of a knowledgeable way of life became dead mounds of layer upon layer of archaeological residue.

Here and there—in Mesopotamia, in North Africa, in Spain—there were recoveries: the Koran was consummated in the Arabian Nights Entertainments; the arts and crafts and letters of Greece and Rome came into new formations as Moorish culture. Transactions between the Moslem conquerors and the conquered carriers of the classical past conserved while it altered that past and brought the knowledge of it back to the West, the Jews helping. Trickles of this stream of civilization flowed over into Palestine, but came to a dead end there. Indeed, the whole flow came to a dead end. As the streams of the living waters from Upper Galilee became the malarial swamps of all Palestine, so the vital knowledge and skills of ongoing Mediterranean culture came to a standstill in the Islamic formations of the Middle East. The sense of the past contracted there to the remembrances held essential for living now and living on when dead. Those were what father passed on to son. By comparison, the Jews' feeling for the past spans all their history, and their literacy corresponds.

Some students trace this difference to the difference between the Koran and the Bible: they do not take into consideration the Moslem-like contraction in the ways and works of Samaritans and Karaites. Koran and Bible do differ essentially, but on the record, the determining influences are not in them. It is not only that the record signalizes the absorption of certain desert Arab families into the hellenized Middle East; it is that among the Middle East converts to Islam, the Bedouin culture lost nothing and gained nothing, whereas the enduring peasantry lost the developmental urge from their entire economy and gained the compensating acquiescence in Kismet for

this world and assurance that the delights of Mohammed's paradise for the next would be their reward for believing with a perfect faith that there is no God but Allah; that Mohammed is his Prophet; that the Koran was read to him by the angel Gabriel, sura after sura; for alms, fasts, prayers (especially on Friday, Allah's day for creating Adam and Eve); and for the believer's making at least one pilgrimage to Mecca. Be he else a *Sunnite*, a *Shiite* or a *Wahabi*, this is the least certainty of faith he may live in; who lacks it is an unbeliever and worthy only to die. That which above all he can live for, is to make his pilgrimage to Mecca and return, a *Haj*.

Not many of the landowning effendi class live for this, or take their Moslem creed and code more earnestly than the aristocracies of Christian Europe take theirs. When they do, it enormously enhances their power and influence outside the enclaves of the faith as such. This was the case with Haj Amin el-Husseini, that partisan of the German Kaiser in World War I and Hitler's ally and agent in World War II whom Sir Herbert Samuel tried to placate by creating for him the new post and title, Grand Mufti of Jerusalem. On the record, however, the effendis of the Levant were for the most part quite content to spend the fruits of the labor to which true-believing tenants and serfs believed themselves to be fated by the will of Allah the omnipotent, the all merciful, the compassionate. What is known as "Arab nationalism" is no spontaneous growth of the Middle East soil. It is a plantation from Europe, brought to the Arab lands with the first World War and cultivated, especially while the British held the mandate over Palestine, as an instrument of policy in the struggles of power-politics. It has since become a strangulation of those first cultivators.

But it is still remote from that swelling urge for ordered

liberty which nourished the nationalisms of Europe after Napoleon, the nationalisms which Mazzini and Garibaldi and Kossuth taught and worked and fought for. In the Middle East, Arab nationalism is the nationalism of the effendis and their emulators in the towns, taking the multitudes of the fields and villages as they took Islam, for an instrument of policy. Its authentic spokesman is presently Nasser who discloses his solidarity with Hitler and the Grand Mufti in his book, “The Philosophy of Revolution.” This philosophy does not envision freedom, safety, health, nourishment, self-help for Egypt’s ever-increasing sickly, hungry peasants. It envisions the hegemony of himself and his kind over all the Moslems of Africa and Asia: “Here,” he writes, “is the role. Here are the lines, and here is the stage. We alone, by virtue of our place can perform the role.” And Radio Cairo repeats to the world that its Nasser is “the leader of the Arab people and all Africa.” Even little Egyptian girls are organized and drilled and taught: “We women must fight with the men,” while Nasser’s ministers instruct such teachers as Egypt has, to teach their pupils to hate Zionists, and his missionaries, sent into Israel as fedayeen and to the Arab lands in other roles, repeat the gospel of this secular *Mahdi* and would-be Caliph of the Prophet. Of course, the despots and oligarchs of the other Arab states are bound to balk, and those in the Arab League—Saudi Arabia, Jordan, Iraq among them—do balk.

To the authentic desert Arabs, the Bedouins, this fantasy of empire can have even less meaning than to the peasantry who would be conscripted into being its cannon-fodder. For by and large, the ongoing culture of the Bedouin is still the culture of the Koran. The qualities of men it prescribes and commends are still those which Bedouins are on occasion conspicuous for. Their way of life is still

that of the desert wanderer with his flocks, his women, his slaves, his feuds, his scorn of the farmer and his raids on farmlands, his explosive passions, his courtesy to the strangers he admits to his unstinting hospitality. He suggests a sort of mystic identification with the undulant, unbounded vistas of the desert's monotones. The Wahabis are almost all desert peoples like those of Saudi Arabia and Qatar. The image of Ibn Saud travelling abroad provisioned to satisfy the prescriptions of Koran and Sunna has been made familiar by the press; not so familiar is the image of the oil-rich despot the Sheikh of Buraimi in person dispensing alms every afternoon and at the same time keeping up with some obscene Jones of his fantasy by owning two steam yachts, illuminating his palace with red neon lights and releasing muezzin calls to prayer from tape-records. A lesser parallel is a Bedouin tribe in the Negev whose sheikh extended hospitality to half a dozen non-Arabs, of whom I was one. He and his many sons wore wrist watches which didn't seem to keep time; they carried fountain pens in the breast pocket of Western jackets worn over their long Arab gowns; and from the middle-eastern belts or sashes which held up their authentic Arab trousers, hung Arab daggers. They were neither Wahabis nor oil-rich; they amended their poverty by smuggling hashish and dope. But they, too, were disclosures of one kind of meeting of East and West.

How the products and powers of the West are likely to affect Islam, how Islam might influence Western tools and thoughts is presently anybody's guess. Neither America's Point Four nor the United Nations' technical assistance program provides data convincing enough to risk prophecy on. So far as I can see, only the endeavors of Israel do, and those are doubtfully representative. Yes, the faith, the values, the works—which won the romantic admiration of

such British and Christian carriers of their white man's burden as Lawrence of Arabia, Philby, Gertrude Bell, and of such American and Christian philanthropists as Dorothy Thompson and the oilmen and missionaries who provide resources and status for her Friends of all the Middle East except Israel—are bound to atrophy in the new, strange environs of those Western thoughts and things. Perhaps a dualism is taking form, whereby Ibn Saud and his kind may stand a Wahabi before Allah, but also live, a maker and user of Western values and a reducer of Allah and his Prophet to instruments of policy in his struggle for power with his peers. Perhaps a genuine configuration of Wahabi faith and Western works is in the making that will more than ever consecrate the fleecing and betrayal of pilgrims to Mecca into slavery. Perhaps Islam will recede from the center to the outermost periphery of the Moslem way of life, to become at last a vague memory and symbolic overtone, a fadingly persistent ancient fragrance in a new culture.

From the little I have seen in Israel, I might be disposed to lay a bet on this last alternative, which naturally I shall not be here to cash in on. For it is now many centuries since Islam was a state church or a church state whose Caliph, even in the Shiite creed, was the head of a single Ingroup whose homogeneity is constituted by their common creed, not by their ethnic origins, cultural formations and the rest. That Gathering of this Ingroup began when Gabriel's reading of the Koran to the Prophet put an end to the ages of *al-jahiliya* and brought the writing of Allah, through his latest, greatest Prophet, to all who would read and be saved. Now there are hundreds of millions of such Moslems, from Araby to China, from the Philippines to the Soviets. Regardless of how diverse they are, they are one people in Islam. They are pan-Islam.

They are as One, set over against the multitudinous Out-groups including all persons of different faiths—the infidels, the misbelievers, the unbelievers, doomed because they are such.

Arab nationalism, pan-Arabism, can be only disloyalties to this true Islam, as it is taught by the *Ulema* in such institutions of higher Islamic education as al-Azhar in Cairo. *Ulema* treat of the one and only theme by the one and only method, the same always and everywhere to the end of the generations, since its medieval beginnings. The vital organ of their survival is Moslem education, which continues in their hands; and by means of the schools they transmit the Koranic doctrine and discipline, so far as may be, unchanged.

The march of events, however, corrupts the immutable with mutability. A modernization of the oneness of Islam obtains in which the *Ulema* have no place; which, indeed, opposes them. It dates from 1928. It is the Moslem Brotherhood—the Association of Moslem Brethren whose original Jones was a missionary Young Men's Christian Association and whose present one seems to be the Caliphate redrawn to the likeness of Hitler and Stalin. The father of this Brotherhood is said to have been the Ismaili Hasan al-Banna, from youth with puritanical proclivities and a disposition toward mysticism of the Sufi variety. He seems to have had a genuine care for the welfare of the Moslem multitudes, to have brought into his puritanism a program of social reform (some one wrote, "socialism in a religious envelope"), and to have endeavored to implement it by organizing cooperatives for foodstuffs and the like.

For one reason and another, the Moslem Brotherhood had to be a secret society, with a military as well as an economic program, seeking to gain its ends through assas-

sination and terror, which at one time reached out also to a reputed former member, Gamal Abdel Nasser. Al-Banna was himself assassinated—perhaps he stayed too puritanical and mystical for an organization which grew to address itself to more serious, more practical interests. His place was taken by one Hasan Ismail Al-Hudaybi, lawyer, sometime *Cadi*, and said to be still alive in jail, while six of the gunmen who missed Nasser have been executed. The Brotherhood might be described as 20th century Wahhabis; their first aim had been to purge the faith from all unorthodox doctrine and discipline: hence, to cut off, to shut out, and to put down all the Outgroup and to put it to the question, *Islam or the sword*. It is to the Brotherhood that the Moslem riots of 1954 are credited, with their slogan, *Kill the infidels!*

It will be recalled that the Israelis, in their war for independence—which the record discloses as even more a war for survival (the Mayor of Nablus called for a *Jihad*, Abdul Rahman Azzam Pasha called for massacre, extermination)—had stopped the Arabs on all fronts in spite of the Mandatory, but that then their advance to security was arrested by the United Nations, and that thereupon a World Moslem Conference was convoked at Karachi, Pakistan. The Moslem Brotherhood, whose units had shared in the Arab defeat at the hands of the Israelis, are said to have had their own role both in convoking the Conference and in its deliberations. Ostensibly there were present representatives of some thirty-six states claiming to speak for 661,000,000 Moslems. They vowed, as their secretary, Inamullah Khan, spoke it, to turn “back to the Koran, back to the days of our glory.” One of their fellows, representing the Nasser interest, was a present minister of state in the Nasser cabinet, the ex-Nazi, Anwar al-Sadat.

To the Ulema, whose occupation is to contemplate and

transmit intact the Prophet's eternal teaching, this formation of events had to be both tangent and challenging. Despite the orthodoxy of the Conference professions, the intentions and projects smacked of both religious heresy and unreligious secularism. It was too blatantly a use of the faith as an instrument of policy. I have tried, but without success, to learn what were their reactions, if any, to John Foster Dulles' rewriting of their sacred lore by his declaration (rescinded upon the advice of those who really knew what they were talking about), that the Jews assassinated the Prophet. Nor could I find out how Ibn Saud regarded the Dulles' revision, he the sovereign over Islam's holiest places, Medina and Mecca, with power over the traffic in the flesh of pilgrims to those places, for whose discrimination against Americans of Jewish derivation America's secretary of state was thus apologizing.

The available record seems to indicate that in the current climate of opinion, the unorganized Ulema, insecure among the secular organizations which are fitting the Koran's precepts to their own practices, must seek safety in assent. According to Sunna, Jews are on the same level with other protected Peoples of the Book; Islamic Jew-baiting is not the same as Christian anti-Semitism. But the Brotherhood spirit has suffused Moslem definitions with Christian concepts, and rationalized them with the systematic lying of the Protocols of the Elders of Zion. Thence, the learned doctors of Cairo's el-Azhar have advised true believers that to look to peace with Israel is to become renegade from the faith of the Prophet; that the Sunna requires all faithful to work and fight in order that "the usurped land" shall be restored to its rightful owners. In the Islamic Congress their secular opposite numbers joined in one charge the infidelity which is the Christian creed, the crime which is the imperialism of the

Christian powers, the agents of both who are missionaries of the Christian churches, Nazism and Communism being conspicuously left out. This need lay no burden on the Ulemic conscience. There is nothing in its doctrine and discipline that need or can oppose the secularizing reinterpretation of Islam by the theoreticians of the Moslem Brotherhood, or rule out on the grounds of faith the congruences of principle and practice with the Communist, even the Nazi, totalitarianism which the personal histories and political pronouncements of the secular leaders, both in and out of the Moslem Brotherhood, make manifest.

Many of these Christians are not unalert to the fact that the development restores an ancient hazard to the Christian Arabs of Lebanon, Egypt and other Arab lands. Their condition does not compare, however, with the predicament in which the development places both the undispersed Arabs of Israel and their “refugee” kin, self-dispersed and unwelcome in the enemy lands which ring Israel round. The condition perforce channels the *what* and the *how* of the salvation of those who fled Israel and the free Israelization of those who chose to stay.

Confronted with these responsibilities, the Utopians who are Israel stand doubly at bay.

The issue of the “refugees” sticks in the conscience of many of them. As it keeps being raised by partizans on either side, it has undergone transformations which tend to make material and moral appraisal a partizan act instead of a scientific analysis. American observers, even such as know the “Tobacco Roads” of the South, cannot help being moved to indignant pity by what they see in Gaza or elsewhere. Its contrast with what they are used to is so great that its contrasting so little with what the objects of their pity are used to, affects neither their judgment nor their feelings. Their perceptions cause them to

discount the record of the events that ended up in what they perceived.

The Arab assault on the Jews, in purposeful violation of the Resolution by which the Assembly of the United Nations established Medinat Israel, had this design: to keep radio and press proclaiming the speedy victory of the Arab forces; to urge and nag the Arabs of Palestine not yet engaged in the assault to join it, or else get out of the way of danger, so that the triumphant legions of Egypt, Syria, Jordan, Saudi, Iraq might freely deal with the Jews as they deserved. I have seen many photostats and I have read hundreds of such calls as recorded and translated by Israelis. I have read the pleas of the Jews to their Arab neighbors to pay no heed, assuring them of safety and freedom. Golda Meir, now the Foreign Minister, told me she had been assigned to reassure the Arabs in Haifa, to ask them not to leave; how she had sent their friend Shabtai Levi the Mayor, to the harbor, to urge the Arabs waiting there for transport, to return to their homes. They replied, she said, "We are not afraid of the Jews. But the Arabs are going to bomb the town. We will return after it is all over." This reply seems to me a definite instance of wishful-thinking: the Arabs preferred to heed their fellow-Arabs. They made common cause with the invaders, leaving house and home of their own free will, as for a vacation, certain they would return to a Palestine freed from Jews by what Prof. George Kirk, of Arnold Toynbee's Institute of International Affairs, names "the Arab Liberation Army." A number, which later propaganda enormously swelled, fled because they were afraid. There had occurred the massacre of Der Yassin, where *franc-tireurs* known as the Stern Gang, had killed two hundred and fifty civilians. The conscience of Israel has not forgotten, nor does it condone, the event—I have heard it bitterly

discussed as the crime it was—and the Arabs and their non-Arab partizans do not permit it to be forgotten. But hardly any moralizing whatever is recorded over the Arab retaliatory slaughter of a hospital convoy of seventy-seven physicians, nurses, and college professors, or the killing of four hundred and fifty Jerusalem civilians by members of the Arab Legion.

Well, the promised brief interlude before the rout of the Jews is now prolonged to ten years and can perhaps stretch on indefinitely. The government of Israel has settled Jewish refugees on the lands and in the dwellings left behind by the unfriendly would-be vacationers. It has impounded their valuables, blocked their accounts and formulated rules for whatever restoration and recovery it regards practicable of what many plausibly argue is abandoned enemy property. The vacationers are now refugees in the lands of their Arab kin, their *soi-disant* friends and liberators. But the latter refuse any action which might help to rebuild their brethren's lives and enable a decent future for their ever-larger families of children. The Arab powers use the Arab refugees ruthlessly as pawns in their own political strivings, frustrate all endeavors of men of goodwill to help them to self-help, and keep them a permanent public charge upon the treasury of the United Nations Organization.

That 36,000 refugees have been reunited with their families in Israel, that \$6,000,000 of blocked Arab accounts have been unconditionally released, are an irrelevance. What does it matter that, since Jordan took armed possession, the 60,000 inhabitants of Old Jerusalem are left without visible means of support, its hotels empty, its sacred places—the Christians' church of the Holy Sepulchre, the Jews' Wailing Wall, to say nothing of the Moslems' Dome of the Rock—barred to all who might

seek entry from the New Jerusalem? What does it matter that Old Jerusalem has become a dead city, looking like an abandoned ruin from the balcony of the Ministry of Education? Better the necrosis, apparently, than any but a killing relation with Israel. Nothing else will serve than the return to the now so precious *status quo ante*. In Old Jerusalem, this could have some meaning.

But not among the refugees. They no longer can mean the actual *status quo ante*.¹ The economy of refugee existence had been such that many non-Palestinians choose it in preference to the misery they enjoy at home. The 600,000 counted by the first director of U.N.R.W.A. has been swelled to 900,000; half, children under 15. The less than 30% of Palestinian land actually owned by Arabs (more than 70% having been the possession of the British Government in its role of Mandatory Power) has been magnified to 50%. The states of the Arab League repeat that they accept nothing short of a total return, thus measured, and that return or not, they will drive Israel into the sea. Since 1950, direct communication of any kind whatsoever with Israel is forbidden under the threat of both excommunication and interdict. United Nations or no United Nations, Israel, and with Israel, Jews everywhere in the world, must be boycotted, shut out, cut off. If one triumph is Old Jerusalem turned into a ghost town, another was the fantastic televised spectacle of Syria's ambassador Farid Zeineddin debating with the ambassador of Israel behind a screen which saved him from looking at the latter while he was listening and arguing against him.

That such burlesquing might relieve the feelings of members of the Arab League contributes nothing to the well-being or morale of the Arab peoples, refugees included. One hot July night in Jerusalem I heard a responsible and judicious analysis of the refugee plight by

a distinguished, candid Englishman, an officer of the United Nations Conciliation Commission. (Two other agencies of the United Nations share the care of the refugees—the Truce Supervision Organization for Palestine and the Relief and Works Agency.) Only about 37% of the refugees, the Commissioner said, live in camps. Other dwellings are private homes, convents, huts. A few prefer caves. The Relief and Works Agency feeds them, distributes the clothing provided as gifts from abroad, looks after their health and education. Both the latter are better than they used to be under the Mandate; while for the more than one-third who were then landless, propertyless, and depressed, the entire economy is an improvement. Nor, basically, is it a decline for the 20,000 families that owned land and buildings, and the very much poorer 95,000 who could claim some property in the amount of at least £10. They were the haves and élite before they fled Israel; they naturally endeavor to preserve that status, and repel any idea that would give the mere fellah equal treatment out of Palestine. That they are dependents all, does not bother any. All feel they are kept as of right, not out of charity. Rehabilitation (I add, Arab League agitation repeats this without letup) must be the *status quo ante in toto*, or nothing.

They do not know, and are prevented from learning, how utterly different are the realities from their remembrances. For the reality, as Mr. Barncastle said, imposes a choice between “repatriation with all that it would entail of acceptance of a minority status from the religious and linguistic points of view and of an alien way of life” and “compensation which might enable him [the refugee] to set himself up in whatever milieu and occupation were most congenial to him, with most of the world as his field of choice.” There is another alternative, too. If the refu-

gees were provided with passports and other documents enabling them to move freely, if they were given enough money to find their way where they might reasonably expect to make a living, and were told, so much and no more, ever, self-help and self-rehabilitation would have a start.

But, how likely is such an action by those who have the power and the right to take it, politics being what they are? Children, 25,000 now *healthily* being born every year, grow up with no other experience than of the refugee economy. They receive their parents' memories as utopian ideals, the actual parental exile becoming their own imaginary one, with all the passions it carries and nourishes. If ever this became a theme to be taught in the schools, the Judaist doctrine of exile and return will meet its like. Meanwhile, their propagandists abroad and on the spot keep screaming, "We want our homes back. We ask only justice, justice, justice!" There could be Utopian heroism in this intransigence, were it a true deterioration and not accompanied by a so much better existence in a state of idleness. One recalls how Musa Bey Alami's heroic effort at refugee rehabilitation and self-help, which promised so well, was attacked and practically destroyed by a refugee mob. Were they not defending their way of life? Were they not animated by a Utopian vision of their own that the Utopians of Israel perforce must take into account?

These, then, are self-dispersed Arabs of Palestine, shaping a new life in exile with an idealizing remembrance of the home-life left behind, compounding remembrance into demand and aspiration. These are the kinfolk of the Arabs who stayed on and became a society of the Undispersed and Ungathered among the communities of the Ingathered, jointly to compose the people of Medinat Israel and all alike to become Israelis, equally safe and equally free

members of a free society of free men. That they might of themselves seek this consummation or openly welcome help toward it from the government and institutions of Israel is deeply meshed with how their refugee kinfolk feel, what they do, what they expect. This almost as much influences what Utopian Israel can do, what it dare do. Arab League belligerency, the state of armistice which dilutes war but does not lead to peace, suffuses all relations, imposes itself on all plans of action. It mars the full, free implementation of the strongest Utopian intention.

The Ultima Thule of this intention antedates Israel. It was projected in the early years of the Mandate while the Second Aliyah was still in motion, and had met with less than no favor among most of those pilgrims of redemption. Basically, it was an image of Jewish Arab relations derived from contemplation of the Swiss polity, the positive freely cooperative aspects of the relations of the peoples of the United Kingdom-without Ireland, then in the bloody phases of the Irish fight for sovereignty and independence. The image was an American construction: it had been under consideration by a small group of youngish men and women—Henrietta Szold was one of them—devoted to Louis Brandeis, who called themselves *Perushim* and would have liked to be to the Zionist Movement what John Stuart Mills' company of philosophical radicals became to the libertarian movement in Great Britain. The image was of a bi-national State to be shaped under the auspices of the Mandatory Power by the close cooperation of Arabs and Jews in every dimension of Palestine's economy. The idea won few adherents among Jews, practically none among Arabs. It was called *Ihud*. It had no Arab spokesmen or defenders. Its strongest, almost its loneliest voice among Jews was Judah Magnes. I recall a discussion of it in Jerusalem, more than thirty years ago in which, I

think, Moshe Smilansky participated. Its protagonists were alert to realities which the dominant figures among Arabs such as Herbert Samuel's Grand Mufti, and among Jews such as Menachem Ussischkin were blind to; and conversely, the protagonists of Ihud were blind to the realities of passion and purpose that caused the blindness of those leaders.

Ihud never became a movement: it persists as the faith of a small company of Zionists with whom no Arab, to my knowledge, ever actively associated. Last summer, after thirty years, I again met and talked with some devoted Ihudists. It was in the home of that charmingly devout professor of education, Ernest Simon. He took me there from our lodgings at Grete Ascher's pension—that petite gray-haired Yeke with her easy, erect carriage and gracious manners, transposed from teaching physical culture to providing the comforts of home for travellers, and doing it with the consideration of a good neighbor. A small company gathered—Martin Buber was out of the country: I did not get together with the rheologist, Markus Reiner, until much later, in Tel Aviv. I do not recall that there were any of the second or third Aliyah in the small group. I got the impression that they were all Yekes—one journalist, one judge, the others professors at the Hebrew University, intellectuals all, with a commitment to absolute principles as Utopian as anything that came to my notice in Israel. For those romantic idealists of Medinat Israel, relations with Arabs, the lot of the refugees, the restrictions upon their kin in Israel, the management of Arab properties, were matters of personal honor. One said, his voice trembling, that he felt ashamed; another that his conscience would not let him rest. Peace and harmony with the Arabs were, so to speak, the categorical imperative, and that Arabs did not join with them could not relieve them of

their own responsibility. They gave me, on parting, some copies of their organ, *Ner*, “the Lamp,” containing some original articles in Hebrew; reprints in English, nothing in Arabic. *Fiat justitia, Judei, ruat coelum!*

Several days later, in Tel Aviv, I heard somewhat different views on the same subject. I was invited to meet with a mixed group at the home of one of the leaders of the Progressive Party. Besides our host, his wife, and a woman physician whose duties made her late, there were present a writer for *Davar*, specializing in Arab affairs, another physician said to be a naturopath, and a poet and teacher whose politics were communist. The last two were members of the Israeli branch of the International League for the Rights of Man. The gathering had been assembled on the initiative of the physician who was the spokesman for the branch. Apart from a certain sophistication I did not feel in the members of Ihud, the moral attitude seemed much the same. Additional motives got disclosed as the discussion developed: one had suffered serious financial losses because regulations controlling the movement of Arab laborers prevented him from employing them at work only Arabs could do; others were manifestly following party lines. The consensus was that there might be a Fifth Column at work; regulations that were necessary at the borders but brought useless, self-defeating hardships elsewhere. The writer spoke of a lost friendliness among Christian Arabs, as well as a developing opposition to the Government, like the Moslems’, even though they stood in fear of the Moslems. He thought it was safe to ease regulations. Our host felt that the restrictions on the Arabs were functions of the continuing state of war which only a true peace could remove. The woman physician, hitherto opposed, she said, to the Government’s Arab policy, had changed her mind: “To ask for peace is wishful think-

ing"; the Arab neighbors are rearmed and won't permit peace. Perhaps the Oriental immigrants, who speak the same language and have the same culture, could help here. But the naturopath retorted that this wouldn't happen. Fear of the Arabs, he said, was taught in the schools, from kindergarten: his five-year-old grandson had been afraid to enter an Arab village with his grandfather because "Arabs kill all Jews." On which our host commented that this could not be representative. Actually the Jews of Israel are absorbed in their own struggles. Unhappily they neither hate nor love the Arabs, but go about their business as if Arabs didn't exist. That was the trouble.

The gathering broke up on this note, after a very long evening of such exchanges, punctuated by the refreshments inescapable everywhere in Israel.

The consistency of sentiment and the conflict of motives which the conversation disclosed seemed to me representative. In general, what I heard said in Israel about relations with the Arabs of Palestine suggested a conflict of conscience, a religious uneasiness like a feeling of guilt. Our host had projected it, early in the discussion: Whatever the necessities of security, I understood him to say, we must ever remember that we were once *Gerim* in the land of Egypt. We dare not follow Machiavelli; we must follow our prophets. Where injustice to the Arabs—as appropriation of land by Kibbutzim—has been legalized, the law must be changed so that the injustice is repaired.

I thought how significant that hardly anything gets said of the injustices of Arabs to Jews. The burden of justice is the Jews' alone, because they are the people of the Book and the martyrs of mankind! In none of the discussions did I hear any reference to Israel's Declaration of Independence; and I thought many times how expressive the Declaration was of that pervasive sentiment, of its deeper

intent. How could Medinat Israel not “guarantee to all its inhabitants, regardless of religion, race or sex, complete equality of social and political rights”? How could the State not “guarantee freedom of religion, conscience, language, education and culture” to them all? The quoted words are the words of the Declaration addressed to the entire world. In 1955, the Knesset specified the guarantees in a Statute providing that all public services, whether national or local, shall be equally available to all inhabitants, whatever their faith or race; that similarly there shall be equal pay for equal work, the encouragement of all forms of cooperation: that every endeavor be made to raise the total economy of the Arab village, to democratize its management and rule, to make taxation equitable, to encourage bilinguality in education and government, to equalize opportunities for higher education, to keep security measures down to a minimum and to avoid, within the limits of indispensable safety, any infringement on civil rights.

In order to implement the last directive—since the hardships caused by security regulations as administered by the military were immediate concerns most widely condemned among Jewish as well as among Arab Israelis—a commission was appointed to review them and to make recommendations. The chairman was a veteran staff officer of the Israeli Army of Liberation, now professor of architecture at the Technion. During one of my stays in Haifa, we sat an hour in the public room of the admirable Hotel Zion, while he spoke of the Commission’s observations and findings. Yeke Professor Ratner was not free to show me its report—it had been classified “confidential,” but he spoke his own views with laconic lucidity. Later, in Jerusalem, at dinner with our friends the Braudes, I heard the views of another member of the Commission, the affable, round-faced Daniel Auster, popular one-time Mayor of

Jerusalem. And I did get to read the Commission's report—the Knesset had compelled its circulation (somewhat edited, I was told) among the members, and one very readily let me see it. Before I left Israel, the Government let me see it, too.

The upshot of my inquiries was this: that the best informed and responsible people felt the Government to be in a predicament. On the one hand, it had the will and the duty to give effect to the principles of the Declaration and the Statute of the Knesset; on the other hand, it had the necessity to safeguard the security of the country. Its Arab citizens, most of them living on the borders, were bound by ties of blood, of faith, of culture, not only with their kin who had fled to Israel's enemies, but with the enemies. Their loyalty to Israel was at best ambiguous. Thus, although the Communist party polls only three per cent of the votes, more than two-thirds of this three per cent is Arab. Their communism is less pro-Marxism than anti-Israel. It goes with the constant crossing of the borders by spies, by infiltrators, by saboteurs and gunmen who easily merged with the Israeli villagers. Among the latter were such as themselves served the enemy in many capacities, bringing danger and death to the people of Israel. Their security cannot be safeguarded save by an unrelaxing vigilance on the persons, the purposes and the movements of all the villagers. Inevitably, this works hardships on the innocent which are as regrettable as they are unavoidable.

Hardship is worked on them from the other side as well. The kin across the unnatural borders resent those who did not cross. They charge them with disloyalty to their own. And they, in their turn, are afraid of their ruthless friends of the Arab League. The negotiations for the unfreezing of frozen funds, they wanted private and secret,

without reference to the United Nations and without the knowledge of the Arab Leaguers. Their negotiators hesitated to sign receipts “from the State of Israel,” although they did sign. They were even afraid, when the negotiations were successfully completed, to go home. At home, all Arabs are subject to daily radio barrages from Cairo and Damascus denigrating Israel, urging war, prophesying the speedy destruction of Israel. In what a difficult spot is the Israeli Arab! What can be expected of him? Only as Israel is relieved from the necessities of this unwelcome watch will the Arabs’ hardships fall away; meanwhile Israel’s government must be ever alert for day by day ways and means to lessen the restraints upon its Arab people. The sure means is, of course, bona fide peace. But what exists is the armistice dishonored by the Arab neighbors, the “belligerency” and the cold war which the Arab Leaguers keep on waging. So, Medinat Israel stands at bay, defending its survival against implacable foes. Under such conditions, how free is it to give effect to all the principles it has committed itself to, when giving them effect seriously endangers, and might annul, its power to give them effect?

Of course, this predicament is not peculiar to Medinat Israel. The life-stories of free societies disclose how one after another, defending the freedoms in virtue of which it is a free society, willy-nilly employs measures that of themselves negate its freedoms. What seems specifically Israeli is the Utopian Spirit seeking to nullify, or at least neutralize, the negations without impairing the defense.

In view of the extreme recency of Medinat Israel, it is far too early to judge with what success. The Utopian postulate is that every Israeli, non-Jew as well as Jew, is to become adam hadash. What facilitates, what hampers or prevents the conversion is manifold and diverse. A

young Irish-American priest whom Rachel met in Terra Sancta suggested to her that such a change would be tantamount to a revolution in the Arab way of life, with its immemorial tribal loyalties, tribal feuds, border predations, subjection of women, and the like: the English had a saying, "When you strike an Arab in Palestine, you are also striking his great-grandfather in Jordan." Generations would be required for any change; but the Christian Arabs were more hopeful prospects than the Moslems: one could see this in the refugee camps, where Christians try to better their condition, while the Moslems make no effort to help themselves but wait for something to happen.

My own communications with Arabs in Israel sum themselves up in a rather different image. With anything like true peace, one generation could be sufficient, perhaps two. Even with things as they are, trends are visible which support my own American observation-nourished faith that inertia of the spirit is man's cultural habit, not his original nature. Proof is to be found in the archaeologists' soils beneath the soil these fellahs till, as well as in the changing relations of children to parents, to knowledge, and of knowledge to aspiration, that become manifest as the Utopian effort makes itself felt. Whatever be the case elsewhere, in Israel *baksheesh* is out, *malesh* is recessive; a new Arab is becoming visible; and he may well be indicative of how the half-starved, diseased, submissive, Kismet-confined fellah of the Arab League, the landowner's peon and the usurer's dupe, can be helped to renew himself as a free, informed, progressive farmer, self-governing master of the fruits of his labor, satisfying new wants as well as old needs, the new man of the new life, authentically *adam hadash*. True, such a new Arab is not the ideal of the power-holders in the Arab League, nor of the patriarchal autocrats allied with it. Said the paternalistic minister of

health of oil-rich Kuwait answering a question from the Dutch journalist, J. H. Huizinga: “What is freedom? Don’t we give our people everything they could ask for?”

What is freedom? For reasons I won’t search out, there comes to mind some lines of John Donne’s:

*I am rebegot
Of absence, darkness, death; things which are not*

One of our liaisons with the Arabs of Israel was the Foreign Office expert, Alexander Dotan. Others came from Histadrut, from the Government’s Department of Agriculture. Dotan appeared, somewhat unexpectedly, a breathless Friday evening at the Herzliah Hotel in sacred Safed, one time center of Cabalism, place of recurrent Arab pogroms, still devoutly following Torah in many denominational styles, and a gathering place for artists, housed in an abandoned Arab quarter, striving to work out an Israeli singularity of theme and expression. The many fantasies in oil on the walls of the Herzliah’s public hall and dining room were the work of their hands and for sale. We were spending the Sabbath in this kosher caravansary and had already established an entente cordiale with its mistress, a buxom blonde native of the third generation but without sabra attributes. She was, she told us in intervals between tasks, giving her free time to the Olim in the nearby maabarah. Her bond time was required by her inn, her children and her sacro-iliac. Just now preparations for the Sabbath were being completed—a serious business. She was also a sort of agent for the artists. She reminded us that the Glitzenstein Museum was in Safed, and that there were likewise many sacred shrines a tourist might visit. Of course, on the Sabbath it wasn’t easy, and there was this very trying *khamstin*.

I think it was at this point that the Foreign Office expert came suddenly out of the hot dusk to sit at our table in the breathless courtyard. He talked. Rarely, anywhere, have I had a briefing so precise, so articulate, so detailed, so audible, and so assured. This is another Russian-born old-timer of the Third Aliyah, tall, blue-eyed, determined, a connoisseur of arts and letters, and eager to talk of the world's latest *jeu d'esprit* whenever his duties offered a respite. He told his tale with a convincing candor, neither extenuating nor excusing anything, letting the record as he related it, speak for itself. He knew the detail of the highways and byways, the roofs and cellars and sub-cellars of Haifa and Nazareth and Jaffa, and later, when he guided us in the Arab triangle, he had us up and down these warrens. In Jaffa, he took us over the "Casba" with obvious satisfaction. It is an area on the edge of the harbor, at one end a mass of shacks and cellars and catacombs abutting on alleyways and tunnelled paths, an occasional slatternly female figure in a doorway, unoccasional children underfoot. At the other end, the usual narrow streets and walled dwellings.

The area had been a ruin and a slum, ignored by the municipal authorities, out of bounds for social workers. It is still much of a ruin but much less of a slum. Hazardous as the housing was, some five thousand persons lived there, numbers of them prostitutes, drug-addicts, criminals. Among them, hordes of children ran uncared for. Then one day, before Independence, Dotan felt he had to get into the situation. He called the people together and harangued them about their conditions and their own power to better it. Among other things he suggested turning one of the houses into a club for young and old. Somehow, they were persuaded. They cleaned up and repaired an abandoned house with materials they bought with their

own money. They found a use for every room and corner, from roof to cellar. They could even play soccer on the roof. Now they've installed electric lights. It was a sight to see children and grownups, stopping what they were about in order to eye the strangers, break into welcoming smiles as they recognized Dotan.

But the heart of the matter for us was to meet with Arabs and Druses of the villages and Bedouins of the desert. We made the selected rounds. Later, Dotan took us through the Arab “triangle.” We spent a night in the famous Hotel Galilee in Nazareth (at my insistence, I must add: the official view was, Haifa is in commuting range. I could not and Rachel should not suffer it). Dotan's manner with our hosts was easy, reassuring, but very positive. It seemed to be saying with half a twinkle, “We understand each other. You know you can't fool me. You know I won't fool you. Let's get on with it.” Getting on with it, of course, had to proceed duly, and in the good order prescribed by whatever is the equivalent of Arab Emily Post. It called for the ceremonial intake of innumerable couplets of coffee-flavored sugar or of painfully sweet tea, questionable bonbons out of ornate boxes, cigarettes, of course by those of us who smoked. Before each new visit Alex instructed us in correct behavior. He seemed to exercise evident authority with something like an anthropologist's sympathetic understanding; alert to protect the sensibilities of our host from any violation that innocent ignorance or alien rudeness might commit.

There was an incident when we visited a Bedouin tribe in the Negev. One of its occasions was the filming of a documentary motion-picture of the Bedouin way of life, now that Bedouins had become Israelis. The timing was, however, Arab rather than Israeli. Our car started for Beersheba long after the appointed hour. In our tardy

company were Arieh Laholla, the taut, restive, queasy-stomached producer, his quiet, easy-tempered camera man, and the very photogenic girl, cast for commentator in the film, daughter of one of the leading spirits of the progressive village of Tayyibe. She was chosen from among the Arab girl students at the Hebrew University for her voice as well as her looks. Already waiting at the Beersheba bus station were several Americans—reporters, newscasters, photographers. But in the still longer wait until the Army truck assigned to take us all to the Bedouin encampment came along, one of the Americans attracted the attention of everybody in the bus station by the voice and words that vented his impatience. At last the truck arrived, its chauffeur a squat, blond, deadpan young sabra whose blue eyes said what his tongue didn't about the manners of this guest of the State.

We careened across the trackless Negev waste headlong, bumping, rolling, rocking, like a speedboat over a stormy lake, stopping first at a well to photograph the desert folk drawing water, the desert camels and goats watering. Then we stopped at what had been an English police-post converted into a school for Bedouin boys; there the boys were lined up, paraded and photographed. Finally, and late, we reached the tribal home base, were welcomed by the Sheikh and a procession of his sons. Under the long, black top of the tent closed only to windward, rugs were unrolled. On these we were distributed in groups, the Sheikh joining those he knew or believed to be the highest ranking of our company. His sons, according to their ages, joined the next ranks. We had hardly squatted down when a squad of police appeared. They were a prime cause of our tardiness. The Sheikh was believed to have in hand at this time a parcel of smuggled dope and the police, on their way to make search, didn't want outsiders on the scene. The com-

mander sent a subordinate to stop us, and Dotan went back with the subordinate to advise the commander not to cross up the business of the foreign office with police business. Apparently foreign office and police reached a satisfactory understanding. When the latter arrived, they were received most courteously and added to the guests of honor, beside the Sheikh. At last the ceremonial feasting began: first cigarets, then sweet tea or some other liquids, then ewers and pitchers of water for the handwashing; then the *pieces de resistance*: gargantuan wash basins lined all over with *pita*, that ancient, flat, leavened twin of the unleavened matzo of the Exodus; upon the bread a heap of yellow rice; upon the rice, heaped up, fat chunks of sheep and lamb. To eat, everybody thrust his fist into the rice, kneaded the handful he withdrew and stuck it into his mouth. I had been warned that I must eat, and I did eat. The basins were removed, with what was left in them for the women and the children. I welcomed the beer which followed, and even the hot, too sweet, coffee. Those who had dined as quickly as courtesy permitted, rose. There was also horseback riding to be filmed. One of the Americans and I were remarking on the wonderfully erect posture of the riders, the grace of their horses in motion, when we heard loud voices. The too-audible American had borrowed an Arab headdress and burnouse, and was preparing to show off his own horsemanship. Dotan stopped him. The Bedouins, I was given to understand, are jealous of their horses and let no strangers mount them; nor are they certain that their garments are not contaminated with infidelity by the flesh of a dog of an unbeliever—male, that is; but the unbeliever was a guest in their tent, and the laws of hospitality were sacred. The American blustered; another for whom the event would have been a photographic scoop threatened bad publicity. Dotan was as

audibly not to be moved. The American rode no horse and the Bedouin broke no laws of hospitality. The police stood by, almost not deadpan: they were not interfering in the business of the Foreign Office.

The fellah may be a blood-brother of the Bedouin, but his interests are those of the land-tending farmer, not the nomad herder, and his ways are projections of his interests. Of the close to 200,000 Israeli Arabs, the Bedouins number 12 to 15,000 out of the 130,000 Moslems, more or less. About 25,000 are truly peasants. The rest are distributed among the primary crafts, the shopkeepers, the teachers, the civil servants and the like. Teachers number about 700, civil servants about 400. The count in all occupations is increasing. Between 40 and 45,000 are Christians. I have not been able to ascertain whether this count includes a couple of thousand missionary converts from Judaism. I have met only one, a wary chauffeur of Turkish provenance who tried me out with verses from the New Testament and became more confiding when I capped them. It is he who told me, two thousand. Finally, there are the Druses, numbering about 17,000.

I think I met with fair samples of all groups, and of the characteristic levels in the inescapably slow process of Israelization, wherever under the requirements of security, the new tools, the new knowledge, and the new ways suffuse and transform, as somehow they must, unconsciously, with as little conflict as possible, the old faith and old familiar ways of working and living. For it is into these that the new must be taken up, out of desire and hope, freely and emulatively first; then, because of success and the consequent sentiment of belonging, out of piety to the nation. Thus the old grows different because it is cherished in and through the new, and *adam hadash* takes his appropriate shape.

The material instruments are the soil and the media for conserving and using it; water, the techniques and economy of getting the stuffs and machines of “scientific” agriculture and of science-grounded industry.

The spiritual instruments are the new human relations on which the possession and use of these are postulated. For hardly any fellah can dig a well or have water pumped into the fields, or own a tractor or other machine by himself alone. Only by sharing with his neighbors can the average Arab villager come into ownership or use of any of these necessities of the new economy. Through a credit union, he can escape the usurer in getting the capital he may need for a new start or to carry on. As he learns to demand, and receives, the equal pay for equal work which the new law ordains; as he learns the minima of personal and public hygiene that health requires; as he is enabled to pool his marketing and his buying power, first with his Arab neighbors, then with non-Arabs, he comes into the free economy of abundance which the Utopians envision for him. To a degree, these abilities are potential in his constitutional right of self-government: the right to vote can easily be the matrix of all other rights.

But the actualization of any and all depends on the man's own will and desire, on the readiness with which he avails himself of the help that the Government, the Histadrut and the school offer him.

The villages disclose a very variable readiness. One, among the poorest of the poor, was too absorbed in its cult to have the will for much of anything else. Our confabulation began in the shop of the village tailor—he knew some English—a small, smeary, smelly room so dark that even when our eyes readjusted, we saw this elder and his venerable sewing machine, only after he rose somewhat sullenly to look us over. What Dotan said seemed to re-

assure him. He dashed suddenly out of a doorway at the side, while we, led by a small boy, step by cautious step, picked our dark way. We were shown into what seemed the village meeting room by a tall, military looking mustachioed fellow with a tic in his left eye and resonant voice little silent. He kept intoning cadences about (our interpreter said) his Sheikh, as other elders of the village came into the room. When the Sheikh appeared—a young man with soft brown eyes and a delicate young black beard, far more ornately and richly dressed than any of the men about him—there was a striking change in our voluble one. His eyes came alive; his strong white teeth were bared in as brilliant a smile as ever any man smiled. Throughout our talk, of which he took the lion's share, his every sentence articulated like a revelation and brought to a period with that flashing smile, he kept patting the sheikhly shoulder, smoothing the sheikhly arm. It was clear that here was a love as of David for Jonathan, passing the love of women. There were no other youths in sight at any time.

With the Sheikh arrived the refreshments also—the inevitable sweet tea, and the best our hosts had—their first melons, peeled and sliced and laid out colorfully on a platter. The talk didn't reach to the economy of earth at all. The village cult was a dervish cult. Its Imam was somewhere in Jordan. Its Sheikh was a Haj. He had made his pilgrimage to Mecca and his leadership was a pure religious leadership. The talk was about the pilgrimage: the plane ride from Lod to Medina, the trek to the holy city, the excitement of shedding one's clothes, hasting and stumbling half naked down the mountain As-Safa, praying, calling out, "May Allah answer his servant!"; the happiness on seeing the *Kaaba*! Drinking from *Zem-Zem*! Now the young man had experienced the Way. He had for-

gotten the cost of the Way in cash and sweat and suffering. He had forgotten the brutality of Ibn Saud's police to pilgrim mobs, the whips of Ibn Saud's soldiers keeping pilgrims in check as they crushed each other in their eagerness to touch the black stone which the angel Gabriel brought to Abraham and Ishmael! He had forgotten the exactions of the natives for the merest necessities of life. He had been one of the mob who had retraced the Way, and their reciprocally induced emotion was all that remains of the entire experience. Filled with this he returns to his people to teach them the Way and how it may be shortened. Obeying the commands of Allah is the short way.

The time came for afternoon prayers. I offered to join the Sheikh at his mosque. I was not refused; the laws of hospitality forbid refusal—but I was put off, and by the time our company was on the stony way toward the mosque the Sheikh and his companions were on the way back. I wondered if the response would have been different if Rachel and another woman had not been along. I wondered how and in how many years the cultural economy of twentieth century Israel could orchestrate to itself this cultist economy of twelfth-century Palestine.

Something of both method and time were indicated by the economy of another village. We reached it by a government road from Haifa, and a local roadway was in process of construction. Our way to the public room of the Sheikh's blue-painted house was through an unkempt patio up a flight of unswept stone stairs where we passed an even more uncared-for girl carrying a heavy vessel of water on her little head. We had a courteous but wary reception, in the course of which we learned that this village had become prosperous since Israel had replaced Britain. The roads were a great help. There was a regular

bus service to Haifa and the security officers had issued many long term travel permits. Above all there was now water for many, and there soon would be for everybody. All the people wanted to irrigate their lands. There had been long negotiations with the irrigation company, Mekorot, which was ready to supply the water only if all united to sign the contract for it. The clans were jealous of one another. Each was afraid that his neighbor would take advantage. A long time passed before a joint council could get formed and a contract signed. Now there is a council. Already 200 dunams of the village land are being irrigated, sprinklers are in use. Soon there will be water piped into the houses (this, a revolutionary project, was referred to with evident pride). The village could make great strides if it were not for the burden of that unheard-of income tax.

Complaints about the income tax were general and common to all the population, old and new, Arab and Jew. There seemed nowhere among the Olim or the natives any understanding of the nature of taxation, of its rôle in their safe and prosperous development. By the tradition they had grown up in, taxation was the exaction of tribute by *force majeure*, to be resisted and evaded in every possible way. This seemed the view of it held by members of the council of a still more advanced village to which I accompanied a government official and a young Arab agricultural adviser whose job was like that of the American county agent. He had, in fact, received his training in the United States; of all places, in Georgia. He looked to me like a man with a mission, he dealt so absorbedly with the farmers in the fields we visited, he showed so much pride in the improvements he noted. This council was hastily called together in the house of a member with a relative in New Hampshire, whom I agreed to deliver his greetings to. It

was a more sophisticated group—Christian, I was later told, also voting communist—and much more articulate about needed improvements: getting water piped into the houses; roads; better schooling. The spokesman, wary, sardonic, turned out to be the village schoolmaster as well as a member of the council. They had, he told me as we were leaving, a culture club, and they would like it very much if I would return and give them a lecture. Only the University and Hillel House had made a similar suggestion.

In another village—this one in “the triangle”—we met the generations together. We reached it after a visit to the area health centre, which had been four months late in opening because it took so long to get the people to see that they must pay their small share toward their own health and healing. In the bright upper-story living room of the Sheikh’s stone house, the men of the family gathered to talk with us. There was his old uncle of seventy-five. There were two of his nephews. The youths brought the inescapable coffee and sweetmeats, then stood by, taking no part in the conversation but with expressive faces of dissent as the elders talked. The old man remembered the Turks—he had served in the Turkish army—and the British, and he thought that on the whole the Jews were the best of the three. If only the military government were removed! If only we could get back our lands which the Jordanians now control! Of course, the military is for our protection, too. We and the Jews have always been good neighbors, and we want to continue so. Nevertheless there is a corruption of the old order. In the old man’s thousand-strong family, the sheikh is still the patriarch, the elders still decide on the communal policy—it is they who voted the money for the water plant—it is they who decide what marriage is suitable, what unsuitable; here in the room

now was a young man of the family whom the elders saved from marrying a girl he had fallen in love with. In his case her family objected, too. If they had married, they would have starved, for the families would have denied them sustenance. But the obedience is not as true as it was in the old days. When granduncle was young, he obeyed his parents in all things. Today, if he pressed the youths too far, they can and would run away to Jordan.

In time, we said our good-byes and started down the stone steps. The seventeen-year-old grandnephew, who was showing us out, could not contain himself. The old man didn't know, he said. For himself, he didn't intend to go the family way. He wasn't religious. He didn't see that there was any real difference between Arab and Jew; each has his own way, his father says, and the two ways are equal. He wants to study in a Tel Aviv secondary school and then go to the Hebrew University to specialize in biology. If he met a girl in Tel Aviv or in Jerusalem, he would marry her. In any case, he didn't want to come back to the village.

This singularity of divergence from the old established ways seemed to me to involve something more, something different, from the natural rebelliousness of adolescence. That is an issue of power, not of the form and goal of living. This, I think, is an issue of the form and goal of living. It is not quite the same as among the Olim, because there both generations have an identical commitment to the new life for which they are Ingathered; the issue is one of tempo. Among the non-Jews, the issue is one of primary commitment, as well as tempo. The older generation acquiesces; because it is so passively resigned to the change it cannot avoid, it does not even try to evade it. Those of the younger generation whom we encountered choose the change and endeavor to effect it.

Here, for example, is a conversation with some youths we picked up at a sidewalk café in Acco. We had stopped in the hope of a cold drink to temper the dusty heat of the day and, as the *gazoz* was unacceptable, we ended up with the inevitable coffee. Our interpreter was our chauffeur, an oldish man who owned his car, round-faced, blue-eyed, knowing, merry, voluble, twenty-two years in the land and full of its wise saws and modern instances. He came from Rumania, he told us, by bicycle, as a member of the *Hashomer Hatzair* who greet each other with *hazak* instead of shalom. In Rumania he had been a gym instructor; in Palestine he became in turn a painter, a contractor, a cab driver, an egg merchant, a special policeman, a secret member of Haganah, and now again a cab driver, licensed by the government to drive tourists. He did not believe in the Messiah—that was for the uneducated lower classes—he believed only in what he saw and he did believe in the birth of the nation; so he and his brother had brought their parents over here from the Trans-Dniester concentration camp—the evidence he bases his faith on is the spirit of the people as he encounters it, driving up and down in the land in his college of a car, educating tourists.

Three boys were looking us over with the avid curiosity of kids at a circus, where we sat struggling with our coffee. I invited them to join us; they declined, very politely. I envied them the privilege. We offered cigarettes, and they declined these, too, but a brash young Arab taxi driver, who slapped our own on the back, did bum some, while advising him, in English, ‘‘take it easy.’’ The boys, none older than eighteen, were from the same village, about twelve kilometres from Acco, whence they had escaped to the city, at least for a while. I addressed the quiet, delicate-featured one:

‘‘Do you work? At what?’’

"At home. On a farm. I farm."

"Like it?"

A sharp shake of the head: "No."

"What would you like to do?"

"Study and then begin the new life."

"New life?"

"Yes—as I see it in the kibbutzim and in the cities."

"What would you study?"

"Engineering. Or scientific agriculture."

"Would you like to join the Army?"

"Of course: I have registered."

The other boys said they also had registered. They also crave the new life, "but our parents are against it."

On our way to Kibbutz Gesher Haziv we pick up a man and a little girl in a yellow silk dress, Arab style. They are a father and daughter. The daughter is twelve years old and the father is bringing her home from school. Two others of his five children, he tells us, attend school. There is a broad, proud smile on his face as he turns toward us to say: "Not every father likes his daughter to be cleverer than himself—but me, I like it." Not every father! According to the youths—hardly any father!

But—another day, at the Zion Hotel in Haifa, a young Druse came to call on me. He was nineteen years old. He had just matriculated at the *Bet Sefer Reali* in Haifa. Somebody had told him about me. He would like to see me, please, if I permitted. I not only permitted, I welcomed, and was relieved that at last an Arab would share my drinks and cakes and I was not bound to share his. This boy's father, he told me, was a farmer too old to work his land himself and therefore sharecrops some and leases the rest for cash. About four families live on it and from it. He, Salam, had never farmed. He had always been away, going to school, in this village or that, as the classes he

needed were available. In fact, he hadn't lived at home since he was seven. The times he did get home—vacations, holidays and such—he either read or listened to the radio. When he wanted to join the hands in the fields his father wouldn't let him: “He thinks I'm no good in the fields. And I don't want to be a farmer. I want to study sociology and Oriental subjects. Why? I don't know. I can't explain. I just want to.”

Salam has three classmates who are Arabs, two are Christian, one is Moslem. His brother is the village teacher. His two sisters go to school. His family is the biggest family in the village, which also boasts a Boy Scout troop, with a club house, and newspapers available also to boys not in the Scouts. The village lacks a playing field because the villagers won't spare any land for it. Not that Salam himself minds; he isn't too fond of sports. What he likes is literature, and he prefers modern Hebrew, that of Burla and of the Hebrew versions of Shalom Aleichem, to Biblical Hebrew. He can't go for Ezekiel, for the ceremonialism he is full of, but does like the Book of Job. Indeed, he likes it best of all the books of the Bible. I do not think that anybody had advised Salam that this was my own preference or that I had restored it in the form of a Greek tragedy. He liked Job best because he found in it so many problems that were his own problems. Yes, he had a girl, not from the village; the girls there are not modern. His daughters, if he has any, should go to the University. As for religion, he was not so interested. Religion is very difficult for a Druse.

Salam talked with me part in English, part in Hebrew. Of course he knew Arabic and was required to study it, but he preferred Hebrew. Was he typical? In the Druse village of Beit Jann the school was in session when we visited it. The walls were decorated with posters, maps,

photographs of tractors and airplanes, chromos of ships. The planes were El Al's, the ships Zim's. There was the Israeli Declaration of Independence in Hebrew. The 34 boys of the class, all in shirts and shorts, might have been kids from Tel Aviv or Afikim. The two teachers were girls in familiar summer dresses. Yet it required a good deal of imaginative effort to harmonize our session with the school and our visit to the village elders. They welcomed us with great courtesy, even refrained from the over-insistence on refreshments, but they stayed uncommunicative about their religion, became unmistakable about income tax and military restrictions, although they themselves were not required to have them. Their utterance sounded with an undercurrent of irony and a silent laughter as at some joke known only to themselves. Their dimension of living was not their children's.

One might infer a sort of cultural mutation—the value-systems of the children were so different from the parental ones. I had the feeling strongly when we visited Sheikh Saleh Salam of the village Rena. We had taken a chance on finding him at home. From the car, we made our way to his house over pathless fields of rock and dust. We found callers there before us: a couple of policemen come to ask his help in the matter of a stolen cow; a young man from Nazareth wanting him to arbitrate a dispute about the payment of rent money. They sought the Sheikh because he had become known, now for a generation, as the peace-maker. It took some persuasion to get him to tell about himself; and he began only after the other guests had left, hesitantly, but more readily as he talked on. His family, he said, was the biggest in Tzippori (where the Virgin Mother of God is believed to have spent her youth); his father, a well-to-do farmer. When he was only 24 he was appointed *mukhtar* of his village, and after that

elected chairman of the local council 27 years in succession. This was under the Mandatory from which he succeeded in securing for the village an adequate water supply, a better road and a school. All he got was £10 a year. He lived from his lands. The High Commissioner was satisfied with him not only because he approved his work for the village, but because of his rôle as a peacemaker. The British gave him a medal for that; and he received a Scout medal for ending a dangerous feud between Moslems and Christians in Nazareth over the killing of a young boy.

I said: "May your rôle of peacemaker be extended to peace between Arabs and Jews." To which he replied: "One can speak freely on this side of the border; not on the other. We do need compromise. War does everybody more harm than good. The Prophet said: 'Peace is the lord of all,' and we read in the Koran, *Oh you believers, fear God and make peace between people who quarrel*. He who will not make peace cannot be a true believer. It does not conduce to peace when the income from *Waqf* properties which belongs to Islam in Israel, is spent on any but Moslem affairs." He himself wants some spent to build another mosque in Nazareth.

He spoke softly, his blue eyes steady in his round red face. There was an aura about him, of a sort of disinterested goodwill. He would have sat on with us, but we knew he had the afternoon's responsibilities to discharge, and this meant uncomfortable journeys to Nazareth and back. We persuaded him to ride with us. But it was not to be far. On the way the car was stopped by a wedding party headed by the father of the bride, who begged us to honor him and the happy couple. Salam could not. We sent him on in our car. We joined what seemed like the whole village watching bride and groom being snake-danced

by the village youth, dressed in their western best, and chanting some phrase whose meaning my friends didn't—or refused to—get. After some time the newlyweds took their stand in the parental house, and received the congratulations of the pushing, squeezing, moiling crowd, while the youths held high-jinks in the courtyard outside. As soon as we could make our way through, we paid our respects to the sweating, pallid bride and groom, worked our way to our waiting chauffeur and started for Nazareth, with dozens of kids running after the car. This was a Christian wedding, touching in the submissiveness of the principals, the bullying gaiety of their friends, the eager hospitality of their parents. If youth understands, this old way of the old folks could well continue among the new ways of adam hadash, linking the old and the new at a point of increasing divergence.

The wedding scene is an aside. I refer to it because it presents a mode in the relations of the generations, and throws an added light on the character of Salam of Rena's leadership and the positive potential of Arab-Jewish co-operation in the Israeli endeavor after the life more abundant for all. Traditionalist as Salam's way of life and thought may be, there was reflected a certain harmony of spirit between him and the probation officer with whom we talked at some length in Nazareth. This young man was born on a farm in Kana (of the famous wedding where Jesus turned water into wine) not far from the sacred town. He had been picked by the teachers in Kana for study in Nazareth. Thence he had been sent to the high school of St. Lux in Haifa, and after a few years of teaching, he had adventured to England, to the London School of Economics, where his most remembered teachers were Asher Ginzberg's son, and Harold Laski. He said that most of the Arab boys' ambitious for higher education are vil-

lage-born and bred. Numbers crave to leave the village for the town. Becoming a town-youth is a matter of economy as well as prestige: there isn't enough land to go round for all the heirs of a family. Youngsters run away, and to Jordan, too, much as a boy in Tel Aviv runs off to a kibbutz, and for the same reasons. Unhappily, those who do, come under army jurisdiction if they are caught, and his own department, more's the pity, can do nothing about it.

We discussed the responsibilities of our host's office. He seemed to me as aware as any American expert of the tensions between parents and children intrinsic to the process of growing up, the problems of youth in a changing cultural economy, and of the current methods of dealing with them. He deprecated institutionalization as retarding self-help. He wished that Ahva could send its charges to Acco to earn something toward their keep. Ahva is a government school for delinquents under the management of the Ministry of Welfare. Boys from ten to eighteen years old are committed to it by court order. We looked it over one hot afternoon and evening during our inquiry around the Triangle. There was a total staff of 15 for the 45 charges then present. It gave the impression of a progressive private school. A psychologist tests the lads on arrival for aptitudes, intelligence and attitudes; their health is checked, and their education, if any, continued or else begun, in terms of self-help. They may take up the study of farming or carpentry or pottery; if they show special gifts they are sent to school in Acco. There are no locks, no fences, and the gate stays open. Parents may visit freely. Boys who feel they must run away are not punished. For the most part they come back; and a number whom Ahva has discharged ask permission to stay on; they'd rather not return to their families. Others keep returning to visit. The director is an old kibbutznik, a veteran of the wars, easy, genial, firm.

On the way to the Bahai shrine in Acco, to which he accompanied us, he told us that only five out of the fifty discharged from Ahva got into trouble with the authorities later and were sent to jail. We returned to Ahva for a couple of hours of a moonlit night. We sat out in the central court, sipping the orange juice which, with gazoz, is rivaling the "turkish" coffee as the national drink. From the dark dormitories came the hushed voices of the boys talking, sounds of musical instruments. At times a boy would appear at one door or another, quietly cross the patio and as quietly return. A calm, ordinary evening, Ahva.

Laski's and Ginzberg's pupil up in Nazareth may find some part of his vision embodied in fact down at Ahva. I had not yet been there when he referred to it; nor had I made contact with the autochthonous Nazareth where the Utopian writ was not yet running. We had said good-bye and, as a matter of course, he had wished us a satisfying visit "in our country." Autochthonous Nazareth did not impart any feeling of participation and belonging. We reached it from Ahva late at night, very hungry, scouting for a place to eat. After a time, we found one open, by ear—a dingy café with a radio, a few young customers at a smeary table who fell silent when we entered. The place was able to feed us. I remember pita, eggplant, pickled peppers, and that we preferred the good Nesher beer to wash the meal down with. It seemed to me we were hours getting very simply fed. Dog-tired, we found our way to the Galilee—beside which even the decrepit Yarkon in Tel Aviv (a property of Histadrut) is palatial—and wished we had sought the hospitality of the monks at Terra Sancta.

After the typical Palestinian breakfast, we felt better and went about our business with Nazareth. Skyline and groundlines are antithetical. Seen in the sunlight from

adjacent heights, the skyline makes a shining geometric fantasy of shapes impatterned on an inclined plane which turns your mind to “non-objective” paintings and Schönbergian scores. On the ground, you experience the sharp duality of the massive structures that enshrine Nazareth’s holy places: the Romanist church of the Annunciation, the Greek church of St. Gabriel built over Mary’s Well, and the almost subhuman scale of the squat houses, the stinking shops, the unpaved narrow alleys where human beings cannot walk two abreast and where donkeys and camels, whom only unhealthy looking urchins keep disputing with any success, by their mere mass hold right of way. The one parallel I could recall is Mea Shearim in Jerusalem.

On an adjacent height, the Government maintains an up-to-date hospital for consumptives. More than a third of the patients are Bedouin women, lonely, silent, sad-eyed figures, squatted immobile in corners of their choice, reluctant to respond to even the manifest kindness of the attendants. They make a poignant image, these females belonging to Lawrence of Arabia’s favorite people, the most poignant perhaps, that Nazareth gave us. Not that the born Nazarenes were not a poignant enough challenge to the Utopian Israelis! So is this much fought-over holy city of the Christians itself, with its present-day conflicting denominational interests, and its history of Byzantine, Moslem, Crusader, and again Moslem conquest and reconstruction, to this Israeli day. Nazareth sustains, so I was told, a self-segregated aristocracy, an élite of Christian effendis. It seemed to me a foregone conclusion that the Mayor should be one of them. His very handsome son met us at the garden gate to bring us in to his father. It was he who served the coffee and the orange juice and passed around the ornate box of sweets which I have come to

believe are *de rigueur*. As is usual with the younger men, he took no part in the conversation, but his eyes spoke enough, and at some of his father's remarks, his eyes looked amused. The father was at the door to meet us. Scorching as the day was, he wore a heavy wool suit complete with waistcoat, collar and necktie. He is a man in his seventieth year, born, bred and educated in Nazareth—in a seminary conducted by Russian priests. He is able to speak, read and write Russian—when in the Knesset, he used to talk Russian with fellow-members—and has a command of French and English. His father having been an official of Abdul Hamid, he acquired some Turkish, too. In the course of his long life he had been a road contractor, a lawyer with a practice in Jaffa and Haifa, as well as Nazareth. He had been serving as Mayor of his home town, for two years, and he found the job easier, at his age, than practicing law. When he was young, the town's citizens were more interested in the town's condition and problems; now . . . "Its paramount needs are sanitation, an adequate water supply, better roads and pavements, a municipal hospital, hotels." He did not include education; but was positive that the traditional inequality of the sexes did not obtain among the educated youth. As to taxation—people paid on dwellings, rents and trades—it didn't fill the bill. When I asked His Honor how he envisioned the future rôle of Nazareth in the economy of Israel, he took his time in answering: At last he said, "This is a question of high policy. I don't want to discuss it. It is the United Nations' business and doesn't depend on us. Our job is to go on with the work in hand. That is our duty."

The work in hand, so far as it might involve the health and welfare of the plain people of Nazareth was a work still waiting for hands to perform, according to the Arab director of the system of labor exchanges which the Ministry

of Labor maintains for Arab workers especially. This was a service, he said, the fellah had still to learn to make use of—only about 3,000 had employed it—and the Ministry tried to spread its use by means of a Labor Council and a bi-weekly journal which it publishes. The service had been of little help to the Nazarenes, as there was no work to speak of there, and they wouldn't go to Haifa where they could get jobs. Nazareth could do better by them, but the highly overstaffed town-administration eats up most of the budget. There is an allocation from the Ministry of Labor toward wages for roadbuilding and garden-work, but the town budget fails to provide for tools and materials. The Ministry had made an allocation, the year before, toward an Old Folks' Home being built by Roman Catholic Bishop Vergnani, and is presently contributing “working days” toward a secondary school being constructed by the Greek Catholic “Archbishop of Acre, Haifa, Nazareth and All Galilee” George Hakim, as well toward the work always being done in and around the Church of the Annunciation. But none of this goes very far. The Mayor is capable but all around him are tax evaders on the make for themselves. They set a bad example to the multitude of the Nazarenes, who have not yet acquired the pioneer spirit of self-help.

Vergnani and Hakim may be called the feudal rulers of what remains still the millet-like Roman and Greek Catholic communions, reputed conversions during the British regime notwithstanding. Protestants are few, recent, unorganized and missionary-managed. The common allegiance which the bishops owe the Pope does not make them better friends with one another. I was not enabled to meet with Vergnani, but thanks to Dotan, I had a long evening with Hakim. This pastor of his flock is a short, stylishly stout, very handsome man. His hair and beard

are beautifully cared for, his voice is pleasing, his official dress is rich and superbly fitted, and his mind is nimble and very clever. His house is in Haifa, where we called on him. In architecture and appointments, it seemed a projection of the man: the two made a configuration so unusually unified, so organic. I could think of no architectural setting anywhere similarly fitted to its ownership—except perhaps a grave. Aesthetically it was the most nearly perfect dwelling I had seen in Israel. He had built it, his Reverence in due course volunteered—assuming, I guessed, not mistakenly—that we had been told uncomplimentary tales about the manner of the building—in order to provide some work for the people, since neither local taxes nor government contributions are sufficient, the latter because the government has assumed so many obligations toward its immigrants. The churches do what they can to provide work. He himself had gone to Europe to urge the cause of Nazareth. He has the idea of erecting a modern hotel there—he did not mention his school—and he apparently had not suspected that I might have been told, right out of the horse's mouth, that he had made a proposal to an Israeli hotel man, to sponsor such an undertaking for a bonus of 30,000 Israeli pounds in return for the use of his name. Conditions in Nazareth, he indicated, were becoming critical. About a thousand of its present inhabitants had been evacuated by the British from elsewhere in Palestine, with the promise—probably not made in good faith—that they would be returned when the troubles were over. This was in 1948. Numbers own property they haven't been permitted to avail themselves of. To Dotan's suggestion that only such as fail to enter an application don't get either their original holdings or some equivalent, the Bishop replied that owners don't make such applications because, rightly, they want to keep

their original holdings, and that money payments are not equivalent. Of 4,000 who applied for reparations, only about 1,200 were satisfied.

Our talk had been proceeding on the Bishop's pleasant balcony, whence we could look out on the sunset-reflecting waters of Haifa Bay. It had become dusk but not too dark when his Reverence rose swiftly from his chair and switched on the light, saying to my secretary, Raphael Gill, who had been sitting back quietly making his notes, "There! You don't need to do that in the dark." Then we reverted to our coffee, our orange juice and—here is an outstanding deviation—our cakes, not candies, and our exchange of ideas.

Since Bishop Hakim is a prince of the church, a hierarchical surrogate for its Prince of Peace, and has a newspaper as well as a pulpit, I felt that I might inquire of him more appropriately than of any other about the rôle, in Gaililee, of the Church dedicated to promoting peace on earth to men of goodwill, in making peace between Arabs and Jews. He seemed irked by the query. His answer did not impress me as responsive. Relations between the peoples had been inverted, he said; the Arabs are under the domination of a Jewish majority, and the peace-work of the churches is always being crossed by the political operations of the State. In the United States, there is no dispute between Eisenhower and a rabbi—(his Reverence did not complete the comparison). To my suggestion that the record showed that most of the communist vote was Arab, he replied that only a few of them were Catholic, while the Orthodox retain the image of Russia as the fatherly protector of them all: the Mayor of Nazareth is a member of the Orthodox communion and most of the communists of Nazareth were not natives, anyhow. As for the refugees: it is said that some were deceived by their leaders, some

were evacuated by Israeli forces, some fled because they were afraid. They are all insistent on returning to what they left behind and won't accept any other adjustment as permanent. The Moslems present a much more serious problem than the Christians. Almost all of the latter have been resettled. . . .

When we said good-bye, I told our courteous host that I hoped I might see him in the United States, organizing among our Christian fellow-citizens the equivalent of a U.J.A. on behalf of Nazareth. I did not add that I believed that such an organization would carry with it also an American system of accountancy covering all the undertakings in Israel as well as the collections in the United States, and that this would be as revolutionary an event as any in Nazareth's long unhappy history. As our car inched its winding way down the long Haifa hill, I thought how differently the young dervish and Sheikh Salam of Rena took the precepts of their faith, and what was any faith's destiny when its custodians used it as an instrument of policy in a struggle for power and property. Different and conflicting as may be Hakim's centre of interest from the Mayor's whom he subtly intended to denigrate in my eyes, divergent as may be their perspectives, their outlooks have an identical span. The Utopians, I thought, could expect little genuine help from the Christians toward the *adam hadash* of *Medinat Israel*; they belong to the ever Ungatherable.

The Druse as Israelis

Undispersed, but, on the face of the record, readily gatherable, are the Druse of Israel. Ethnically and in speech, kin of the Moslem and Christian Arabs, their economy is shaped to certain cultural differentiae which dis-

tinguish it clearly from the repetitive over-all Arab pattern. The differentiae are more a tradition of thought and feeling than an economy of things. They are attitudes and value-systems which indue the common goods and services of Arab existence with uncommon meanings and impart to the social order of the Druse village its Druse identity. This identity is the image which the self-containing, self-contained Druse attitude sustains and cherishes. It is the Ingroup's definition of itself in terms of known ancestry and secret faith. The Druse are no missionaries. As a cult they keep themselves and their creed to themselves, but divide the true believers into initiates and profane. The initiates, the *uqqal*, are those élite Druses who have proved themselves apt to receive the secret truth, and have received it. The rest are the *juhhal*, the ignorant and ever unenlightened. The *uqqal* are sometimes signalized by a white turban and a red cloak, not always, for I saw but one man wearing them. Their cult is said to date from the early decades of the 11th century. The youthful Fatimite Caliph el Hakim bi-Amrillahi, destroyer of the Holy Sepulchre, had announced that he was Allah incarnate. His vizier, Hamza ibn Ali, a Persian and a mystic, either believed him or thought belief was sound statesmanship. Anyhow, he made converts, sent one of them—his countryman, Mohammed ibn Ismael el-Darazi—as apostle to the peoples of the Levant. The cult came to its orthodox form among el-Darazi's converts; they and their epigon Darazians have since been known as Druses. Their sacred writings are combinations of Darazi's works, Hamza's, and a third apostle's, Baha ed-Din. The scriptures exist only in manuscript form, and are kept concealed from the eyes of the profane in the sanctuary of the place where men are alone with God, the *Khalweh*—the Druse equivalent of the Mosque—where the writings are read

and discussed every Thursday evening, the reading being the core of the secret worship of the Druse religion. Conflicts with the non-Druse world led to raids in which some of the holy writings were carried off from the Khalwehs, and their content thus became accessible to the modern world. Others, it is said, have been secured by less violent and less honorable methods, although there is some debate whether the latter were not prepared *ad hoc* to mislead the unbelievers.

Certain affinities between the doctrines of Mohammed, Baha Ullah (also a Persian) and Hamza are patent. But whereas Islam's Allah is One revealed by a succession of prophets of whom Mohammed is absolutely the last and the greatest, Allah of the Bahais and the Druses is One manifesting himself in a succession of incarnations. Hamza counted ten such incarnations across the world, to date, the latest being the Caliph el-Hakim in Egypt. Other incarnations will follow.

The Druse cult has other singularities—their eschatology, for example—which intrigue, but have no present relevance. What does have relevance is the status of women among them (they are eligible to the *aqil* status), their monogamy and handling of divorce, their flexibility in the presence of apparently preponderant power, and their underlying refusal to take fate or fortune lying down—so contrasting to the Moslem's *malesh*. The Druse faith appears scornful of Islam, tolerant of Christianity, respectful of Judaism. From their beginnings, a minority with a deviant creed teaching but respect toward the orthodoxies of the surrounding majority, the Druse struggle for survival developed at one end the disposition and skills of the warrior, at the other, the arts of a Marrano-like evasion and concealment. Faced with persecution or martyrdom, Druses will take on Islam or Catholicism or what have you.

The Moslems do not express a high regard for them. They call them hypocrites, say they worship a Goat and perform the sexual act in the *Khalweh*. I have heard it said that there are a couple of thousand Druses in the United States pretending to be Christians, though why they need such a pretense in our country is beyond me.

The judgment, how the chances and circumstances of the surrounding society bear on the survival and well-being of all the Druse communions, and the directives regarding strategy and tactics to further these, seem to be the prerogative of the Sheikhs of Khalwet el-Bayda on the western slope of Mt. Hermon, near the juncture of Israel's frontiers with those of Syria and Lebanon. Certain disparities in Druse-Government relations should perhaps be attributed to the Bayadan centre, for which the Vatican in Rome rather than al-Azhar in Cairo is an analogue. This may account for a persistent ambiguity of status of the Druse community in Israel. Before the establishment of the State, Druse friendship toward the Jews was notable: they collaborated in the “illegal” immigration; they helped a little in gun-running. But during the first stages of Israel's war for independence they fought with the Arabs. Nine times they returned to the assault of Ramat Yohanan, knives in their teeth, guns in their hands. Having failed to take it, they entered a parley with the defending unit of Haganah which became a feast of reconciliation and alliance. Then they joined the Jewish forces in the campaign which drove the Albanian Hitlerite, Fawzi Kawukji and his “army of liberation” out of Galilee. With the establishment of the Israeli government, the Jews' trust in the Druse was manifested in the fact that no security regulations whatsoever were applied to them, that they were welcomed in the army, and in all ways treated as loyal veterans deserve. They also were offered independent sta-

tus as a religious community, with its own courts of personal jurisdiction, its own cadis, and the rest. But they refused. They continued to use the Moslem courts.* By and large, the Druse have in spirit, in enterprise, and in readiness, affinities with utopians of Israel. The problem in their Israelization, in spirit and in truth, is the problem of the orchestration of their Israeli being with their Druse responsibilities to the Sheikhs of Khalwet el-Bayda. Their Ingathering will be a function of those responsibilities.

* Since this was written the Druse have accepted this eight-year-old offer. They now constitute the twelfth religious community whose courts have exclusive jurisdiction over marriage, divorce, and other purely personal relations between members of the communions.

IV

CHURCH AND STATE

TRADITIONALLY THE PEOPLE of Palestine are separated into ethno-religious communities, each with a creed and code of its own. Relations between the sexes, the critical events of birth, puberty, marriage, divorce, sickness and death were regulated under the creed, according to the code. The regulators were the sheikhs of the tribe, fathers of the family, the priests of the cult. The folkways and mores of the familial community were their charge, and it was their mandate to see that they were not violated but observed, duly and in good order. The communities maintained, each, an autonomous existence. The kadis of the Moslems, the priests of the Christians, the rabbis of the Jews were the guardians of their ways of life. Its ways were each society's living law. Under the Turks, the societies were called millets and save for taxes or baksheesh, were left much to themselves. After the League of Nations replaced the Turks with the British, the word "community" came into vogue; but the British tampered as little as the interests of Empire permitted with that autonomy. Because of the traditional pluralism of Palestinian society and of British respect for it, the Kibbutzim, the Kvutzot and the other secularist groupings of the post-Balfour Jewish settlements in Palestine were able to form something

like a millet of their own, according to their own a-Judaist creed and code. Indeed, they may be said to have owed their freedom to develop their utopian singularity far less to the ad hoc international treaties, League of Nations directives, and the Mandatory government's statutes, than to the mores of communal autonomy traditional in the land.

When, for their own survival, they took up with bloody tears the responsibility for law and order which the British were abandoning, and the United Nations had replaced the British mandate in Palestine with Medinat Israel, they also continued the traditional practice of communal autonomy and communal self-rule. They had committed themselves to drawing up a constitution which should serve as the code enacting the creed of their Declaration of Independence, proclaiming equal rights and equal liberty for all the inhabitants of the land in all the dimensions of its life, and they had invited the cooperation of their Arab neighbors to this peaceful end. Instead, Arabs at home and abroad launched a war of extermination which Israel has contained, but which is not ended. The Constitution scheduled for October 1948 is still *in posse*. In its place, the government respectfully defers to the traditional principles and practices. The Utopians would grow the new Israel from this old corpus of canonical and civil law.

Nevertheless, between this concern with the peoples' living laws and the principles and program whereto its Declaration of Independence commits Medinat Israel, a conflict obtains which pervades all the State's relations with its constituent ethno-religious communities. This conflict is especially conspicuous and acute where Jews are concerned. Its extreme potentialities are manifest in the antitheses of the creeds and codes of Mea Shearim and the Kibbutzim, which could plausibly be described as secularist Mea Shearim. In between come the relationships

among the Ashkenazis, the Sephardim, and the Karaites of the land (one might add the Samaritans), and the attitude of these to the diverse reform denominations, such as the American conservative, reform and reconstructionist groups. They all can point to the Declaration as guaranteeing their right freely and safely to live and to worship together, according to their own creed and code, anywhere in Medinat Israel. But, as the record makes abundantly clear, the conflict, which is common to all groups—it possesses a high natural visibility in the stance of the younger vis-a-vis the older generations—is the conflict between the basic guaranteed individual freedoms of thought, of belief, of association, of expression and communication, and the traditional authority of the commune to regulate, to control, to suppress and to punish the exercise of these liberties by any of its members.

Such communes conduct their affairs as minuscule church-states or state-churches. The papacy at Vatican City is macroscopically such a church state, with global ramifications. Tibet had been such a church state before communist China took it. Every state is a church-state or state-church that asserts, and imposes on its people, an orthodoxy, alternatives to which it proscribes as heresy and people's agreements on alternatives it persecutes as conspiracy. In free societies there is a consensus that Hitler Germany, Soviet Russia and her satellites, Communist China and Yugoslavia, Franco Spain and several South American "Republics" (one might include the Moslem caliphates)—are church-states in this sense: In them the political and sacerdotal powers are confluent functions of one another. Again, there are societies in which the powers diverge and may clash. The sacerdotal power may be concentrated in a single privileged establishment with a tax-supported economy, which the state employs as an

instrument of policy; it may be distributed in a number of establishments, one being the church (such as the Church of England), all with economies depending upon the public purse, but none penalized as heresy or persecuted as conspiracy. Sir Herbert Samuel may have had the British pattern in mind when he created the unprecedented offices of "Grand Mufti" and appointed Amin el-Husseini as its first—and in view of Islam orthodoxy, last—incumbent.

Finally, the divergence may be tantamount to complete separation of church from state. This was first achieved in the United States. There, in the spirit of Thomas Jefferson's Statute of Religious Liberty, and in accord with the First Article of the Bill of Rights of the Republic's Constitution, religion is held to be the private concern of the individual conscience; churches are held to be free enterprises of the spirit, voluntary associations of individuals who, agreeing with each other that such and such principles and practices are best relied upon to bring them victory in their struggles for life and goodness against evil and death, join together at their own cost and their own risk in order to give their faith the maximum efficiency which, they feel, none could give it by himself alone. Beside any church, or all the churches together, the State stands as the government of all the people, instituted by all the people, in order that each, different from all the others, might have assured to him by all the others, his equal freedom and security.

The current name for the fact and form of this assurance is Democracy. The democratic State, thus the free association of the members of all religions, can hence never be identified with any religion; can contribute to the support of none; cannot in any way single out any for privilege or penalty. In true democracies the relations to

one another of different believers in different creeds and codes are such, that by virtue of them the State is a secular configuration of religious and non-religious societies. It cannot be anything else without ceasing to be a democracy. The individual faith of each church or cult is supplemented by the common faith wherewith all together make themselves the guarantors of the equal liberty and safety of each separately, and thus render the separation of church and state an indefeasible rule for free societies of free men.

The principle and practice of this separation are, indeed, explicitly stated in the Israeli Declaration of Independence, whereas they are only implicit in the American. But the Americans made of them an *idée force* within a generation by means of the explicit Bill of Rights, state constitutions and various legislative enactments. In the few years since the establishment of Medinat Israel its Utopians have endeavored to give to the principle what effect they could—it isn't much—by correcting some of the inequities of the status quo ante and by facing up to a Jewish problem they created by creating Israel. The problem follows from the dogma of Exile and Redemption, Dispersion and Ingathering. Since the Redeemed and Ingathered can be Jews only, the society they compose must be a Jewish society, the government they institute must be a Jewish government, the state they establish must be a Jewish state.

But, given the communal diversities of the people of Palestine, given the diversities of creed and code among the Jews themselves, given the rule of equal liberty and equal safety for them all, individuals and their association together, how can Israeli society be Jewish or Israel a Jewish state and its government a Jewish government? The Utopians are confronted with an ongoing dispute as to

what "Jewish" rightly means. In the tradition of the West and the Near East, the word and its correlates have a cultural denotation: "Jewish" is parallel to "Christian," "Moslem," and denotes the differential of beliefs, rites and rites comprehended by the word "Judaism." Usage has long kept "Jewish" the adjective for that noun. This usage is now undergoing modification. The words "Judaist," "Judaistic," "Judaic," have been brought into use as preciser parallels to "Christian" and the like; the word "Jewishness" has been brought into use as also comprehending all those secular components of the common life of Jews as Jews, which "Judaism" leaves out. It is argued that "Jewishness" includes "Judaism" as one of the many vectors in the communal dynamic of the Jews' way of life; that folkways and mores which Judaists attribute to Otherworldly commandments and Otherworldly sanctions, need no external justification but can be maintained and cherished freely for their own Thisworldly sakes, as are an individual's struggles for his own existence and survival. It is argued that they can be prevalent without being imposed on others who prefer different ways of believing and doing. Thus, Israel should be a Judaistic, in the same way as the United States is a Christian, country; it should nourish Jewish culture in the same sense that the United States and Canada and New Zealand and Australia nourish an Anglo-Saxon one; it would be qualified as a Jewish society because the speech, the diet, the arts and letters, the divisions of work and rest of the majority of its peoples, their attitudes toward birth, puberty and death, toward the relations between men and women would be recognizable as freely continuing the Jewish tradition, continuing it without privilege and without penalty in such wise that it pervades the cultural atmosphere and climate of opinion in the pluralistic society of Israel.

Against this, the organized Judaists of Israel, supported by many of those "in exile" who will never abandon the comforts of their exile, have set their hearts and heads. To them "Jew" means "Judaist" and only Judaist. If Medinat Israel is not an obstruction to the advent of the Messiah, it is a divinely ordained means and a way toward his advent. To speed his advent, the law of the State must be the law of Moses and of Israel as revealed by Jehovah to his prophets and developed and interpreted by the rabbis. The creed and code of Medinat Israel must be Torah—must be the Bible and Talmud whose custodians and teachers are the rabbinate and whose administrators must be the officers of government. Medinat Israel should be a church-state or state-church, as the Lord requireth: say a theocracy, if you will; all its people should be faithful to the Torah as its orthodox official custodians interpret Torah; and the commandment-breakers—certainly the public ones—should be punished as they deserve. Willy nilly, the Utopians in the government of Medinat Israel, secularists though they were, had to take account of the organized power and cultist demands of the supernaturalists. So far as the orthodox Judaist millet was concerned, with or without Mea Shearim, the Judaist party—call it Mizrachist, call it Agudist—were spokesmen for its living law. Against the judgment of those most dedicated and enlightened Israelis and of democrats everywhere in the world, they were endeavoring to thrust its writ upon others who read it as a strangulation, not an inspiration, of Jewish life: For them, inspiration breathed from the Declaration of Independence, which images Medinat Israel as a prophetic free Jewish society in which Jew and Gentile, Judaist and non-Judaist are equal citizens, equally free and equally secure. In the nature of things, this society could not be created by constitutional enactment or divine

fiat; its formation has to be a development of the old law, case by case, dispute by dispute, precedent by precedent into new meanings and new directions, with equal liberty and equal safety for the faiths and works of all the people as their goal. Even in unfree societies the living law is the changing law; the societies *are* unfree because their rulers struggle to arrest and penalize change. But in free societies the law endures only as it changes; its very rule is a rule of change, directing its ways and works toward that ever greater, surer equality in freedoms which justice envisions.

On the face of it, this is not the condition in Medinat Israel: The aficionados of Torah, or the canon law, seem possessed of the power to enforce conformity and to penalize freedom; to compel a Judaist uniformity and fight off a Jewish development. But a closer look leads to the conclusion that this appearance may very well be deceitful.

I looked first at the distinction between the Jewish and the non-Jewish religious economies. Medinat Israel has taken over from the Mandatory the government's traditional responsibility for both. To discharge this responsibility it maintains an instrument of government repugnant to all believers in the separation of church and state—a ministry of religious affairs. The ministry is organized in departments whose function seems to be, according to what I have been able to learn from members of it, to advise and aid the diverse Christian, Moslem, Bahai, Druse and like communes toward the peaceful and prosperous management of their creedal economies. The Christian, Druse, Bahai and others possess, so far as I could gather, the traditional millet-like autonomy, each with its characteristic order and rule. The Moslem condition had been altered by the war. Waqf properties had been abandoned and were deteriorating. Sick, disabled and aged people

had been left behind by their evacuating relatives. There were orphans about whom nobody cared. Under the mandate, the administration of Wakf properties and whatever else concerned the creedal economy of Islam was the responsibility of the not unscandalous Supreme Moslem Council created ad hoc by the British interest. Now this responsibility is assigned to the Moslem department of the Israeli ministry of religious affairs and is being discharged to the greater advantage of all the faithful instead of only the notables among them such as the Mandatory's Grand Mufti and his Husseini kinsmen with their scorn of the Jews, their deriding Haganah as mere *ghulam*, and Hista-drut as including *azuzas* like Golda Meir among its effeminate leaders. This attitude, my informant said, is widespread, even among such as speak of the Jews as a bugaboo of power. He found it unaffected by Jewish success against Arab aggression. The department is keeping some abandoned mosques in repair, is justifying the upkeep of others by their current use for museums, is paying the salaries of Cadis and Imams (who now often serve also as registrars of births and marriages), is setting up health centers, orphanages, homes for the aged, to serve true believers continuously, and is publishing a bulletin on Islamic affairs. When necessary, the government supplements Waqf resources, whose application to Islamic services and only to these, is being watched in the Knesset by such devout Moslems as Sheikh Saleh Salam.

To this department, curiously enough, are also assigned the hundred undispersed Samaritans, and the fifteen hundred Ingathered Karaites. There are also congregations of these unTalmudic, anti-Talmudic Judaists, for whom all of Torah is the Old Testament and only the Old Testament, in Russia and in Egypt. As I recall, there had been one in the Old City of Jerusalem whose underground syna-

gogue I visited in 1926, duly to admire the Book of the faith which a young woman unwrapped for me to see as she might have unwrapped the swaddlings of her infant. I could not learn what had become of them, and I was not able to visit their co-religionists settled in Ranen of the Negev and Mazha, near Ramleh. Some, like their Russian-born rabbis in Cairo, reject Medinat Israel as flying in the face of the Lord, who commanded his chosen to wait for the Anointed whom he shall send: the attitude toward citizenship in Israel is like that of the Neturei Karta, but without aggression. My pre-sabra Sephardi native informant did not sound hopeful about them. He thought better of the hundred Samaritans whose High Priest stays among the Moslems in Nablus near Gerizim their mountain holier than Zion. Their works, ways and history have become a preferred interest of Ben Zvi, who has founded an institute to assemble and study the records of all such Judaistic deviants.

I presume that it is because deviants such as the Samaritans and Karaites are so antiquated and so isolated that "the rabbinate" has not taken authority over their ways of life, directing whatever they eat and drink, how it shall be prepared, how and whom they may marry, and how divorce; the rites of birth and burial: the observance of the "covenant of Abraham" (circumcision to you), and of the "cleanness" and "uncleanness" of women: the enforcement of the Sabbath and the rites of its arrival and departure: the sacred feasts and fasts: the education of the young and the performance of the 613 Mitzvot by the mature, and so on world without end. In the dispersion, orthodox "rabbimates" can only claim authority over all Jews and Judaists alike but are powerless to exercise it; among American Jews they make demonstrations, promulgate excommunications, and otherwise vent their impotent

emotions on the indifferent and even amused congregations of orthodox, conservative, reformed, reconstructionist, and other Jews. In Israel they join the inertial force of tradition with the power of political organization to give their authority effect.

Of the dozen odd political parties in Israel, the orthodox are of the more numerous. The most numerous, the party with which so many of Israel's utopians are identified, is not large enough by itself to win a clear majority in the Knesset and to set up a government. It must depend on coalition, and its most powerful partner has commonly been the religious faction. Israel's politics seem not unlike Italy's or Western Germany's, with the roles of the synagogues and the democratic socialists reversed. In the politics of Medinat Israel, the religious faction, numerous as it is, is still a political minority, enabled by the tradition of Palestine as well as their organized voting, to exert a preponderant influence on the cultural economy of Jewish Israel. I have heard it said that if they had their way they would make of Israel a "theocracy," meaning a government of the people by the rabbinate for the rabbinate, with links to all the Judaist congregations on the globe, since Providence has destined the law to go forth from Zion and the word of the lord from Jerusalem; and I have heard the great structure being erected in Jerusalem to house the rabbinical hierarchy, the supreme rabbinical council and the rest, somewhat bitterly referred to as "the Vatican." I recall reading somewhere that the entire condition is giving even Ben Gurion to think, and that not alone he is eager to see in his Israel that multiplicity of sects which James Madison declared the insurance of freedom of religion in the United States.

Considering the record, the idea of Medinat Israel as the church-state of a priest-people is a compensatory fan-

tasy, however fanatically advanced, not a practical ideal, its own kind of utopianism. But it is also a fact of record, that obbligato across the interplay of cultures which gives the face of Israel its current features, there runs a half-hidden Kultur Kampf of the faiths with an aura suggesting Italy's *risorgimento* in the 19th century. At intervals the struggle discloses itself in outbreaks and aggressions. But, from the looks of it all, Israel should continue Judaist as other modern free countries continue Christian; its cultural economy, however secularized and naturalistically accounted for at last, should be traceable to a Judaist matrix of creed and code.

Of course the struggle to hold back and stop the ongoing change generates pretensions and ironies characteristic of all such struggles everywhere. Literal truths get transvalued into symbolic allegories, indisputable facts into moralistic tables, God-given commandments into legal fictions, supernaturalist mythology into naturalistic science, and vice versa. The ultimate motive in every such transvaluation is a spontaneous configuration of wish-thinking: to eat one's cake and have it, too; to live at peace with one's neighbors yet charge them with impiety and error; to get whatever good Thisworld can give without forfeiting the good of the World-to-come.

Often this wish-thinking is most humane and full of grace. As it flowed from the mind of Abraham Yitzhak Hacohen Kook, the first person ever chosen to be chief rabbi of the Ashkenazic congregations of Palestine, it had an impact and generated an atmosphere in its own dimension not unlike the impact and atmosphere due to the teachings of A. D. Gordon. Latvian-born, the prodigious son of a Hasid father and *Mitnaged* mother, in his home town notable for his mastery of talmudic lore before he reached his teens, young Kook started, after his bar mitzvah

in 1877, on an eight year round of Yeshivahs which brought him, throughout the Russian Pale, a reputation for learning, piety and adeptness in the mystic lore of Cabala. Until 1904, he practiced his vocation in various communities of the Pale. That year he accepted a call from the tiny Ashkenazic congregation in Jaffa, Palestine. He served it until 1914. After an interlude in London, not of his own devising, he returned to Palestine as soon as World War I permitted, this time to a Palestine the Jewish homeland by international agreement, and not merely by religious doctrine. Now he was to be Chief Rabbi of the Ashkenazi Jews of Jerusalem, and three years later the Chief Rabbi of all the Ashkenazic congregations of Palestine, the peer of the Sephardic chief rabbi and with him the opposite number of the Grand Mufti of the Moslems and the prelates and metropolitans of the Christian enclaves of the holy land. Regardless of his qualities as a *tzadik* and *gaon*, it was no accident that he was also at the time the acclaimed leader of the World Mizrahi Zionists, the Zionist orthodox organization of which the National Religious Party of Israel is a transplanting.

One gathers that Chief Rabbi Abraham Yitzhak Kook felt his vocation to be reunion and reconciliation. Traditionalist as he was in dress, in diet and in doctrine, he nevertheless drew from the tradition arguments for appreciating and transvaluing labor as did A. D. Gordon. If he set up his own Yeshiva, *Merkaz Harav*, he could also lead in prayer when the cornerstone of the first building of the Hebrew University was laid on Mt. Scopus, so that thence shall go forth the Torah and the word of the Lord. Neither Torah nor the word of the Lord excluded science and the humanities, and his Yeshiva should teach them, likewise. He counted among his friends and fellow-workers, that abomination of the orthodox, a *rav m'tukan*,

the American Reform rabbi, Judah Magnes, who had left behind the golden security of Temple Emanuel in New York for the iron hazards of heading the impecunious, new, secular Hebrew University in Jerusalem, which Rav Kook was praying for. He could meet as an equal and look into the face of a woman-rabbi without *smikha*, Henrietta Szold. He could reinterpret the activities of the men of the Second and Third Aliyahs, the halutzim they trained and commissioned, as activities *lishmo*, for the glory of God: a holy work because work on and for the redemption of the holy land. Indeed, he is said to have danced the Hora with young dancers and to have enabled football on the Sabbath by directing that tickets for the game should have been bought before sundown Friday. It was Rabbi Kook who enabled orthodox messianists to participate in the Zionist endeavor by declaring that this human endeavor was the forerunner, preparing the way for the divine fulfilment. In the nature of things, the fundamentalists could only abominate the man and his teachings. No ascetic like Gordon, he started a trend like Gordon, and it is toward reconciliation.

To what degree the new structure of power creates a lag in the process I cannot say. Ultimately the condition is in the will and attitude of the power-holders, not the precedent of *agadah* and *halakha*. Just as the Constitution of the United States—so Chief Justice Charles Evans Hughes remarked—means at any time what the judges say it means, so rabbinical law means at any time what the rabbis say it means. And what they say is ultimately an aspect of their personal struggles for whatever is to them self-fulfilment and self-advancement, and an aspect of the works which embody the secret seminal faith whence their overt creeds and codes grow into the openness of their conscious being. The costs of “religion” are met in part by

the communes, in part by the State. In Israel's present pyramid of Judaist power which these subventions support and nourish, the basement consists of about 3,000 synagogues—the number increasing as the Ingathered settle. Joining them together are some 135 communions, served by about 350 rabbis with their routinal lay support. Over these are some 170 councils, and over those, the Supreme Rabbinic Council. At the very top are the two chief rabbis (one is tempted to draw analogies with the Roman and Greek churches) one Ashkenazi and one Sephardi. They preside over the Supreme Rabbinic Council. This has final say as to what Torah means on any issue, and oversees the rabbinical courts. There are seven of those, with fifty-three *dayanim*, and a court of appeal presided over by the chief rabbis.

Since 1953 these courts alone have the power to decide issues of marriage and divorce and are free to take jurisdiction over such other matters as parties at law choose to submit to them for decision. But apart from the climate of opinion, and the disposition of the community, the rabbinical courts are without power or instruments to enforce their decisions. Only the civil courts have this power and the last word as to its rabbinical use is the Supreme Court's. This court of nine members has the same rule as the Supreme Court of the United States. Some of the judges have been lawyers or officers of the law under the British; others have the legal training and experience of the Weimar Republic; all, of course, have in mind the rabbinic law. Other things being equal, it is this court of last resort which must guard the liberties, to whose advancement the Declaration of Independence irrevocably commits Medinat Israel, against attrition, assault or both, from the organized power of church and state, and for that matter, from the insidious and elusive coercing by

the law living in folkways and mores. The vision, the wisdom, and character of the courts' members are thus the pillar on which the future of liberty in Israel will turn. Reading reports of their decisions in the *Jerusalem Post* and *Hataretz*, coming face to face with one or another of them on my journeys over the land, at dinner parties, at post-prandial gatherings, I leave Israel with faith in this future.

With reservations, one could draw a similar conclusion from one's encounter with rabbis, official and anti-official.

I begin with the anti-official Amram Blau. I had my first word about him in the United States from my old friend Maurice Pekarsky, the *rav m'tukan*, who set up a Hillel House for the Hebrew University in Jerusalem. He wrote that this unyielding fundamentalist had once visited the *unkosher* place and had even conceded that something might be said for a program of communication and understanding. I next heard about the rabbi from Dr. F. Kelley, an English-bred and English-educated psychiatrist serving with the Department of Justice. The police had arrested the righteous man for one of the more violent disturbances of the peace in vindication of Holy Sabbath. Dr. Kelley paid him a professional visit. He interviewed the prisoner at length and concluded that he knew what he was doing, why he was doing it, what consequences he risked, and was ready to take them—a man with the courage of his convictions, entirely sane, and concerned over the error of the police about other people, not himself. Dr. Kelley arranged for the correction of the error, and made it possible for Rabbi Blau to give a *Shi'ur* in Talmud to his fellow prisoners. Blau came to trust the doctor as a friend.

I am sure I owe to this trust the visit which the rabbi paid me, at the "epicurean" Pension Grete Ascher one hot

July morning, to explain the faith and works of his company of believers, gloriously known as the Guardians of the Gates, *Neturei Karta*. He came accompanied by an apparently younger man, with a red beard longer than the fabled one of Barbarossa, the head of one of the Yeshivas in Mea Shearim. The two men dressed alike; the broad-brimmed *shtreimel* that never left the head, the *Kaftan*, with the talit-katan showing through: I thought of the plain people among our Pennsylvania Dutch. Blau makes a considerable figure—tall, ambiguously spare, with innocent blue eyes, a thick brown beard not so long but better tended than his companion's, and the longest peot I ever saw, looking carefully curled. We spoke Yiddish. He is in his middle forties, a non-sabra native, born in the Old City of Jerusalem where his father, an immigrant from Hungary, had clerked in an orphanage while his mother of the third generation in the land, ran a shop. He himself was a "simple Yeshiva man," with a wife who in her turn runs a shop that is their livelihood. Never, since 1948, had he left Jerusalem, that is, of his own free will. It was clear that he did not count the time he was taken to Ramleh, to prison. Before then, he had done some traveling but not overseas.

It may be that Rabbi Amram Blau has a hot temper and is capable of violent utterance and violent action. Nothing, during the long hours I spent in his company, gave evidence of this. His voice sounded gentle and low, his companion's harsh by contrast. His discourse, in view of his bringing-up, would have something of the *pilpul* in it, but as unconsciously as his breathing. Its spirit seemed to me more akin to Islam than to Judaism, the spirit of passive resignation and patient waiting for the Almighty, Blessed be He, to bring the Messiah in his own good time, and a fanatical resentment of the non-waiters. Zionism, said

Blau, is Goyish, not Jewish. He cited verses from the Scriptures to prove that the Jews may attempt nothing of themselves to bring the End-time, but must submit and wait, lest through their artifices of power they become as beasts of the field. Zionism is disobedience to God and Medinat Israel is a Torahless Israel, thus a false Israel, where the oneness of Israel with Torah and God lies shattered; and the war with the Arab millions is hopeless war, the reliance on foreign powers an illusory reliance on illusion. Under God, certain of this, Neturei Karta will have no portion in Medinat Israel but dedicate themselves to the observance of His commandments, the fulfilment of His Mitzvot. "If the police arrest us it is not for disorderly conduct but only for gathering to shout, 'Shabes, Shabes' where we see the Sabbath desecrated. That is sin. It is for our sins that the Lord condemned us to Exile, and until we cease from sinning and repent, as it is written, we cannot return. Rabbis Herzog and Nissim, who say that Medinat Israel is a step toward the return, are but the clericals of the false Israel, and teach a false doctrine. Neturei Karta rejects them and their teaching, as it rejects the Medina and whatever it is that the Medina supports, like the schools of the *Aguda*. The kosher schools are the schools of Mea Shearim that the government cannot interfere with, our own."

I ordered a car, and we drove to Mea Shearim to see the kosher schools at work. First we saw where the *B'not Yerushalayim*, from kindergarten to puberty are taught in Yiddish the duties of the spirit and of the flesh of a true Jewish woman by shy and charming young girls, themselves the product of the instruction. We arrived at meal-time for the little girls, and watched them eat out of worn tin plates. In another class we attended a lesson in "Yiddische Geschichte." Teachers and pupils seemed self-

conscious, timid, subdued, mechanically courteous. They contrasted sharply with the spontaneity and ease of both in the State schools. These females of the species had been impressed early with the place the Upper One, Blessed be He, had provided for them in the economy of His Chosen, and they were keeping to it. How much this economy is the male's the Heder boys' vociferous recitation in unison testified. The girl's schoolday lasts from 8:30 to 1:00, the boys' from 9 in the morning till 7 in the evening, with a short break at noon. I give these hours in the customary chronology. But Mea Shearim cultivates a chronology of its own, based upon its Torah. Time, for Mea Shearim can be only the genuine, authentic time of Eretz Israel, the first hour being counted from sundown. The boys in the advanced classes showed the effects of their training by both their speed of recall and pilpulistic skill. My red beard had a young son in one of the classes, and it was touching to watch him struggling not to show pride as the kid was put through his paces on an abstruse point in *Baba Metziah*.

The undernourished *melamdim* seemed more aware than our guides of the poverty of this place where the riches of Torah were being studied. They, not unironically, rationalized it with parables. One launched into a tale of the *Hatan Sofer* bursting into laughter at the sight of a very fat goy, and explaining the laughter to a curious pupil with: "How could a goy, who never was nourished on Torah, become so fat?" Another declared: "The *Gevirim* may enjoy their money. Our joy is our Torah and our Talmidim. As for food, God provides. Of course we eat not flesh but fowl, for the municipality does not permit us to practice *shehita* for ourselves, and how else can we have kosher meat?" Another: "What's the good of a lot of money? The sick *Gevir* can no more enjoy his wealth than

the beggar. And when not sick the *Gevirim* are always afraid of losing what they have. Torah you can't lose, and you can enjoy it, sick or well."

After having a look at the graduate level of the Yeshiva and greeting and being greeted by some of the self-absorbed *Bahurim* we were taken to meet the principal, Harav Katzenellenbogen. He is much shorter than Blau or the red-beard, squat, messy, with dirty fingernails and a sharp, disputatious Yiddish tongue. I started him off by asking what he most wanted out of life. Torah, he said; to be nourished by Torah and to obey the Torah, to pass it on intact to the next generation. Outside, a youth gets farther on than his elders; but among us true Jews the elders are always beyond and above youth. Here Amram Blau interposed: "If our forefathers were as the angels, we are as men; if our forefathers were as men, we are as asses." Katzenellenbogen went on: "There is our faith in God's promise of our redemption. It is coming, we don't know when. But when it has come, the Jews will be one in faith and the faith will be the faith of all mankind. So we believe. So our forefathers believed, beyond understanding. The decline in the Jewish spirit is due to believing only what can be understood. It is letdown, corruption, a thing against nature, to set up a Jewish state and to set aside Torah. In this, Ben Gurion is waging war on the Jewish nation and we of the *Neturei Karta* are the resistance, just as you would be if communists attacked your United States. All that the State has brought is the spreading of a bitter anti-Semitism everywhere in the world, and Jews deprived of the spirit which is Torah wherewith to meet it!

I have summarized Rabbi Katzenellenbogen's gospel, which actually came as a series of disparate arguments and comments, made disputatiously, with many references to

the general political scene, amid protestations that he does not read anything but Torah. A gate-guarder of quite another kidney than Amram Blau, nor so filled with ideas of food and money as the *Melamdim*! Not so hungry, perhaps!

These chiefs of the fundamentalist dissent and the chiefs of the Established Synagogue are at once alike and strangely incommensurable. It is the latter which was most in mind when I talked in turn with Chief Rabbis Herzog, the Ashkenazi and Nissim, the Sephardi. Rabbi Herzog seemed an uneasy and reluctant host; he wanted to know why I sought him out at all, and he didn't look as if a philosophic interest in the psychology and politics of Israel's church-state relations were a welcome one. A little gray, blurredly round-faced, round-bearded, round-eyed, bespectacled man, wearing the traditional "Prince Albert"—one could see him occasionally on his way up Ben Yehuda Street with the equally traditional shining "cylinder" (top hat) on his head—he welcomed me and my secretary in his solidly furnished apartment, in English and we kept on in this tongue, which he had first acquired as rabbi in London and Dublin. It seemed to me he spoke with some nostalgia of Dublin, whence he had gone to Jerusalem, to replace Kook, killed by cancer. He had already visited in Rabbi Kook's lifetime, lecturing in one Yeshiva or another and he loved the land, not only as a Zionist. He had been a Zionist from his boyhood in Poland, firm in the faith that Medinat Israel was a preparing of the way for the Messiah. The Messiah would come, we cannot tell when or how, but that he would come is certain. The way for him must be the "Jewish" way, the State which prepares it must both be "Jewish" and look "Jewish." This requires conformity to the entire Jewish law. As for Aguda or Neturei Karta, they are extremists; the

left also has its extremists. But the people of Mea Shearim are good Jews, "a little hot-tempered." It is not their piety which makes Mea Shearim a slum. Give the people their nice houses and see how well they'll keep them. I did not ask how he explained the degradation of Katamon's beautiful residences, where families from the Old City were settled after their Arab owners had abandoned them. In a very short time they reduced those dwellings to slums. I asked a different question: Can the rabbinate do something to change the Old City way of life?

The answer was a flat "No." The responsibility of the rabbinate is the public observance of Torah. Where need compels, Torah is capable of interpretation. Emergencies may, like wars, require suspension of the laws, but military organization in peace time can do without women in the army—for morality's sake; can maintain a kosher commissary, can observe Sabbath—in short can be a "Jewish" military organization. Unhappily, the cooperation between the Chief of Chaplains and the rabbinate is not satisfactory. Jewish chaplains in the United States army do a better job. As for women's rights, *Halakhah* does not diminish them: it only assures that the women will have more time for their homes and children where their time belongs. He didn't know whether rabbis worked at any other occupation, but he held that they shouldn't.

This led to the critical question: the rabbis' attitude toward work. He sensed its import, for he replied that the appreciation of work had greatly increased in Israel, that the Sabbath crowns the week's work with holiness, and should therefore be devoted solely to spiritual exercises. In another connection, he called my attention with some pride how *Halakhah* might be adapted to the exigencies of life's economy. There is the commandment that the children of Israel must let their fields lie fallow every

seventh year and the year of jubilee. This is the law of *Shmitah*. We obey it by selling the land symbolically to an Arab, and thus our farmers can both observe the law and cultivate their fields in the seventh year. Courtesy kept me from asking who was being fooled—the God of Israel? the farmer? The Arab? Everybody? Nobody? Or what divine authority comes to when it can be sinlessly disobeyed by a simulated obedience? Or whether similar devices might not be applied on similar grounds to breeding pigs, and on analogous grounds to maintaining adequate public services of communications and transport on the Sabbath, at least as in military installations and on shipboard?

That Torah is transvalued in one instance and not in another seemed to me to follow less from the exigencies of the situation than from the disposition and prejudices of the transvaluing powers. This I judged especially visible in the attitude toward Judaist dissent. Asked if he knew Mordecai Kaplan, the chief Rabbi said he had heard of him, he disagreed with him, he is an atheist and dangerous. Nor did he have any use for Solomon Schechter. Asked about the formation of Reform congregations in Israel, he said it would be opposed (as it was, passionately, both before and after the municipality of Jerusalem licensed the construction of an archaeological center with a room where Reform services might be held). It would be opposed declared this Chief Rabbi because “unity” is essential in Judaism. Of course, sinners are also Jews, but not good Jews. It would have availed little to ask whose it was to decide what is atheism and what is not, or how and when and why “unity” should be in agreement his creed and not in reciprocal toleration between different creeds. I left this Chief Rabbi with the feeling that here was a fundamentally kind soul with responsibilities for

working out relief from a permanent predicament; that the solution of Shmitah was an instance of how the responsibilities would be, indeed, have to be, discharged—by acting “symbolically” in order to survive really. But the temperament of HaRav Kook would have been a help.

Isaq Nissim, the recently installed Chief Rabbi of the Communion of Sephardim has lived in Palestine since 1926. He is an *oleh* from Iraq, born in Baghdad sixty years ago. His choice for the post broke an ongoing tradition that the chief rabbi of this communion must be a *sfaradi tahor*, an authentic scion of the Ladino-speaking Jews who had found their way to Palestine and other Moslem lands during the purging of Most Christian Spain of all but confessed Christians. Rabbi Nissim had been chosen, I am told to his own surprise, over the authentic Sephardi candidate, Chief Rabbi Toledano of his denomination of Tel Aviv, who had the support of the Sephardi Minister of Police, Bechar Shitreet, a member of the Mapai Party. But Rabbi Nissim was the nominee of the National Religious Party—*Mizrachi* and *Hapoel Hamizrachi*—as signaling the now great majority of Sephardim not of the pure line Ingathered from Africa and the Near East. The hurt to the aficionados of Sephardi authenticity is a serious one. It is what would happen in the United States if there would be a conflict for power and position between the scions of the *Mayflower*—and the immigrants from Ellis Island.

Among the other tasks confronting this new chief rabbi is that of reconciling the alienated and deeply offended leading families among the *tehorim*, and winning the support of the rabbis of that pure line. Between the lines of his inaugural address, he gave me a copy—one may read how troubled he is.

The government has provided him with an expensive

official home, with library space—he took us into his library before we left, and we duly admired it. But he has none of the simplicity of access of the Chief Ashkenazi. Reaching him is a ceremonial procedure, wherein you are passed by a uniformed watchman to aides in mufti; among whom neither beards nor peot flourished. We waited some time for the reverend gentleman to appear. When he did appear, the feel of him, to your perception, is nothing like the feel of his co-chief rabbi. The two men seem of a size. They dress alike—the “Prince-Albert” signaling the rabbi—but there is nothing blurred, hesitantly friendly, about this man. You got the feeling that he knows what he wants and has decided in his mind what he is going to do in order to get. His gray-streaked hair and beard are neatly trimmed, and his figure and voice are as neat. His is a profile with a cutting edge. Turkish coffee, orange juice and cakes having been brought in, I ask, he answers. He is non-communicative on personal history, and gives no indication that he and Rabbi Herzog might differ significantly on discipline, if not doctrine. So far as creed and code go, Sephardi and Ashkenazi are at one; the schools, the Yeshivot and likewise the political parties are bringing this unity of faith into the unity of form of a single communion. In twenty years the two would be one, headed by one chief rabbi. A reform movement would cause “a war between brothers.”

I refrained from asking why those influences might not more surely produce a secular unity and a multiplying religious diversity. Instead, I suggested that most of the Jewish Israelis were already not thus orthodox and asked if he would concede them the right to follow their own conscience. “This is not true,” Rabbi Nissim retorted quickly. “Ninety-two percent of the population are registered with the kosher butchers.” The non-responsive wishfulness

carries a wideranging network of implications. It testifies to the divergence of attitude and insight between this Sephardi and his Ashkenazi co-chieftain, who had bespoken toleration and a distinction between public requirements and private preferences. Rabbi Nissim's opinion, that it is solely the "anti-religious" acts of the government which keep Neturei Karta in existence, projects similar implications. On the face of it, this Rabbi's Judaist sentiments looked more like Rabbi Katzenellenbogen's than HaRav Kook's. Like the former, he seemed to me the spokesman for the lagging end of a recessive character in the Judaism of Medinat Israel.

The dominant seemed to me the likely compenetration of two trends—one, having its matrix in the faith and works of the Kibbutzim and the Moshavot, the other in the modernism of the transvaluations which may be said to have started with Rabbi Kook, and of which, in certain critical aspects, Hapoel Hamizrachi may be called a manifestation. In the process the supernaturalist's realities become the naturalist's symbols; the rites and rites to win the Otherworld with, become the communal expressions of satisfaction with the arduous winnings of Thisworld. The actions of people are still what they were: praying chanting, lighting candles, preparing food, initiating the newborn, burying the dead, feasting, fasting—every formalized collective response to a group or an individual crisis in the struggle to go on struggling which usage calls the struggle for survival. These are repeated as they used to be repeated—almost. But the meanings are not repeated. The meanings have become new meanings. It is a new wine of a new and different vintage in those old and aging bottles. This is how, both purposefully and spontaneously, Kibbutz and Army transvalue the Bible of the rabbis and the Neturei Karta. So the Kibbutzim celebrate Passover

with the same rites as Mea Shearim, but accompany them with a new note, a new Hagadah suffusing the old rituals with new and wider meanings. So, the ancient ceremony of the redemption of the vineyards is reshaped into a communal festival of song and dance jubilating the harvest of the grape, and blessings and *shofar* blasts get meanings beyond the conception of those who just used them. So, the forms of life persist while the life of the forms changes, persist only as it changes. I think this was, from the very beginning, the way among the Utopians of Israel who had gone to Palestine committing themselves, body and soul, to "the conquest of labor" by work on the land; with the sweat of their faces and the blood of their unskilled hands to make work holy as holy Sabbath could not be holy.

There comes to mind a Friday evening in the fall of 1926. My sister Deborah and I were staying over night at Ein Harod. The rains had begun; the earth was mud reflecting a muddy sky. The roofs were leaky, the cots damp. But the weary haverim of this ascetic communion of men and women, unbelieving radicals all, sat down to a table illumined with Sabbath candles to break the Sabbath bread consecrated, not by the conventional blessing, but by the experience that it was the fruit of their religion of labor. I thought I had heard, before we went to table, the sounds of chanting in the Sabbath-bride, and I asked my host of the evening, how come? Yes, he told me, several of the haverim had succeeded in bringing their parents over, and a separate place had been prepared for them, where they might live and serve their God as was right in their eyes. But our lives are not their lives and our service is not their service. At the time, I credited the inertia of habit with what I saw and filial piety, commoner perhaps among radical Jews than other radicals, with what I heard. But on a Friday afternoon thirty years later, in Kfar Blum,

the no less radical Kibbutz of ascetic secularists, I was urged to wait over for a Bar Mitzvah at which there would be many celebrants from everywhere.

I found the idea of a Bar Mitzvah at Kfar Blum tittivating. It flows together with the image of Sabbath eve at the Ein Harod of thirty years ago. Both exemplify the process of Israelization which requires perforce that the future shall appropriate the past, and by giving it new meanings assure its living on, and keep the old law a living law. Still another instance comes to mind, in a very different dimension. It was the government of Israel that urged the rabbinical authorities in Holland to rescind the excommunication of Benedict Spinoza. In the sentiment of utopian Israel, Spinoza is *primus inter pares* among the voices of the Hebraic tradition that rejects arrest and finality, but lives on. Some have formed a society of Spinozists and maintain a Spinozaeum, in which the foremost American devotee of Spinoza, the late Adolph S. Oko, had an interest. A while ago, a Dutch layman, the venerable H. F. K. Douglas, initiated a movement to provide the philosopher's burial place with a memorial worthy of his character and vision. Early in September 1956, the memorial was unveiled. It is a high, yellowish monolith into which has been set a tile of black basalt quarried from a hill near Gethsemane. Engraved in the tile is the word *amkha*, meaning "Your People." Participating in the unveiling were the Israeli ambassador and a representative of the Spinozaeum in Israel. One might paraphrase the Baal Shem and say that whereas the Judaists were remembering Torah, the Israelis here were remembering God.

Whatever Spinoza might think of this gesture of repentance and identification, its symptomatic import for the future of the liberties of the human spirit in Israel is clear. Be what may the necessities of war, the crises of

economic life, if Israel endures, those processes of Israeli-
zation wherein the Judaistic cults are freed, diversified
and orchestrated within a Jewish culture will also endure.
They have not been nor are they likely to be harmonious.
Dissonances and discords will be many; some even violent
and bloody. I should like to end this analysis by declaring
that out of them the complete separation of church and
state must come. I cannot. But I can say with assurance
that while a bet on such separation is not a bet on a sure
thing, it is a good bet. I believe it to be a very good bet.

V

HISTADRUT AND STATE

BETWEEN THE JUDAIST SYNAGOGUE and the Laborist *Histadrut Klalit shel Haovdim b'Eretz Yisrael*—Englished at its founding, Hanukah 1920, as “The General Federation of Jewish Labor in Palestine”—one notes certain resemblances which are, as a rule, either ignored or deprecated. But it is of prime importance to recognize that the two are very diverse organizations of faith and works competing for the allegiance of the peoples of Israel; that the works diverge far more than the faiths coincide; that insofar as the works are expressions and incarnations of the faiths—the word made flesh and walking on earth—reconciliation cannot be “coexistence”; it must be an orchestration in which one is dominant and the other recessive. The Histadrut has its own rabbinate of interpreters, judges and administrators, with their hierarchy of responsibilities to the value-system, and to the generations of men and women whom they must needs persuade, convince or coerce to commit themselves to it, body and soul. It has its own heretics, with their rabbanim m'tukanim, although unlike the fundamentalist Synagogue, it neither shuts them out nor cuts them off. The Histadrut also makes its claims on the State, and there are those who charge that if Israel is not a Judaist church-state, it is a

Jewish Histadrut-State, and that however different may be the terms of the relation, the relation is the same. They call the imposing, air-conditioned structure in Tel Aviv which is the capital of "Labor Israel," with less irony than conviction, "The Kremlin." One such viewer with alarm owes allegiance to the General Zionists. He is, besides the founders and leaders of Histadrut, a comparatively recent *Oleh*. He is in business for himself. He has a grievance at what he regarded, I thought not without reason, the privileged competitive position of Solel Boneh in Israel's domestic economy. There is a resemblance to the privileged position of fundamentalist Judaism with respect to the relations of men, women and children in Israel's family economy.

This, and other aspects of the incidence of power and policy within Histadrut look to me responses to the same new conditions that the fundamentalist Synagogue has responded to: the preponderance of the Near Easterners and North Africans among the newly Ingathered. At its founding in 1920 Histadrut represented between 4,000 and 5,000 persons out of a total of about 300,000 almost all Yiddish-speaking, Hebrew-speaking East Europeans. Numbers of these had learned the faith and the role of *adam hadash* from A. D. Gordon and his immediate disciples; others had brought from their countries of origin configurations of the gospel of righteousness according to Amos and Micah and Isaiah with the gospel of socialist salvation according to Karl Marx. Being Jews, all had experienced the inhumanity of Europeans who do have the salvation of Christ to those who have not. In Palestine they had experienced the callousness of Jewish "colonists" who enjoyed the providence of ICA to those who did not and would not. Some, in consequence, had already tried their hands at calling strikes and experimenting with employee

organization. The new association was to combine separate cults of "labor," each a communion of would-be peasants with its own creed and code, into a single, all-inclusive union. Outstanding were the Poalei Zion, Hapoel Hatzair and subsequently Hashomer Hatzair, working with their own hands land which they had leased in perpetuity from the Jewish National Fund, organizing to defend it from marauding Arabs and to develop Jewish culture and ideals as their faith prescribed.

But, as has been recorded, the brethren could not live from working the land alone. Each would turn his hand to any job that offered, all might become jacks of all trades. Perforce their unions, even if they began as craft unions, could not stay so; one individual might have to figure in three or more craft organizations. The conception, *Ahdut Avodah*, One Big Union, was a natural consequence, and by the time that the Balfour Declaration had fired the shot that Jews heard 'round the world, and the Jewish Homeland had ostensibly been made a project of international policy, and Jewish veterans of the First World War had come to settle in the Homeland, the cultists were able to reach a consensus. The One Big Union of all Jewish workers was organized. Its first secretary general was David Ben Gurion and among its other protagonists were many of the men and women who bear today's responsibility for the strategy of survival of their embattled Utopia. Thirty-six years later, addressing the One Big Union in whose fathering he had largely shared, now in the role of Prime Minister of Medinat Israel, the septuagenarian defined once more his communion's goal and the manner of its going. "The Histadrut," he said, "grew out of a vision of national and social redemption. In all it has done, Histadrut was guided simultaneously by the daily needs of the working man and by a social

vision whose implications extended beyond its own people to other nations in their struggle for a better life. The founders of Histadrut created a new set of values, changed the way of life of an entire people, to give due place to productive labour and the tie between man and soil; they helped create a new Hebrew culture, built a new economy, defended the status of the working class, and fought for social equality in the community. Before Israel won independence, Histadrut took the lead in defense and in the struggle for national freedom."

Now, the intent of Histadrut remains what it started as. But the very practices wherewith Histadrut undertook to realize its intent have transformed the conditions of its realization, and these in their turn require new tools and new ways of going toward that utopian goal. Since the ordination of Medinat Israel, the program of Ingathering alone has multiplied the 1920 Jewish population in Israel by four, and keeps it multiplying. The membership of Histadrut has automatically received a corresponding increase. But this new membership is of another derivation, of a divergent faith and hope and needing, no less than the traditional Laborists, to learn the charity toward the different which is the root of all other learning. I gather that, if the German-speaking Europeans, the Arabic-speaking Asians and North Africans look to their Yiddish-speaking predecessors as Joneses to keep up with, they also perceive them as privileged monopolists of place and power who require the newcomers to know where they belong and stay there. A semiconscious, unorganized, emulative struggle for status and control is in process between the newly ingathered and the old Yishuv, which becomes the soil of a fully conscious organized struggle between the parties and cults within the One Big Union. Each strives

to persuade the new membership that its principles and programs will gain them the most for the least.

As Ben Gurion observed in that address already quoted . . . “the differences which present the most serious problems for us are those between the old *yishuv* and the newcomers to Israel. Class distinctions existed even before the creation of the State; but then we were one people, one entity—not only potentially, but actually—and this unity was strikingly demonstrated during our War of Liberation. Today, we are not one people actually, and the gulf between the old settlers together with those new settlers who have struck roots in the country and the majority of the new immigrants who have not yet struck roots, contains a serious threat both to the security of the country and for the labor movement. From the economic and social standpoints, the people in the *maabarot* and immigrant settlements fall into the laboring class, but that is no guarantee that they have a sense of solidarity as workers . . . In the days of the Second and Third Aliyah, the worker was bound to the Histadrut primarily by ideals; today, the bond is primarily one of “interests.” Actually, there need be no absolute conflict between the two, provided that the latter are public, not individual interests. Nowadays, the Histadrut member’s first concern is for his own economic betterment or, at best, that of his own circle, profession or locality. This is quite a far cry from—frequently diametrically opposed to—the ideological approach of the worker of former days.”

Of the relation of “interests” to the Synagogue and of Judaist orthodoxy to Histadrut orthodoxy this founder of Histadrut and Prime Minister of Medinat Israel refrains from speaking. He only insists that each society of newcomers—and among these now are even anti-Zionist Bundists from behind the Iron Curtain—should be placed under

the tutelage of a company of teachers, doctors, nurses, and technical instructors experienced in agriculture, self-defense, and communal organization . . . that "thousands of our best young people" as well, "should go to settle in these immigrant settlements and live with the immigrants." He wants to have done for the newcomers what his generation had done for themselves, and he wants Histadrut so to share the doing as "to shape the social character of the State in order more abundantly than ever to incarnate its (Histadrut's) social ideals; and to sponsor and initiate all those things which neither the coercion of power nor the rule of law can achieve."

One focus of "social ideal" is and has been from the beginning the image of the worker as creator, of work as an end of living and not merely as means to living and of pride in oneself as a worker. The other is the image of a Jewish society of such workers organized as the sovereign and independent Jewish State with the responsibilities and liberties of such sovereignty shared equally by all. As Berl Katznelson had interpreted Histadrut to its membership, the One Big Union's collective instrumentalities were to be secondary. The ultimate value of its "social ideal" lived first and always in the uniqueness of the individuals who joined together to create the collectives at work in the common enterprise, moment to moment, and hour to hour. "All that our movement has created, has been created only by the strength of the individual member, by the driving-force of his spiritual aspirations and mental independence, and by his capacity for decision. Our movement has regarded each individual as the potentially decisive force, and so he has come forward, time and again and borne the brunt of decisions. This he has done not merely on rare election days, but day in, day out, since the birth of our activities. Our movement has inherited

the ancient Jewish conception, that the fate of the world, is at every moment, in the balance, and that each of us and the action of each of us may tip the scales. And each hour is the hour of decision."

Now, thirty-six years after the formation of Histadrut, eight years after the founding of Medinat Israel, with every year a year of Ingathering, how consequential was this declaration of faith by the foremost of the first apostles of the Histadrut creed? One of the works intended by this faith is full and free participation in the common enterprises of the free labor movements of the world. Thus, Histadrut is a member of the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions, and has been represented on its executive board. It is a member of the International Labor Office (one of the few agencies of the League of Nations taken over by the United National Organization) and has been represented on its governing body. Through its *Hevrat Ovdim*—translated as "General Cooperative Association" and constituted by Histadrut's business enterprises—it is a member of the International Cooperative Alliance. Because of the associations of the Labor Zionist of America-Poalei Zion, Histadrut maintains cordial relationships with the labor movement of the United States, whose sympathetic understanding and practical help contribute significantly to Histadrut morale.

I call attention to this because it provides a dramatic symbol of the predicament which the divergence between Ben Gurion now and Katznelson then expresses. The symbol is the Philip Murray Memorial Center at Elath, the boom town as little the Elath of history as Mt. Zion is the Mt. Zion of history. The center was financed by a grant of \$100,000 from C.I.O.'s Philip Murray Foundation plus an equivalent amount appropriated by Histadrut's executive committee. It is a wide, squat, structure of wood and na-

tive stone—granite and malachite mostly, set on the plateau-like side of a barren hill. Above it is the comparatively comfortable magisterial office building of Histadrut. From a few, low broad steps, unshaded by its ribbed, translucent canopy, you enter a great hall whose dominating formation is a wide, winding metal staircase with no visible support. You see the entire entry-hall at every step. But from the broader step of the first turn, you confront a bas-relief of Philip Murray, simply inscribed. You move, feeling you are up in the air, with nothing solid under your feet until you reach the level of the game rooms, club rooms and library-to-be.

The shrine to Philip Murray was designed to be Elath's community centre. The design includes a great meeting hall, a patio, a cafeteria, and air-conditioning. When I visited it, guided by friends from the Histadrut offices, the air-conditioning had not yet been provided, but a young girl from the group of volunteers at Yam Suf was on assignment mopping up the floors. The Centre had been dedicated the previous September by Philip Murray's successor, Walter Reuther, and the ceremony of dedication was closed by the member of Histadrut's executive body in charge of liaison with the labor movements of the world. "This building," the chief of Histadrut's Department of International Relations told his overseas fellow unionists, "this building symbolizes a friendship which outranges national borders and bridges far distances. It is a friendship of free men, engaged in a joint venture of making the world a place where men can live in full dignity, free of the fear of hunger and war, poverty and degradation; where the barriers to human brotherhood have been removed, the obstacles to the free working of the human spirit overcome. In a world imbued with this spirit, ships will come and go from Elath, and our own

nation Israel, unhindered by the dangers which now surround it, will be able once again to make its contribution to civilization."

But Reuven Barkatt is an old-timer in Histadrut, with attitudes once shaped to the doctrine of Berl Katznelson and the fellowship of the pioneers, in his own words reciting what used to be the common faith. When it comes to the work, however, incarnating the faith, implementing discipline, does not divergence mount even to contradiction as Ben Gurion indicated? What else can the proposals for tutelage, the shifting of power, the desire for decentralization currently qualifying Histadrut discussion, intend?

As the new accretions of Judaists led to the displacement of the *Sfaradi tahor* in the chief rabbinate by a Sephardi not so pure, so, beginning with the Nazi victims from 1933 on, the enrollment of the newly Ingathered in Histadrut led to the emulation of the Russian-derived pure Histadrutists within Histadrut and to their consequent displacement in the position of General Secretary in Histadrut's political arm, *Mifleget Poalei Eretz Israel*, or Mapai. Mapai's new General Secretary is a German by birth, education and culture, an alumnus of Heidelberg University whose Jewish interests had been of the slightest, and concern about the Zionist movement nil. But for Hitler and his hordes, this adam hadash might fruitfully have applied his very notable powers to the service of the Weimar Republic. Because of the Black Nazi they went to the Jewish settlement of Palestine instead. There his experiences sparked the dead letter of Hebraic culture and ideals into the living spirit of his spirit. Kibbutz defense, the British Army, the War for Independence, the Jewish Agency, all contributed to his role in shaping the endeavors of Ingathering through its trials and errors, its phases of camp maabarah, "melting-pot" maabarah, communal *shikun*,

and the orchestral communication where it seems presently "stable." It could be believed that this man would perceive Mapai's role, as bringing adam hadash to birth in all these unchanged Judaists and Jews, not alone by means of Mapai's own utopian creed, but even more in the perspectives of experience, and not deductions from any creed. Given his personal history, Giora Josephthal's function could well be to serve as the centripetal influence in the relationships between the actual heterogeneities of Histadrut and the ostensible homogeneity of Mapai.

For the One Big Union is in fact a configuration of heterogeneities. Whether skilled or unskilled, all workers over eighteen are admitted to membership directly. They do not carry the card of their craft-unions, they carry the card of Histadrut. Their membership in a craft union, national or local, is secondary and indirect, a consequence and not a prior condition of the membership in Histadrut. Their dues are collected by Histadrut from their employers who take it out of their wages, and not only their membership dues but their proportion of the weekly contribution to Kuppat Holim and to the insurance and other benefit funds which finance Histadrut institutions and enterprise. This One Big Union of all vocations creates the lesser unions of one or perhaps several vocations, allocates funds to them and guides and policies what and how they do with the funds.

The *terminus a quo* and *terminus ad quem* of all Histadrut powers are assumed to be the individual members with their diverse characters, beliefs, value-systems. Under normal conditions these are supposed to elect delegates to a "General Convention" every four years. Because of the War for Independence and the early exigencies of Ingathering, the interval between the convention Ben Gurion made the quoted statements to and its immediate precedes-

sor, had been seven years; and this convention, the eighth, for whose members over 80% of the possible 500,000 possible voters cast their ballots—voted to reduce the constitutional interval to two. But it made no change in the manner of electing delegates to the General Convention. The electors do not vote for individual candidates, on their merits. They choose their representatives on party lines from party lists, to speak for party interest in Histadrut, not for their primary, jointly personal stake in Histadrut. So, paradoxically, the General Convention is, like the Knesset, made up of delegates representing Mapai, Mapam, Ahdut Avodah, General Zionists, *Haoved Hatzioni*, *Haoved Hadati* and the communists, but with Mapai still retaining a sufficient majority. The delegates elect the Council which exercises authority between conventions, the Council chooses the now ninety-one member Executive Committee which meets fortnightly, and these designate a smaller executive committee which meets at least once a week and oftener if necessary.

There are fourteen departments—Organization; Trade Union; Central Fees; Education and Culture; Mutual Aid; Vocational Training; Employment; Finance; Law; Statistics; Municipal; Tourist; Arab; International Relations—each with its own hierarchy of functionaries. Together, they compose a pyramid of power holding obvious sway over the usual trade-union policies and practices: hiring and firing, fixing wage-scales and working conditions, “fringe benefits,” calling strikes, handling disputes, the check-off—all the occasions of labor-management disputes that enter into collective bargaining. The power, obviously reaches to human relations not usually taken to be in the scope of trade-union endeavor.

But the range is still wider. Thus in England and elsewhere, the cooperative movement is postulated on the fact

that human beings are, like all things living, consumers by nature and producers by necessity: cooperative organization is first and last organization in the consumer interest; it goes into production in order to provide its members with the greatest abundance of the best goods and services in the most efficient and least costly way possible. Hence it carries on as an independent variable within the British or Swedish economy, struggling for its survival, growth and power, as occasion requires, with trade-unions, political parties, the State, or the churches; in Britain, the Cooperative Movement even set up a Cooperative Party. In Israel, per contra, cooperative organization is postulated on production: its earliest forms were the Kibbutz or *Moshav*. But that they were a teaming-up for production in the service of consumption, that consumption was the natural intrinsic end, that producer societies were contingent means to gain this necessary end, does not seem to have been noted by the members of these societies. Some were blinkered with the labor theory of value but most, it will be recalled, were ruled by the Gordonian faith in the holiness of labor. I might here call it the Sabbatarian identification of labor: the appraisal which releases him who works from servile bondage to a necessary evil, always a means and never an end, and sets him up alongside artists and thinkers and statesmen as a free creator, for whom working is not a means but an end in itself, an intrinsic good as consummatory as eating and drinking and loving and fighting and knowing God, as true a substance of the life more abundant.

Whether or not this basic article of Israel's utopian faith involves transfiguring what must ever be a tool into an idol, it determined the order of precedence for producer and consumer organization in Jewish Palestine. Histadrut as One Big Union of all workers devised the special organs

wherewith it works at the perennial problems of employee-employer relations: its thirty "national" trade-unions for collective bargaining, its regional unions, its local councils, its work-committees. Because the mandatory was England, English precedent guided the mandatory's statute making for Palestine, and shaped Jewish practice; but such agencies as the Histadrut's Central Control Commission, its bureau of audits, and particularly its "Court of Honor" to hear and redress grievances and to discipline offenders, are instruments of its own devising. So were the early consumer cooperative wholesale, *Hamashbir Hamerkazi*, the sick fund, Kuppat Holim, and the aggressive building cooperative, Solel Boneh. The latter, in the course of time was expanded into *Hevrat Ovdim* (English, "Society of Workers") functioning as a sort of holding company for practically all Histadrut enterprises—whether solo, in partnership with private business, with the government or with the Agency or with all three or any two together. Thus indirectly or directly, Histadrut-Hevrat Ovdim is the largest single employer of labor in all Israel.

Since every individual who becomes a member in good standing of Histadrut, becomes at the same time a member of Hevrat Ovdim and thus an owner in its enterprises, it would be logical to regard him as self-employed. But however correct logically, psychologically nothing could be more mistaken. Not only do most such employees show little, if any, owner consciousness, or ownerlike responsibility and pride, nothing gets done to develop these, or to secure employee participation in management. On the contrary, one recognizes, in many employees, postures of the mind most to be deprecated; one notes that often employer-employee relations in these labor-owned-and-managed enterprises is hierarchal and authoritarian, not democratic and cooperative.

There is frequently a kind of resentful resignation, such as I encountered in newly-Ingathered women employees of a cannery. All such become willy-nilly members of the expanding National Food Workers' Union. Their pay for equal work is about one-third of the male's, on the hypothesis that the latter supports a family. Among the girls I talked to was a bottler of orange-juice. I asked the usual questions—Why was she in Israel, what did she most want from life, had she any plans, a boy friend, did she make any use of the opportunities to better herself provided by Histadrut? Her replies, in reluctant Arabic-Hebrew, were not hopeful. Living in a one-room wooden hut in a maabarah, with her mother and four brothers and sisters whose sole support she was—the army had released her because of their need—how could she have plans or look for chances? “If I could learn, then I could make plans. But I am only a worker and have no plans.” Another, sorting string-beans did have plans. She was married to a printer. They have a little girl her mother looks after. They would like to move to a shikun and have their child become a doctor, a nurse, or a teacher: “They have a better life than a simple worker.” But the manager of a tobacco factory thought that about one third the workers did think of work as the faith would have them think.

A paradox discloses itself with its own moral concerning the interplay of utopian intention and the conditions they work on. As the bulwark of the member's interests vis-à-vis his employer, the watchman of his well-being as the hours and conditions of his working and earning, including his “fringe” benefits, affect it, Histadrut in fact cares nothing about work as an end-in-itself, creative, holy, consummatory. It cares about work only as a means of earning a livelihood in order to live a life; the life is not lived in earning but in spending, not in labor, but in the leisure

which spends what the labor earns. Yet the art of spending which consummates consumer-cooperation is not much Histadrut's concern. Consumer cooperation seems the least among the eight spreading enterprises of its "labor economy." In a sense, such cooperation is far more evident in Histadrut's welfare, educational and cultural activities than in the *de facto* consumer organizations. And even the former consist too much in what is done *for* the membership, rather than *with* and *by* the membership. Perhaps this is inevitable. For the whole habit of life which the newly Ingathered bring with them from the lands of their dispersion is a barricade that must get levelled as any newer, more self-dependent habit forms itself. But all too often what takes place is merely a change in the object of dependence, new tutelage for old. Nevertheless, if the new tutelage is aware and alerted, its entire aim would be to get itself dispensed with as speedily as possible. The efficacy of its work of Israelization is measurable by the tempo of its obsolescence.

Take Kuppat Holim. Psychologically, its activity has two dimensions. One is the enduring struggle for the healthy body in the healthy mind, common to all cultures everywhere. The other is the sequence of contingent instruments of the struggle, from religious myth and magic to scientific knowledge and technic. The fellowship which devised Kuppat Holim was already committed to the latter. I remember vividly the enthusiasm and pride with which some members showed me their small first dispensary and introduced me to the doctor and the nurses, thirty years ago. I recall as vividly a certain emulative scorn of charitable Hadassah and its work. By contrast, today's Kuppat Holim is a mighty, wide-ranging enterprise. It administers a number of very aptly laid out hospitals equipped in the most approved, modern way. It maintains first aid

stations or dispensaries in almost every village in the land. Its services go equally to the members of Histadrut, Hapoel Hamizrachi, Poalei Agudat Israel, the Arabs, the police, the families of citizens in military service. For a limited period it looks after the health of the non-contributing newcomers. Of Kuppas Holim's income, 38.1% comes as allocation from dues to Histadrut; members pay an additional 12 to 13% for services, private employers contribute more than 12.5%, Hevrat Ovdim employers a little more than 12%. Public and state institutions provide nearly 14% and subsidies from the State, the municipalities and other sources come to a little more than 9% additional.

In all, Kuppas Holim laid down a gradient of public health and personal hygiene upon which the persons and institutions, serving this interest, have brought to Israel the best health service to the most people anywhere in the Middle East. Nevertheless, as the utopians look on it, doctors, nurses and technicians are too few, hospitals and equipment too scanty. But the critical deficiency, in the frame of reference of *adam hadash*, is public knowledge of the nature and conditions of good health. Here a task devolves upon the entire medical establishment of Israel, and more especially upon Kuppas Holim. If patients and their families are to participate in getting well and keeping well, they must needs learn an abiding faith in the new standards of physical and mental health and the new arts of maintaining and restoring them; doctors, nurses, all personnel must take into consideration the beliefs about health and healing intrinsic to the cultures of the Ingathered and the problems of changing them. The Carpathian Hasid might need to be taught to think of physician or nurse before the *Wunder-rebbe* or *Guter Yid* when he is ill. The Yemenite might need to be taught that the theory

and practice of burning the patient is no method of healing any illness. The North-African might need to be convinced that injections are no cure-alls.

When any do come to trust the doctor, it is an absolute trust. As orthodox, Dutch-born Dr. Shatal, eight years in Israel, seven in Beersheba (he even served as *Mohel* when need was) remarked one hot dry morning in the Hias Hostel, "They believe the doctor can cure anything. If he doesn't they think he won't or isn't paid enough. If he's from Kuppas Holim they think he couldn't possibly do as much for them as one who is paid per visit." In every direction Dr. Shatal had had somehow to raze barriers of folkways and mores. He had had to bully a mother, six of whose seven children had starved to death in infancy because in Bengazi "cows' milk is not given babies," into giving cows' milk to her seventh, which is thriving. In the lands the Ingathered left, the ratio of deaths to births kept family numbers within reason. Now with Israel's reduction of infant mortality, they seem themselves to be limiting the birthrate, although their families are still very large. Many, in fact, now ask for counsel on birth control. "I have the impression that on this matter the younger people have nothing more to learn." But what all need is a right attitude toward medical science.

That this is the universal need, I found to be the consensus of all persons working in the fields of health and hygiene. But Israel cannot safely wait on the trials and errors of experience for the formation of "a right attitude." It must needs resort to education as the more speedy and the more reliable instrument of the change in the total value-systems which "right attitude" signifies. For with respect to health and hygiene it would mean such a stance of the spirit that the patient is not a blindly submissive and anxious dependent on doctor, nurse and hospital, but

their informed and understanding collaborator in the task of his getting well and staying well. Such cooperation is, psychologically, consumer-cooperation. And obviously it is alone the kind of cooperation which can bring lasting success to Histadrut's—or for the matter, anybody's—endeavors in what is more commonly understood by “education and culture.” It is the nuclear dynamic of Israelization.

But, as I see it, Hevrat Ovdim is little concerned with this dynamic. It is not only Big Business on its own account, but synergically through its partnership with private investors, public institutions and more or less autonomous cooperatives, it exercises a pervasive and by no means always welcome influence. Production holds the primacy in its practice. Cooperatives are coöperatives of producers for the purposes of production and ultimately for profits to invest in more production. This seems to me the case with the agricultural settlements “cooperating” to market their produce and regulated by this union of theirs—*Tnuvah* is an instance. This seems to me to be the case with the transport cooperatives, including those of Israel's dramatic taxi-drivers. The latter, whatever their origins, look like a breed singular to Israel, a queerly privileged class of private entrepreneurs assembled from veterans of the War for Independence, licensed to serve tourists as guides and cicerones, replete with authentic and inauthentic information about persons and places, highways and byways which they pass on in a line of talk unparalleled in the species anywhere in the world. Their associative rule looks more like the Moshav's than the Kibbutz'. Numbers own their cars, and procure supplies and repairs in common.

Analogous organization may be noted in building, housing, public works and industrial undertakings. Any can,

under certain conditions, find a competitor or an opponent in any other. All tend, perhaps because they must, to violate the cooperative principle by charging the ostensible owner as well as the outside customer, all that the traffic will bear. Surplus of price over cost—profits to you and me—is sought on the ground of building “labor’s economy,” and therein the economy of Medinat Israel. Hence, although labor employers of labor, their relations with employees generate the same tensions and get heated by the same frictions as any other employer’s. In Israel Histadrut, as in other communions with a utopian intent, practice transforms principle, often in such wise that principle ceases to be a directive for practice and becomes a compensation for it.

The principle continues to be asserted and argued ably, logically, with a driving firmness, as by polylinguist Reuven Barkatt, head of Histadrut’s Department of International Relations. I had been taken to “the Kremlin” to talk with him by that gentle, perceptive, true believer, Yitzhak Kanev, of Kuppat Holim. As Barkatt passed, it seemed with much initial resistance, from set speech to a reluctant answering of my questions, an image of problem and practice became clear. What I envisioned was the fellowship of founders, all in intimate primary relations to one another, pushed by the inertia of numbers from the ranks where everybody might be an alternate to anybody else and a leader was *primus inter pares*, to the top of a spreading pyramid of power, where most were reluctant to move at all, although recognizing the need and rightness of moving round and round, although arguing about “decentralization and more democracy,” although looking for peers among the newly Ingathered, and somehow neither moving nor finding. Among these newcomers amid the utopians the hunger to become as good as those they be-

lieve their betters tends of itself to obstruct their so becoming. Histadrut as a free society of free men is less a fact and more a faith than it used to be.

What actually it used to be, most of all vis-a-vis the mandatory power, was a state within a state, whose utopian aficionados cultivated a political economy and a body of experience whereby the change from the British mandate to Medinat Israel even amid the confusing urgencies of the war for survival, which the Israelis call "the War for Independence," took place with no corruption of law and order these eight years. One might say that under the mandate Histadrut *was* the Jewish state and that residual Jewish society in Palestine counted as only peripheral. But in sovereign and independent Medinat Israel, this society, multiplied and being multiplied by the works of Ingathering, also becomes as central as Histadrut. Alternatives of association, faith, policy, and practice transvalue into significant options. The state within a state gets reduced in principle, even though it resists the reduction in practice, to an organization of interest and power counting as one and only one among other organizations all equal in rights and freedoms.

New Medinat Israel signifies a union of them all together, and as such a union may show favor or disfavor to none. By this union they are presumed to have become members of one another in such wise, that all are guarantors of the faith, the freedoms and the safety of each against attack or usurpation by any. And as is the case with the denominations and cults of the Synagogue, none may be taken for the faith of the State, or receive prerogative or privilege from the State. The State, as the free union of them all, is a configuration different from them all, whose interest is the equal right of each to live and to grow safely, freely, under the protection of the laws of the

State. Hence, both opponents and sympathetic critics of Histadrut argue that in order to keep the services of the Labor Exchanges and Kuppas Holim truly free of discrimination and privilege, the State should administer them; that indeed, its functions should be the same in all fields of Israeli endeavor—to serve all its citizens equally as the conservator and enhancer of their rights and liberties; thus doing for all together only what none can do for themselves alone. In economics, the argument brings Maynard Keynes to mind; but in politics James Madison and Louis Brandeis. Perhaps it conveys as well something of the intent of Israel's Declaration of Independence.

In the nature of things, performance could not fulfill intention. Medinat Israel is a beleaguered commonwealth of utopian aspirations, led by a generation of Vatikim who in spite of themselves have come to exemplify Robert Michel's observations concerning the degradation of the democratic process. Its barriers to authoritarian domination by the left or the right have been in part that very diversity of creeds and codes which render Israelization as the Declaration of Independence implies it so vexatious. It has kept the ideal of individual liberty alive amid the pressures toward collective freedom for the national state. It has kept the economy of Israel from becoming a socialist, and has rendered it a "mixed," economy, an economy that looks back in conception, and a little in execution to the "Resolutions Bearing on Palestine Policy," adopted by the Zionist Organization of America at a Convention held in Pittsburgh in July of 1918. These resolutions called for equality of status and opportunity for everybody; hence for ownership and control of the land and its natural resources * "by the whole people"; their

* Of course, water was understood to be such a natural resource.

leasing on conditions that should "insure the fullest opportunity for development and continuity of possession"; cooperative organization of every kind of enterprise; a fiscal policy that should "protect the people from the evils of land speculation and from every other form of financial oppression"; a comprehensive system of "free public education, with instruction in Hebrew "the national language of the Jewish people."

But the other, and on the face of it perhaps the weightiest, influence moving Medinat Israel in the direction of the free, responsible, cooperative individualism Berl Katznelson envisaged, has been, at this time, Israel's economic dependence.

Even during the period of "austerity" the people of Israel lived above their income. Low as was their standard of living, they consumed more than they produced. They were enabled to do so because Histadrut had developed certain trade-union standards and conditions which it could and did enforce. With few exceptions, the Jewish communities of the so-called Diaspora regarded it just that this should be so. Their contributions to the Jewish Agency, to the National and Foundation Funds and to other funds, their gifts and investments, helped to make up the difference between cost of living and income to live on. Loans and subventions from the United States, some in furtherance of the American technical aid (Point 4) program, from France and from one or two other countries completed the balancing. Increasing production, diversifying products, developing markets, encouraging the initiatives conventionally thought of as free enterprise, has become—apart from defense—the major preoccupation of responsible leaders, whatever their creeds. For survival, production must soon or late, equal, even exceed consumption. The religion of labor as an end in itself has had for

its paradoxical consequence an economy of consumption to which labor is a defective means. Apostles of the religion now find themselves in a situation which requires them to seek out ways of making it an adequate means, and of doing so not alone by converting their fellow-Israelis to their faith, informing their understanding, liberating their imagination, and mobilizing their energies in an ever-diversifying productivity. The situation requires even more that these apostles find ways of levelling the implacable Arab interdict upon free trade in Israeli products with the non-Israeli world. On this line the utopians of Medinat Israel stand embattled indeed. In fact it is the line where they stand at bay.

VI

FORTRESS ISRAEL

UNLESS YOU LOOK CLOSELY, you would not know that all Israel is a fortress. Even the check point at the Mandelbaum Gate, even the coiling barbed wire on the edges between new Jerusalem and old seem taken for granted, like ordinary parts of the landscape. So are, as you come upon them in the company of friend or cicerone, the dug-outs and the trenches that come under your eye from the border village inward. So are the shootings that have just taken place and cause a roadblock on your way from one area to another, or that you are told have just taken place at some point you passed scarcely a quarter of an hour ago. So are the rifles you notice in a corner beside the bed of this or that village home. The talk you hear, like the talk you share, is mostly about working, not fighting, even among draftees you run into here and there. Only when you press and keep asking your questions, do you get fighting talked about. Then what you hear in what is said is a tone of resigned alertness, a quiet readiness to do or die such as very sick persons sometimes evince when they know the stake is survival. Certainly every Jewish citizen of Israel, sabra or newly Ingathered, every Druse and many Arabs take it for granted that every citizen must be a soldier, ever ready to defend the Common-

wealth against its foes. Although in the nature of things, there must be young folks who resent being called up and reservists who gripe at the month that every year they must give up to the service, I have met no boys or girls who didn't look forward to the call with some eagerness, or reservists who genuinely grudged this month.

More authentically than any army I can think of, the army of Israel is the people of Israel, the people of Israel are the army of Israel—a citizen army where soldiers are enlisted because they want to be, not because they have to be; the distance between whose officers and rank and file is the least that military competency requires; whose officers impress one as less military brass than civic leaders, each on his level *primus inter pares*, not a different species; an army where obedience to command seemed less a conditioned reflex created by drill and punishment than a co-operative attitude developed from understanding and sustained by a kind of piety of performance. More authentically than any army I can think of the army of Israel is an army of defense. The *Tzva Haganah LeIsrael* and the Ministry responsible for it is a ministry not of war but of defense. The prime responsibility is to keep Fortress Israel impregnable, whoever the invader. Its basic tradition is that of the Commando; it received its "baptism of blood" in the experience of the watchmen whom the first colonists had to muster for defense against Arab predations. The conversion of the hit and run predations, so intrinsic to the culture of the Arabs, into systematic attacks on life as well as property by the malice of Sir Herbert Samuel's Mufti and the collusion of the Mandatory, evoked Haganah, the body of volunteer defenders, so many of whose members were jailed and whipped by the British working to suppress it and only driving it underground. The spread of the aggression, and Arab challenge to the Mandatory power

as well, evoked Palmach within Haganah and brought Orde Wingate, who transformed Haganah from a high grade sheriff's posse into a passionately disciplined commando, in ideal a body of soldiers whose capacities for individual initiative, resourcefulness, skill and invention can come into the most intimate teamplay with one another. As the contingencies of World War II brought the Near Eastern fortunes of the British closer and closer to disaster, with Egypt standing aside in act, and committing itself in feeling to Hitler, with the Grand Mufti committing himself to Hitler in both act and feeling, with an almost victorious pro-Nazi conspiracy in Iraq, the British reluctantly accepted Jewish volunteers to the Near Eastern forces, among them refugees to Palestine, legal and illegal, with experience in the armies of Germany and many other European countries. In all some thirty thousand enlisted, and served on all Mediterranean fronts. These thirty thousand are British veterans of World War II. Their fullest, their longest, their most abundant military experience has been with the British, and what they learned in the British army they have reshaped and transvalued for Israel. When the British decided to abandon the Palestinian mandate, and opened the way to renewal of the malicious Arab aggression, Palestinian Jewry spontaneously joined what they learned for themselves as Haganah and Palmach within Palestine, to what they had learned from the British in the theatres of World War II. First by trial and error of the War of Independence and the subsequent Arab-broken truces, then by reflection and planning, they reshaped and transvalued the conclusions from experience to the formation of the forces of total defense which has become Tzva Haganah LeIsrael. One might say that its maxim is a conversion of the oft-quoted Isaian verse, "Not by might, not by power, but with my spirit,"

saith the Lord, into the maxim, "With my spirit in thy might and in thy power" saith the Lord. More prosaically, "God defends those that defend themselves."

The defense of Fortress Israel within, seems planned to be a defense in depth, each village, each settlement, however orchestrated to the other, nevertheless readied to be pretty much on its own. They man trenches in a hedgehog defense. Food stocks are distributed, hospitals, the telegraph, telephone, postal service are mobilized, while trucks and taxis and private cars and buses carry the reserves to their appointed stations, and the three brigades under arms at any time are expanded into sixteen of the first line, and can be reenforced by a second line of twelve additional brigades. The 40,000-50,000 in service—sailors, soldiers, tank companies, paratroops, airmen and all, at any time can be increased to 250,000. And all this, within hours.

But the surest defense of Fortress Israel can be only attack, by air, by land, by water. For this state is too small for maneuver, and has no room for retreat. Retreat can be only into the sea, and the masters of the Arabic-speaking peoples announce every day that they will absolutely without fail drive the Israelis into the sea. So far neither the *fedayeen* who can infiltrate like vermin nor regulars of the Arab Legion have succeeded in making more than nuisances of themselves. They have failed even to breach Fortress Israel. I have heard some Israelis argue that this failure is forever a foregone conclusion. The grounds of the argument are sometimes theological (although there are knowers of the divine will such as Amram Blau who argue to the opposite outcome) sometimes chauvinistic, sometimes professionally military. I did not find myself getting to share this confidence. Whether as peace or war, intercourse between societies consists of transactions involving the goods, the services, the tools, the weapons, and the

interpersonal relations and spirit of the parties to the transactions. As I read the record,* it contains nothing to indicate that Israeli military strength can as yet be measured against anything but Arab military weakness. It does not figure as an independent variable, as apt, say, against Russians or Chinese or Germans or British as against Arabs. But it belongs to the utopian spirit to believe that it can be and should be such a variable; can be and should be because of the spirit which Israel's army incarnates and the interpersonal relations that strive to render the spirit one spirit of one undivided and indivisible body, Israel. Herein, the argument runs, Israel's citizen-army is still different from all the other armies of the world. I cannot, however, see the conclusion from this difference to perennial victory over the Arab aggressor, with his greatly superior material, manpower and potentially improved training, as anything save a mystical non-sequitur.

That the difference is actual and important is true. Whoever refers to the Israeli fighting man's superior morale and to the quality of his officers is referring to the difference. But it is neither a supernatural grace nor a biological inheritance, nor is it a social heritage. It discloses itself as an ongoing variation within the culture-complex of Jewry, brought into being and diversified first by the succession of exigencies in its generations-long struggle for survival in Palestine-Israel, and on reflection later impatterned in the utopianist design for living that on the same principles and in like ways should Israelize both native and Ingathered.

In a word, the difference is an effect of a certain idea of education. This idea had been common enough among the

* The Sinai campaign was only *in posse* when I left Israel at the end of July, 1956. Although it can not come into consideration here, what I have read about it does not lead me to any change of view.

small freer polities of classical antiquity and renaissance Europe, but has been for sufficient reason repudiated by the modern "peace-loving" democracies. As over the generations I had been pointing out to my pupils in the philosophy of education, among our democracies the function of the soldier had been divorced from the function of the citizen; war, so personal in every people's history, had been denied a role in the training for citizenship in a free society of free men. In a world competing for ever newer, more complex and deadly arms, education in their nature and use had long been dropped from the general education of the people and replaced by special education for specialists. This in spite of the obvious fact that all machines, all tools and engines of peace and war, can be only so much junk without the mind and heart of the worker and fighter who puts them to use.*

In Israel, the mere condition of its existence would have rendered divorce, suicide; denial, an invitation to slaughter. Being a soldier had to be realized as a natural aspect of being a free citizen of a free society, and school and army had somehow to be meshed together in one continuous educational endeavor whose consummation should be that *adam hadash*, that new Israeli, of whom the old hope possessed no image.

Thus, "the Defense Army" of Israel might be described as a school for citizens even more than for soldiers. The point of departure for the widely diversified curriculum seems to me to be the Hebrew Bible already intimately familiar since Heder or government school days, the common ground of Judaists and secularists and the matrix of their divergences. You hear it referred to when some aspect of the War for Independence is being explained; you

* See Chapter 14: "The Place of War" in *The Education of Free Men*.

read remarks about its vital bearing on army spirit by the army's commander in chief; he tells you, one hot evening in Tel Aviv, at a garden supper given by Col. Dinah Werth and her husband, about the Bible-based "little books" which the army uses in training its new soldiers. But formal initiation into the role and responsibility of the citizen as soldier has begun four years before the age of enlistment. Normally the boys and girls have finished elementary school, they are in the pubertal period of their growth, the Bar Mitzvah period. Some may be on their way to high school, some to a farm, some to another vocational school. All become and remain members of Gadna till it is time for them to join the army. Their teachers are reserve officers who volunteer for the service and are paid. The base of instruction is a printed manual covering the four years, modified by monthly conferences—in USA, buzz sessions—of the instructors and supplemented by syllabi and bulletins. Every effort is made to keep the classes unsegregated, natives and newcomers together, not always successfully. Where the children of the newly Ingathered are getting no schooling, clubs and classes, when they are about due, are arranged for them at or near their home-centres, where they are inducted into the Israeli idea, its history and heroes. This program holds in the villages; but boys and girls of the towns often get bored the last year.

During the first year the children come together one morning a week for a couple of hours, or perhaps for one day of eight hours in a month. Practically, they do what Scout companies do. During the second year, companies go to a Gadna camp in turn for eleven days. I saw them at it, in a second year summer camp half-way to Natanya. Now in addition to scouting they learn about the use and care of firearms, judo and other forms of self-defense.

Boys and girls set up their tents and work and study and eat together, but the girls' tents are pitched at the other end of the camp from the boys. I saw some fourteen boys from the Hatikvah quarter in Tel Aviv at one second-year camp learning the rifle. Three are daytime students, four can study only in the evening. Three were aiming to become printers because "it's not only work with the hands, but you can also use your head." Another aimed to become an *Ish Yam* and the rest hadn't made up their minds. A lovely little North African girl said her grandmother had sent her to Gadna. I asked about the attitude of the Synagogue toward the mingling of the sexes and was told some few orthodox Ashkenazi parents might object to the mingling, hardly ever any North Africans. But a girl's enrolment in Gadna will sometimes cause tension among the latter should it result in postponing marriage and the like. Since, however, a member of Gadna who has reached the third year no longer is listed as a volunteer, the tension can't develop. Gadna publishes two magazines which are circulated among the clubs and used for study and discussion.

In view of the difficulties of orchestrating natives and newcomers to one another, so that they might be moved by one common vision on common ways, the Ministers of Defense and Education agreed on a third year program for Gadnaïtes with this as a goal. The camps are established in or near some agricultural village, and the companies go there for two weeks, every day of which, after inspection and setting up exercises, they give five morning hours to working in the fields, then return to camp for lunch, and for the afternoon Gadna program. The program for the fourth grade consists of a sort of orientation week at camp, just before joining the armed forces. By the fourth year, the branch joined makes a difference, as I could well ap-

preciate, listening to a class exercise in motors and fuel at the ground school of a Gadna flying group, watching the ready-to-fly adolescents (one a girl) playing soccer, challenging them about their goals in life, and getting the usual astonished or defensively pert replies. The youths are now eighteen years old or near it. As a rule, membership in Gadna gives them a distinction among their like of which they are proud. They are the presumable officer material, commissioned and non-commissioned. To Ruth Ludwig's query, whether Gadna was not a good reason why there was so much less juvenile delinquency in Israel than elsewhere, I could only answer with a cordial *Perhaps*.

Israel's boys and girls, with the exception of such girls as the prejudices of Judaist orthodoxy keep out, enter the army at eighteen and leave at twenty and a half. They are now in the civilian reserve, on call till their fiftieth year. By the time of their discharge from duty, they have received what in many ways is tantamount to a liberal education elsewhere. Only about one third of them are sabras, the rest come from every sort and condition of the newly Ingathered. Numbers are functionally, if not totally, illiterate, their understanding circumscribed by their immediate perceptions, deficient in all the R's, with even the Hebrew of the Bible and the prayer book, more sounds heard than signs read and understood. Army experience must needs be such as to instil and sustain in all the ideal of Israel free, to awaken a lasting will to keep the ideal programmatic, and to communicate the knowledge and skills which are its power and efficacy. Army experience must establish a gradient of Israelization on which a soldier may go the rest of his life.

The person most responsible for this project and its implementation is a former civilian schoolmaster, now *Aluf*

Mishneh Zeev, chief of military education, head of a force, including civilian teachers, of some five hundred persons, "a good staff to work with," he said with obvious satisfaction. I had a long morning with him in his spartan office at the headquarters in Tel Aviv. An easy, round-faced man, whose dark, wide-set eyes and shock of gray-white hair made an unmilitary impression, he sat between a battered desk and an unsteady bookcase with full shelves. A Litvak born and bred in Poland, his father, a merchant, provided him with the usual Jewish education: until his fourteenth year the Hebrew and the rest of the Judaistic tradition, then *weltliche Sachen*, the Zionist interest. The anti-Zionist Bund drew, but he was quickly disillusioned and "went back to Zionism." He became a teacher, with an interest in progressive methods, and in that role made his living in his native country for some five or six years. In 1924 he found his way to Palestine, to Degania. He was thirty-two years old. The next year he joined the group forming the school for progressive education and continued with it till 1939, concurrently occupied with Histadrut, Haganah, and the like; an associate, I gathered, perhaps also a disciple, of Berl Katznelson. The following year, at the instance of the latter he went on a mission for Histadrut to Poland, France, Sweden and finally the United States. By the time he was ready to return to Palestine, World War II was in progress. He had to make his way by freighters, port to port across the Pacific. When he finally reached home, conditions there decided him to drop his work for and with children and serve only with Haganah as educator. Much of his work, of course, had to be kept secret from the British: Haganah needed manuals, texts, of all kinds. Overt work, carried on with a staff of no more than five was production for "information and entertainment," with as much Hebrew thrown in as there

was time for. During the War for Independence a kind of center was set up on Mt. Carmel in what is now Mahaneh Marcus, then Rutenberg House, and Haganah groups were taken there for a ten day period of "indoctrination," to use a dubious Americanism. As Yaakov Dori, then leader of Haganah, had said: "They should at least know what they are dying for." "We lived in that house as in a fortress, close to one another, with a warm feeling of belonging. We taught Hebrew two hours every day. We issued twelve newspapers in as many languages. All we did had one end in view, that our people should know why and wherefore they were committing their lives at the front. I had to bring the officers to insight of how they were good for the Army."

I said: "You teach a free society and you develop military discipline. How do you relate the two?"

Zeev answered: "Our first task here is to make citizens of soldiers. Ours is a people's army. My driver, for instance, has to be ready twenty-four hours a day. What we must have in him is the will to cooperate. I'd be stuck if he should tell me my car is broken down. He has to want to keep it from breaking down and perhaps be able to repair it if it breaks down in spite of him."

I suggested that obedience as a conditioned reflex is not enough; that obedience can accomplish sabotage as effectively as ignorance, witness the knowing obedience of the good soldier Schweik. Obedience has to be intelligent to be efficacious.

Zeev agreed, and indicated that the Defense Army's educational program had for this reason to follow three lines—one with a view to the natives and their ecology, another with a view to the newly Ingathered and theirs, and the third with a view to the officer and his functions. Recruits from the newly Ingathered are put through a battery of

tests and assigned grades. Then each receives a little book entitled *V'atah* (and thou). Its pictures and script are designed to give him his first orientation; an attached card is for his officer to fill out. Afterwards he receives a set of books in a given order. The colonel handed me each volume to look over, in order as he came to it. The last consisted of a sequence of historical and archaeological maps of Palestine-Israel as boundaries and cultures changed. The first few are printed with *nekudot* (vowel-signs) and printing them costs more than twice as much as vowelless composition. With it the recruit receives the newspaper *Omer*, also with *nekudot*. Its contents are incorporated into the material of instruction after the thirtieth hour of study. The aim is, step by step, to enlarge the draftee's awareness, which first is limited to the family, his neighbors, his village. After fifteen minutes with the news his squad commander tells him what else is in the paper and endeavors to make sure that he reads and understands the bearing of what he reads. Some one hundred and eighty hours are assigned to the first and second of the series, together with the newspaper. The plan is to have the recruit's awareness reaching out, however thinly, to the rest of the world, to the United States, to China, and so on. The next step is to have him master the elements of reckoning: some five hundred and sixty hours are allocated to arithmetic. Then his attention is turned to an illustrated geography, entitled: *Zot Artzkha* (This Is Your Country). "You see one difference between the United States and Israel is that the former involves a great geography and a brief history, the latter a little geography and a long history. So here is our first history book, *Am Yisrael* written by Dr. Pollack, and here is the next one, *Reshit Am*, which is more detailed and accents the military problems of land and people, as the record presents them."

Next in the sequence comes a text on the astronomical and meteorological aspects of the globe. This is followed by a short history of all the earth's peoples, *Toldot Haamim*. The climax consists of eight hundred chapters of the Old Testament, selected *ad hoc*. The texts of the curriculum and *BaMahaneh* are supplemented with pamphlets discussing civic and military problems, the Jewish holidays, and the like. The battalion major gives a weekly lecture, but the basic instruction is the responsibility of the squad commander, who also holds a buzz session once a week.

All officers receive special training for their jobs as educators. Squad commanders are given two weeks' instruction on the handling of their squads. Sergeants are sent for six weeks to *Mahaneh Marcus* where they are expected to learn how to fuse giving orders with free cooperation; each must feel himself to be "only a *shaliah* of his people" to their sons and daughters to help them become citizen-soldiers. Lieutenants are required to take a three weeks' course in psychology, especially the psychology of soldiering, in the arts of public speaking and the like, while majors are instructed in the social sciences, particularly mankind's different ways of living together—the ways of the fascists, the communists and other totalitarians, and the ways of free societies and the reason for preferring a democratic system to all others. Instructors in these matters on this level are drawn from the Hebrew University and instruction calls for special courses in the Old Testament, the Talmud, the Cabala, Hasidism—I interposed "From God to Buber," but failed to draw a smile—and their meaning for our times. "We want our soldiers to know Jewish culture."

Does this, I asked, include other Jewish languages than Hebrew? Yiddish say, or Ladino?

"We give one lesson about the languages in Jewish history. In other countries, a man grows up in its atmosphere, he absorbs its spirit from infancy: it is all intimate and familiar and his love and loyalty develop as he grows. Here, it cannot yet be a growth of the soil: it has to be an artifact, created intentionally by education. We employ these area studies which our soldiers have as the training takes them over the country. Their officers are equipped with this pocket illustrated manual and the historical atlas. (Many of the illustrations were reproductions of sculptures and paintings from everywhere. I identified Michelangelo, Rodin, some Dutch painters, Italian primitives.) The studies cover everything that might take and hold attention: flora, fauna, topography, ruins, with indications of what use a soldier might put them to. We need about eighty of such studies. Twenty are ready. We include historical and archaeological studies of agricultural economies and the festivals, plantings, harvests, (Pessah, Shavuot and Sukkot in Israel, some other name in Egypt or Mesopotamia); fasts, such Tisha B'Av; Independence Day, etc."

I asked if Israel's Declaration of Independence was used and how.

"Regularly, at the ceremonies celebrating Independence Day. It is also the first thing a soldier comes upon when he opens the pocket diary handed him with his equipment when he first enters the army. It's bound in plastic, and titled *Yom Yom* (Day by Day) with a page for each day, and filled with pictures, maps, statistical data and the like. And of course, the Declaration is a part of the soldier's course of instruction.

"We are also publishing a book on Jewish culture, in dictionary form. The order is chronological; the content; the diversity of cultural values, lists of significant contributions, titles of important books, and so on. The aim is

to restore cultural perspective and to bring into focus the number and variety of creative centers of Israeli culture that arose and passed in our two thousand years of history. American and Russian Jews are apt to believe that they were the sole creative Jewish communities. But there were times when the creators were the Jews of Egypt, again the Jews of Iraq, or of Spain or Holland. The center was always moving."

Correlative, Zeev added, is the disclosure of the ongoing diverse communions of culture among the newcomers. There is folk art, folk music, folk ritual. Teams of four teach music and the dances especially. Singing and dancing are modes of togetherness that quickly lead strangers to feel at home with one another. Some are taught to recruits as soon as they enter camp, and life in the army is mimicked in sketches by professional actors twice a week. By arrangement with Habimah there are one hundred and twenty performances a year, each reviewed by the squads in buzz sessions with their commanders.

As for professional teachers, Israel's shortage is well-known. So the army arranged with the Department of Education to set up a Teachers' Seminary. The current enrolment numbers 130 girls and one boy. Courses are given in the evening. The seminary had produced to date some 120 elementary teachers and 130 kindergarteners. This apart from the 160 girls, eighteen and over, who are teaching the soldiers. High school is limited to potential members of *Tzva Keva*, the officers' corps.

Another time I had a visit with the army's chief psychologist and his aide. They seemed to me to make an intriguing natural team. The one blond, slight, shortish, walking energetically with a pronounced limp, concerned with devising tests and developing experiments. The other much darker, rounder in figure and feature, charged with

the quantitative appraisal of human qualities. They showed me the works. Their job was to pick personnel so as to fit character to function. Their organization consisted of four departments, two to do actual selecting, two for research on officer material. Boys and girls are divided into groups of eight and set a variety of problems. Their performances are observed and appraised for the qualities a leader is known to need, such as capacity for decision, persuasiveness, firmness. The ranks they are asked to fill do not go higher than lieutenants in the infantry or in office work. There is a great scarcity of material, and the tests have to be functionally adequate. Only the consequences discerned in the follow-ups can justify them. As the tests get talked about, new ones have to be devised, with Louis Guttman's item analysis as a base. For such standard abilities as the perception of spatial relations, reckoning, spelling, verbal meanings, printed duplicates are used. They are not so accurate as the too costly individual test, but they serve the purpose well enough. The multiplicity of languages present such problems of vocabulary and the like that—still only in the case of potential electricians—the Guttman non-verbal tests are used instead. To weed out potential psychiatric cases Guttman's questionnaires are employed. The cutting points and ratios are similar to those in the American army. In no case is the country of origin relevant. Even I.Q.'s may often indicate only the length of time in Israel. Tables made by *Seren Reev* ("Born in Israel" to "1½ year in Israel") indicate the trend: the longer the time the higher the I.Q. This affects the norm by which the psychology department checks its measurements. An unofficial correlation of country of origin and success in various courses gave Americans first place, Britishers second, Belgians third, Dutch fourth, German fifth. The lowest on the list were the Yemenites.

Logically, although not chronologically, the next thing to report on is the Bet Sefer Reali, a "private" secondary school, more like a European gymnasium than an American high school, which cooperates with the Army. This school is situated in lovely Haifa, where it is distributed in five various localities. My guide there, was its founder, now seven years retired, the venerable, German-born, German-trained Biram, with whom my sister Deborah and I had discussed educational theory and practice thirty years ago. He took us to the school from his pleasant house high up on Carmel after offering us a feast of hors d'oeuvres and the usual bibables and our sadly disappointing his *Hausmutter Frau* with our limited capacity. The present school is as different from Dr. Biram's first establishment as an American one from the little red schoolhouse of tradition. The manifold noises of students of diverse shapes, sizes and colors moving in, out and about the building was such as you could come upon in any city school in the United States. The school furniture was more traditional perhaps, and the principal's office was by comparison spartan. Dr. Biram's successor is a stout, cheerful, clean-shaven, not unpedantic figure, wearing a yarmulka. He is from Vienna, thirty-five years in Palestine-Israel. His grandfather had been a Hasidic Rebbe in Drobolitz, who had leased a ship to take himself, his sons and daughters, and their families, his retainers, with all their household goods to Eretz Israel, to Jerusalem, where he settled in the Bokharan quarter. His father had worked the soil with his own hands, had tried himself at painting and had founded the Hasidic village, *Shem Shalom*. The son had been left as a *Yeshiva Bahur* in Vienna, and had had other schooling. He was fourteen when he was brought to Jerusalem. There he completed the course in an orthodox teachers' college, and afterwards went to King's College of the University of

London. His philosophy of education was still Dr. Biram's and the school's discipline still savored of the gymnasium, with some English modifications.

Boys, mostly sabras from the sixth grade at Bet Sefer Reali, get enrolled in the Biram Military Institute (named in memory of Dr. Biram's son who was killed in action). Dr. Biram took me there to see the works and meet with *Sgan Aluf* Tzvi Tzelner, the commander. This tall, handsome, thirty-six-year-old Silesian, who took us around with his three year old little son trotting after him, had gotten to Palestine at the age of eighteen. His family had chosen Palestine, he said, because they had concluded that Hitler might happen again anywhere else. Not in Palestine: "We are here by right. We have a legal claim." Not long after their arrival, he joined the British army and served for five years in the commandos. Thence, naturally, he passed to Haganah and fought through the War of Independence as an officer. He was in his present place by choice: "The Education Department offered the appointment and I accepted. I could have refused." Groups of students came to attention as we met them going over the grounds. In the dining room, however, the noise quiets down, the eating stops, but nobody rises or salutes. This, the commander explained, is their room of rest and recreation. "We decided that they remain seated here." Still, they did stop eating and talking. This decision, I gathered, followed from the image of the officer—which the student was to realize—of his role and his responsibilities towards the men in his charge, and the larger loyalties to which his oath binds him. Another branch of instruction is "military science": we inspected a "tactics room," furnished with a viable sand-map box for problems in topography and maneuvering, a library, class rooms. The boys also continue their studies at *Reali*. "Here, the ideal of the officer"—Dr.

Biram interposed, much to the Colonel's discomfort, "You make gentlemen of them—*Er hat sie zu erziehen zu Verantwortlichkeit, Zuverlaessigkeit, Pflicht, Fuehrerschaft* (He must educate them to responsibility, reliability, duty, leadership)—*just look at Tzelner and you will see the model!*"

I interrupted: "Then on what do you base discipline?"

"On the code of honor, not fear but the code of honor."

"Not on love?" I asked recalling certain discussions elsewhere.

"No; on respect."

Another officer said, "Devotion." But the commander replied quickly. "No, I would say, respect. We endeavor to instil the belief that being an officer carries duties, not privileges—we don't have batmen!, and we have hard work. That and leading and teaching are the privilege. The most important skill an officer of ours can have is how to deal with people. It is fundamental to the purposes of our army, which go much farther and deeper than in other countries. It has to teach its soldiers everything and to bring them to see the country as it actually is: to show them. So the army is the country's greatest school. Through its officers it changes the intellectual, moral and spiritual outlook of the people. Officers are equipped with means to develop immigrants into Israelis. They must know how to teach."

The commander was scornful of the idea that "brain-washing" could have any lasting effect by itself alone, and sharp in his reply to the question what punishments he would use for breaches of discipline. "Jail," he said tartly, "no blows. Blows destroy self-respect." It was evident that the question brought to mind experiences or observations in the British army, of practices that every so often came to

disturbing disagreeable public notice also in our "realistic" American armies.

I had asked the question about love as the foundation of military discipline because the theory and practice of the motivation had been put forward first in connection with the women's training camp HeN, and again at Camp Marcus. HeN carries a cosmetic intent. It means "charm" and implies that the military discipline effects also a cosmetic alteration in the looks and the ways as well as the skills of the girls. My hostess at HeN was *Sgan Aluf* Dinah Werth, director of this effectuation. Our liaison with the HeN Camp was a Lieut. Greenspan, born in Egypt, his father an Austrian, his mother an Israeli, and himself married and the father of two daughters. He had gone to Israel in 1950, to the Hebrew University to continue his study of chemistry. But his two-and-a-half years as a draftee had persuaded him that the army was the career for him. Now he was an officer in the regular army. We waited a considerable time in Col. Werth's office before she appeared breathless, bursting with apologies. She had spent some time in our own country on behalf of an Israeli bond drive and had become a real friend of my own close friends, Mike and Evie Stavitsky, who had written her on my behalf.

After an exchange of messages and greetings amid various interruptions by telephones and by orderlies with messages and trays of comestibles and the usual drinks, we got to talking about the military education of women. This somewhat buxom, middle-aged, intense woman with her ill-fitting uniform, her warm, stirring voice, her seeking manner, has a spontaneous charm that you can't believe go with military titles and military duties, and that you soon discover go singularly well with hers. Like so many of her contemporaries, she had joined the British

army from Haganah. She was given an administrative job. She had found a certain moral integrity in the British conception of the officer as responsible for the wellbeing of his command, for fair play and justice in their relations, but that this was affected by the caste system of the brass, the routines of spit and polish. That went well enough in times of stress, when pulling together was a necessity; but when stress lessened, the routine became empty and meaningless. Not for the British girls, they were easier than not in routine. But the Israeli girls needed the stress, they were at their best under challenge involving their pride of self as soldier and as woman. To enroll in HeN they must have had at least two years of elementary schooling. Their jobs in the service were almost exclusively clerical, mechanical or communicational. The non-military subjects such as history, geography or botany come like revelation to the girls from the remoter villages or the depressed sections of the bigger cities, as they are trained in the usual skills of fieldcraft, such as scouts learn, the arts of camouflage and the like. But they are not trained for combat, not taught judo, nor the use of the bayonet, or other weapons of hand to hand conflict. They are taught to throw hand grenades. The idea is to keep them from getting involved in battle, because the Arab has the practice of treating women as combat material. During the War of Independence they tortured women in order to get Israelis to take utterly unjustifiable military risks, and to make tremendous sacrifices to save a single woman. So women are no longer assigned to any combat role. They are trained not for battle but for self-defense. Maybe this is a regression from the principle of the equality of the sexes which governed the Jewish pioneers, when women manifested it by being willing to feed cattle but not men—since the latter

had been so long exclusively women's work, and certainly continues such among the "immigrants."

I suggested that the word "immigrant" impressed me as carrying a derogatory connotation, as communicating an attitude: *We are the insiders, the Israelis, you are the outsiders, and if you want to become insiders, also Israelis, you must change as we direct and become like us.* Officials I have talked to, military and civilian both, seemed to me to intend manipulation rather than leadership in their dealing with the newly Ingathered.

This, Col. Werth thought, was not representative. HeN had asked a group of sixty-eight girls, most of them natives, "Should we aim at assimilation or integration?" Four sabras said "Assimilation." Twenty said: "We should learn what they are—let us look at them and let them look at us." The rest said: "And who are we? What have we to give them? That our parents came here first doesn't mean a thing. So we wrote 2½ books and poetry; it doesn't mean a thing. In fact we are taking in their music and their dances and trying out some of their ways. Some of us even copy their dresses. All our sabras are exercised about ways of union with our newcomers. There were also problems of their roles in service. Unfortunately, our high schools do not help with this task. They add up words but produce no guidance to deeds." Another time, as our guest at lunch in Hotel Dan, Col. Werth called our attention to certain persistent problems of the Women's Army. They were not primarily sex and discipline but "the management of men" found necessary for office-workers, since this was the military role of most of the girls in uniform, the "men" being the superiors in brass as well as the subordinates in khaki. What advice, the Colonel kept asking, do the psychologists and social scientists have for finding the girls best qualified successfully to meet the problems of

their relationships? All I could see was to devise a series of socio-dramas embodying the representative problems, and record what the dramatization brings out in the girls.

At HeN, for four years now, the Colonel works at leading, not ordering, her trainees, a new group every six weeks, toward the needful attitudes, cosmetic as well as military and occupational, toward themselves and toward those who are different from themselves. She uses "shock methods." Had she a right to shake them up if, after they leave their training, there is nobody to pull them together again? "They come to the army, following a brief service of two or three weeks in some hospital, making beds, emptying bedpans, cleaning up. Of course, they gripe as they take up their army duties: We ease the way as we can with trips to encampments, passes, leaves, meal tickets. They go in groups, three or four to a group. We encourage them to observe, analyze, criticize. We prepare them for discipline with mock courts: in effect socio-dramas. By the time they're officers on the job, judging is one of their responsibilities. A girl of 19, judging! The British wait until their girls are 26. Ours nine months less than nineteen when their tour of duty finishes. Then we send them to Maabarot or down to the Negev to teach the newcomers about weapons and the use of them. The men may not like it at first, even consider a woman instructor an insult to their manhood, but they don't take so long to change. To the girls, the duty is a matter of pride and satisfaction, a vindication of the principle of equality. The Army makes graduation a solemn ceremony, each girl taking the oath before her teachers and visiting officials.

"Above all, we would like to feel that when they leave us they feel secure, self-reliant and responsible. The sense of security is very important; it comes from a girl's realizing that her teachers and superiors care about her as a

person—that she is loved. Even punishment must be recognized not only as fair and just, but as coming from judges who care, who mete it out with love. Everything here is based on love. When the girls talk about me, they postulate: She loves me. She doesn't love me. Feeling secure with me, they stand up to me, when I require of them behavior whose use they can't yet recognize. I say: 'You dare not be practical. We need you to be Quixotes. You are the forerunners of the new Israel. . . .'

Having shown us the camp, given us lunch in the mess hall where officers and privates receive the same meals, she took us to class. One exercise was a mock trial. The defendant was charged with having used an army jeep to get her boyfriend back to town. The trial concluded, argument and sentence were discussed at length. The girl playing judge was obviously reluctant to pass sentence, and Col. Werth said that such reluctance was very common. Then she asked me to talk to the class.

I said: "What makes you girls Israelis?" There was a wide range of answers, of the sort you come to expect after you have been asking the question up and down in the land. But none indicated an awareness of Israelization as a process of changes struggled for in consequence of commitments to an initiating creed expressed in a public declaration of faith and purpose such as is the Israeli or the American Declaration of Independence. Some of the answers conveyed certain invidious distinctions between Jews and between Jews and non-Jews. Calling attention to the Declaration and its impact, I fell into a little sermon on the prejudice. As soon as I somewhat shamefacedly shut up, a girl rose to ask sharply, indignantly: "Isn't our Declaration modelled on yours?"

"Well, there are likenesses. Sure."

"Then why do you still have a Negro problem?"

So it was put upon me to explain to these female privates in Israel's Defense Army, receiving their training through a discipline of love, my own country's failure to give the American faith effect in the fact of America and practice the democracy it preaches.

History, I suggested, recounts many instances of free peoples fighting to keep their freedom, or to take away others' freedom; it recounts many instances of enslaved peoples fighting to free themselves from native tyrants or from foreign conquerors. Thus Moses' Israelites fought for freedom from the Pharaoh of Egypt and the Judeans of Judas Maccabeus for freedom from Seleucid Antiochus of Syria. But so far as I know, history tells of only one free people who fought a civil war in order to free other people from slavery. These were the people of my own country, the United States. And they did so because of their commitment to the articles of their faith, set down in their Declaration of Independence. The struggle for equal liberty, I said, is like eating. It has to be renewed many times every day. In the United States it goes on with gathering success, although it is by no means finished. With all their disabilities the Negroes of the United States are the best off in the world. They have the amplest opportunities for education and self-development. They enjoy the highest standard of living. And above all, they are free to fight for their freedom and have the support of the Constitution and the sympathy of most of their white fellow-citizens in so doing.

And so I said shalom and hazak, and went to my next inquiry.

The discipline of love in the training of soldiers came into question again at Camp Marcus, named in memory of American Colonel Mickey Marcus who died in Israel's

War of Independence. Camp Marcus trains non-commissioned officers. It is one place to which Col. Karni assigns many of his selectees. Our host was twenty-eight year old Captain Lieberman, by birth a Viennese, by allegiance there a Zionist from childhood. He had grown up in a Romanist neighborhood, characteristically anti-Semitic in the Austrian manner. At sixteen, Aliyat Noar had brought him to Palestine. He began in a Kibbutz, and had tried out three more before deciding that Kibbutz organizational demands were incompatible with the satisfying practice of agriculture. To become the independent farmer he wanted to be, he joined a Moshav. Then he thought he'd study chemistry but after a while switched to education. Of course he was a member of Haganah—of the striking force, Palmach; and as such had worked with immigrants in the British concentration camps in Cyprus. He left his Moshav to join Camp Marcus. Although the pay is low, the work is exciting. "We tell our pupils what has been done during the last twenty years, what remains to be done and that he is the one to do it."

The youths assigned to Camp Marcus have completed their training and are likely sergeants or master sergeants. They come for a period of from one to three months—according to the progress they make. The course of study includes, as everywhere, Hebrew, Tanakh, the usual high school subjects and psychology, pedagogy, sociology and "the handling of men." The method is to bring the subjects together as area studies in cultural configurations. Thus, the study of, say, Morocco would cover not only Moroccan Jewry past and present, but the economic and cultural history of all the Moroccan peoples. This is necessary. A master-sergeant handling Moroccan recruits does wisely only if he has some idea of the background and viewpoints of those under him. And as 70% of the re-

cruits are of the recently Ingathered, the cultural knowledge must correspond.

I asked: "How do you see the sergeant major? What's your image of an Israeli in that role?"

"He must be human."

"What do you mean, 'human'?"

"Not 'sergeant major'. Our people come here already broken down inside. Our job is to build them up again, to help them to renewal."

"How can you? How do you? By brainwashing?"

"By—I can tell you in one word—love."

"Do you know Sgan Aluf Dinah Werth?"

"Yes, she visited us a fortnight ago . . . Let me explain what I mean by 'love'. Think of 'fatherland'. It's not the same kind of reality for soldiers elsewhere as for soldiers here. Israel is not the land of their fathers in the same sense as England is an Englishman's. Their fathers come from different parts of Asia and Europe, where Israel was only a religious idea. Our boys have to learn the actual Israel, to experience and love the land, to love and trust their officers, thus to make it in fact their fatherland. When they do this, they don't stop being afraid—who does?—but they fight bravely in spite of their fears—because they love."

"Am I to infer that you work here with the view of effecting what the psychologists call a transference, the formation of a permanent attitude of trust and affection toward the officers of Israeli's Defense Army and the land it is defending?"

"Yes. This may seem a paradox to you. But it works, which may also seem a paradox, in its behavioral simplicity. We instruct our sergeant-majors-to-be: 'Speak slowly. Don't ever shout. Shouting does not help.' Among our personnel are many who elsewhere might require psy-

chiatric treatment. We use projective and other methods to get a line on their trouble. We take them out of the ranks and put them to work, say in the kitchen. We see to it that they do their stint, but in such a way that they recognize we care about them, with love. As for the Declaration of Independence, we can't use it much. It is still too abstract for such a one quite to grasp. But he does take hold of the perceptual realities of his existence, he will fight for his family and his family's country and for the freedom it assures to them and him which, since there is no rich life here, must perforce compensate for the hardships of the economy."

These observations came to mind when I spoke to the secretary of a Nahal, at a height on the Galilean border. They got mixed up with certain ideas of my old teacher, William James, who did not deprecate the combativeness in our human nature which makes for war, but recommended "moral equivalents" that will satisfy the same primal drives. The Nahals are the entrenched and ambiguously certain bastions of Fortress Israel. Those I saw seemed to me like a military projection of the earliest collectives of the Second Aliyah, working the land together in order to "conquer labor" in their souls, and guarding their lives and their land from the predations required by the mores of their Arab neighbors. But now these predations, whether by fedayeen or by soldiery, are organized military aggression of an enemy who refuses peace; defense against it has also to be an organized military tactic in a grand strategy of self-preservation in an ongoing war for survival. The boys and the girls who choose to join them, who also till the land they guard, join to the collectivism of military discipline the teamwork of the Kibbutz. When their service as soldiers is over, they may then choose to carry on the redemption of the land as citizens. What had

been a commingling of war with a moral equivalent for war, then becomes purely the moral equivalent. A reading of an essay of William James entitled: "On a Certain Blindness in Human Beings," makes an apt preparation for visiting a Nahal and listening to the very matter-of-fact Utopianists who are it. Indeed, it is an apt readier for the impact of the Jewish Israeli's struggle for redemption everywhere in this unpromising Promised Land, called in the Judeo-Christian culture, the Land of Israel.

VII

CULTURE, SCHOOLING, EDUCATION

AMONG THE SIXTEEN MINISTRIES of Medinat Israel, and curiously compenetrated with its ministry of defense, is the ministry of education and culture. The minister, like the ministers of defense (the prime minister holds this post), of labor, of foreign affairs and six other cabinet officers, are members of Histadrut's political alterego, the Mapai party. Histadrut's own department of "education and culture" is the elder brother of the Government's. Other organizations powerful enough to do so, maintain similar departments.

In their usage, the word "culture" seems to carry the same meaning for them all. It signifies the literary, the graphic, the plastic, the musical and the dramatic arts in their many media. For some it also covers games and sports. Vocation signifies a separate and antithetic group of interests. So does "Religion." So does "Science." Beside those three, culture stands forth as a pursuit of leisure, with entertainment or recreation as its paramount aim. Vocation, on the other hand, figures as a manifold diversification of labor, and science as somehow an ally of labor. Religion seems to define a constellation of pursuits whence

labor and leisure diverge. Usage makes "education" span the interests of both leisure and labor, and to signify the teaching and learning of the knowledge and the knowhow specific to all the arts: theological, fine, industrial, rhetorical, together with the sciences which are their ground. Yet, in the phrase, "education and culture" usage pervasively exalts the interests of leisure over those of labor. The phrase connotes that in education culture somehow takes precedence over vocation, leisure over labor, consumption over production; that culture, leisure and consumption go with education as labor, vocation and production do not. "Education and culture" communicates a warmth, a "naturalness," which "education and science," "education and religion," "education and finance" do not impart. The phrase is common among the peoples of the West; the choices and precedents it signifies are familiar. What renders its prevalence in Medinat Israel notable is the ambiguity wherewith it suffuses the purported liberation of labor from a means into an end in itself, and thereby the investiture of labor with the consummatory qualities of leisure.

Consistency here would require, first: the choice for Israelization of a different, a more comprehensive meaning for the word "culture," from the variety available; and second, an extension of the meaning of "education" to include, besides schooling, all those transactions wherein diverse contemporaries and their descendants learn to understand and appreciate their diversities, to pool and to share them, thus forming a union which lives on as the transactions increase and multiply, and grows strong with their strength. "Culture" would then signify what cultural anthropologists sometimes concern themselves with—the clashes and concords of changing configurations of folkways and their mores, the altering formations of a total

way of life maintaining itself, and diversifying as it maintains itself.

Such configurations are what "nationality" signifies, what "nationhood" lives from and defines. When they come to consciousness in the individuals whose personal history they inform with a cultural identity, they give rise to an ideal image of themselves, to be cherished, adored, defended from, and imposed upon, others without this image. The image translates the person into a "patriot" or "traitor," "loyalist" or "rebel"; which, is most of all determined by his role in the struggle to defend whatever it is believed to be the image of, against apparent aggression. It is this struggle which adds to a way of life unconsciously lived the conscious image of it, shaped up with characteristic signs and symbols into a creed and a code, a value-system on which the "patriot" and "loyalist" bets his life. Thereby his spontaneous nationality is translated into an intentional nationalism, for him now the measure of all things. As that pre-eminent anthropologist, the late Franz Boaz once remarked: "There is every reason to wish that the cultural diversity of different groups, generally national groups, should be encouraged, and each given the fullest opportunity to develop along its own line, but this has nothing to do with modern nationalism which is based on the assumption, often too true, that every nation is the enemy of all others, and therefore in duty bound to protect its members and itself. Thus nationalism becomes concentrated upon the idea of developing power, not national culture, power to defend itself, power to attain national unity, power to break its dangerous neighbors. The cultural mission of nationalism is lost sight of in the desire to be free of the power of aggression."

Moreover, this "cultural mission" becomes the matrix of invidious distinctions, the justification—referred to divine

election, materialist dialectic or racial superiority—for replacing free cooperation with the different by aggressions aiming at their subjection or absorption. Such has been the life-history of nationalisms, as nationalities passed from self-defense to self-realization, from self-realization to self-aggrandizement and thence to imperial aggression and colonial rule. The record repeats itself with characteristic divergences in the history of the freer peoples, of the Nazis, and of the Communists. Each has claimed from all mankind, and keeps claiming, for its own value-system, total faith, obedience and battle unto death.

The alternative to this recurrent demand for total and exclusive commitment—or else, is a far more recent envisagement of human relations and human goals. It images the relations as a sequence of voluntary transactions between the peoples and nations of the world, it images the goal as a voluntary self-orchestration of the manifold and diverse cultures of mankind. One hears these sometimes referred to the pronouncements of the Hebrew prophets; indeed, such references may be read into Israel's Declaration of Independence. But the prophets of the Old Testament although rebels, were authoritarians. The End-Time they envisioned was a time purposed by Jehovah, and mankind's acquiescence in Israel's preeminence, an acquiescence designed and consummated by Jehovah.

Israel's authentic Utopians do not share this view. Willy-nilly, their outlook is closer to the modern faith they owe so much of their inspiration to, the faith that the cultures of mankind are indefeasibly plural and that human beings are freest and happiest and most originative when the cultures they live in freely orchestrate to one another in an ever-diversifying teamplay of their differences. Among the world's best-known philosophers, the most recent repetition of this faith is octogenerian Bertrand Russell's. He

writes (*New Hopes for a Changing World*, p. 181) "Two very different conceptions of human life are struggling for mastery of the world. In the West we see man's greatness in the individual life. A great society for us is one which is composed of individuals who, so far as it is humanly possible, are happy, free and creative. We do not think that individuals should be alike; we conceive society as like an orchestra, in which the different performers have different parts to play and different instruments upon which to perform, and in which cooperation results from a conscious common purpose. We believe that each individual should have his proper pride. He should have his personal conscience and his personal aims, which he should be free to develop except where they can be shown to cause injury to others. We attach importance to the diminution of suffering and poverty, to the increase of knowledge and the production of beauty and art. The state for us is a convenience, not an object of worship."

This goal, I came to feel as I went about Medinat Israel, talking to hotelkeepers and clerks, employees of the Jewish Agency and government officials, party-functionaries and social workers, hospital personnel and boys and girls under arms, business men and policemen, journalists and university professors—all sorts and conditions of Jews concerned about the Israelization of other Jews, this goal is the faith and hope of the actual nation-makers of Israel, particularly of the numerous Utopians among them. But in too many of them I noted a strain of insecurity, a craving for reassurance. Its public manifestation was a constant reviewing of what they were about, a recurrent appeal to authority from elsewhere for confirmation and approval. (My good friends Margaret Mead and Abba Lerner were exercising this role in their respective fields

during my stay in Israel.) I gathered that the occasion of the strain was everybody's experience that however firmly they started toward their goal, the going tended persistently to deviate from it; they were not coming out where they had started for. So they either blamed themselves or sought a scapegoat elsewhere.

To me it seemed that the fault, if fault there were, lay in the dynamic of intergroup relations, not in their will and vision. Although as the Army's program indicates, utopian Israel's prescription directs learning the basic culture of the new groups, joining them, living with them, seeking symbiotic changes from within, functionaries had to stay outsiders working for one of the groups; they had to maintain the administratively necessary segregation of interests and roles and the division of labor it calls for. Thus, they often violated mores without knowing they did so; they used rules where only perceptual disclosure and demonstration could be effective; they gave instruction in terms still dubiously meaningful to the learners. Their failure was inevitably failure in communication, and its matrix was their alieny to the cultural configuration whence thoughts and things draw their concrete meanings.

In many ways, the vital center is, was, and always will be language. For living language is the carrier and preserver of images and the pattern-giving channel of the stream of consciousness, the disclosure of its meanings as much to the self as to others. In every degree, from the subvocal and inaudible to the stentorian assault on the hearing, speech spontaneously accompanies every variety of human action and passion, expressing, and being impressed into, all the other activities of the person, a running comment of soliloquy articulating the eventuations of experience into the patterns of Selfhood, and uttering the Selfhood it thus articulates. The specialists call its ele-

ments phonemes, assign them a matrix in our animal cries, with their volumes, their timbre, their pitch and pattern. We sound them and hear them together, hear them and sound them, in a sustained transaction between vocal organs and ear. They give rise to our visual language, with its images, its hieroglyphs, its symbols, its alphabets, its shorthand or cryptographic signs, all postulating the ongoing transactions between eye, vocal organs and ear which we call reading. In addition, there is the language of the hands and fingers, and of other parts of the body, which express transactions between organs of touch, the vocal organs and the ear (as among the blind), or organs of touch and the eyes (as among the deaf) or organs of touch and other organs of touch (as among blind deaf-mutes). For most of us, language is a configuration of phonemes conveyed by ear or eye and transposable to other organs. It is the means for indicating movement and rest in space; for signalizing the directions and formations of space. It is our pervasive means for segregating from one another, and clocking, the compenetrated phases of duration which we distinguish as present, past and future and signify by "time." Verbs, adverbs, prepositions, nouns and adjectives, with their conjugations and declensions, are terms atomizing the continuities of space and time and orienting speaker and hearer with respect to them. Languages diverge greatly in the range and degree of these functions, and the divergences may be experienced as ultimately impenetrable barriers to participative understanding.

In a culture whose dominants are the ever more minute analyses of existent and creations of new patterns of spatio-temporal relations, such as are the science and industry of the modern world, languages articulating a non-scientific and non-industrial culture must undergo radical

transformations or get displaced by another more organic to the cultural economy.

Since World War II, this has become a challenge to most of mankind's languages. But it is peculiarly the challenge to the Hebrew of Medinat Israel. For those others have each been the speech alive and functioning in an ongoing culture, and organic to its ongoing struggle for survival. Not so Hebrew, the *leshon hakodesh*, brought down from the high places of its holiness to the profane uses of the daily life by the obstinate will and contagious determination of one man, Eliezer Perlman. He changed his name to Ben Yehuda, and began to build from the ancient tongue a dictionary of words for a new and unimagined time. This Hebrew of Medinat Israel is not a growth but an artifact, like Esperanto or Ido the ongoing purposeful creation of an unyielding faith that the Jews' return to the land of the fathers required also their return to the language of the fathers. The language of Exile had been many, not one: Aramaic and Greek and Arabic and Ladin and Yiddish, and so on, with no end in sight. The language of Return should be one: the Hebrew of the sacred books which all Jews read, although few live by. The returned exiles should live by it as well. They should abandon the corrupt Ashkenazic pronunciation of their exile and resume the incorrupt Sefardic one of Bible times. That Ashkenazic Hebrew is corrupt and Sefardic incorrupt is an unverified dogma and uncertain hypothesis: the opposite may as readily be the case. But except by the folk of Mea Shearim, the change-over is made with satisfaction. More deeply even than change of name it expresses the break with the past of exile, discloses the signature of *adam hadash*, the redeemed new man of Israel.

The event that the Sefardim, long before in Palestine, and that the Ingathered to Israel from North African and

Asiatic dispersion require little or no change of pronunciation affects the utopian attitude and program not at all. Nor do the ongoing changes of usage in Israel affect them, as Hebrew with a Yiddish flavor and Hebrew with Arabic and other flavors encounter and compenetrates in the swift rough-guttural iambuses and staccato beat of the spoken word of the daily life of the redeemed. The new life at the same time, its new tools calling for new practices postulated on new principles, eliciting new relations of men to women, employees to employers, brings on new words with new meanings. These no grammar or dictionary, drawing only on a predemocratic, preindustrial, prescientific past, can devise. Nor can any academy, set up like the French one to police usage, control them. Israel's fourteen Hebrew newspapers, its two Yiddish ones, its English and its Arabic, French, Polish, Hungarian ones, perforce influence each other's vocabularies, styles and meanings. Its radio broadcasts in ten different languages cannot fail of a polyglot effect of their own, however much the speakers may work at a standard Hebrew vocabulary and diction. Usage naturalizes "alien" expressions by employing them in Hebraic formations. The army makes its own more authoritarian ones which develop their own deviants; so does the night life of the city streets, notably Tel Aviv's; so does the day life of the countryside's fields and factories.

The twenty-three members of the Academy of the Hebrew language among whom are the entire *Va'ad Halashon* which the Academy replaces, are divided into committees to select, devise and define terms, to regulate usage and keep Israel's Hebrew "pure." It is already clear that they encounter an even more lively though less aware resistance than the French Academy. Their best can be only to provide alternatives based on euphony and expressiveness: their worst can become an artificial snobism of the spoken

and written word to compete with the natural ones that arise in all living speech.

As the people of Israel take the Hebrew artifact into the experimental texture of their struggle for existence, they inspire it with a corresponding autonomous life manifesting characteristic relational patterns of expression and communication, the consequences of the transactions of speakers and hearers, writers and readers with one another and the circumambience of thoughts and things. Their configuration evinces the new grammar of the new living Hebrew. This grammar, still in process, diverges constantly from the grammar of the older Hebrews. Simplifications or revisions of the latter, such as I was given to understand an *ad hoc* committee of the Academy had been assigned to produce, must, in the nature of things, miss the essence. Perforce grammars of living speech are retrospective. Usage often falsifies rules while they are being written. The usages elicited by an environment where industry and the sciences are focal, of necessity disregard rules of speech signaling a prescientific image of nature, of man, his works, and his relations with other men. This is the image which the newcomers bring with them, which the orthodox Judaists would retain and impose, come hell or high water. The state of mind it sustains and that reciprocally sustains it, is qualified by an invincible concreteness of perception, with a corresponding incapacity for abstract thought, certainly abstract thought as we moderns understand it. Prof. Carl Frankenstein of the Hebrew University sees this condition as presenting to Israel's schools and Israel's social services their focal task, whose right performance is basic to the ongoing formation of Israel as a free nation of free men.

As it looks to me, the genius of ancient Hebrew is also the genius of this condition; its challenge to the schools

and the social services postulates an even profounder challenge to the language of the schools and the social services. For although traditional Hebrew is an inflected tongue, it is poor in words of relation, and its differentiations between nouns and verbs are ambiguous. *Bereshit bara Elohim* is alternatively translatable "In the beginning Elohim created," and "while it was beginning Elohim was creating." The action is an ongoing present, the perceptual *what* which William James once called "the specious present." Hebrew does not bespeak events as structures but as processes and functions, as occurrences which either are completing themselves or have completed themselves, with past and future presently growing their unidentified and unseparated ways; with space and time commingling in a materialized time-space. Hebrew bespeaks existence as eventuations that go on until they go no more.

Thus, the Old Testament is principally review and prediction, the substance of history; and theologians—St. Augustine is representative; his successors are legion and his modern surrogates increase and multiply—have made much of its historical and dramatic configuration as the providential shaping of the course of human events. They ignore, however, that the Hebrew-speaking people of the Old Testament perceived one another and the world around them in transactions that spanned present, past and future as one enduring event; an event which conception segregates and divides and subdivides. But certain philosophers took this immediacy of perception for the vital "principle" in their accounts of existence and value. The earliest such was perhaps the Judaist, Philo of Alexandria. Platonizer as he was, he kept his principle taboo to the processes of reasoning he had learned from the Greeks, but accessible to perception-intuition by revelation and intelligible by allegory as the One, Ineffable, Su-

perrational, Prelogical God-Creater, Maker of Reason and Logos, too. The patterns of discourse characteristic of Talmud and Midrash are variations upon this "principle" which, as God and the Word of God, keeps the forms of rabbinical thinking forms of a different kind from the grammar and logic which diversified from its Greek beginnings, into the symbolic logic, the mathematical and statistical sciences and the elaborately mechanized time-piece and slide-rule methods of analyzing, counting and appraising which are postulated by whatever in our cultural economy is "modern" as well as contemporary. The excommunicated Jew of Amsterdam, Baruch Spinoza was excommunicated because he treated the sacred "principle" disclosed by revelation with the profane new logical methods of the tabooed Reason. Nevertheless, he compenetrates what he has segregated *more geometrico* for demonstration and paradoxically hypostatizes the Unity he thus established as *Natura Naturans*: God Indivisibly One and Only. Even more directly, the *soi-disant* self-excommunicated Jew of Paris, Henri Bergson, generalizes the perceptual commingling of conceptually segregated times into his metaphysical *durée réelle* or *élan vital* and in his turn hypostatizes them into a God, like Spinoza's indivisibly one and only, but also creative, innovative and free. Currently we have the German-derived Zionist citizen of Israel, with his transcendentalist *Hasidism*, his own midrashic dialectical allegory, vindicating the priority of the processional oneness intrinsic to perception over the manyness which conception produces and diversifies: the Oneness is sacred, is divine; the manyness is profane, human, all too human. . . .

Although these considerations must look like a fantasy, as far as anything can be from the configurations of Hebrew speech, it seems to me that the two have a more than

accidental congruence. It seems to me, if the new culture of the redeemed people of Israel is to consummate in achieving the purpose set forth in the Medinah's Declaration of Independence, and since then repeated in laws and statutes, that the education of Ingatherers as well as of the Ingathered will need to make of Hebrew speech a satisfying instrument of conceptualization and measurement without forfeiting its perceptual immediacy. It is a utopian spirit heroic and moving which bets on accomplishing this by an academic piety toward origins, and a creation of the new growth by the schools. Nobody is educated who is educated only at school, and the Hebrew of the schools need not be the Hebrew of life. The new word can be born only of a new culture; growing from the ground of the new life of the new men, not the cut-flower culture which is compensation for and escape from labor into a leisure of tangent entertainments and recreations.

As Itzhak Shenhar spoke to me of Israel's literary scene, one hot July morning in his office at the Shocken Library, Hebrew writers such as Agnon remembering things past in Eastern Europe as in Palestine, were grown old and dying, and nothing had yet come to challenge the expression of their nostalgic genius. Indeed, I got the feeling from merely listening to talk about the literary scene that belles lettres were moved by the same excitements as archaeology or else by present discontents, but so far by nothing like the urgency to the future of Bialik or A. D. Gordon and his fellowship. I gathered from Shenhar that the native younger generation were prolific and busy but that they had not yet come to any authentic vision, bespeaking the inwardness of the trials and errors wherewith Israel's peoples seek to demonstrate their redemption. He suggested that their outlook was provincial, and that the worlds beyond they did look to were the already dated

worlds of Eliot and Sartre. I did not need to ask him whether current Israeli belles lettres disclosed new words, new grammatical structures brought to birth by the formations of the culture-in-process. If there had been, how could they have helped figuring as the major theme of our conversation?

Meanwhile Hebrew changes on. Although the official tongue, it is still functionally not much more than the *lingua franca* of the peoples of Israel, their most reliable bridge to each others' minds and hearts. Efforts mount to transvalue it as quickly as possible from *lingua franca* to national language confluent with the action and passion of every dimension of Israel's economy and of the private consciousness. There is not an institution, not an establishment which isn't concerned to Israelize by Hebraizing. And there is the much noticed special one called *Ulpan* which practices a sort of pious Berlitzism. I had a day at Ulpan Akiva in Natanya. Its director, Shulamit Katznelson, is a tiny, round, brown, bubbling young woman who once consulted me at the New School. Her clients were both newly Ingathered and Vatikim, returnees desiring to improve their mastery of the new tongue. I sat through a converzatione and raised some questions about the role of Ashkenazic intonation in Sephardic diction. The discussion was lively, and the conclusion was that the differences, if any, didn't matter. Coming from different cultures, they, the students, were all learning Hebrew with and from one another. They were learning about people and about things, and they were learning to dance and sing and laugh and be gay in Hebrew. As Shulamit put it to me when she proudly took us back to her one-room apartment to rest and review the morning, "Our aim is 'Hebrew through the legs,' 'Hebrew with a smile.'" A very sharable aim, but as one of her enthusiastic pupils, an elderly South African

remarked, "Go find a Shulamit to share!" To the utopian spirit Israel's lack of apt teachers is radically more critical than her lack of American dollars.

But this lack I shall write of farther on. Here, it is appropriate to continue the exploration of "culture" as entertainment and recreation via literature, the fine arts, games and sports. Perhaps the most authentic, certainly closest to the rhythm of work in the fields and orchards, are song and dance and the simpler patterns of instrumental music, as they diverge from the formally religious ceremonies and from worship toward esthetic expressions consummating the body's movements and the voice's calls. These are so old as the Yishuv itself, and since the establishment of the state have been elaborately organized and centrally guided. There are Haim Sachnar's choral assemblies and choral prizes, Youth Choirs at the Nahals, *Rinas* (competitive sings) abroad, and *Zimriyot*, like the Welsh Eistedfodds at home. Recorded music is common. The America-Israel Cultural Foundation has provided a library of it for the Philip Murray Memorial Community Center at Elath and is enabling Yissachar Miron to bring musical programs to the new settlements. Prizes for composers, instrumentalists and singers, from Americans and others, are multiplying. Talent is searched out, nurtured and rewarded. In Jerusalem, Samuel Rubin, president of the American-Israel Cultural Foundation, is extending the house which the late, great Eric Mendelsohn had built for Salman Schocken into an adequate Academy of Music, while in Tel Aviv, the chairman of the Foundation's Executive Committee, Frederick Mann, is setting up a great auditorium for the Israel Philharmonic Orchestra. The interest of conductors, from the late septuagenarian Koussevitzky to youngish Leonard Bernstein, is of record.

Israel's musical activity is manifold and diverse. Whether it will eventuate in a music as authentically Israeli as jazz is authentically American, depends on whether its linkage with the dynamic of the cultural economy is inward and not tangent.

I did not come to think that its prospects are better than those of the pictorial arts. The latter seemed to me signalized by reminiscence in two directions. Israel is layer upon layer of archaeological residues. You can't dig anywhere without digging some up, and the imaginative reconstructions of peoples and their cultures from this or that fragment of a fragment of a ruin of a ruin, is a widespread game of cultural detection. Museums of antiquities multiply, from the collections of Bezalel in Jerusalem, to mosques adapted *ad hoc* in this or that village. The collections suggest forms that one thinks are repeated in, say, one or another composition on show at the museum in Haifa. But they communicate no ethos; their best is a lyrical soliloquy in line and color whose meaning is more what viewers think than what the doers say. The painters whose work I have seen are good craftsmen who have acquired their art and their idiom *hutz laaretz*. That they now paint in Israel signifies no more for the art than if they painted in the France of their apprenticeships or in the United States or in India. This is true even of those who employ local or foreign or Jewish themes and scenes. The craftsmanship dominates, and this, even with the style which discloses the artist's own singularity, is as unnational and impersonal as the craftsmanship of the sciences. Indeed, it is a scientific skill, learned either systematically via the physical theories of perspective, color-vision and proportion, or by rule of thumb in the studios. And this skill is a variable that is affected by any intensity of pas-

sionate seeing, from none at all to the ineffably symbolic. I have noticed no passionate seeing of the Israeli landscape. Perhaps it defies such seeing, and is suited only to the psalmists' wail, "Out of the depths." For the summer sun certainly saturates all shapes and thins out into diffuse brightnesses what color there is amid the sand and rubble along the limestone ridges of the brownish hills, in the desert grays of the unwatered plains. Not that the creative master of his art couldn't modulate compositions indoors from notes taken in *plein air*.

But then, he must have the time, and how can he have the time if his living has to be earned otherwise than by painting? Maybe he has to go in for crafts, like Boris Schatz, who repeated the Yemenites' filigree and olive-wood productions for a market abroad moved by pious sentiments more than by good taste. Maybe he gets a job quarrying limestone or binding books, or he joins a kibbutz. He paints *en amateur*. Or maybe he is that superior avatar of the Bezalel inspiration, Marcel Janko, born in Rumania, student in Paris, painter, architect, co-founder of Dada, saving the wartime wreckage of Arab Ein Hod from final razing, setting up a kibbutz of artists and craftsmen, in the effort that they might together both earn their livings and live by practicing their arts. I visited Ein Hod in the company of Dotan. On a dubious chair in his expressive studio, I listened to the handsome de-Dadaized utopian mukhtar expound his commune-in-formation. I got the feel of the Jankovian plan, architectural and social. I looked over the communal museum, met a few of the teammates, and learned the divergent faiths their works led me to expect. They seemed to me a folk without enough to eat, with shelters still ambiguous, and not very positive hopes. But they were nevertheless giving their

homes definitely reliable as well as singular forms: the entire village was in process: repairing, planting, laying out views and paths and ways, building a road, inviting pupils from the town; above all painting, carving, weaving, shaping and baking clays. The whole seemed the gestation of a design for living in which the means is its own end and the end its own means.

That the endeavor is of utopian inspiration must be self-evident; but does it not exemplify, more closely than any of the designs for the newly Ingathered, the Gordonian creed of the holiness of labor? Have its goal and going not some wisdom which the planners and doers for the Ingathered elsewhere can take unto themselves? Or is its import that an economy grounded in science and expressed by industry shuts out by its very nature a design for living wherein ends and means are confluent as the years of a life are confluent? Wherein living one's life cannot be the same as earning one's living? Wherein culture must continue as escapist entertainment and recreation, the vacation from vocation? Wherein the Gordonian vision is disclosed as a utopianist illusion?

Ein Hod as aspiration and event embodies a question for the builders of the new Israel. It is not a new question. It arises wherever in the world mechanization and rationalization of production put the preindustrial spontaneities and haphazard rhythms of workmanship upon new ways in new directions. The question has a special relevancy to the economy of Israel because of its proclaimed intent, and because during its utopian beginnings, works were shaped by a fighting faith in the holiness of work as sheer bodily exertion, in vocation as the flowering and fruit of culture. Education was transvalued from the intact transmission of the past into the creation of a future wherein

that past should live on transluminated by science and transformed by industry.

Such at least was to be the new education of the new re-deemed man growing into the new life of the renewed land of Israel. It was so to release and guide the powers of the generations growing up in Kibbutz and Moshav that they might all be able, in John Milton's words, "To perform justly, skillfully, thoughtfully and magnanimously, all the offices, both private and public, of peace and war." But the *how* of this release and guidance was an issue of practice involving modifications of the toughest and most durable of human relations: the relations of parents to children and of family to community. Some settlements assumed to distinguish between biological and human progeniture, to treat the former as animal incident, the latter as communal responsibility: not she who bore the child nor he who begot it are its human parents: the entire community is the truly human parent, and upon this entirety devolves the responsibility of caring for it, teaching it, guiding it into a character whose love and loyalty go first to the whole in which it has grown up and lives and moves and has its being. Only by derivation, insofar as its parents are parts of that whole, do its affections go to them, or to its brothers and sisters in the flesh. It is to grow up in a society of its own age-group, to learn by living and live by learning together with those its peers, under the care and guidance of brethren believed to be fitted for this task and appointed to perform it. Certain themes, such as the *hows* and *whats* of labor with the land might appear in the same way in every curriculum of every communal school. But others vary from sect to sect, singular, unsharable, the special care of each confraternity of creed and code alone. These span beliefs concerning the universe, men's nature,

place and destiny in it, their relations to one another and the rules which so enact the beliefs as to conform what is common and shared to what is singular and unshared. Each was to educate an adam hadash at least slightly different from the new men of the other denominations.

The means to these diverging ends were, certainly in the beginning, a kind of pedagogical pseudo-progressivism, a Bronson Alcott-like amateurishness of care and guidance, in whose regime of trial and error the children did attain some habits of self-help and teamwork, which are manifest at their best by their initiative in settlement and combat. Their worst appears as the much-bespoken sabra indiscipline, dogmatism, arrogance and rudeness—traits, however, in no way characteristic of the great majority of Israeli Jews who were born and grew up in Palestine.

The motivation for this schooling was not altogether a platonic idea. Growing a family necessitates housing it, and housing costs too much. Today still, dwellings in the old communes are far from adequate even for bachelors. For couples, and couples with children, the hardship is correspondingly greater. I have not visited in any Kibbutz quarters which did not feel cramped and overcrowded—less a home to live in than a place to sleep in. Living belongs to the fields, the common rooms, the public places. Setting up “free” children’s societies was prudent economics as well as correct utopianism.

Of course, schooling did not go beyond puberty. Some time before that crisis children could be promoted from working their children’s plots to emulating their elders in the communal fields or orchards. To continue their schooling, they would have to be sent to some Outgroup private school, such as Dr. Biram’s *Reali*, or Dr. Mossinsohn’s Hebrew *Gymnasium*, or even a secondary school maintained by the General Zionists or the Mandatory. If any child

graduated from a Kibbutz to Yeshiva, I have come across no record of it. Indeed, communal teaching and learning were to be that which *Heder*, *Talmud Torah* and Yeshiva were declared to be incapable of; they were to realize all those potentialities of the knowledge which is both freedom and power that traditional Jewish education excommunicated. However, if the latter passed on the culture of the Shtetl of exile, Kibbutz education was the endeavor to pass on the culture of the Shtetl of redemption. Regardless of denominational differences, amateurishness and dubious achievement, Kibbutz schooling, especially of young children, established a norm of modernity. Rightly or wrongly, it became assimilated to "progressive education."

Even as such, it, like all other educational interests, received a reluctant allocation from the tax-monies which the mandatory set aside for the schooling of all Palestine's youth. As I recall, the British education officers thought of their jobs in British terms. Talking with the heads, in the company of my sister Deborah, in 1926, I gathered that they were ready to administer their education as the law required, that they doubted if any good could come of it. They could see why education should be continued and supported, even extended, within the range of the millets which the mandatory took over. They could also look with benevolent toleration on some cooperative undertakings such as the School of The Parents' Education Association, because it was of American origin and its principal was an American young woman, Miss Deborah Kallen, whom they liked and seemed to respect. Even if they didn't understand what she was about, they allowed her institution a subvention. But as for the troublemaking Kibbutzic innovations—what claim had they to be education at all, with their pretentious transvaluation of labor, their con-

tentious socialism, their confused breaches of the proved methods of teaching, their disloyal indifference to King and Empire? Now Arab children could be taught loyalty, and the few Arab schools received text-books which communicated the right ideas about the crusades and British benevolence. Naturally, Zionist teaching everywhere was shaped to Jewish nationalism and not British colonialism, to the creed of dispersion, ingathering, and secularly messianic liberation. However otherwise divergent, all Jewish curricula turned on this nuclear faith.

Regarding that nationalism of theirs, General Zionists, Poalei Zionists, Mizrachists, the private schools, were at one; but their revisions of it were many, and each claimed precedence for its own version and demanded equal recognition and support from the World Zionist Movement. It was to maintain the united front, rather than out of conviction, that the majority of a World Zionist Congress voted to concede the claims and to accord equal status to the school systems of all parties. The multi-parochialism became official, and the symbol of the struggle between the sects and parties to mold the *adam hadash* of the homeland in their own unique images.

That education should not seek the perpetuation of a denominational type, but should aim to liberate and guide the child's powers into works and ways upon which it should grow into a self-reliant, informed, skilled, free, brave and happy citizen of the homeland seemed to be a view solely of the non-party, non-denominational, private schools. These too, had their diverse philosophies of education and conceptions of the pedagogic arts. Some, like the good Dr. Biram's, were of German derivation and postulated the Germanic, and generally European, practices of instruction and discipline. Others, like the late

Deborah Kallen's were of American origin and expression.¹

But the notions of teaching and learning Miss Kallen brought to the Jewish homeland on her arrival in 1920 were still in the experimental, pioneering stage even in her own country. John Dewey's *Democracy and Education* had been published only in 1916, and the preoccupations of World War I had held back its impact on the school world of the United States until the War was well over, and post-war conditions thrust the needs of education into the foreground of public attention. The same holds for the influence of Teachers' College at Columbia University. Deborah's own notions had had a different start and her experience had brought them concentrically and convergently ever closer to the pragmatist's. By vocation she had been a painter. She had learned the practice of art first at the school of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, and again from the eminent portraitist, Eben Comins. The principles basic to practice she learned from Denman Ross, head of the Department of Fine Arts at Harvard, and a trustee of the Boston Museum. Under Dr. Ross's leadership, the Museum was being transvalued from a place for collecting, storing, and showing works of fine arts into an instrument to bring the appreciation and the understanding of the fine arts to all the people. Miss Kallen was invited to do this at the grassroots, with young children from everywhere in Boston. Before long, she became a sort of missionary of the program, going about the country, explaining her pur-

¹ The general Zionist schools were directed for a period by American Zionist educators, sometimes disciples of the late Dr. Samson Benderly and instructed in the lore of William Heard Kilpatrick and John Dewey. Still later scions of the Yishuv went to the United States to study the theory and practice of education in that greatest of the democracies, and the most highly developed and readiest to experiment in the science and arts of public and private education.

poses and demonstrating her methods before museum authorities, art societies, school teachers and university audiences. She became so absorbed in this work and so convinced of its educational importance that she gave up her painting for it. Among the persons who came into her circle of friends during these years following the Balfour Declaration were Henrietta Szold and Judge Julian W. Mack. She had not until that time shown more than a cursory interest in the Zionist movement or Palestine. Her decision to join Jessie Sampter, Nellie Strauss, Alice Seligsberg and one or two other American young women around Henrietta Szold going to Palestine came to her family and her colleagues as a shock and surprise. Dr. Ross, especially, felt she was abandoning a work of seminal importance in American education for a sentimental endeavor without promise. And it looked as if he were right, when she found during her first year in Jerusalem, that all she could be employed at was teaching art education to girls in the government school for teachers in Jerusalem. But parents of the Jewish community there, British officials, even one or two Arab notables, had a different idea. At the end of her year they offered, if she would return to Palestine, to form a cooperative association and set up a school for their children where Deborah could apply her principles and employ her methods. Judge Mack agreed and arranged her return, to head the "School of the Parents' Education Association." Her return caused tension in her family and great disappointment to her teacher and mentor, Denman Ross. But Julian Mack saw her commitments and their educational potential as she did, and he supported her mission as long as he lived. Deborah Kallen took up and finished her life in Palestine-Israel. In due course, an American sponsoring group was formed, (its members drawn not only from Zionists but from educators and art-

ists who had known her work at home). Among them were President William Allan Neilson of Smith College, Dr. Ross himself, the painter, Maurice Sterne and John Dewey who also wrote and spoke for its support in Palestine.

The educational philosophy on which this school, and all of Miss Kallen's subsequent labors, were postulated was an extension of what she had experienced, as a practicing artist and teacher of art, to the entire field of teaching and learning. She conceived the school building as at once a home and a community, wherein the growing child should learn in the most naturally efficient and simplest way to serve its own needs and help and be helped by its mates in such services. It called for the diversified equipment which satisfying such needs involved. In such equipment, classrooms, textbooks, and the customary school utensils were secondary. For the three R's were to be learned as a function of procuring and preparing food, clothing, shelter, and the like. The natural and social sciences would be similarly learned. Thus, botany, dietetics, chemistry or mathematics were to be acquired, not as isolated subjects, but functionally, in connection with planning and nurturing a garden, choosing and buying groceries, laying out a table, making the necessary furniture, and the like. Geography was to be learned similarly, by actual exploration of the home scene, in all its diversities of contours, formations and directions. Knowledge as the traditional system of signs and words was to be an organic expression of knowledge as a way of seeing things and making them—even Jerusalem itself—with hands and tools. Intellect would thus be a function of intelligence.

The working principle of this entire configuration was to be the simple rule of pure design, learned from observing, anatomizing and putting together again the best available models that the arts provide. The school house was

to be decorated with such models. The principle, as Dr. Ross had elicited it, seemed highly abstract and conceptual. Yet it was the easiest of all tools to work with, because it called only for seeing or making a line on a shape and then repeating it rhythmically, precisely, in diverse groupings. It is what we do when we walk, talk, dance, chew or breathe. By doing it we create one order or another. Indeed all the works of man, all the forms of nature, are orders created by such repetitions. If children learn to see the world around them as ordered repetitions and then to make for themselves what they see, they learn also to know what their surroundings are made of, and how they are put together. They produce with their hands what they see with their eyes, imagine with their minds and express with their words. They build up into a habit of life feelings for consistency and order, a propensity not merely to do things, but to do them well. Habits and propensities should become that second nature which is more truly the person than his original nature. They should suffuse the child's entire existence as he grows by learning. If it competes, it then competes for excellence, for higher skills and better performance, and not for money, or status, or mere personal victory. The workmanship is at once the end and the means to the end. Product is only a function of production; but the human values reside in the processes of production, and these are the values which the arts most surely manifest. In education by way of the arts, vocation is culture, and culture is vocation.

How apt this philosophy of education is for the Gordonian creed that labor is holy must be apparent. But few as were the Palestinian Jews of the twenties, so far as I could learn Gordon was never aware of Deborah Kallen and her program of learning and teaching and Miss Kallen's awareness of Gordon extended only to the impression that he

was linked to the agricultural settlements and the, to her, slackness, disorder, and segregation of work and word that went as progressive education there. In her view, progressive education based order on freedom and enlarged freedom through order as an organic working together of eye, hand, speech and heart. She had not the words to convey her pedagogic faith to a society where alone verbalization was the traditional consummation of vision. Nor was she able, as administrator of the business of "the Kallen School," to embody her own principles in satisfactory practice. All her lonely, nunlike life she struggled unyieldingly to bring the two together in the unattainable union which her fighting educational faith postulated. The melange of association and dissociation through which an insecure people sought a security that only a conviction of the heart can secure, seemed to her always void of consistent purpose and often malicious. As principal, she received from her fellow-teachers neither understanding nor sincere, workmanlike cooperation. Most joined for jobs, not the fulfilment of a mission. Certain parents, such as Judah Magnes, Sukenik, Gerson Agronsky, the Dutch consul de Vries, certain associates, such as Isaiah Braude, young Edwin Samuel, later the Kurt Grünwalds and the Carl Frankensteins, became her lifelong friends.

But vis-à-vis the educational community, she found herself standing alone, the object of derision. As one of her pupils, now Yigael Yadin wrote of her after her death, "Deborah Kallen came to Israel in a pioneering spirit to build in young people an independent spirit of educational research and study. Her approach was revolutionary for those days in Palestine, emphasizing education and the development of a balanced and independent character rather than just the acquisition of information. Although these methods are fast becoming standard in Israel today, they

were at that time subject to severe and sometimes outlandish criticism."

The criticism even created a barrier between her and her oldest American associates. Already in 1926, when she appeared suddenly beside my train at a village stop just before Jerusalem, a tiny figure in a nunlike long gray coat, her blue eyes wet with tears of fear and longing and relief, she was on her way to her withdrawal and self-isolation, inwardly even more than outwardly, concentrating her love and her devotion entirely on children, not the children of her school only, but children everywhere in Israel, especially lonely children whose parents didn't care, or who had no parents. She was ever begging for scholarships for those, and spending on them all her wages, and all the gifts of money and goods that were given expressly for her personal use. Toward the rest of her world she turned an impregnable, too sensitive pride, sure beyond any doubt that in matters of the care and teaching of Israel's children she and she alone could be right.

At the distance of 5,000 miles, Dewey and Neilson agreed; and I, in principle. But I had seen with my eyes and heard with my ears, the clash of faiths she was involved in, and I came to believe that she might have served her cause better had it been easier to communicate, and she readier to realize and acknowledge the inner kinship between her theory and practice of education, and the utopian endeavor to establish as communal fact, the Gordonian faith that labor is holy.

On the record, Miss Kallen's utopianism was the more quixotically intransigent. It compelled several changes of strategy and tactic; it was always weak in logistic. Its support in the United States shifted from individuals to the American Fund for Palestinian Institutions, from that to Hadassah. In Israel its intent shifted from children many

of whose parents could pay for at least part of their schooling, to children whose parents couldn't, to children with no parents, to refugees of Hadassah's Youth Aliyah, to the younger children of the Israel Goldstein village.

In all, save for brief visits home, and those only for the advancement of her mission in the Jewish homeland, Deborah Kallen gave to the children of Jewish Palestine the better half of her life. She was thirty-two when she arrived in Jerusalem in answer to her vocation. She was sixty-eight when she died. Her commitment was as absolute as anything I know of: uncompromising through hunger, illness, the alienation of friends, the gloating of foes, the hazards of gunfire, the ruin of shot and shell, and such a failing of her strength, that in the last year there were times she could not distinguish between night and day, knowing she could not, fearing it, fearing the next time; yet never ceasing, a slow-spoken, flushed, blue-eyed tiny figure in ascetic gray, to take the overloaded, deafening, stench-filled 'bus from King George Road to Katamon and her self-chosen task. Her death was the release of a patient, unyielding spirit from a mounting burden of pain and fear. Her life was a concretion of that singular utopianism which builds Israel despite itself. I write here at length of what I knew her as, not only because she was my sister and I cherish her memory, but because I am convinced that her faith and work as educator holds a more pregnant meaning for the education of Israel's *adam hadash* than the experts and specialists can know.

But in the competitive formations of Palestine Jewry's plural educational establishments this conception exercised no apparent influence and figured in no interdenominational controversy. The parties and sects used education to keep their own young bound to the singularities of doc-

trine and discipline which distinguished them, and to struggle for the possession of the minds of the ever more numerous newcomers rescued from the Hitlerian Moloch. To the not unpractical like Ben Gurion it soon became evident that denominational education worked only as a barrier to the national unity it purported to nourish: he wanted Labor Palestine to put an end to denominationalism in education. But Histadrut refused to vote for what sounded like regimentation. The majority held with Berl Katznelson, whose libertarian socialism could see the unification of schooling in the land of Israel only as a free union of the very divergent faiths and cultures that distinguished the peoples of Israel from one another. Indeed, unification would limit freedom and hamper in Palestine the experimental innovations by which alone education advances everywhere in the world. And of course, as is not unusual with utopians, Berl was right in principle, and mistaken in his inferences about its libertarian workings. For a single educational establishment with a unified economy is quite compatible with a program which reaches all diverse groupings of faith and works both in their self-segregating individualities and in their togetherness, takes them as equals and orchestrates them to one another in such wise as to disclose their reciprocal impacts sympathetically yet impartially, and develops a feeling for their interdependence and union.

Within little more than a year after the establishment of Medinat Israel, the Knesset enacted a compulsory education law providing for elementary schooling for all children from the ages of 5 to 14 and requiring youth under 18 who fail for some reason to finish the elementary course to do so in special classes. Four years later, the Knesset passed another law which was intended to end for good the denominational control of the "secular" elementary

schools. This utopian directive for the education of Israelis defines its aim as "the encouragement of a way of life based on Jewish cultural values coupled with the achievements of science, love of country, and loyalty to the State and the people of Israel, belief in agricultural labor and nobleness of work, a desire to build up a society of freedom, equality, tolerance, mutual help and love of one's fellow man." It assigns the same objectives to religious schools, but in terms of the religionists' institutional arrangements according with "their ways of life, their particular curricula and their inspectors." Joined to pioneering and vocational training, this may be involved in inconsistencies, but there it is.

However single and cohesive may be the sentiment that combines these diverse and not obviously reconcilable intentions into one purpose, the history of education everywhere shows most of them to have been held as independent variables that no syllabus has ever yet integrated for classroom use. What the schools can do depends more on the sentiment or spirit, on the climate of opinion, that qualifies their striving than on any of the pedagogic skills or pedagogic equipment of the school economy. Yet the implication is that the schools are to create the climate and spirit they depend on.

If one is reminded of the old puzzle, which came first, the hen or the egg, it is well to recall that in the transactions between a society and its educational establishment, the cause-effect relation is a circular one. Ultimately, three influences must needs become confluent. At the source, a fighting, working personal commitment to a philosophy of education following from a philosophy of life which envisions all diverse and otherwise discordant faiths of the people in a free self-orchestration which composes them into one people, all together the guarantors of the

equal freedom and safety of each separately. Then, the teachers, the materials and the tools wherewith this vision can be embodied and fulfilled in action forming the bodies and souls of the growing generations. Finally, but also concurrently, the money and the discipline indispensable to keep these means serving this end as a continually expanding educational economy.

Together, these form the inner matrix of survival and growth, the germ-plasm of Israel's nationhood. In view of the condition of the State's entire economy, the indispensable looks like the impossible. At the time I was in Israel, the government had allocated between 6 and 7 per cent of the ambiguously grounded national budget to the Ministry of Education and Culture. Of course this was considerably less than the people's actual investment in education. The local communities were contributing an additional share, and the parents or other relatives were also paying something toward the cost of an education which was designed to be "free." Some of the burden, especially for "vocational" education, was being carried by Hadassah and Ort; the "religious" schools have traditional independent sources of income abroad. This is entirely the case with the schools of the extreme fundamentalists, *Agudat Israel*.

But the total available is far from sufficient for the ever expanding need, with its concurrent challenge to the ingenuity and practical wisdom of the immediately responsible officers of the Ministry. This has been headed by a succession of cabinet members with a variety of plans and stratagems. But the ongoing responsibility has fallen upon a perceptive, sober-minded, professionally-trained general director who stayed on the job while the ministers came and went. I did not gather he has any illusions about the role of schooling in Israelization, or of the requirements of doing much with little, or of the emotional and moral

as well as the psychological factors in getting anything done at all with any degree of adequacy. Between 1949 and 1956 the numbers of enrolled students on all levels had multiplied four times. Even if the money for them had been available, housing, supplies, texts, and other equipment could not be provided in proportion, and as for enough teachers—they were, and still are, beyond the horizon. But it was felt wiser to bring all children together into school, however crowded or ramshackle a structure, however innocent of training a would-be teacher attracted either by the rule of equal pay for equal work regardless of the quality of the performance, or in preference to military service, or by the primary significance of the work itself.

This last was, in accord with the goal set by the State Education Law, to develop, not only the natives, but also the more than half a million of the newly Ingathered from sixty countries and seventy-four divergent cultures, with their different languages and their often incommensurable folkways and mores, as the adam hadash with a common speech, a common loyalty, and a shared understanding of himself as a citizen of Israel, of Israel as a nation among the nations, and of mankind in the universe that science discloses and history, Jewish history, interprets.

Only a professional educator can appreciate the detail such a project must mobilize into a smoothly going sequence and the transactions it impatterns between teachers, nurses, psychologists, testers, social workers and the other guides and counsellors. Only a professional can appreciate the task this presents administrators with, when they recognize that their paramount function is the housekeeper's—to keep the economy adequate and running easily and smoothly in the best interests of teaching and learning. Talking with such responsible officials as Moshe

Avidor in Jerusalem, as Aryeh Simon in Beersheba, or again with men and women handling the Youth Aliyah, or with agents of Histadrut, Hadassah and Ort, feeling their tone, the atmosphere they bring, one becomes quickly aware in oneself of the anxious pressure of their problems; how utter is their identification with their work; and what a heroic matter-of-fact spirit sustains their utopianism. It comes poignantly home to the listener that the school, before the army and more than the army, is a strategic bastion of utopian Israel at bay, a bastion poor in arms and dangerously undermanned. I came away from Israel believing that for all who care that the formation of Medinat Israel shall be a genuine working out of its faith, the numbers and aptness of its teachers must be of paramount concern.

Israel's institutions of higher learning, her universities, her *Technion*, her Weizmann Institute and the rest, are private institutions with a public function. They receive the bulk of their support from gifts and endowments. They are the care, everywhere in the world, of societies of friends concerned with their support and growth. They educate, but the science and art of education as such is not their paramount interest. But Israel needs, perhaps more than anything else, an institution of advanced studies which does have education for its paramount interest. Israel needs, for the ends of Israelization, a privately supported, independent free college for the study of education and the training of teachers; a college with the best recruitable faculty and a research program that should reach to all the problems that the day-to-day actualities of Israel's struggle for survival set the educator, and should serve both the proximate and ultimate ends of his role as Israelizer. Higher education, in terms of universities and the like,

is always highly visible, like a skyscraper, and care for its prosperity is almost automatic. It puts in the shadow the commonplace fact that it is upon the common school at the broad base of the educational pyramid that the future of the superstructure is ultimately shaped. The adequate study of the base, the end to its traditional neglect, seems to me a prime task for the friends of an Israel as a secure, free Jewish society of free men, to take upon themselves.

VIII

THE END-TIME AND TOMORROW

WHEN THE PURPOSE of my stay in Israel become more public than need be, an Israeli here and an Israeli there would ask what title I proposed for my report. Friends who were close to what I was after, expressed particular concern. The image, "Utopians at Bay" worried them. "What of people like us," some protested, "we don't feel we are Utopians. We feel, Jews as we are, and Israelis as we are, that we are just plain human beings, struggling, like everybody else, to earn our bread in freedom, and to eat it in peace."

"True," I said, "but does this mean that nothing distinguishes you from everybody else, that your struggle is interchangeable with an Egyptian's, or a Russian's or a Hindu's or an American's? Does it mean that you struggle for bread alone, or that you can live by bread alone, even earning it in freedom and eating it in peace? If this were the case, animal survival anywhere would be enough. But whether by free choice, by 'the accident of birth' or the compulsions of fortune, you are earning your bread as an Israeli-Jew or a Jewish Israeli; what it nourishes is not the body that toils and sweats to provide it, but the singularity of spirit this body evinces and sustains, the kind of Selfhood which, in whatever ways, the words 'Jew', 'Israel'

signify to you. If they do not mean the entire experience of the people called Jews, what do they mean? What can they mean if not all the creeds and codes, the works and ways, the vision shaped of the memories, hopes and fears which together qualify people thus identified and give their struggle to go on struggling its individuality and character? Do not these transvalue the brute stuffs of the economy of your struggle, even as the Christian doctrine of the Real Presence transforms the vapid stale wafer of his Holy Communion for the true believer? Neither is an inherent property of the substances it transubstantiates. Both endow those commonplace stuffs with qualities alien to their original nature. Both consist of that which men add to the bread they live by in order to live as men." This bread, I might have continued, may be made from the same grain, processed by the same machines and sold through the same sellers in the same markets. But vision and faith engender a fission of that sameness into differences diverging toward ultimate singularities of form and meaning. And what are the differences but ongoing summations of a group's remembered past, condensed in the changing culture of the rememberers and handed over from fathers to sons by means of all organs and instruments of education, indirect and direct, wherewith the culture is transmitted?

Since every Self—be it a single person, a family, a trade union, a church, an army, a nationality, a state or other associative unit—consists of a dynamic orchestration of memories wherein the past keeps going over into the future, forgetting can be a sort of mutilation; deficient or inept education can be a prolonged dying; and failure to learn becomes a kind of suicide. Far more than the biological individuals or the groups or locales that they apply to, the words "Jew," "Israel"—with all they signify of ways

of life and thought going on and changing as they go on—stand for such living concretions of remembrance. They name the historic struggle to go on struggling and that which the struggle is for. They name activities which are at once the ends they look to and the means which the ends consummate. When we read or hear “Jew,” “Israel,” when we perceive persons or places to which they apply, we experience them as present symbols of an unperceived past and an imagined future, wherewith people called Jews, working and fighting to survive and grow or to perish as Jews, are identified as such.

To survive but not grow, be it remembered, is to survive like a stone, not a man. Surviving as man is not inert, unstriving, effortless existence; it is not merely to be, but to become; not merely to live, but to develop. And to develop is to *outlive* the past; to preserve it in changing it by new formations of a future that prolongs the past but does not merely repeat it. To survive, hence, is to overcome the environment’s outer antagonisms and to appease the Self’s inner conflicts; to outlive the latter by reconciling and perfecting already possessed abilities and forming new ones wherewith to advance and diversify the ideals we shape our personal history by, and express the values we pool and share with others. Thus they work as bonds of union in an autonomous society. “Jew,” “Israel” symbolize this process among people called Jews. They denote a specificity of their growing up, growing older, changing, and therein maturing vision, diversifying and perfecting the ways and means which embody vision in fact.

All of it is, of course, a making of the makers’ future. The struggle for existence is the struggle for the future. Insofar as the future is imagined and projected as not merely Tomorrow, but as an End-Time reenvisioned on every Tomorrow, the future is Utopia, and those whose

Tomorrow is translumined by this vision and know it, are authentically Utopians. Although the design of Tomorrow transvalues the events of today, the events sometimes nullify or alter it, so that the designer clings to his design all the more unyielding, to compensate himself "in spirit and in truth" for the disappointment, the frustrations, the failures in experience and fact. Thence the Messianists insist that, on a Tomorrow which never in fact comes, Messiah will infallibly come, that therefore Today they neither need nor can do anything else than wait.

Or again, the designer's vision functions to redirect, to alter, to give new content and new form to facts and experience, to incarnate in them new meanings. Here the rôle of vision is to light a way, to work as Today's program for Tomorrow until an End-Time when Tomorrow shall be Today, every day. As Henry Thoreau wrote somewhere, "If one advances confidently in the direction of his dreams, and endeavors to lead the life which he has imagined, he will meet with a success unexpected in the common hours . . . If you have built castles in the air, your work need not be lost, that is where they should be. Now put the foundation under them."

Putting down the foundations is a programmatic not a compensatory Utopianism. But until the Zionist movement took form among them, the Utopianism of the peoples called Jews has been compensatory. Since then, it has been both, sometimes in the fellowship of the common struggle against the common anti-Semite foes of all Jewry, however diverse; sometimes in fanatical rivalries over one another's Utopias. As of record, Medinat Israel, all the years of its brief ten of history, evinces fellowship and rivalry inextricably commingled. The Synagogue, Hista-drut, the State, the Army, the culture and the schooling all point up the commingling. It exerts a molding influ-

ence upon the shapes of the Ingathering and the designs for Israelization. It is further diversifying the meanings of "Jew," "Israel," "Diaspora," "Judaism." The fissions which it both restrains and engenders impel what had been a shared vision of an End-Time to change into a design for living on Now at one pole, and a doctrine of life in a time to come at the other. The former delineates a strategy of survival with its calculated, uncalculated, and uncalculable risks. The latter repeats and reshapes a foreordained conclusion at the hands of a divine Providence or of the efficacies of an impersonal Historical Necessity.

Underlying both has been the prophecy of a new and final way of living together among the peoples of the world. The conflicting rôle of this envisioned End-Time, the programmatic and the compensatory, has separated its faithful into factions, shaken their value-systems, and engendered a critical reconsideration of their image of themselves and of their relations to one another amid the Jewries of the world.

Abstractly, that which Micah and Isaiah had prophesied was an age when at last the peoples of the world should live with one another unafraid, at peace and free, each walking "everyone in the name of his God," and all seeking to learn the ways of this peace, plenty, security and freedom, from "the God of Jacob." * The prophecies had become a function of the recurrent losses of sovereignty and independence by Israel and Judah, of the wars of Israel with Judah, of Sargon's liquidation of Israel, of the hazardous survival of a Judah at the mercy of the predatory might of the Egyptian, the Mesopotamian and later empires until the days of the first great exile of the notables to Babylon.

* Micah 4:1-5; Isaiah 2:2-4.

Prophecy had attributed defeat and exile to the peoples' "idolatry" and their exaltation of ritual over righteousness. The conquest of Canaan by the Israelites had set up a society of conquerors and conquered. The latter—Amorites Hittites, Perizzites, Hivites, Jebusites, even Philistines—were reduced to serfs. They became the Gerim of the Biblical record, the Outgroup, some with places on the land, some deprived of their land or with no land, working for a daily wage. To them, the inevitable changes and chances of agriculture in due course joined multitudes of Israelites; some, because they had become *dallim* (poor) farmers; others, the '*ani*, the *evyon*, because they had no land at all. All suffered oppression from the "mighty." Their land was taken from them, either by force, by fraud, or by usurious exaction; their wages were withheld, their pledges retained. Many, their wives, their children, were reduced to slavery. The courts perverted justice against them, depriving them of their possessions and ultimately of their liberty.

The prophetic tradition was a tradition of protest and rebellion against these ongoing practices. Prophets shared in the authorship and enactment of codes, such as Deuteronomy and Leviticus, which exalted justice and righteousness over ritual without by any means eliminating ritual. They stood out against "the mighty." They spoke their denunciations of the priority of ritual and their demands for the ordination of righteousness in the name of Jehovah, by no means with impunity. To enforce their requirements they treated the unsuccessful struggles of the Kingdoms of Israel and Judah with their tremendous neighbors for sovereignty and independence as a consequence of the providence of an all-powerful God ordaining righteousness, abhorring ritual, and using Israel's neighbors to punish idolatrous Israel for failing to keep the covenant

and obey the divine commandments. But even the Tomorrow which saw the covenant being obediently kept was followed by another Tomorrow of defeat and destruction, the Kingdom desolated, its notables carried into exile.

It was from the notables exiled in Babylon that "exile" first got its esoteric meaning, and "return" its transcendental significance. There were exiles also in Egypt—was not one of them libertarian Jeremiah, who preached appeasement and reconciliation as well as righteousness and an ambiguous restoration? These exiles built temples in Elephantine and Leontopolis where priests of the Aaronic heritage continued long to serve without reproach and without wanting to "return" or restore the Kingdom. It was the exiles of the Babylonian captivity who wanted to return, to rebuild the temple in Jerusalem and to restore the independence and sovereignty of Judah. Ezekiel, consulted but never obeyed by the "rebellious house" of his contemporaries, was the ineffectual voice of a Utopian aspiration for a detailed new temple and a new sacerdotal Jerusalem whose name henceforth shall be "the Lord is there." He is not on the scene by the time Cyrus gives leave to those who wish to return. Not many wished. It was the handful of returnees who, under the likely leadership of Zerubbabel and the needlings of the prophets Haggai and Zechariah, undertook to rebuild the temple against the resistance and denunciation of neighbors, against the people's own despondency and inertia. It was the same handful who, under the same leadership, conspired, with aid and comfort from Jewish communities everywhere, to restore the kingdom. Sellin, it will be remembered, identified Zerubbabel as the suffering servant of Isaiah's historically momentous verses, the self-chosen scapegoat for his fellows when Darius Hystaspes put down and cruelly punished all the rebels that had risen against him everywhere

in his Empire. After this, the Ingathered somehow survived, reverting to the ways condemned by the Prophets, intermarrying with the undispersed residents, building such lives as they could, an undistinguished and depressed community. Their condition a hundred years later, moved the compassion of a prince of the exile, Nehemiah, cup bearer to the Persian autocrat, who permitted him to go to Judah as his viceroy, there to rebuild the city's walls, sword in hand, and against the will of the time's landed gentry. In the course of his long tour of duty as viceroy, Nehemiah moved them, in part by example, to return their lands to the expropriated *am haaretz*, to keep the Sabbath, to pay taxes for Temple upkeep, to disregard the false prophets, among whom there were now prophetesses; and he unsuccessfully endeavored to keep pure the lines of descent of the Ingathered who had come back with Zerubbabel, marking off those with the taint of alien ancestry. It is also held that with him the assembling and the reverence of the records of the people's past seems to have begun.

No effort to recover sovereignty and independence becomes noticeable between the times of Zerubbabel and the times of the Maccabees, a stretch of four centuries during which Judah passes from subjection to the Persians to subjection to the Greeks. The independence and sovereignty set up by Mattathias's greatgrandson Aristobulus in 104 B.C. lasted only the thirty years until Pompey made Judea a kingdom tributary to the Romans. Not half a century later the land was made a part of the Roman province of Syria. It snatched a brief three years of independence under alien Herod Agrippa, then was reduced to a Roman province once more. Revolting for freedom, thousands assembled in Jerusalem for Passover died of hunger or were killed in battle; thousands were taken to be slaves in

Rome. Nevertheless, those who remained rose against Hadrian when he tried to set up his Aelia Capitolina on the site of Jerusalem, and perished in hundreds of thousands. Of those who survived and lived on in the Promised Land, no design for Tomorrow took form. If they continued as Jews they thought only of the End-Time. Among those who became the historical Diaspora designs for Tomorrow were recurrently shaped in the perspective of an End-Time; there were false Messiahs, and unpolitical returnees.

On the record, the image of the Jews as a single, homogeneous and singular people, the design of an actual, independent and sovereign State wherein, on a secular Tomorrow all might reunite, would seem to be a function of their dispersion and diversification, unified by unceasing religious recourse to that "portable Fatherland" of theirs, the Bible, with its pledges of an End-Time in Zion.

On the record, Dispersion with its Utopianism, however penalized by the neighbors, has outlasted the Ingatherings with their brief careers as sovereign and independent States; communities of the dispersion have survived; where Ingathered ones perished.

Friends, both in Israel and here at home, have speculated: Will history *not* repeat itself, this time? Will the morrow of Today in Israel be carried into an End-Time when indeed Tomorrow shall be Today, every day? They look out on the Jewish communities of today's Diaspora and they fall into depression. No one, of course, is able to think of the recent history without thinking of recurrent Inquisitions, of the anti-Semitism acute in Nazism and Fascism and Communism, chronic in the Christian creeds. They think of the impoverishment, slavery, torture and cruel killings that are the works of those faiths upon Jews. It looks as if nowhere in the lands of their dispersion and

exile can Jews live, except dangerously, betting their lives upon a false security. For in the free societies where they may continue as Jews, equal in safety and freedom with their fellow-citizens, their Jewish heritage confronts the competitive allure of other faiths and other cultures, and a process of assimilation alienates the generations from the Jewish past, weakens its present and cuts off its future. The findings of the demographers and the sociologists bear witness. Thus, in the United States, the people move from the country to the city, the economy of industry and culture bring their diversities into ever closer propinquity, and ever freer interchange and sharing of goods, services, recreations and ideas. Thence exogamous marriages multiply, religious and other affiliations alter. College-educated Jews, men and women in the professions, the arts or the sciences, lose the little interest in their Jewish cultural heritage they had acquired as children. They come to value it less and less, especially as supernaturalist religion loses its meaning for them. They cease to go on struggling for the survival of the difference which the word "Jew" signalizes. Quite reflexly and unaware, in free societies Jews cease to be Jews, Judaists cease to be Judaists in the very processes of building synagogues and temples, forming community centers and mobilizing much treasure for the uses of Israel. They do this for others, not themselves. More and more they become Jews by proxy, and the time is near when they will cease to be even such. Nothing can arrest the process, which is a consequence of definite laws of social change.

In the Diaspora, friendship and enmity, bondage and freedom alike work against the survival of the Jew as Jew. Only in the Promised Land and the Jewish State can they struggle on, freely, safely, assuredly as Jews. Let them, all the Jews in the world, join the Ingathered, let them take

their families, their goods and their chattels out of exile into the homeland, out of danger into safety, out of bondage into freedom.

But a candid look at the preferred salvation, makes the choice it today offers a tragic choice. For the land of Israel is still a tiny area of the earth's surface, much of it desert, lacking water, lacking minerals, its economy a debtor's economy long likely to be kept up by loans and gifts and contributions, its matrix, some have said, a large scale secular Halukah. It consists of a predicament from which there is no visible relief. What would happen to the economy of Medinat Israel, they ask, if the Diaspora would enact faith in works, liquidate itself, and move in on the State as it is invited, nay urged, to do?

And what are the actualities of the proclaimed independence and sovereignty of the Medinah? Is not that independence a creation of the will and policy of the great powers in the United Nations? Are not those subject to change as those of Russia's have changed, and to veer as those of the United States are veering? What is the State of Israel in their view but an interest and condition of policy in their struggles for power with one another.

And what does the ten year history of the State of Israel disclose regarding the safety and freedom of life within its borders? Have they not been ten years of unceasing defense against aggression by the neighboring Arab states, which are entirely at one in the declared never-to-be-yielded purpose of destroying the State and driving the people of Israel into the sea? Are they not invoking and employing every form of excommunication and interdict against Jews, Israel and Israelis, shutting them out, cutting them off, in international conferences, in the peace movements, in gatherings of educators, scientists and artists? What else is the record of UNESCO, of

Bandung, of the World Peace Movement? Of the statements and arguments in the Assembly of the United Nations? Are they not boycotting, arming, infiltrating, robbing, destroying, blockading, lying, killing? And have they not the sympathy of the Godly Christians with their stake in oil, and the aid and comfort of the ungodly Communists with their stake in power? Have they not compelled Israel to make itself into a fortress and to turn every citizen into a soldier?

What, then, is Israel today offering these Jewish communities in free societies like the United States in exchange for the freedom and safety which is theirs by right, and not on sufferance? If the Tomorrow of both is equally a hazard of extinction, would it not, in this land of the Diaspora, be a peaceful extinction freely chosen, or coming unknowingly? Would it not be in Israel a violent end to a conscious, bloody struggle for survival? If, on the other hand, the extinction of Israel is not a foregone conclusion, why should the extinction of the free Jewish communities of free societies be such a conclusion? In both, societies of Jews are struggling for the survival and development of their cultural individuality. Each has its own inner conflicts and tensions that require release and orchestration. In Israel this is Israelization. Elsewhere it is Jewish education. Each is confronting the hazards characteristic of the principles, the purposes and the practices of the society where it lives and moves and has its being. Those, by their assents and dissents, helps and hindrances, set the conditions of the Jews' struggle to go on struggling, confirming and nourishing their will to live on as Jews, combatting it or endeavoring to extinguish it. Does it follow that freedom and friendliness must needs be more deadly to their will than hatred and unceasing war? Indeed, in the present crux of global affairs, the Jewish com-

munities of the free world could live on without Israel, but Israel cannot live on without them. Its dependence on them is critical, while their commitment to it is the commitment of parents to children, which they can meet only as they are strong and wise and skilled enough to produce both what will sustain and enhance their own powers and bring those of Israel to the freedoms of self-help and self-support.

So, the dual endeavor is Today's striving after a Tomorrow whose present actualities are transvalued by a fighting faith in an End-Time envisioned as an ongoing age when all the peoples of the world shall have made of themselves an open society whose members live together at peace, with all assuring equally to each its freedom and safety, each interchanging with all the products of its own singularity of culture and ideals. In the history of civilization, such an End-Time has been recurrently envisioned, each vision a function of tragic exigencies in some peoples' struggle for the survival which can be only a struggle to go on struggling.

This, as of their time and place, has been the vision of Micah and Isaiah. It has been successively transposed by diverse congregations of believers, by the authors of America's Declaration of Independence, the authors of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights. These form the matrix of the Israeli restatement of it in Israel's own Declaration of Independence. Throughout most of the history of our civilization, the rôle of this Utopianism has been compensatory: to provide imaginatively, in vision, the peace, the freedom, the fulfilment never experienced in actuality. Only since the Democratic Revolution has its rôle become programmatic, and the vision restated in a global design for the actual shaping of a Tomorrow genuinely different from Today.

Diverse and divided as the Israelis seemed, men and women with all the fears, the blindnesses and cravings that flesh everywhere is heir to, they nevertheless looked to me, at the time I saw them, committed, knowingly or unknowingly, but committed in heart and mind to a daily round of work and war whose consummation should soon or late be the End-Time. The total impression I left Israel with, was of a somewhat strayed Utopian fellowship of believers, intrepid, embattled, and unyielding, working and fighting with every means within their reach, to transubstantiate the image of the things they hope for into the actualities they live with, to transvalue the faith which is the evidence of their things unseen into the visible events and tangible facts of everyday existence. Be the outcome of their struggle what it may, it presently discloses an ethos of valor and devotion which seems to me a moving testimony to what is most hopefully human in mankind's struggle for its own humanity.

APPENDIX

SUBJOINED, is a design for implementing one aspect of the education of adam hadash of utopian Israel. It was prepared, at my urging, by a teacher and administrator alert to the inwardnesses of Israelization, and struggling to give them effect via the schools at the frontiers of education, in the Negev. It is a communication from Dr. Aryeh Simon of Israel's Ministry of Education.

Aryeh Simon was, when we met in the Hias hostel in Beersheba, education supervisor for the district, where so many of the newly Ingathered are diversely located. He had had direct, personal contact with all the problems, psychological and physical, which the situation could generate. Of German derivation, the son of a typically liberal German Jewish family, with a humanistic rather than a theistic creed and code, he had by accident come into touch with a group of the Blau-Weiss, and developed an interest in Zionism which his father, a lawyer now practicing law in the United States, did not share. The son himself had begun the study of law, but his tastes were philosophical and philological and he pursued studies at Heidelberg, at Freiburg, at Basel. He had come to Palestine in 1935, at the age of twenty-two, *aus Überzeugung*, and "legally." He came to know his Palestine, Jewish and non-Jewish, and had had his own pedagogical experience as a teacher in the youth village at Ben Shemen. When the war came, he joined the British army as soon as they were willing to take him, and after five years in that legion of democracy he took two years in the Israeli Defense Army.

The psychological consequences of the military necessities he held to be a matter of anxiety: in native youth they were a certain characteristic truculence and intolerance, a puffed up posture of "we will show them." Youth from the Moshavim seemed easier in mind spirit than those from the Kibbutzim, and the intolerances, especially where the woman teachers, who are the great majority in the district, are concerned, are reciprocal. For to the Ingathered women as teachers are an innovation; and for the teachers—well, psychologically, Tel Aviv is nearer to New York than to Mashil in the Negev. On all sides the great need is an open religion of mutual respect and toleration in which all the cults and denominations can join. The great need in the area is an adequate normal college and demonstration school. Lectures don't fill the bill; realization and conviction require perception. Whereupon I asked this unillusioned utopian how, as the man on the spot, he would design such a college and such a school, which I hold to be essential, and we said goodbye.

In due course, I had an answer from him, of which I subjoin the relevant part.

"I believe that, today not less than before the establishment of the state, the most important sector in our struggle for rebuilding is the land, the development of rural communities adequate to the mentality of the new immigrants. Since '48, more than 300 new villages have been founded, most of them populated by Jews from oriental countries. These new communities are in the majority of cases homogeneous, as far as the country, or even the county of origin, is concerned. It is therefore here, where the gravest problems of adaptation to the new Israel—and of the new Israel to them—arise, much more so than in towns like Beer-sheba, where there exists a kind of natural melting pot. The future of the young generation growing up in those

villages is obviously of the utmost importance for the whole movement of settlement on the land, recruits for which will come for quite a time, so it seems, from oriental countries. Will there emerge from the new generation in the villages a kind of rural intelligentsia—teachers, nurses, social workers, agricultural instructors a.s.o.—able to adapt old values to the main principles of a democratic society, and to develop new forms of life and community-organization? For the time being, most of the teachers and instructors in the new villages are western or Israeli-born—it couldn't be otherwise taking into consideration the average standard of education amongst the new immigrants—but the gap between East and West remains wide open.

"I came, therefore, to the conclusion that the thing to do would be to establish a kind of experimental school for children and youth from these villages, where ways of community life and methods of education, adapted to their special problems and needs, could be tried out, and from whom the gifted ones could be selected and eventually be trained for teaching—and other functions in rural community-centres. There would be the question, where to set up such a school. The ideal answer would be, of course, in one of the villages proper. But under the prevailing circumstances it would be next to impossible to get there the trained staff necessary, and a great deal of money would have to be invested in order to set up the basic installations. A town like Beer Sheva has, I think, to be ruled out. Not only should agricultural activities play a considerable part in the curriculum; the main reason is the different atmosphere: you cannot educate towards village-life in a town. There remains as the next best choice one of the Youth-villages, which have been developed in connection with Youth Aliyah, they have fulfilled—up to 1947—an im-

portant task in education towards village-life and have during the last years lost somewhat of their central educational idea, not having adapted themselves sufficiently to the new circumstances and tasks. I have thought, for instance of Ben Shemen, the oldest and most experienced of those institutions, with which I have been connected since 1937. It is surrounded by a wide periphery of new villages and not far from the immigrant-towns Lod and Ramleh; its geographical position almost predestines it as an educational centre for new immigrants.

"There is, of course, a definite negative aspect to such a proposition: the fact that the child, being educated in an internat, would be partly removed from its natural family-surroundings, and the danger of an evergrowing gap between the child and its parents. This might—and would have to be—counteracted to a certain degree by permanent and systematic contact with the home-village: mutual visits, community-evenings with the parents in the youth-village, cooperation with the team of teachers and instructors in home-village, a.s.o—but it remains a problem.

"But there are some advantages. First of all, it might help to solve a big social problem. In practically every village I know there is a number of children—not disturbed or retarded, but perfectly normal ones—who should be removed from a home which is very detrimental to their development. Quite frequently they are brutally mistreated, some are orphans or half-orphans or other severe social cases. Only for a minority of them we can find today places in institutions or foster-homes. Secondly: if the older age-groups should be selectively chosen in order to get secondary education and professional training, a central institution, where boys and girls can be sent from villages (and immigrant-towns) all over the country, will be imperative. And probably only for such a central place

could we, in due course, find the trained and devoted staff necessary, which would, on the one hand, be in permanent contact with the reality and our problems in the schools of the immigrant-villages and in a position to learn from them. On the other hand, they might, by trying out ways and methods and following up their results, give some impetus to the work there.

"Last but not least: an institution like the one I have in mind might make some contribution to one of the most difficult—and, I believe, most urgent—problems confronting us: that of religious education. With a few exceptions, there is today in this respect either nothing—or orthodox, dogmatic and quite often fanatic indoctrination, mostly rather far away from love of God and men. In the comparatively closed community of an educational institution, it might be somewhat easier—though not at all easy—to try and educate children towards an unorthodox, undogmatic, tolerant religious outlook on life, and as far as it would succeed, it might still leave some impression on education in Israel generally. There are more and more voices, though still solitary ones, raising this problem. I believe that we are even today the religious people *kat' exochen*, even unconsciously. But if this is not brought home to us, and if our young generation is not brought into contact with living and meaningful Judaism, then, I am sometimes afraid, a onesided nationalism might falsify our whole existence, and it will become ever more difficult to bridge the gap between Israel and the Diaspora on the one hand, "oldtimers" and new immigrants on the other.

"In the following I shall try to draw a very rough sketch of the possible setup of an institution such as I think of. Jewish education, in the spirit indicated, would be the heart of everything and is not specially mentioned again.

"A. THE COMMUNITY OF SMALL CHILDREN. (Age groups

6-8. Social cases from immigrant villages, mostly of oriental origin.) Integration of learning, play, gardening and handicraft through projects. Much time and facilities for free play and individual activities.

"B. THE CHILDREN'S COMMUNITY. (Age groups 9-12. About a third should come from the villages in the vicinity and return to their families in the late afternoon.) Social responsibilities in group-life. Much sport and outdoor-games. Each group has its own vegetable- and flower-garden, its own animals to look after etc. Stress on art-education: music, dancing, free drawing, handicraft. Active part in the Shabbat and Holiday-gatherings of the community.

"Some problems to be studied: Individualisation of teaching. Elastic grouping, its social and didactic significance. Social growth and responsibility within the group. Transfer of values from the world of the parents to art-education (songs, dances, arts, and crafts). Mutual adaptation of children of different origin. Contact and mutual understanding between teachers and parents. (The last two points apply, of course, to other age groups as well.)

"C. THE YOUTH COMMUNITY. (Age groups 12-15/16. At least a quarter should come from the surrounding villages.) In addition to the development of trends pointed out at "B," much time should be dedicated to prevocational training in agriculture, adapted to the problems of the new villages, in basic skills needed for farming, and in home-economics for girls. The contact with the home village would be of special importance at this stage. Whilst this stage should give to everybody the completion of elementary education and the foundations of good farming, a careful selection would be made of those able intellectually, and suited from the point of view of their character, to continue their training.

"D. SECONDARY SCHOOL. (Age groups 15-18, comprising those selected as mentioned above, and gifted boys and girls from the villages, where there are no opportunities for secondary education.) The school would have two main trends: one of an agricultural high school, in which the pupils would acquire, in addition to general education, the skills and knowledge necessary to act as agricultural instructors in their home villages, the other a kind of proseminar as a preliminary step towards a school for teachers. The organization would have to be elastic enough to make the change from one trend to the other possible. Though more time would have to be dedicated to theoretical studies, much stress would be laid, at this stage not less than at the former ones, to the application of democratic practices in autonomous community life, and to visits to, and study and discussion of, the problems of the new villages. Each pupil would have to do, several hours a week, some practical work, supervised by experienced members of the staff, as helping tutor or helping instructor for the younger age groups.

"E. SCHOOL OF TEACHERS. (Age groups 18-20. This last stage would be the continuation of the proseminar, and, as a rule, only its absolvents would be accepted. Practical work would be extended, the social aspect would be stressed. The school would train its pupils for teaching and community-work in the new villages. It would collect and evaluate the experience made in the work with the lower age groups within the institution and in some of the villages, and would modify its teachings accordingly. Its pupils would have remained during all the years of their training in close contact with the problems of their home-village. Every endeavor would be made to teach them an attitude which would enable them, whilst understanding the problems of their villages and their people from a

higher level of education, not to look upon them from above. There would be fostered a spirit of love and understanding, and the aspiration to help their community live in the new Israel, to assist in preserving what is worth to be preserved, in changing what must be changed, and to help the children of the villages grow up in a healthier and happier atmosphere than before.

"All this, and especially the last and final stage, cannot, of course, be guaranteed—it only can be striven for.

"I have not, at the last stages, mentioned any problems for study, because in this form and for those pupils they would be somewhat of a new experiment altogether, and almost everything would have to be tried out, and everything be followed up.

"The Youth-village would have 500-550 pupils: 80-90 in the first age group, 100-110 in the age groups 9-12, about 150 in the ages of 12-15, about 120 in the Secondary School, and about 50 in the School of Teachers. In a place like Ben Shemen, there would be accommodation for these numbers.

"I believe that an institution like this could be built up or be developed out of one of the existing ones. If and as far as it would succeed, it might make a real contribution to the solution of some of our problems. Of course, there would be many difficulties, one would have to build it up gradually, starting perhaps, with the first three stages; in many respects one would have to grope ones way by trial and error, and would make many mistakes. Still—it could be done."

Incorporated into a program of advanced study and research in education, the results of the project that Dr. Simon outlines could have helpful bearings on the educational task of every underdeveloped country in the world.

GLOSSARY

Abbreviations: H—Hebrew; A—Arabic; Y—Yiddish

- Adam hadash* (H)—new man
Aliyah (H)—immigration
Agada (H)—legendary part of the Talmud
Aguda, Agudat Israel (H)—ultra-religious party
Ahdut Avodah (H)—Socialist Zionists
Aliyat Noar (H)—Youth immigration
Aluf Mishneh (H)—colonel
Am haaretz (H)—lit. "people of the land"; the ignorant
Am Israel (H)—the people of Israel
Amkha (H)—lit. "your people"; the simple folk
'Ani (H)—poor
Aqil, pl. *uqqal* (A)—initiate among the Druses
Azuza (A)—darling (fem.)
Baal m'lakha (H)—craftsman
Bahur, pl. *bahurim* (H)—young man, esp. student in a Yeshiva
Baksheesh (A)—gratuity, tip
Bamahaneh (H)—in the camp
Batlanut (H)—negligence
Bedouin (A)—nomad Arab
Bet Midrash (H)—house of study
Bet Sefer Reali (H)—high school in Haifa, with a technical trend
Bnei Israel (H)—Sons of Israel
Cabala (H)—occult religious philosophy
Cadi (A)—Moslem religious judge
Dal, pl. *dalim* (H)—the poor
Dayan, pl. *dayanim* (H)—rabbinical judge
Dunam (Turkish)—one fourth of an acre
Evyon (H)—poor
Falha (A)—extensively cultivated farm
Fedayeen (A)—Arab suicide squads
Fellah (A)—peasant, agriculturalist

- Frau* (German)—woman, wife
Gadna (H)—military youth groups
Galuth (H)—exile
Gaon (H)—great scholar, genius
Gazoz (A, originally French)—carbonated drink, lemonade
Ger, pl. *gerim* (H)—foreigner, sojourner
Geveret (H)—mistress, lady
Gevir, pl. *gevirim* (H)—wealthy man, master
Ghulam (A)—boy
Goyim (H)—gentiles
Gutter Yid (Y)—lit. “good Jew”; Hasidic rabbi
Haganah (H)—the Jewish defense organization in the Mandatory period
Halakhah (H)—Jewish traditional law
Halukah (H)—organized charity supporting ultra-religious individuals
Hamashbir Hamerkazi (H)—central supplier; name of Histadrut’s consumer’s cooperative
Haoved Hadati (H)—Religious Zionist labor movement
Haoved Hatzioni (H)—General Zionists’ labor movement
Hapoel Hatzair (H)—Zionist Socialist Party
Hashomer Hatzair (H)—left wing Socialist Zionist party
Hasid, pl. *hasidim* (H)—follower of Hasidism
Hasidism (from the H. *Hasid*)—Jewish mystical movement founded by Israel Baal Shem Tov
Hausmutter (German)—housemother
Haver (H)—comrade, friend
Hazak (H)—be strong; greeting
Heder (H)—lit. “room”; traditional Torah school
HeN (H)—abbreviation for Hel Nashim, women’s corps
Heruth (H)—lit. “freedom”; right wing party in Israel
Hevrat Oudim (H)—lit. “Society of Workers”; holding corporation of Histadrut
Humash (H)—the five books of Moses
Hutz laaretz (H)—abroad
Ihud (H)—union; name of party advocating a bi-national state in Palestine
Imam (A)—prayer leader
Ish yam (H)—seaman
Ishah hadashah (H)—new woman
Jahil, pl. *juhhal* (A)—the ignorant, uninitiated ones among the Druses

- Jahiliya* (A)—period of ignorance, the pre-Islamic age
Jihad (A)—holy war
Kaaba (A)—sacred Moslem shrine in Mecca
Khalweh (A)—place of prayer of the Druses
Khamsin (A)—sirocco, hot desert wind
Kibbutz, pl. *kibbutzim* (H)—communal settlement
Kismet (Turkish)—fate, predestination
Knesset (H)—Parliament of Israel
Kosherer Yid (Y)—observant Jew
Kultur Kampf (German)—struggle around cultural issues
Kuppat Holim (H)—sick fund of the Histadrut
Kvutzah, pl. *kvutzot* (H)—communal settlement
Ladino—the traditional Judeo-Spanish language of the Sephardic Jews
Leshon hakodesh (H)—the holy language, Hebrew
Lishmo (H)—for its own sake
Maabarah, pl. *maabarot* (H)—transit village
Madrish (H)—youth instructor
Mahaneh (H)—camp
Malesh (A)—never mind
Mapai (H)—see *Mifleget Poalei Eretz Israel*
Mapam (H)—United Workers' Party; left wing Zionist Socialist party
Mea Shearim (H)—lit. "Hundred Gates"; the quarter in Jerusalem inhabited by ultra-orthodox Jews
Medinah (H)—State
Medinat Israel (H)—State of Israel
Mekorot (H)—sources; name of water company
Melamed, pl. *melamdin*—teacher, specifically of beginners in a *Heder*
Mellah (A)—Jewish quarter in North African towns
Midrash (H)—exposition of the Hebrew Scriptures including legends, parables, etc.
Mifleget Poalei Eretz Israel (H)—Palestinian Workers' Party, usually referred to as *Mapai*
Millet (Turkish)—recognized religious community in the Ottoman Empire
Minyan (H)—group of ten adult Jewish males
Misheberakh (H)—blessing, recited in the synagogue
Mitnaged (H)—opponent of Hasidism
Mitzvah, pl. *mitzvot* (H)—religious commandment, good deed
Mohel (H)—ritual circumciser

- Moshav*, pl. *moshavim* (H)—cooperative agricultural settlement
Moshava, pl. *moshavot* (H)—private agricultural village
Mukhtar (A)—village headman
Muzhik (Russian)—Russian peasant
Nagid (H)—rich man, community leader
Nahal (H)—abbreviation for *Noar Halutzi Lohem*, pioneer fighting youth
Nekudot (H)—vowel-signs
Ner (H)—candle, lamp
Neturei Karta (Aramaic)—“guardians of the city”; ultra-religious Jewish group in Jerusalem
Omer (H)—title of a Hebrew daily paper
Palmach (H)—commando units
Peah, pl. *peot* (H)—sidelock
Perushim (H)—seceders
Pilpul (H)—discussion over Talmudic problems
Pita (H)—flat Arab bread
Poalei Zion (H)—Labor Party
Polis (Greek)—city
Pruta (H)—one thousandth of an Israeli pound
Rav (H)—rabbi
Rav m'tukan, pl. *rabbanim m'tukanim* (H)—reform rabbi
Reshit Am (H)—the origin of the people
Sabra (H)—lit. “prickly pear”; native born Israeli
Sephardi (from the Hebrew: *Sfaradi*)—Jew of Spanish descent
Seren (H)—captain
Sfaradi tahor (H)—pure Sephardi
Sgan aluf (H)—colonel
Shabes—Yiddish pronunciation of *Shabbat*
Shahor (H)—black
Shaliah (H)—emissary
Shehita (H)—ritual slaughtering
Sherut (H)—lit. “service”; taxi used as bus
Shi'i (A)—Shiite, adherent of heterodox Islam
Shikun, pl. *shikunim* (H)—housing development
Shi'ur (H)—lesson
Shmitah (H)—the seventh year, when the land must not be worked
Shofar (H)—ram's horn
Shohet (H)—ritual slaughterer
Shtetl (Y)—East European small town

- Shtreimel* (Y)—fur cap with 13 tails worn by Hasidim on Saturdays and holidays
- Siddur* (H)—prayer book
- Smikhah* (H)—ordination
- Solel Boneh* (H)—building and construction organization of Histadrut
- Sufi* (A)—adherent of Sufism, Moslem mysticism
- Sunni* (A)—Sunnite, orthodox Moslem
- Talit katan* (H)—prayer shawl worn as undergarment
- Talmid*, pl. *talmidim* (H)—pupil
- Talmid hakham* (H)—scholar
- Talmud Torah* (H)—traditional Torah school
- Technion* (H)—the Hebrew Technical College in Haifa
- Tnuvah* (H)—the Histadrut's dairy marketing cooperative
- Toldot haamim* (H)—history of the nations
- Torah* (H)—the Law, the five books of Moses
- Tzadik* (H)—lit. "righteous man"; title applied to Hasidic rabbis
- Tzva Haganah LeIsrael* (H)—Israel Defense Army
- Tzva keva* (H)—permanent army
- Ulema*, sing. *alim* (A)—Moslem scholars
- Ulpan* (H)—studio, intensive study-center for Hebrew language
- Vaad Halashon* (H)—Hebrew Language Committee
- Vatik*, pl. *vatikim* (H)—oldtimer in Palestine
- Uqqal*, see *aqil*
- Wahabi* (A)—member of a strict Moslem sect in Saudi Arabia
- Waqf* (A)—religious charitable endowment
- Weltliche Sachen* (German)—secular matters
- Wunder-Rebbe* (Y)—Hasidic rabbi believed to be able to work miracles
- Yam Suf* (H)—Red Sea
- Yarmulka* (Y)—skull cap
- Yeke* (Y)—derogatory or joking term for German Jews
- Yeshiva*, pl. *yeshivot* (H)—Talmudic academy
- Yom* (H)—day
- Zem-zem* (A)—sacred fountain in Mecca
- Zimriya*, pl. *zimriyot* (H)—song-fest
- Zionut* (H)—Zionism
- Zot Artzkha* (H)—this is your country

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