

Now and Forever — A Conversation with Israel Zangwill (New York: Robert M. McBride & Co., 1925), 156 pp. Another "by Jews, for Jews" special, from the Memory Hole. The tone of works such as this is quite different from what is presented in the media for general (i.e., "gentile") consumption.

A strange little book I picked up. Samuel Roth discusses the state of Jewry with Israel Zangwill. Zangwill was a playwright who coined the phrase "melting pot" and who wrote a standard "refutation" of the *Protocols*. It deals with how Jews see themselves -- and how they think others see them. It's funny to see two Jews pretending to be "against" one another in a debate -- like two ants from the same anthill. All the extreme arrogance and subjectivity of Jews is displayed here. Jews are distinctive in the world in raising such things to near hallucinogenic levels. Compare with Hosmer and Marcus Eli Ravage. Some of the most incredible (or oddly candid) statements I highlighted in red as I went thru' the text. Jews say "we're special because we remember" -- their way of saying they institutionalize trans-generational ethnic hatred as a way of separating themselves from the rest of human society.

My favorite part -- Roth compares St. Paul with Trotsky! He further says that Jews are the only real Christians, and that "Jesus preached of Jews and for Jews". He says that Jesus hated the *world* (when he really just hated *Jews* -- but Jews are "the world", according to them: all others are "not of Adam"). But we mustn't forget that this Problem is primarily an ethnic, and not a religious, one.

Note in the Preface, near the end of Part III, is that infamous "six million" figure again. Hmmmm . . . (Remember *The American Hebrew*, October 31, 1919, article "[The Crucifixion of Jews Must Stop!](#)" by Martin Glynn, former Governor of New York State? It promulgated the "holocaust" of "six million", with the phrase "six million" used no fewer than seven times).

Zangwill also admits to "600,000 Arabs" living in Palestine, who he said "must be expropriated, or, at least, submerged"; also, ". . . the fact that Palestine was not unoccupied", etc. in many places. All this was being said in 1925! My oh my, what these old books reveal . . . And just what was "expropriated" and "submerged" intended to mean? One is reminded of the arguments over

whether the German *ausrottung* (prominent in various National-Socialist documents of the '30s and '40s) means "uprooting" or "extermination" -- following the analysis of the exterminationists, one could just as easily claim that Zangwill meant that all the Arabs in Palestine should be exterminated!

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N O W A N D F O R E V E R

A CONVERSATION *with*

Mr. Israel Zangwill *on*

The Jew and the Future

with a PREFACE *by* Mr.

Zangwill, *the* TEXT *by*

SAMUEL ROTH

"Do I really contradict myself?

Well, then, I contradict myself."

WALT WHITMAN

New York

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TO

Judah L. Magnes

A Prince in Israel

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Preface

I

IT IS fortunate that it is the habit of prefaces to appear in the front of books and not as rear lights, or the reader of this volume would be puzzled to understand why I should be writing a preface to a work in which I am abused or at least misunderstood and misrepresented. Or would he perhaps imagine I took the opportunity of countering? The simple truth is that I am an admirer of Samuel Roth's poetry and pugnacity as becomes one who is himself a meek "prosateur." Although I do not share his views on the Jewish Problem, or on myself--apparently to him a still tougher Jewish problem--I respect forthrightness, and I take off my hat to his Jewish faith--or, should I say, I put it on? But he appears to belong to a young generation of Zionists who were in their cradles when I was fighting for Zion, and who absorbed prejudice against me with their mothers' milk or the honey with which Palestinian oratory has never failed to flow. Among the stigmata of these young fanatics, whose nationalism is incurably linked with a land they have never trodden, the word "Uganda" is the most revelatory. Uganda is a country which never came within a hundred miles of Jewish history. It is a country which, according to my friend and neighbor, Sir Harry Johnston, whom the twentieth century found implicated in its administration, is inhabited by a dense population of negroes and Masai clothed and unashamed, many of them Christians, ticking away at typewriters. Pigmies take up any space left by these civilized children of Ham, and there is not room **for a Jew to worm his way** into the polity even as High Commissioner. Yet the whole literature of Zionism for a decade bristles with Uganda and Ugandaism. The region really offered to the Zionists by the magnanimity of Joseph Chamberlain was a plateau in the adjoining province of

British East Africa. It was an empty, healthy territory, free from politicians and almost from insect pests, and the refusal thereof by the Jews was an historic blunder of the first magnitude, a spiritless contradiction of the Hebrew proverb: *Leolam Tikkach* (Always take). What could the "Elders of Zion" have been about, thus to refuse a slice of the planet which, according to a famous manufacturer of motor cars and myths, their one dream is to annex? Not only would thousands of Jews have by now been settled happily on land which, even without their advent, has gone up vastly in value, but Zionism, there exercising governmental functions, would--as Professor Gregory, F.R.S., has pointed out--have been in a position to claim and to take over the mandate for Palestine. In conformity with the paradox of his history, Israel would have colonized his mother-land from his colony. Still stronger would have been the Jewish position, had my scheme of taking over the whole of British East Africa as a British Judæa materialized the scheme for which I had won the sympathy of both Winston Churchill and Joseph Chamberlain, then on opposite sides of the House of Commons. "Great work accomplished!" one of the zealots cabled to America when the East African territory was rejected by the Zionist Congress. "Great work unaccomplished" was, I remember, my comment on his cable. And what is geography--any more than statesmanship--to passionate Palestinians, who have never seen Palestine? And so Uganda it is which figures in Zionist annals as the despised and rejected of the Jews, and Uganda it will be, I suppose, to the end of the chapter. It even figures in Nahum Sokolow's monumental "History of Zionism." "We have Palestine, why do we want Uganda?" shrieked an hysterical Zionist at the critical Congress. "Have you Palestine? Give it us then," came Max Nordau's retort.

It is a curious debate to remember just now, when, despite a magnificent British gesture, the possession of Palestine by Israel has become more nebulous than ever. To the Dreamer of the Ghetto the Palestine of millennial vision was more solid than the political Palestine of the British Mandate and Sir Herbert Samuels.

II

BY AN odd coincidence there arrived at this moment from their war-storage in London seven packing-cases full of the pre-war correspondence of the Jewish Territorial Organization with its upshoot the Emigration Regulation Department, and, weltering in this dusty ocean of my dead past, I recall the pertinacious slogan of the Zionists that only in Palestine could the Jewish State be re-created. They were almost persuaded--despite their own point of location on the planet--that save to Zion no Jew would ever emigrate. Not since the proverbial German philosopher evolved the camel from his inner intuition has there been such an example of inattention to reality. Inattention not only to the existence in Palestine of 600,000 Arabs and an incalculable number of Christian prejudices, but inattention to the actualities of geography, politics and of Jewish psychology. One could forgive their turning a blind eye to the Palestinian negatives, much as Nelson turned his blind eye to his telescope,--it is faith that moves mountains. But to deny the extra-Palestinian positives, that was not faith but fanaticism.

I turn over the thousands of index cards devoted to the emigration which we fostered to the United States by way of Galveston. Each bears the name of the emigrant, the place of

his origin in Eastern Europe, the number of his relatives, if any, traveling with him, and the place of his settlement West of the Mississippi. Pathetic it is to think of these Odysseys of the obscure in quest of bread and peace, through a hostile world of bullies, sharks and Bumbles. But we did our best to guide and protect, and, in the majority of cases, the quest was successful; and the result of ten thousand such placements was to set up a nucleus of Jewish settlement which has since served to draw off into the rising towns of the West and Southwest myriads of Jews who would otherwise have added to the congested Jewish quarters of the great Eastern cities or fallen a prey to the massacres engendered in Europe by "the war for righteousness." One can imagine what the gravitation would have been, had my organization been able to present to the persecuted children of the Pale, not merely the hope of bread, but of a Jewish self-governing State, which their bread-winning would at the same time build up, a State complete with Jewish institutions and the Jewish Sabbath.

As **Mr. Winston Churchill** put it in writing to a follower of mine on New Year's Day, 1906:

"I agree most heartily with the spirit of Mr. Zangwill's letter to the *Times* of December 12, 1905. I recognize the supreme attraction to a scattered and persecuted people of a safe and settled home under the flag of tolerance and freedom. Such a plan contains a soul, and enlists in its support energies, enthusiasms, and a driving power which no scheme of individual colonization can ever command . . . I do not feel that the noble vision you behold so vividly ought to be allowed to fade, and **I will do what I can to preserve it and fulfill it.** There should be room within the world-wide limits of the British Empire, and within the generous scope of Liberal institutions, for the self-development and peculiar growth of many races, and of many traditions, and of many creeds. And from an Imperial point of view it is on the varied excellence of its parts that there is most surely to be founded the wealth, the happiness, and the higher unity of the whole."

This letter has a peculiar interest in view of the fact that, by the whirligig of history, Palestine has become British, and the writer holds its destiny in his hands. But the driving power of which Mr. Winston Churchill speaks so eloquently is not--be it marked--a force needing to be artificially generated. There is here no question of Jews preferring, according to the stock gibe, to be ambassadors in Paris of the Jewish State--a joke which rather lost its point in the Dreyfus days. The driving force is actually at work, although, through unskillful engineering, it is not producing its maximum effect. For under pressure of persecution or poverty the population of the potential State is already on the move. American messengers of relief, returned from the Ukraine, report that the whole thought of millions of Jews is to escape to a place of safety. It is little wonder when we read of the seven hundred bestial pogroms with their orgies of slaughter and rape in some four hundred places, many of them utterly wiped out. This panic-stricken stream is like water running to waste in many directions, that might be diverted to and concentrated on some great barren tract. Hood described his seamstress as "Sewing at once with a double thread a shroud as well as a shirt."

The Jewish artisan could make at once with a single tool a State as well as a livelihood.

The Jewish immigrant, whom even the cruelest tests of the American Statute Book could not bar out, is not of the puny middleman type familiar to caricature. From some statistics, carefully preserved in my packing-cases, dealing with over 4,000 men who passed through a "Jews' Temporary Shelter" in London during a year before the war, I find that 74 per cent. of the immigrants followed a definite occupation. One thousand five hundred and thirty-eight individuals were bootmakers, capmakers, furriers, tailors, etc., the kind of workers who, although not necessary in the very first stage of colonization, very soon became indispensable. Five hundred and sixty-three persons were engaged in textile and technical industries, including blacksmiths, coopers, smiths, tanners, that have an even closer connection with colonization. Closer still to the needs of a new colony come the 420 bricklayers, builders, carpenters, road paviors, gardeners, wheelwrights, glaziers, painters, plumbers, etc., and the 500 unskilled laborers who had been regularly employed as agriculturists, porters, etc. Bakers and millers, butchers and confectioners, weavers and painters, ropemakers and woodcarvers, bookbinders and brass founders, engravers and electrical engineers, dramatists and dentists, they combine the requirements of a whole civilization.

Moreover, over 50 per cent. of the immigrants were between 20 and 30, the very age needed for pioneering, and the bulk of these were unmarried. The majority, too, were reservists who had had military training and no doubt experience in roughing it. These had a very high economic value from the industrial point of view. Practically every one had followed some definite pursuit and learned habits of discipline and restraint in his term of service. Engaged in textile and other technical industries were 990 or 24.4 per cent. of those whose callings are enumerated. In the production of articles of dress, 764 or 18.75 per cent.; engaged in trade, 481 or 11.85 percent.; in the building trades, 474 or 11.65 per cent.; in agriculture on their own account, 171 or 4.25 per cent.; engaged in means of locomotion (mainly as carmen), 161 or 3.95 per cent.; in the preparation of food, 148 or 3.65 per cent.; in the highest professions 92 or 2.25 per cent.; unskilled labor (mainly engaged in agriculture, but not on own account), 764 or 18.75 per cent.--oddly coincident with the number in clothing factories. That the refugees, being notoriously sober and industrious, formed a very desirable class of emigrants was not open to question. Officers of the English army and doctors who examined the men on departure, spoke in the highest terms of their physique.

Nor, except perhaps in periods of violent convulsion when flight at any cost is his sole resource, is the Jewish immigrant a pauper alien who comes knocking at the door with his begging-bowl or offering merely his muscles. According to statistics collected by the Jewish Colonization, the number of Jews who emigrated from Russia alone in 1905 was about 92,500, and the total amount of money in their possession was nearly two milliards of roubles. "This, then," I finished an annotation of mine, made in 1906, "is the force of a high economic value which we freely give away to other lands with no permanent political benefit to the Jewish problem, merely because we will not take the trouble to organize it and use it for Jewish purposes. A Jews' Temporary Shelter, that we are able to make, but what cries out to be made is a Jews' permanent Shelter."

ALAS, experience since 1906 has convinced me that even if one takes an infinity of trouble, the world is unwilling to have the Jewish problem settled on a territorial basis. The bulk of the globe has been parceled out between the Great Powers--even the little ones like Belgium have millions of square miles--and the few regions yet undeveloped and not too tropical are invariably guarded by **dogs-in-the-manger**. This is not the moment to write the history of the Jewish Territorial Organization. Concluding his sympathetic survey of the Jewish problem, Mr. F. G. Abbott wrote in his "Israel in Europe," published in 1907:

If the past and the present are any guides regarding the future, it is safe to predict that for many centuries to come the world will continue to witness the unique and mournful spectacle of a great people roaming to and fro on the highways of the earth in search of a home.

We have seen that even in Palestine there is no safety for the Jews, no assurance that he will be allowed to build up his National Home there. Envy, hatred, malice and all uncharitableness assail the attempt to apply reason and good-will to politics or to find a home for the only homeless people on the globe. **The world seems to prefer Jews scattered, to serve as scapegoats for its crimes and follies.** In Palestine, the Arab hirelings of more Machiavellian Powers terrorize their fellow-Arabs into massacring the Jews as a way of getting rid of England and all her works. The Zionists, who had overlooked such an obscure feature of the Palestine landscape as 600,000 Arabs, are consoling themselves for the massacres by pointing to my humble self as the cause. It seems that I have alarmed the Arabs by suggesting they must be expropriated, or, at least, submerged. How it is possible for a Jewish National Home to arise in Palestine without the one process or the other I do not pretend to understand--indeed, submergence by the gradual immigration of Jews is the public policy of Zionism. How else is the Basle, Program feasible? For that runs--it will be remembered--"To create a publicly, legally secured home for *the Jewish People* in Palestine." What called forth the Arab alarm was, of course, the Balfour Declaration that this aspiration was now to materialize. And if Mr. Balfour's Declaration in November, 1917, had escaped Arab attention, which was far from the case, the menace confirmed in subsequent years by Lord Curzon's reiteration of it, by great meetings at which representatives of the British Government repeated it; while it was uttered in less diplomatic form by the Labor Party which, by a resolution, reminded Mr. Lloyd George of the necessity of Palestine "being reconstituted the National Home of the Jewish people," and by President Wilson, who in a message expressed his conviction "that the Allied nations, with the fullest concurrence of our Government and people, are agreed that in Palestine shall be laid the foundation of a Jewish Commonwealth."

The Arabs, even were their simplicity uncontaminated by foreign agitators, even were they not the puppets of religious and imperial intrigue, are not so childish as to imagine that the establishment of a Jewish National Home would leave them masters in their own country. Had my speeches or writings counted for anything in their discontent, these would surely have been mentioned in the elaborate petition they presented to Winston Churchill on his visit to Palestine. But their argument based itself on the inevitable implications of the situation. It was because I foresaw--and was alone in foreseeing--the

Arab difficulty, that the Jewish Territorial Organization turned its quest towards "fresh woods and pastures new," to territories unpopulated and to lands neither developed nor degenerated. It was only when that Nestor among statesmen, Mr. Balfour, adopted the Zionist program, that I was compelled to believe he had as a preliminary solved the problem of the existing Arab population. But he seems to have been no more alive to the actual political circumstances than an academic writer like George Eliot, whose "Daniel Deronda" was utterly oblivious of the fact that Palestine was not unoccupied. So far, however, from his having worked out any way of dealing with the difficulty, Mr. Balfour has not even been able to persuade the British military staff in Palestine that the establishment of a Jewish National Home there is feasible, and the officers are almost as overtly against their job as the Arab policemen. Even the Pope, who encouraged the Zionist leaders, has now joined in the cleverly concerted attack against the ancient Jewish hope and the new political adjudgment; while Mr. Chesterton, whose one cry against the Jews has been that they would not be Zionists, now relapses into the characteristic paradox that Zionism would be admirable could it be elsewhere than in Zion. Apparently he has become a follower of my Territorialism but without any suggestion of the alternative territory. Were he to propose any part of the British Empire, I am afraid he would evoke the same hue-and-cry as was raised against me when I projected setting up a Jewish Colony in one of the vast empty spaces of Australia--a continent with a smaller population than London. Able Australian editors pointed out that Australia was for the Australians, and frenzied correspondents, ignorant of the realities of shipping space, pictured a million Jews landing in Sydney in a single year. I find--in my packing-cases--a letter of mine to a New Zealand paper, pointing out that, willing as Jews are to be born outside the British Empire, it is increasingly difficult. The difficulty has not been lessened by the many millions of square miles which the war against German grab has added to the British Empire. In the full flush of the world-wide enthusiasm called forth--even in the enemy countries--by the Balfour Declaration that Britain would set up the Jews in Palestine, my spirit bubbled over into Limericks which, I fear, had more inspiration than many more portentous oracles.

There was a lost lady of Zion,

Who was offered a lift by a lion

She was mounting astride

When he roared: "Step inside,

There is no room on top--of a lion."

Responded that lady of Zion,

"Why *should* I go inside a lion?

I was promised a State

And a happier fate."

"L'état c'est dans moi," said the lion.

There is a story of a Russian sea-captain who, weary of carrying a batch of Jews to and fro between Odessa and the various countries which refused to receive them, finally dumped them in the Black Sea. This is the only logical solution of the situation, but it is one which, despite "the war for righteousness," the world is still not brutalized enough to adopt. With the power to assassinate the Jews physically, it confines itself to moral assassination. It says much for the Jews that to find a ground for attacking them, the forged document of "The Jewish Peril" was necessary, of which "Nilus" himself has deliciously said that the providence of God can work even by dubious instruments.

When De Witte was accused by the Czar of favorable sentiments towards the Jews, he asked his imperial master whether he thought it possible to **destroy six millions** of his subjects--if not, they must be given reasonable conditions of existence. Either Christendom must cease reproaching the Jew for being on other people's territory--and there is not a single country in which Antisemitism is not now raging--or it must give him a piece of Christian, or even Islamic, territory. *Dos pou sto*--as Archimedes said. A standing place is all Israel requires to be again a people on a soil of his own. Unfortunately, standing places are only acquired by force of arms, and a people without a standing place cannot muster an army. It is a vicious circle. Meantime the world goes on babbling of Einstein, Bergson and Freud and enjoying the incalculable Jewish contributions to every branch of science, literature and art.

IV

MR. ROTH seems obsessed by the notion that in dealing with England the Jews have been guilty of some disloyalty to Turkey. That may be true of some few native Jews in Palestine itself, whose aid was of prime value to General Allenby; but assuredly the Zionist movement has no call to be grateful to the people which did its best by the device of the red ticket to restrain Jewish immigration and to baffle Zionism. I admit that the Turkish pressure did not begin till Zionism had blurted out its aspiration; I am willing to believe that even the Armenians enjoyed Turkish tolerance so long as they harbored no dream, of liberation, and it is undeniable that throughout the centuries the Ottoman Empire has sheltered the Jews more securely than Christendom has done. It is equally true that the Christian ideas of Turkish life belong to the province of caricature, for Islam, though inferior in idealism to Christendom, is considerably nearer to its own ideal.

But Jewry at large is no such political entity that it can be either loyal or disloyal to Turkey. Zionism is indeed the effort to create such an entity. To imagine it existing before it has been created savors of an Irish bull, or at least of the Greek figure, prolepsis. The political loyalties of the Jews are to their respective fatherlands, even to their step-fatherlands, and since the overwhelming majority of the Jews found themselves in the opposite camp to Turkey and Germany, they could not possibly have cast in their lot with Turkey, even after the victory. For whatever the post-war sins of the Entente, there is no Jew in the world--not even a German Jew--with any admiration for the Prussianism with which Turkey chose to ally itself.

It is curious enough that before the war the Jewish Territorial Organization was involved in an abortive negotiation with Turkey, and despatched a scientific expedition to Cyrenaica, as may be read in my preface to Professor Gregory's report. And in those inexhaustible packing-cases I found sundry threads of communication with the Ottoman world. One letter, which strikes me as historically curious, if only because it was written eight months before the Great War, may be reproduced here. It is signed by a legal representative of Turkey in London, whose name, however, like those of the well-known personalities of the letter, I have suppressed *pro tem*.

5th December, 1913

Dear Sir,

Messers. * * * and * * * and the Islamic Society have commissioned me to enlist the cooperation of the most influential Jews for the purpose of the initiation of a movement having for its object the union of Islam and Israel in order to protect the religious and national rights of both the branches of the faith of Abraham, my friend, Mr. * * * urges me to secure, first of all, your invaluable advice on the subject.

In view of the fact that the fate of Turkey (seat of the Khalifate) and Palestine may, in the not distant future, come up for decision, I request the honor of an interview with you, to consider what steps, if any, should be taken, to consider the above matter; the solution of the Jewish question may, after all, not be a dream!

I am, dear Sir, Your sincere admirer,

*

*

*

Here is a distinct hint that Palestine might be available for the Jews. Yet to-day Islam is not the least of the forces engaged in the **conspiracy** to destroy the promise of a Jewish Palestine, which it pretends is against all Islamic sanctities and interests. Whether the letter betrays any sinister foreknowledge of the coming war, I must leave the reader to determine.

V

MR. ROTH subtitled his book *The Jews and the Future*. It is a big title for such a little book. When a Jewish farmer consulted me as to whether Jews could keep pigs, I replied that **the question was whether pigs could keep Jews**. Similarly Mr. Roth's title sets me speculating whether the Jews will have a future or whether the future will have any Jews. Mr. Roth writes with a mystic assurance that there will always be Jews and I agree--more

scientifically--that they can no more be eliminated than any other species which finds in diffusion its source of safety. The real question is, will they face the future as a race, or as a religion, or as a nation territorialized like any other? For the religious solution Renan gave them a magnificent lead when he said: "By race we French are Latins, by culture Greeks, by religion Jews." But to comprehend their real historic glory and to wish to continue the world apostolate of Judaism on its own essential lines is given to few Jews. The trend to-day is to concentrate on the racial or national aspect, to the neglect of the missionary motif, which runs as much through Jewish literature as the tribal thread. As if indeed the race of the Bible could be disposed of as merely one of the many races whose friction afflicts our planet!

Mr. Roth seems to imagine that there can be a Jewish nation in Palestine irrespective of whether it has political power in Palestine, or rather that this nation, already existing disseminated everywhere, can express itself through commercial achievements in the Holy Land and the Orient. Even if this were not a political chimera, it is an anti-climax, not only to the Zionism of the Prophets but to the Zionism of Herzl, which Mr. Roth reverences without understanding it. He is too young to have known Herzl, and too old to be willing to learn about him. But he exhibits a pride of race, a faith in Jehovah, and a moral self-assertion which would give Zionism more dignity than it exhibits under its professional leaders. By his manly temper, his haughty scorn in face of the ethical bankruptcy of Christendom, he takes his place in that remarkable band of Jewish writers who have arisen--whether in France, in America, in England, or in Germany--to be **the world's conscience** in a day when every state does what is right in its own eyes. It is **the school of Hebrew prophets forming itself again under modern conditions**, though writing least of all in Hebrew.

ISRAEL
ZANGWILL

London, July, 1921.

NOW AND FOREVER

A conversation between

ISRAEL ZANGWILL *and* SAMUEL ROTH

THE FIRST CHAPTER

Time and Space

MR. ZANGWILL'S telegram read: "Have tea with us at three o'clock," but it is easier to read Mr. Zangwill than to find him, for his London residence is an obscure corner in that cascade of brown stones, The Temple, praised in the *Faërie Queene* by Spenser, who probably never had to find his way through it. In my worst plight, when it began to appear that I was lost to myself as well as to my engagement, I stumbled luckily into Mr. Louis Zangwill, a brother and a brother novelist, who guided me safely the rest of the way. Mr. Zangwill received me with pontifical kindness.

One is first impressed by Mr. Zangwill's height, then by the fineness of his gray hair, and finally by a strong resemblance in his face, in his manner, in the sloping of his shoulders, to Mr. George Arliss' famous impersonation of Mr. Disraeli. Did Mr. Arliss, searching for a living clew to the genius of his semitic subject, consciously adopt as an explanation as well as an illumination the personality of Mr. Zangwill? It would be interesting to know, as it would also be interesting to speculate on why Mr. Zangwill, who has as much wit as the famous prime minister has so much less political ingenuity.

When his brother had made a gentle jest of the helpless plight in which he had found me, Mr. Zangwill expressed surprise that I should have lost my way. "And you have been two months in London," he cried, "whereas any Galician schnorrer emerging for the first time into the swelter of Waterloo station finds me easily enough."

Recollection rushed in on me of a similar slight perpetrated by Mr. Zangwill against these humble folk in the prelude to his then current book, *The Voice of Jerusalem*. I felt stirred, hurt. "That is surprising," said I, turning to him, "because I am myself a **Galician**, and maybe something of a literary schnorrer."

"Well, then," replied Mr. Zangwill with unstinted gayety, "living in America so long has obscured that talent in you. If you had come to me directly from Galicia instead of stopping off for eighteen years in America I feel certain you would have had no trouble whatever finding me."

I was introduced to Mrs. Zangwill, to two gentlemen who at the moment of my arrival were engaged in discussing with Mr. Zangwill a new angle in the problem of time and space, to the visiting sculptor from Bulgaria, Glicenstein, and to a little lady in a heavy brown coat and extraordinarily thick glasses who asked me had I already been to the exhibition of the Royal Academy. More guests were being expected, among them Dr. Yehudah of the University of Madrid, whom we were to accompany to the auditorium of the University of London to listen to the first of a series of his lectures on Genesis.

I turned back to Mr. Zangwill. "Genesis," I ventured, "is a good beginning for almost anything, but since the matter of the Galician schnorrers is so personal to me, would it not be best to settle it immediately?"

Mr. Zangwill looked a little troubled, a trifle worried. Great men do not object to being argued with occasionally, but it is usually assumed that they must be allowed to set their own leisurely pace. The innocence of my expression must have reassured him. "I warn

you," he laughed, "that I have been settling with them for a quarter of a century, and I don't seem to be through with them yet."

It was evident that, unless I kept him effectively to the point, Mr. Zangwill would escape from me with a witticism, possibly even with a pun. I shall be the last to appear to underrate a witticism or a pun, good specimens of which are so rare nowadays, but, whatever other excellent uses it might have, a pun cannot relieve mental anxiety, and I was grieved as well as anxious. "This may be very true," I insisted, "nevertheless I cannot understand your repugnance for those poor fellows whose only offense seems to be that they come to you to borrow money. Now I grant you that it is far from pleasant to see your resources drained continually by utter strangers who come as impersonally as though they were applying to a public institution. But no, they come to you with a certain reverence: they come to you as they are said to have come to the house of Dr. Herzl: and if they do not actually kiss the front steps of your dwelling (as they are reputed to have done at the house on Leopoldstrasse) it is because you are so careless as to have no front steps.

"What an extraordinary and enviable position yours is! Untitled, you receive obeisances which should make you the envy of every crowned head in Europe. What, beside you, for instance, is the reigning king of England? The only pilgrims to Buckingham Palace whose presence may be noted in any appreciable numbers are the servant girls of Victoria who ride by behind solemn perambulators to exchange glances with the handsome redcoats standing motionlessly on guard at the great gate. Whereas to you come, in an unwavering stream, from every part of the earth, representatives of the humblest, hardest and most vividly intelligent people on earth. No community is so insignificant that its ambassador does not come to you for half fare to America. Yet you are dissatisfied.

"If you are not more careful, Mr. Zangwill, some wag will say: 'He has become so puffed up with pride that, content no longer with being the uncrowned king of Israel, he is attempting to pose as a God by treating his subjects as though they were his worshipers--with scorn.'"

Mr. Zangwill smiled, the gentlemen interested in time and space smiled, the little lady in the brown coat and the extraordinary thick glasses asked me once more if I had been to see the new exhibition of the Royal Academy, and as I turned to explain to her that I had not gone there yet, that I probably never would, I realized with sinking courage that, for the present at least, Mr. Zangwill, who had resumed the argument my entry had broken, was lost to time and space.

I listened with impatient intentness to the little lady's innocent patter of talk about pictures and daubers, but my eyes were on the tall, stooping, faintly malignant figure of the author of *Children of the Ghetto* to discuss with whom the many-faceted problem of Jewish nationalism had been one of my cherished desires when I crossed the Atlantic. Our brief, mutually suspicious, yet eager correspondence on the subject had been most unsatisfactory to me, for letters take a long time being written, in traveling some three

thousand miles over land and sea, in being answered, and in traveling back again the same distance. Time and space were always against me.

But hope dawned as Mrs. Zangwill began to serve tea, and Mr. Zangwill thoughtfully made the rounds with the cake-tray--what a use for such a man, but that is what wives make of the best of us! I gazed intently at him as I chose my cake, and he must have understood the plea in my eyes, for presently he drifted away from the philosophical young gentlemen, paused before us, and, having said something pleasant to the little lady, asked me how I liked London.

It was my moment, no mistaking it.

"London," said I to Mr. Zangwill, "is everything or nothing to me according to how much time you will give me in which to adjust my differences with you."

"Are the differences so sharp?" he asked.

"Sharp or not," I replied, "they exist, Mr. Zangwill, and now your sole care should be that they prove to be interesting, for I tell you that I am determined to thoroughly thresh them out with you before leaving you at peace again."

THE SECOND CHAPTER

Faith

ZANGWILL--I think it will simplify matters if you tell me directly what it is in my attitude towards the Jewish problem that you disagree with.

Roth--That is done with almost no effort, for it is precisely your attitude, root, trunk and branch, that I disagree with.

Zangwill--Splendid! I was a little afraid you might make it a debate, but this is really going to be a quarrel.

Roth--You state the Jewish problem with a tragic exaggeration natural in a writer of drama but not at all to the point and rather misleading in the leader of a people. The Voice of Jerusalem paints the Jewish situation so blackly that, judged by it, we Jews would appear to be the poorest, the most persecuted, and the most reviled people on earth, in danger as much from annihilation by the sword as from death by starvation.

Zangwill--Am I to infer from this that to you the prospect looks brighter?

Roth--To such a turn have things come, I may say without exaggeration, that our prospects are as bright and as dark as the prospects of mankind.

Zangwill--Poor mankind!

Roth--It has so long been our national habit to pull a long face before the world that, in spite of its glaring inaccuracies, your book goes by unchallenged both by Jews busy simulating distress and by gentiles so accustomed to beholding it that it would not occur to them to doubt it. In the interests of our people as well as of truth whom you occasionally profess to serve I beg you to consider that our plight, though far from happy, is not by any means pitiable. Pitiable our plight once was when the world itself was a safer and happier place. But since, by one of these adroit maneuverings of fate which proves her to be indifferent to race and party, Europe has caught up with us in an unaccountable progression of misery, let us abandon once and for all time our age-old tragic rôle of the sufferer among the nations. The part, never a beautiful or enviable one, though it has several times caught you almost defenseless in the searchlight of history, is no longer ours. In Armenia, to give only an instance, we have a nation which, without having a tenth of what we have, and with a history as ancient as our own, suffers a great deal more. I know how difficult it is going to be to convince you of this, but I am determined to try. I am also determined that you shall not stop me. Will you admit, to begin with, that there never was a time in Jewish history when there were so many Jews in the world--more than fourteen millions?

Zangwill--Readily, but I get little consolation from the knowledge that so many more are suffering at one time.

Roth--Admit that never before in our history were Jews as rich, and as powerful in commerce as they are to-day?

Zangwill--Why not? I see that you have become quite thoroughly Americanized. Is it not the American idea that to be rich is to be happy?

Roth--Korach had that idea too. But it is too late now to stop to establish the value of wealth--admitted enthusiastically by those who have it, and fiercely by those who hope to have it. But in climbing mountains let us try to avoid the humiliation of stubbing our toes against pebbles. Admit that never before were Jews as independent as they are to-day.

Zangwill--In America, where they are not Jews?

Roth--In England where they are good Englishmen, in America where they are good Americans, in France where they are good Frenchmen, and in Arabia where they are good Arabs. Your role being that of the tragedian, you are naturally thinking of the Jews of Russia, Poland and the Ukraine where they live in a state of temporary hopelessness and exhaustion. But when you think of the misery of the Jews in those countries you might remember that even the gentiles in those countries are not better off.

Why are you so eager to count our losses, and so reluctant to count the losses of the enemy? Have not the Europeans suffered as much from the war as we have? While they pogrommed us did they not butcher one another? **We lost lives, but they lost wealth**

which is not so easily replaced. Our gains in this war, I tell you, were greater and our losses proportionately smaller than those of the gentiles.

At the end of the war, what are the gains of Europe? For the military menace of Germany she has the military menace of France. A bad bargain, for the Germans are better soldiers just as the French are better story-tellers, and now you will have in France more soldiers and fewer novelists. In Russia the rule of the aristocracy has been put aside for the dominance of the peasantry: the jeweled crown has been exchanged for the leathern halter. What else have they gained? I had almost forgotten: the League of Nations.

In the meantime **we Jews have gained freedom and a beautiful revenge. Oh, it was worth being pogrommed for.** The government which strangled us writhes hopelessly in the dust of oblivion, the new government does not dare invoke the old anathemas. **Where we were once the humbly persecuted we are to-day the majestic and relentless persecutors.** They have not yet admitted us to the League of Nations? What would we do there--the only people on earth without a war-debt?

It would be vulgar to insist on a comparison of losses. The losses on both sides were fearful, and we shall never cease to mourn with Europe. But one thing the gentiles have lost we still retain: our faith.

Zangwill--Have we retained our faith?

Roth--Who should know this better than you? What, pray, is the meaning of the pilgrimages of Galician and Lithuanian schnorrers to your London rooms? Do you believe that they merely pick you for an easy mark, as we say in America? Human conduct is not so shallowly motivated. It means that these schnorrers have something in common with you. Now what is this community of interests which draws them to you from the innumerable ends of the earth? It is not your dress, your speech or your thoughts--least of all your thoughts. Would you like to know what it is? I will tell you. But do not smile. It is the Jewish faith. After all the idols have been smashed in the sunlit temple of Baal the God of Israel continues to look down on us from his throne of glory, towering, distant, immutable and alive. These poor Jews, burned out of their homes like rats, scatter tumultuously over every part of the earth, in every direction that the wind and the sunlight open up to them. Do they lose their reason?

Do they lose their sense of direction? Do they even lose their money? What can be the secret of it all except that, wandering through a hostile and crumbling world, they keep bright, untouched and palpitating in their bosoms their faith in the God of Israel who is also the God of Israel Zangwill?

Zangwill--I am not exactly a theist, but you must permit me to object to involving God in the discussion of a purely practical problem.

Roth--If you were not so incurably Anglicized there would be no need for me to point out to you that God is at the very foundation of our practical program.

Zangwill--Really?

THE THIRD CHAPTER

God

ROTH--Ours is not, as you know, the first civilization to have made faces at the imperturbable skies. Thanks to the patient researches of Germans with a good nose for dust we know that race after race of mankind before us built up out of the rock and granite of the earth towering castles to glitter awhile in the sun. When the earliest community of Jews congregated for the first time on the feverish desert of Arabia to whisper something of that mysterious law which binds together the sands of the desert like a necklace, many such civilizations were dying and many others like them were being born, in their turn to flower, fade, crumble and disappear.

Why, argued our first Jews amongst themselves, do these civilizations die? The springs of life are deep, and the current of life is without beginning and without end. Yet the life of a civilization hath a terribly swift end. Between the dawn and the twilight of a civilization stretches the meager span of a few centuries.

And among those Jews there were some who were wise (and they made the fashions and created the manners of the people) and some who were only persistent (but it was they who did most of the difficult and useful work). And the wise ones said: "It is so because all human labors have assigned to them an end which is not perceived by us because He who makes the assignments remains invisible to us." Whereat the persistent ones said: "Then it is only a matter of finding for ourselves some occupation which is without end, for when we shall have found that our civilization will also be without end."

The persistent ones had their way, as usually they do. In persisting they discovered that the tongue of man is boneless and may be wagged ceaselessly to and fro at all times almost without effort. Now the tongue of man was even at that time an ancient and honorable instrument, ancient in texture and honorable in the uses to which it had been put. But whereas it had been employed to modulate the sounds issuing from the human throat when the desire was for things indescribable by the human throat unaided, to express excesses of pleasure and pain, and, by being boldly wagged, to express defiance, it had never yet been employed in the idle luxury of talk. And this was precisely the use to which it was now being put; for the tongue, true to the discovery of the persistent ones, can make subtle sounds enduring longer than those echoes which steal through the hills when the mists rise out of the valleys to confound the deer in her running and the stag in his leaping about among the wooded rocks.

The surmise proved to be correct. Talk is the secret of survival of our civilization. I mean, of course, our Jewish manner of talk which is in evidence wherever there is danger of the disruption of civilization. For there is first some disagreement about the distribution of wealth or privilege, followed by savage warfare, and then a sanctimonious patching up of differences the use of which is like applying bandages to flowing wounds, and so instead of helplessly bleeding to death we rise, like the old phoenix, above the ashes of our own bones.

Zangwill--But surely you can not believe that with mere talk----

Roth--Yes, mere talk, *schmoos*. Here is an instance. Nelson and Wellington fought for England. What did they achieve? Glory. What is glory? A word. Disraeli went to the Congress of Berlin and by talking changed England from a kingdom into an empire.

Zangwill--But what has our genius for talk got to do with God?

Roth--Everything. **God is our chief talking enterprise.** The first thing we do for a people once we have invaded it is to give it a God to talk about, for, with a God to celebrate, a people is not so particular as to what it receives in exchange for its wares.

Zangwill--Do you realize that you are justifying the enemies of our people who already claim that we are purely commercial and that our idealism is only a pretense?

Roth--Our idealism is our own, Mr. Zangwill. Do we not suffer for it? As for our market-wisdom, it is our staff of life, as it is the staff of life of the nations, since their fields are plowed up by it as we pass through them dragging the dreary thing after us. If there is any pretense in our idealism it is in the expressed belief that the rest of the world shares it with us. Every time we assert the hope that Europe will some day become Christian we are guilty of a pretense of the first order.

Zangwill--I should warn you that your confusion of Judaism and Christianity is historically inaccurate.

Roth--But what do the historians know about religion? Oh, they have talked so much nonsense, and the truth itself is so simple. Hear me. It is only true that we have wandered through the valleys and over the hills of the earth. And every time we reached the peak of a high hill we built a fire before which to warm our bones and mumble out our fatigue. Once we crested Rome which is higher than any of her seven hills, and there we built our greatest bonfire and knelt down to murmur our exceeding tiredness. It is this they call Christianity.

Zangwill--But are there no essential differences between Judaism and Christianity?

THE FOURTH CHAPTER

The Rabbis

Roth--There are very interesting, very vital differences, that reach back to the sources of two separate streams of human conduct, though they are not differences obvious enough for the historians of religion to recognize. A significant indication of how profoundly Christianity varies from Judaism is that the goyim have put their religion in the charge of priests whereas our religion is in the charge of rabbis.

Zangwill--Forgive me, but I cannot remember that I have ever seen much difference between a priest and a rabbi.

Roth--Then you have had dealings only with reformed rabbis, who are really priests in disguise. Do you believe that a rabbi can be made by the mere act of ordinance? When being a rabbi meant, as in the time of Rabbi Jochanan, the putting away of all hope of attaining worldly possessions, you had rabbis. But these orators whose careers are a ludicrous struggle to "make the rabbinate pay"--let us leave them out of our discussion.

Zangwill--You have proven that orthodox rabbis are superior to reformed rabbis by the simple device of saying that the orthodox rabbis are good and the reformed rabbis bad, but will you kindly explain how rabbis are better than priests?

Roth--I did not say they were better, I said they were different. But never mind, better is what I meant. The priest is a soldier obeying an invisible general. In the battle into which he is commandeered only a passive interest keeps him at his post. The rabbi must himself be a general and a strategist whose eyes are always on both extremities of the battlefield.

Zangwill--Can it be good for a people to have so many generals?

Roth--But only see how they have led us.

Zangwill--We have at last returned to our essential difference. The rabbis have certainly led us a long way, but do you not think they would have done better to have made the way somewhat pleasanter?

Roth--The business of a general is to make the battle as dangerous as possible, danger being the only true test of a soldier's courage.

Zangwill--Our way, I say, has been made not dangerous but unpleasant. Was it daring to so completely insulate ourselves? Was it not the rabbis who forbid intermarriage?

Roth--It was, if you please, one of their great strategic feats.

Zangwill--And look at the result.

Roth--What I see is good. What is the result as you see it?

Zangwill--Well, among other things, we are not exactly loved by our neighbors.

Roth--But we have survived, have we not? And not meanly either. Are we not to-day as highly motivated a people as we ever were, whereas every nation which allowed itself the luxury of intermarrying with its neighbors either lives in shameless degeneracy or in the exclusive and refined dust of the memory of historians?

Zangwill--The rabbis also forbid Jews to make paintings and statues.

Roth--Another wise act.

Zangwill--You amaze me. What good has it done?

Roth--None whatever, since we did not heed it.

Zangwill--You don't seriously mean that you regard the making of statues and paintings harmful?

Roth--Only the other day I was explaining this to one of your Georgian poets who was sharing tea with me in a dark corner of the Savoy dining room. "How is it," he asked me, nodding a pig's head, "that you Jews have contributed nothing to the plastic arts?" I took up the delicate saucer from under my cup and gently rapped it against his bald pate. He looked grieved, but I hastened to explain myself. "If you knew," said I to him, "that every time you made such a saucer it would be split over your head, would you be anxious to continue producing them?"

But the making of statues and paintings is harmful to us in yet another way; for, **to survive, we Jews must love nothing better than ourselves.** This is how the rabbis considered the matter: once Jews take to the making of images, they would create in shadow and in stone figures so much more beautiful, so much more appealing than the figures in their own flesh and blood that, being a people with a sense of justice, they would learn to prize them more. They feared that the presence within our sight of overwhelmingly beautiful figures sprung out of our own foreheads would degrade for us the people passing before us in the common robes of humanity. Our contempt for our fellow creatures was already more than we could bear.

No one, Mr. Zangwill, can realize what harm has been done in the world by the arts which have given us so much pleasure. Weighed in the balance against the damage they have caused, I wonder if the arts would survive judgment. What is the nature of the harm? Man has learned to lift his worship above man, with the result that while pictures and statues sell for great sums of money and are jealously guarded in the strongest and most beautiful houses we know how to build, men, women and children wander about lonely and hungry over the face of a cold planet. When Mona Lisa leaves her place on the walls of the Louvre the whole world shakes with excitement, whereas many a philosopher is put out of his house into the rain without any one even asking why.

Zangwill--But there are so many philosophers and only one Mona Lisa.

Roth--True. There is just one Mona Lisa, the only mother of the human imagination who remains unchurched. But shall philosophers be neglected because there are so many of them? Consider----

Zangwill--I will not consider the philosophers another moment. Pray, get back to the Jewish Question unless you have decided to leave it to the rabbis. If you have, I suggest that you consult them about it immediately. You may find, as I have found so many times, that no rabbi, reformed or not, will seriously give himself over to the solution of a problem which is not of immediate or demonstrable benefit to the congregation which pays him for his services. Besides, your quarrel is not with the rabbis but with me. How, tell me, how I myself have been found wanting in my attitude towards the Jewish problem?

THE FIFTH CHAPTER

Intellect

ROTH--I hope you will think me neither presumptuous nor disrespectful when I say, Mr. Zangwill, that you remind me of an ancient if somewhat slighted prophet who, finding himself in a position somewhat similar to yours, did exactly as you do. I am thinking of Balaam whom Og, King of Bashan, dispatched towards Keder to curse Israel. You will remember, who have such a memory for agreeable detail, that a considerable part of the journey had already been consummated when the ass who bore the prophet paused and would go no further. In his rage, you will recall, Balaam lashed the beast, for he did not see, as the poor ass did, that an angel with a sword blocked the way. Like Balaam, you have been sent on a mission which happens to be to bless Israel, and suddenly the ass you have been riding, the Ito, has paused and will go no further, and it is because an angel is blocking your path too. This angel has come to say to you that Israel is already blessed, that Israel is not in need of blessing; Israel is sorely in need of understanding, and of some harsh words that will show him himself as in a mirror. **That's the real Jewish Problem, Mr. Zangwill: for Jews to begin to know themselves, for Jews to begin to discover why they are so universally disliked.**

Zangwill--If that is the only Jewish Problem, then you can ease yourself, for G. K. Chesterton, Houston Chamberlain, and Hilaire Belloc have solved it for us. I believe they have already named every conceivable reason why Jews are disliked.

Roth--How? By bringing against us, in the pages of their books, charges which have foundation neither in history nor in economics? They began by accusing us of deriving from poor stock, proving their argument by denying us our ancestors and adopting them for themselves. This having been laughed out of court, they revived the old superstition of Jewish ruthlessness in trade, only to be contradicted by their own stock exchange reports. "Anti-Christian!" they cried once more, when nothing is plainer than that **we Jews are probably the only true Christians.** And now they have discovered a secret

international Elders of Zion plotting to gain control of the world. **Have we ever shown such an altruistic love of the world that we would be willing to risk our necks to control it?** In view of the absence in Israel of any organization for the simplest self-defense, excepting possibly our charities which smack of beggary, it is pitiable even to attempt to answer such a charge. The simple truth is that the Chestertons, Chamberlains and Bellocs represent a multitude of arguments reared in the hope that they will serve as solid intellectual barriers between us and the fruits of a culture we warmed and nurtured in the seed. The true cause of antisemitism is not to be found in their works any more than it is to be found in yours. I call your attention to the fact that there are real reasons why the world dislikes us--reasons more imposing than the trifling things used against us as their stock-in-trade by the Bellocs and the Chestertons who hate us perhaps without knowing why, though it is more likely that they do not care. To get to the understanding of the cause of a disease is in a way to approach its cure, and I do not think that the Chestertons and the Bellocs are anxious to see us cured. Our annihilation would be more welcome to them than our revival. But there are, as I have already said, good, solid reasons why the world should dislike us, and I, a Jew, will utter them. After all, were we Jews not always the best judges of our own faults? Did we ever shrink from shouting our failings from the house tops? **We are to-day the most bitterly despised people in the world.** Never was a people so simply, so tenaciously, so whole-heartedly **loathed**. If there are good reasons for this why should we not know them? Why, if we are lacking in grace, should we not be ashamed? Is it not possible that through the instinctive atonement which will come along with the knowledge of our shame we will regain grace?

I am nevertheless glad that you mentioned the Chestertons and the Bellocs. For it is necessary that we should also understand their attitude, or rather their grievance, **which is the result of a deeply rooted envy and jealousy.**

Zangwill--Why do they envy us? And of what are they jealous?

Roth--**They envy our intellectual leadership of Europe whose thought is Jew-born and Jew-bred. Europe not only thinks in Jewish terms, but all her enterprises are motivated by the personalities of Jews.** Only once, for one trembling moment, did the mind of Europe raise itself above the turmoil of its mental slavery, in the rhythmic, sentimental meditations of Descartes. But not till the rise of Spinoza did Europe achieve a philosophy. Spinoza is at the heart of European thought: he prevented Descartes who came before him from becoming a prophet, as he prevented Emanuel Kant who came after him from becoming a lawgiver. As it was in the beginning so it still is now. There is not a program, a sentiment or a conviction a European can choose to follow but he must follow a Jew--whether it be Bergson, **Marx or Freud.**

Why should not the intelligentsia of Europe hate us? **Time and again we have humiliated them. We began by giving them Christianity, and for two thousand years they have been trying to live up to it. A continent-full of savages loving plunder and thieving, exulting in rape and incest, were saddled with a religion enjoining them to love their neighbors as themselves.** Those mountain chieftains with hidden daggers kept in readiness to strike, those bands of idlers accustomed to hiring out their soldierly services at so much per,

were advised to turn the other cheek. If they had only had the presence of mind, how they would have answered their Christian teachers! But the poor European has from time immemorial suffered certain periodic lapses of shyness in which it is difficult for him to deny any one anything. In such a moment it is easy to make him believe that he is good and noble and nothing else. In such a moment Christianity was imposed on Europe. And even though Europeans have not permitted themselves to be swung entirely out of their natural preference for pillage and brigandry, **this religion we foisted on them has confused their speech** and freighted their treaties with vows they do not mean and cannot understand.

But Christianity was only the first of a long series of Jewish enterprises of which Socialism is the culminating imposition. Instinctively Europe is as much against Socialism as she has always been against Christianity. Why are they gradually accepting Socialism? Europe is simply living through another one of her periods of shyness. But don't worry. Europe will soon recover. Only see what has just happened here in England. Why did the railway workers and the longshoremen allow the Government to starve the coal miners into submission? "You held better and steadier jobs than we did during the war, so you can afford to strike." Was that not the substance of the reply of the railroad workers and the longshoremen to the appeal of the coal miners? I tell you that just as Christianity has failed to make Christians of them Socialism will fail to make men of them.

In the meantime Socialism and Christianity are abiding, irritating symbols of **Europe's mental enslavement to Israel**. When the Chestertons and the Bellocs talk of race purity and patriotism they lie in their throats. **They know that we are racially purer than they are. They know that we are better patriots than they are. It is their intellectual slavery which rankles in them, and once this is understood we can afford to ignore them completely.**

Zangwill--Suppose I grant you our intellectual leadership--I do not think it is possible to deny it--have not the Europeans leadership in everything else, in the conduct of great cities, in the arts, in military science? That is having so much more than we have that I still do not see why they should be angry or envious.

Roth--Suppose I show you a steed of pure blood, with legs of extraordinary slenderness and agility, a black shining skin and eyes that flash fire. But suddenly appears a man with a whip, and the beast's sides begin to quiver, his nostrils dilate rapidly with resentment. The man with the whip is his rider.

Zangwill--But you said something about the real causes of antisemitism. You are sufficiently violent to strike the truth even though it be kind to you, and I am curious.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER

Beauty

ROTH--Remember, we are engaged in an inquiry which is to lead us to the roots of antisemitism. If nothing is to bar our understanding of the vital facts we must go about our inquiry resolutely, fearlessly, careless alike of whether we offend Israel or Israel Zangwill.

Zangwill--Agreed.

Roth--In the Jewish Aguda there is a paragraph concerning the beauty of Rabbi Jochanan. "I am," said Rabbi Jochanan, "the last of Jerusalem's beautiful ones." Often, as I make my way through the Jewish quarter of some world metropolis, the words come back with a pang to remind me that the degradation of a people is always accompanied by a corresponding debasement in its external appearance. What a difference between the Greeks we see every day in Soho and the Greeks to be found in the pages of Elie Faure! Such a difference, in a milder way, has come about in our own people. If you need further proof of how truly this spirit works you need only note that no sooner did the hope and pride of Israel flare up in the rise of the idea of a Jewish national revival than we saw ourselves suddenly glorified in the appearance of Theodore Herzl--**the first handsome Jew in two thousand years**. But Herzl died as quickly as our hope, and once more we labor away on the dead level of our external stupor which, in a way, feeds the flames of universal dislike. To illustrate: though we are not by any means the first people in the world to be persecuted, we are the first to have been picked out individually for the contempt and assault of our neighbors. Other peoples before us and during our time have been disapproved of, but they were either attacked as a body or they were let alone as a body. The people of Israel might be at war with no one, yet every single Jew lives always under the frowning menace of a personal assault that may come from any one, from anywhere.

Zangwill--What are you driving at?

Roth--Has it ever occurred to you, Mr. Zangwill, that, on the whole, we are not a pleasant people to look at?

Zangwill--Surely I cannot hope to dissuade you from this by asking you to look more intently at me. But are you in earnest?

Roth--Very much in earnest. Look at our men, look at our women. Look particularly at our women.

Zangwill--It seems to me that Jewish women are admired the world over, and for their beauty precisely.

Roth--Jewish women are good, healthy and hard working, and they are lacking in none of those feminine allurements which release in us forces important for the perpetuation of the race. **But they are almost wholly without beauty**--that cool, carefree, elusive grace which nourishes the seed of our peculiarly human grandeur. Thick-ankled, heavy-bosomed and dark-browed, our women are earthly and earthy. You are probably thinking

that the responsibilities of Jewish motherhood have been too grave to be favorable to the development of anything carefree and cool. That is probably a good explanation, but unfortunately it does not alter the fact that Jewish women are unattractive.

At her best, woman is not a satisfactory contrivance, her function being to perpetuate the race rather than its glory. But in every community except our own there are women of exceptional spirit and beauty who free themselves of the grosser implications of their primal function and with that act free their men also, if only for a moment, from the grip of an evil fatality. We Jews, of all civilized peoples, alone do not know the pleasure of this blessed release, except when we dare break the bonds and intermarry, which usually only serves to make matters worse. Not that Jewish women do not strive to be free and beautiful. But alas, their striving is saddening. In the face of that is it to be wondered that the greatest Jews of the Diaspora took to themselves gentile wives? Except poor Herzl--and how bitterly did his Julia oppose his every Jewish idea!

What I have said of Jewish women is true, even more true, of Jewish men, though in East-European rabbis idleness occasionally breeds a luxuriously bristling beast lacking only courage to challenge admiration. The trouble with our men is that they are so intent on the wares they sell that their facial expressions take on the appearances of the things they trade with, be they rolling pins or pickles. I know a man on a corner of Houston Street of the Jewish east side of New York who has been selling pickles for thirty-five years, and if he is still there his face is the faithful image of any one of the dozens of pickles to be seen on his stand. Certain trade resemblances have become of an hereditary importance. A red-headed Jew always looks like a carrot, a little pot-bellied Jew like a potato, or, if he is a big potbellied Jew, like a sack of potatoes. Even the beard, ornament of every earthly creature except the goat, fails us.

Zangwill--But surely there are homelier peoples than the Jews?

Roth--Yes, Poles, Ukrainians, and Hungarians, but since they pretend to nothing, aspire to nothing, the world lets them go by without a word. With us who have always the word beauty on our tongue it is different, for beauty is expected of us.

Zangwill--Suppose I were to grant you this, and I certainly do not, for every day I see Jews of great dignity and beauty of person, is it not possible that our mean appearance is only the reflex of the world's hostility, so that you are really attributing the cause of the disease to the effect?

Roth--No, I do not think our ungainliness is the product of persecution. If we had ever been a beautiful people we would have learned to prize beauty more. Have you ever noticed that in the Bible, which is the most ancient and most reliable account of our history and our motives, beauty is mentioned only as a symbol of vice?

Zangwill--No, it never occurred to me before.

Roth--The Bible praises Sarah for her faithfulness, Deborah for her rhetoric, Miriam for her good voice, Esther for her courage and Hannah for her devotion. But only those women are mentioned for their beauty whose fascination had a vicious aspect or helped somehow in the instigation of slaughter--such women being Vashti and Tamar. Suppose you try to remember whether the Bible mentions any man for his personal beauty?

Zangwill--Nothing is actually said about it in the Biblical narrative, but can you doubt that Moses had beauty? "His eye was not dim nor his natural force abated"--at a hundred and twenty! And there was David, and there was David's precious son Absalom.

Roth--I do not doubt that Moses, David and Absalom were men of beauty. But I understand, as you do not, the reluctance of the Jewish historian to praise beauty even in heroes when beauty was so scarce among the people for whom he was writing.

Zangwill--You are confusing history with poetry, which is the art of praise.

Roth--And since the histories in the Biblical narrative were written by poets who praised God lavishly, is it too much to expect them to praise what they see of the beautiful in man?

Zangwill--Our histories were written by men who, unlike the Greeks, could not be expected to be moved to praise by beauty in their own sex.

Roth--Your reply is wily but inaccurate. Our historians were poets, which is to say men of truth, and had there been beauty to see they would have recorded it. Perhaps you do not remember that we are the only people on record who have ordered in the national sacraments the destruction of beauty?

Zangwill--Really?

Roth--"When thou goest forth into battle against thine enemies," commanded Moses, "and the Lord thy God delivereth them into thy hands, and thou carriest them away captive, and seest among the captives a woman of goodly form, and thou hast a desire unto her, and wouldst take her to thee for wife; then thou shalt bring her home to thy house; and she shall shave her head and pare her nails." Would there have been need for such precaution against the allurements of gentile women if Jewish women, even then, had not been lacking in grace? Does not this commandment clearly express fear lest the presence of gentile women in the midst of Israel result in the wholesale abandonment of Jewish women?

But what a horrible commandment is this business of shaving hair and paring nails! Dante finds in the seventh circle of Hell an island devoted to the torture of those who desecrated works of art. Surely there must be another similar island in Hell for those who cut off the hair of women, and pare their nails. But this, I fear, is the sum of our traditional attitude towards beauty. Is it not time to begin to resent it?

Zangwill--You are mistaken. There is no such attitude. Jews merely do not think that physical beauty represents a positive good, and they would merely attempt wherever it is possible, to prevent it from working evil.

Roth--Oh, there is positive value in beauty. There is virtue in beauty, too. When I read in Euripides how, when she was in danger of being despoiled by the angry Greeks, Helen was snatched up into heaven by the gods, I feel that there has been a triumph in the imagination of a whole people. For our lack of faith in beauty we have been punished with the plainness of our race, which is a pity, for we really have such a fine instinct for beauty.

Zangwill--It is well for you to talk of beauty. But what of the virtues of homeliness? Are they not to be considered?

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER

Modesty

ROTH--The virtues of homeliness--very interesting. What are the virtues of homeliness?

Zangwill--Peace, modesty, contentment, hope, comfort. The most important of them are already named.

Roth--Now which one of these important virtues appears to you to be the most important of all?

Zangwill--I do not wish to be too certain, but for the moment I venture to suggest modesty. You are at liberty to agree with me.

Roth--I agree, with no reservations. But are we a modest people? I think it would be difficult for ever a race-blind Jew to insist that we are a modest people. But let us make certain, first of all, that we are not in a blind alley. I am not, please believe, reiterating that naive conceit of the gentiles that the coarseness of our nature reveals itself in the indelicacy of our behavior in clubs, cafes and theaters which are conceived in boisterousness and all the joys thereof. It seems to me about as sensible to be modest in the theater as it is to drink buttermilk in a beer saloon, though undoubtedly both are being done. I am thinking of **something truly vicious and devastating--our international boisterousness.**

Zangwill--By which you mean?

Roth--Our pacifism, among other things. Why, I want to know, have we Jews appointed ourselves the peacemakers of the world? Why have we relegated to ourselves the stupid and ungrateful task of going about crying out for peace among the nations? We are not even ourselves a peaceful people, for we harbor, perhaps, more dissension in Israel than is to be found among all the rest of the nations on earth combined. Without even a good-

humored understanding amongst ourselves, we go about preaching the importance of an understanding of friendship among the peoples. Suppose complete disarmament were really the wisest course for European polity to adopt? Is it not plain, at the same time, that the Jews as a people have nothing to lose from any one of the evils which, it is easy to conjecture, might befall a nation because it has prematurely disarmed? Our eagerness to disarm our neighbors is just a tragic phase of our national boisterousness.

Zangwill--You seem to forget that we Jews have always been indoctrinated with the ideas of peace.

Roth--Yet the only land we ever owned we wrested by the forcing power of the sword from another people. The laws we profess came to us out of a violent manifestation of the laws of nature. And our ceaseless rebelliousness against existing social orders is proverbial.

Zangwill--Is it also boisterous for a people to insist on its own rights?

Roth--No. But we are always insisting on the rights of others.

Zangwill--Naturally, since we combine with a sense of justice a sense of humanity.

Roth--But I tell you that it is rank interference, and no more than that. How impertinent of us to demand rights belonging to those who gained them at risks which we were not called upon to share! Besides, an ancient people like the Jews should be able to refrain from sniffing at the heels of petty reforms. Are we not old enough yet to realize that as long as a government keeps clear and free the circulation of its sewers and banks, everything else is trivial and of no consequence?

Zangwill--But is it enough that we should merely remain alive and solvent?

Roth--It is most important that we should remain solvent.

Zangwill--You forget that to mean anything at all our life must be regulated according to certain standards.

Roth--Why?

Zangwill--Human life is nothing if it is not properly preserved.

Roth--We live properly when we live well.

Zangwill--Nevertheless we must be very careful. Man is an organism which grows until it begins to decay, and then it grows no longer. After that----

Roth--What?

Zangwill--Death and the end of everything, for when life has passed out of man there is nothing else.

Roth--There you are. You touch the very roots of our strange boisterousness, our pacifism, when you remember our insistence on the sacredness of human life. In a world in which it is gravely necessary for a man to kill his neighbor we cry out: "Thou shalt not kill."

Zangwill--Why must we kill?

Roth--Once more, I must cite scripture at you, for the only way to dispute our laws effectively is to quote them. In one of those pleasant, rather longwinded speeches in which he ordained for us a vague and violent future, Moses, advising us as to what we should do with the peoples who would inevitably succumb to our prowess, insisted that no matter what mercies we ever show other peoples, Amalek must be destroyed. He must not just be destroyed. The destruction must be complete, extending to his women, his children and even his cattle.

I submit to you, Mr. Zangwill, that this Amalek is a very profound, a very sacred social symbol. Every nation, every man, every woman has such an Amalek, something that must be completely destroyed. The law which bids us destroy Amalek is sacred, for it is very precious to our natures. In the face of a law so deeply ingrained in human nature is it not obvious that the Jewish insistence on the sacredness of human life is a little irksome?

Zangwill--In a world in which killing is done so indiscriminately and with such ceaseless enthusiasm I think it is necessary that there should be at least one people dedicated to **the propaganda that human life is sacred**.

Roth--Our propaganda is much too effective. We make our claim much too eloquently. I have an experience in mind which illustrates my point.

On the ship which brought me to England I met a young Chinaman who made a very significant comment on the Jewish Problem. "You hold life too precious, you Jews," he said, "and life is not everything." I did not fully understand him till a few days ago when I read that several millions of Chinamen have recently perished for lack of food. Millions dying while the granaries of Western Europe are full! My head reeled with the remembrance that in 1904 the whole Jewish world marched through the important cities of the world bearing black flags of mourning because in Kishanev some evil peasants had fallen on the Jews, causing casualties of less than half a hundred, and the words of that young Chinaman came back to me: "You Jews hold life too precious--and life is not everything." Did not we Jews give the world a religion based on the sufferings of one man? I suddenly understood the sacrifices as a symbol of the subservience and inferiority of the rest of the animal world to mankind. Human life must not only be preserved, it must be cherished. "Love thy neighbor as thyself" was never modified to read "providing he be worthy of love." Because he is human it is presupposed that a man is worthy of love. **What was Europe before we entered it? A slaughter house. What is Europe now that**

we have agitated up and down it for two thousand years? A slaughter house. Have we altered things at all? Oh, yes: the slaughter is now conducted on lines of conscience. By establishing the belief in the sacredness of human life we have merely helped to elevate murder to a very high social plane. We have given murder an attractive significance. A man may be a beast too mean to be allowed to lick the front steps of a temple, but he need only slit the throat of his neighbor to become immediately an object of the fascinated contemplation of the world, a man selected for the scorn of the writers of editorials and the endless curiosity of lady journalists.

Jewish love of life is no mere whim. It is something fundamental in us. We pursue it with a confidence in its ultimate good that is both ardent and contagious. Where do we not encounter it? In literature, in the theater, in the market we show ourselves unwaveringly sensitive to every pulse of joy and pain; we sublimate its significance, praise its beneficences, and, altogether, look to it as though it were a golden bridge which, when crossed, will leave us at the golden gate of an assured and comfortable future. And going as we do about the shabby routine of life as though every step were bringing us nearer to some mysterious, much desired reward, we attract the easily credulous gentile who, following us step by step, ultimately discovers himself before a common wormy grave. The disillusionment is heartrending. He dies cursing us.

Zangwill--Should it be accounted a fault that our love of life is so contagious? Is it not rather the fault of life that it falls below our vision of it?

Roth--Your question is purely rhetorical, but my quarrel is not with life, but with you, and I am merely pointing out to you that this exceeding love of life is one of the causes of anti-semitism.

Zangwill--But if you bar even our enthusiasm for life, what do you leave us?

Roth--Life itself. Is that not enough?

Zangwill--It is useless. Jews have been too long used to spicing their life ever to consent to take it raw again?

Roth--I do not ask them to take it raw. I ask them not to swallow it, and so avoid indigestion.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER

Jesus

ZANGWILL--Since you object to Jewish pacifism, attributing to it some of the hatred leveled at us, how do you account for the fact that the only Jew the Gentiles have chosen to follow was perhaps the greatest pacifist that ever lived?

Roth--I presume you mean Jesus of Nazareth.

Zangwill--No other. You have the rare merit of remaining perfectly unmoved in the presence of the obvious.

Roth--But is it really so obvious that Jesus was a pacifist?

Zangwill--You are not content with remaining unmoved before the obvious, so you torture it.

Roth--Suppose I suggest to you that it takes the courage of a fighting heart to preach peace before an embattled world?

Zangwill--If your preacher is himself a warrior. But don't you see that Jesus spoke of peace because it was not in his nature to speak of anything else?

Roth--How so?

Zangwill--Since Jesus was all love, all kindness, daring in him would have been to try to appear to be anything else.

Roth--I see that you are content to believe many more things than you understand. Has it ever occurred to you to examine more closely the legend of Jesus the Pacifist, the lover of mankind?

Zangwill--I have read the New Testament.

Roth--Then you have read it, as it is read by the rest of the world, with eyes tightly shut. For myself, I have searched vainly through the New Testament for traces of the legendary Jesus, but whereas his doctrine is the doctrine of Hillel I find that his heart is the heart of Samson when the pillars of the Temple are crumbling under his arms. I find him a man so profoundly embittered by life, so repulsed by his fellow creatures, that he is satisfied to leave nothing as he found it. For one must believe either that Jesus was a fool unlearned in the ways of the world, or that, knowing the importance of the words to which he gave utterance, he was prepared to throw the whole existing world into turmoil so that nothing of it might remain in the state in which his tormented eyes beheld it. This man of peace gave the lie to the code of Moses, and overturned the tables of the hateful money-changers.

Jesus seems to have been first and last a Jew, a beaten Jew, a nationalistic Jew. His teachings sound to me like a cry out of the degradation of the poor in Israel of whose number and destiny he felt himself to be a part. (It must be remembered that though the

poet's symbol spreads large, overshadowing wings whose brightness enfolds a world of unsettled objects, the symbol itself, as it appears to the poet, is a homely object whose original setting is in some actual obscure corner of the poet's life.)

Jesus preached of Jews and for Jews. Of all the ancient Jewish leaders of whose words and deeds we have a competent record, he understood best the limitations of idealism outside of Israel, he appreciated most keenly the difference between what may be preached to the goyim and what may be expected from them.

The Gentiles say glibly that Jesus so loved the world that he willingly died to redeem it from sin. But what was there in the world outside of Israel to love? The world Jesus is supposed to have loved consisted of

Roman greed

Greek slavery

Egyptian stolidness

European aggressiveness

Rome did not need, nor did she want, to be saved. The Emperor of Rome, writhing on the dunghill of national decay, looked deep into his plate at meal times, and kept himself far from a temple. Love, pity, self-sacrifice--what could even the words have meant to him? He understood only the meaning of power, he wanted only the tribute of obedience. The Roman populace were a credit to their Emperor.

Their lust for conquest had degenerated into a lust for debauchery. Whatever moral indignation had lodged in them had become dissipated in the corrupt versification of Juvenal. Their feasts had been turned into orgies, their temples into brothels, their amusements into slaughter houses. The auctioning off of Rome among its soldiery was only the logical outcome of the extraordinary coarseness into which Roman civilization had grown.

The mind, the heart, and the hand of the Greek had grown feeble--an outcome of centuries of national debauchery--but his cares and ambitions were at an end at last. His past would be his only future. At his liveliest the Greek had never taken a very generous interest in the affairs of the world, he had been from the very first too busy with protecting himself from the Persian and later from himself. The Greek poets had taken the heart of Greece to the top of Mount Olympus and left it there to freeze among the cold clouds and snows. To the Greek of that day, the Sermon on the Mount would have appeared, had he been allowed the opportunity of reading it, as merely a pompous composition to be held in contempt along with other similar Hebrew imitations of Greek writers.

The Egyptian was what he has been since the dawn of civilization, and what he is likely to remain to the last day of our allotted time: deeply rooted in his strange soil, curious

about all natural phenomena, and as far beneath national pride as he was above personal ambition. Because of the instinctive evenness of his articulation the Egyptian is, among the races of mankind, the closest approach to what we may imagine makes up the contentment of the domesticated brutes of our measured fields. Service, of which the cow, the dog, the horse and--to an extent--even the cat, seem to be intelligently aware, is the keynote of the life and genius of the Egyptian peoples. To do what was expected of him was the beginning and the end of the endeavor of the Egyptian. He never wanted to do more than that. He does not want to do more than that to-day. For him surely the message of the Nazarene, had the Nazarene wanted to reach him, would have been both superfluous and meaningless.

Europe, or what constituted Europe then, was the young upstart of the world, crowding the borders of old civilizations, breaking, burning, murdering, pillaging. Europe would first have to suffer the pangs of national birth, development and distress before she could have any use for or understanding of a religion of despair. Surely Jesus could have had very little to say to those savages north of the Mediterranean.

There you have a not exaggerated summary of the world in which Jesus lived. Love it? He abhorred, he loathed, he hated it, and if you have blindly accepted the bias that Jesus had no hatred in his soul for any one or any thing, remember how intensely he hated the Pharisees.

It would perhaps be aside from the point of our argument to establish the truth that the Christian interpretation of the character of Jesus would make him a sort of sublimated idiot. But I cannot pass it by without a word. May I point out to you that love and hatred are essential to each other in people as a balance of character? Wherever you have a human being whose only passions are the passions of hatred you have a madman. Wherever you have a man whose only assets are the passions of love you have another madman. Here Christians might interpose with the argument that this balance of character is not necessary in our conception of Jesus, who was not a man but a god. This seems to me to be an invalid objection, for if we cannot visualize Jesus as even a normal man how would he appear on the higher plane on which we would have to judge him with gods such as Buddha and Jehovah.

In the world he lived in Jesus could see only the Jewish despair which encompassed him. If he had any desire to become a savior it was of his own Jewish world--so strong were the bonds which tied him to it. As he believed in his love for his people, so he believed in himself. One passion was governed by the other.

Zangwill--You would have me believe that Jesus cared nothing about the other nations?

Roth--I would have you believe only what you can understand. I ask you: how could Jesus have had international interests? Jewish politics had been wiped out with the defeat of Bar Cochba. The sword of Rome glittered brightly over the Temple. For the rebirth of a Jewish polity there was no hope, for some time there would be no hope. Jewish hope was buried deep in the blind, impenetrable womb of the future. One could not save, but

one could heal. Jesus sought to heal the despair of his people by showing them that if there was for them no chance of a kingdom on earth there were infinite possibilities of a kingdom of heaven. It was to be the kingdom within them as against the cruel, oppressive kingdom without, the heart of mankind against the armies of Rome.

And surely the words of Jesus did not sound like the expression of empty doctrine. There is in his words a love of beauty and an infinite pity for the lowly and the suffering about him. For none but the Jews themselves could those speeches have been intended. And that his people might know that he spoke for them only Jesus thus instructed his disciples (*Matthew* x: 5, 6):

These twelve Jesus sent forth, and commanded them, saying, Go not into the way of the Gentile, and into any city of the Samaritans enter ye not:

But go rather to the lost sheep of the tribe of Israel.

By which you see that not only had Jesus no interest in the gentiles, by whom he understood the nations of the earth outside of Israel, but he was even sensitive to an unimportant feud which the Jews and the Samaritans of that day were engaged in.

Nothing better illustrates for me the illusoriness of the human intelligence and the imbecility of the human judgment than that it has become a universally accepted article of faith that Jesus died for the world. All of his activities were confined to Judæa, his audiences and disciples were Jewish, and his only warfare was with the synagogues of the Pharisees.

Jesus said: "Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's," the silent ironic implication being that nothing is Cæsar's. Why did not Jesus ever go to Rome? It is obvious why he did not go. What business could he possibly have had with the oppressors of his people? Did he ever, in our records of him, even try to get into conversation with them?

Jesus said: "The kingdom of God is within you," but he no more intended that his words should be overheard and repeated by a Roman Emperor or a Roman Pope than Micah intended that his saying about the time when every man should sit peacefully under his own vine and fig tree should be overheard by an Eskimo who, in the event of a millennium, would be sorely pressed to find anything to sit under other than a blubber-press or an iceberg.

THE NINTH CHAPTER

The Legend

ZANGWILL--What you say about Jesus is very interesting. He has always had a great appeal for me, and few books or paintings of him have passed me by unnoticed. Your conception of him is as surprising as that of a Flemish painter whose name I cannot remember, but whose picture shows a young, magnetic peasant with black hair and black eyes leaning with eager meditateness towards his disciples across the table. I am really glad we came to this because you have presented Jesus from a new point of view. Even as I speak to you my mind is crowded with accumulating evidence for your presentation, but more of this later. Let us regain the wandering thread of our argument. I remember that you charge us with immodesty on the grounds that rebellion is unbecoming to the Jew who is a stranger to the land he resides in. If you insist on this, how are we to regard the Jew's position among the nations? Does he not in that case become a wanderer on the face of the earth without roots anywhere?

Roth--The Jew is a wanderer to be sure, but he has roots in the various countries in which he resides. These roots are moral roots, and they sink not into the soil but into the spiritual life of the people with whom he happens to cast his lot.

Zangwill--That's probably another good cause for antisemitism. But if the Jew's wandering from one country into another is not out of choice but enforced by the countries which eventually tire of him and develop a rage against him, would not candor compel us to admit that there is really no point to his wandering?

Roth--No. The Jew is not an aimless wanderer over the face of the earth. He is aimless neither as a wanderer nor as a Jew. The beginning of the understanding of Israel is the realization that being a Jew has ever been a choice, though often a fatality. The generations of Jews who bore the Torah through the wildernesses of Asia, Africa, and Europe, are also the generations of Jews who stepped out of the line of march to fraternize with and become lost in neighboring peoples. We will not say of the latter that they abandoned their people, rather let us say that they so loved other peoples that for joy of mingling with them they were willing to give up a proud and precious heritage. It is recorded that a certain Ruth of Moab pleaded with her mother-in-law Naomi to be allowed to worship with her the God of Israel. But how many Ruths have abandoned the God of Israel to pray with gentile lovers at the shrines of Baal?

All the Jews of Goshen did not follow Moses out of Egypt. All the Jews of Babylon did not accompany Nehemiah back to Jerusalem. Nor did all the Jews of Spain prefer the Torah and the rack to the crucifix and peace for a while. It appears to me to be a lamentable error in Jewish historians that they fail to illuminate this double stream of acceptance and rejection in Jewish life. There surely is no disgrace in the truth that thousands of Jews every generation abandon the faith of their fathers, and there is the compensating gain of glory in the realization that every generation millions of Jews choose for their destiny the hard, merciless splendor of remaining Jews. Without an understanding of this element of choice Jewish history loses in heroism and significance. With the choice clearly understood the chimera of the aimless wanderer fades out like smoke.

Zangwill--But if he is not an aimless wanderer, what kind of a wanderer is the Jew?

Roth--I fear, Mr. Zangwill, that whatever your opinion on the matter may be, you have unconsciously got into the habit-of-thinking of the Zionists who see Palestine only as a home for Israel, and Israel only as a people to be picked up like so many checkers on a board and transferred to Palestine. In that view there is neither truth, beauty nor tolerance. No good for the Jews can come of it. If there were a clean way of getting into a direct argument with them I would like to remind the Zionists that the first Jew was not Joshua but Abraham, and that before Joshua had a land to conquer Abraham was the guest of the nations of the Arabian peninsula. The Jews in truth have two homelands, the Diaspora as well as Palestine, and the Diaspora is the oldest as well as the most reliable of these homes. There never was a time in the history of Israel when there were not more Jews living outside of Palestine than in it. Is it fair, then, to take it for granted that if the Jew is not in Palestine he is nowhere?

Zangwill--It is a simple enough thing to say that the Diaspora is our home. But have the Jews ever thought of it that way?

Roth--Before God got the nationalist idea was not Abraham a happy, contented, prosperous sojourner of *merchakim*? If God had never said to Abraham "*Lech Lechu*" (Go thou) we probably would never have got into trouble.

Zangwill--But you have not yet answered my question, which is a very important one. If we are regular, full-fledged citizens in the countries in which we sojourn, why is it immodest of us to raise our voice in their affairs? And if it is immodest for us to raise a voice in their affairs, what is our citizenship worth?

Roth--Our citizenship in a country entitles us to work in it, to be paid for our labor at least as much as is paid to other natives, to cooperate with the other citizens in maintaining the health and prosperity of the country, and to be permitted to keep the choice of remaining Jews. We are really entitled to everything but the last, and for the privilege of keeping this choice we must consent to waive certain minor privileges, among them the dubious privilege of rebelling against the existing social order.

If the privilege of being a social meddler is too precious for a Jew to surrender, he is not worthy of being a Jew, and should get himself baptized at the nearest church as soon as possible.

Zangwill--Is this the notice you would serve on all our Marxes and Trotskys?

Roth--The Marxes must be forgiven because they are scholars. As for the Trotskys, they have always been a damned nuisance. **Would you like to know who was our first Trotsky? I will tell you. It was St. Paul.**

Paul, the real founder of Christianity, went about, like Trotsky, proselytizing among the nations. He was certainly the prototype of the modern Jewish radical, his delusions

differing only in their material aspects from the delusions of the man who in our day headed the armies of the revolution in Russia.

Between Paul and Trotsky I see a very significant and ominous resemblance. Like Paul the Apostle, Trotsky the Communist despises his own people. Like Paul, Trotsky argues with cunning rather than with wisdom. And there is a similarity between the fruits of their labors for their own people. Out of the preachings of Paul rose the Catholic Church, our worst scourger. Out of the work of Trotsky is arising a Russia whose treatment of the Jews will some day cause the Inquisition to become a gay memory. Already the peasants are murmuring: "The accursed Jews took advantage of our confusion to make themselves our masters." What is yet to come only the blind cannot see.

Paul went to Rome and Trotsky went to Moscow. Both appear to me to cut equally ludicrous figures on the stage of history. When Paul appeared Rome was already in the last stage of her national decay, so Paul talked to her encouragingly of heaven. Russia, defeated by Germany and Austria, was fleeing in confusion from Western battlefields when Trotsky appeared and whispered to her of Bolshevism, the modern substitute for heaven.

Trotsky is the type of Jew who continues to remain in the light of history by continually tumbling out of it. There is no menace more terrible to us than this type which causes nations to distrust us.

Zangwill--Then what should be the active role of the Jews in the Diaspora?

Roth--The Jews should solidify in every nation the forces which maintain law and order. They should be the most skillful laborers, the most enterprising merchants and bankers, the keenest scholars and expounders of the law. In other words, it should be a privilege, not a menace, for a nation to have Jews.

Several years ago Villa, the bandit chieftain of Mexico, on being interviewed by some American correspondents in Washington concerning the future of Mexico, cried out: "Give us at least fifty thousand Jews in Mexico, and see what our future will be!" Do you doubt that he was right?

Zangwill--I do not doubt that Villa was right. But I do doubt whether, once the Jews had succeeded in establishing Mexico's credit, even Villa, who is reputed to be of Jewish blood, would remember it in their favor. Do you not see in your America how the tide of resentment is rising against the Jews even while their hands have not yet been withdrawn from the steel girders of their gigantic development? How long is it, do you think, before the dreaded *Lech Lechu* will once more be pronounced in the western hemisphere and you will find yourselves wandering out of America?

Roth—A long time, I hope. It is even possible that we may always remain here. I have been reading an article by a Dr. Herbert Adams Gibbons on the Jewish Problem in relation to American ideals which displays so little knowledge of Jewish affairs and such

a confusion of opinion concerning Jewish life in general that it strikes me as a painfully accurate summary of the attitude of America towards us. With this idea uppermost, I have carefully studied the article, and I announce to you that I see no reason why we should not be able to conciliate America. Do let me show you how.

Zangwill--I am resigned.

THE TENTH CHAPTER

America

Roth--I have heard Jews speak slightly of defects in Dr. Gibbons' sympathies, but if he would only mend his logic, I think his sympathies would take care of themselves. Moreover, I see certain incontestable virtues in the nature of his inquiries into the motives of the Jews of America. If his naive curiosity concerning our intentions is symptomatic of the attitude of America we should have little difficulty reestablishing our moral credit on this side of the Atlantic, for our intentions have been unquestionably good--alas, much better than our actual achievements.

Zangwill--Why this sudden self-conscious modesty? The Jews have certainly contributed their ample share towards the upbuilding of America.

Roth--Industrially, yes. I am thinking this moment how little we have done in America for the arts--particularly for the art of poetry in which I can judge with more assurance.

Zangwill--That is strange, for in every European country Jews are foremost among the leaders in all the arts.

Roth--It is not strange at all. **Jewish literary talent in America has been exhausted in the effort to disguise the name Cohen** of which you may find in the New York Telephone Directory no less than twenty-four variations: Cohen, Cohn, Cone, Cunn, Curie, Coan, Coon, Cohene, Cane, Kohn, Kohne, Kohen, Kohene, Kuhn, Kuhne, Kun, Kunn, Koen, Konn, Coone, Cahn, Kone, Kann, and Kahn.

Zangwill--Is there any unpleasantness in the life of our people that you have overlooked?

Roth--There are many unpleasantnesses, I promise you, I shall not mention.

Zangwill--For that much I shall be grateful.

Roth--You forget that we are not on a tour of compliments.

Zangwill--And you seem to be unaware that at this rate you will in short establish, yourself as an arch-antisemite, for you are building up against American Jews a case that will be more difficult to dispute, I dare say, than that of Dr. Gibbons, be his case whatever it may be.

Roth--Thank you for the reminder. We will return to Dr. Gibbons, whose objections to us are more legitimate because they are those of an outsider. They can be classed, I think, as follows:

1. American Jews, instead of assimilating as they should, consciously strive to maintain their Jewishness by means of a compact and unmistakably clannish community;
2. The largest number of Jewish immigrants have remained within fifteen miles of Ellis Island, and do not, therefore, like the other immigrants, help in developing the resources of the country;
3. By fostering Zionist ideals, American Jewry becomes itself the cause of antisemitism.

Zangwill--Your Dr. Gibbons seems to me to be a rather apt pupil of Henry Ford.

Roth--Unquestionably, though Dr. Gibbons would vigorously dispute it, as, indeed, any civilized man would. But in spite of his efforts to establish the fact that he has remained untouched by the Ford propaganda, nothing is clearer than that Dr. Gibbons, like most sensible Americans, has been drawn in. How else, in making the last point, could he have written: "We do not hold in abhorrence the Jew; but we hold in abhorrence the Jewish nation." Now the number of Germans in America exceeds by ten millions the number of Jews in America. Would he be understood also to mean that Americans do not hold in abhorrence the Germans, but do hold in abhorrence the German nation? Certainly not. That sort of thing would not even have sounded well during the worst days of our war-mad sensationalism. But suppose Dr. Gibbons were asked to explain why a Jewish nation in Palestine is more abhorrent to him than a German nation in Germany? I think Dr. Gibbons would grow exceedingly quiet. He would inwardly correct himself, however silent he might outwardly appear on the issue. He would realize that when he said Jewish nation he did not feel as mildly and as indifferently as if he had uttered the words German nation. And if his prejudices are merely in their infancy the realization would come to him, also, that, in spite of himself, he had committed a very grave moral error. The Jewish nation which he abhors is not the social democracy the Zionists are trying to establish on the ruins of the old Jewish kingdoms of Palestine, but the **bogey International conjured up in his mind** by the journalistic extravagances of Mr. Henry Ford. But, instead of worrying about his ragged antecedents, let us take up his objections briefly and in the order in which I have mentioned them, for be it understood that in dealing with them we are dealing with the opinion of America.

On his very first objection Dr. Gibbons himself sheds much light when he says that "the German, Polish, Russian, and Jewish elements in our [American] population are too numerous, too virile, too intellectual to be Americanized by steam-roller methods." That is true. It happens also to be true that there is not a method in the world by which a highly cultured foreign element can this day be Americanized. Assimilation is the process by which one culture overwhelms and absorbs another, and American culture, alas, has not developed as rapidly as has the American army and navy. Militarily one of the most powerful of nations, America is, culturally, almost impotent.

The cultural conquests which America is eager to make of America she can achieve most efficiently by allowing the various race-cultures in the American scene to carry on the battle individually for their own ends. Graetz records in his *History of the Jews* that the extraordinarily swift conquest of Canaan under Joshua and the Judges was due chiefly to the fact that every one of the twelve tribes entered the land individually and fought for its own tribal interests, each of them utterly oblivious to the national end. It worked out this way. At first the prosperity of every tribe increased, and in the end it meant the increase of all Israel. It has already happened likewise in America, to which immigrants flocked from every country in the world with a view entirely to their own aggrandizement. See the result. And as America has been built up materially she can be built up culturally.

When Dr. Gibbons insists that "every element in the United States must make its cultural contribution to the United States, holding nothing back," I quite fully agree with him, and I only grow confused when he adds that "no exception is made of the Jew." What is it America wants from the Jews that we have refused her? Our money? We spend it freely. Our skill? Do we keep back anything, we who are accused of always advancing in every trade and profession beyond our welcome? Our Jewishness? That we cannot contribute except communally through American-Jewish institutions--and that is precisely what he does not like. Our communal individuality does not please him, and he dictates: "For the Jew, it is either the Melting Pot or the Ghetto." He forgets, evidently, that **the Melting Pot is itself an invention of the Jewish genius**, that your copyright on it is still good in Washington. **We are the only ones who really know how to operate the Melting Pot**, and I submit to Dr. Gibbons that we cannot stir the Melting Pot and be boiled in it at the same time.

Zangwill--Perhaps he sees a menace in the constant increase of books, magazines and newspapers printed in Yiddish and in Hebrew?

Roth--Let him not be alarmed. These publications are so preponderantly Americanized that it has become a moral hazard for me to open a Yiddish newspaper, and a promise of boredom to open a new book of Yiddish verse which slavishly imitates the worst fashions in current American versification. Culturally American Jewry seems to have been swallowed up like the ill-fated Jonah, and my only fear now is for the digestion of the whale.

Zangwill--Splendid! But we are not getting very far.

Roth--Dr. Gibbons' second objection is a restatement in new terms of the old dictum of the antisemites: "The Jews depend for sustenance on the nations whose guests they are, and if they had not hosts to support them, they would die of starvation." A view based on the naive assumption that commodities pass from hand to hand in continuous rotation.

Do we need to wake from a long sleep, like Rip Van Winkle, to realize that the world is considerably altered by the production of the new commodities which are not the spontaneous product of the soil? The technical progress mankind has made during the last

century enables a man of even limited intelligence to note with his short-sighted eyes the appearance of innumerable new commodities created by the spirit of enterprise.

Labor without enterprise is the stationary labor of ancient days; and typical of it is the work of the husbandman who stands now just where his ancestors stood a thousand years ago. All our material welfare has been brought about by men of enterprise. Even if we were a nation of promoters--such as absurdly exaggerated accounts make us out to be--we should not require another nation to live on. Nor do we depend on the circulation of old commodities, since we are continually producing new ones.

In modern machinery we possess slaves of extraordinary strength for work, whose appearance in the world has been fatal to the dignity of work by hand. But workmen are still required to set these machines in motion. And do no Jews in overwhelming numbers work at machines? Only those who are unacquainted with the conditions of the larger number of Jews in the big cities would venture to assert that Jews are either unwilling or unfit to perform manual labor.

So I see no harm in so many Jews remaining on Manhattan Island. I am satisfied that in the conceiving, manufacturing and distributing of new commodities, we Jews are contributing royally to the development of America.

Finally, if Gibbons fears lest Zionist propaganda so Hebraize the American Jew that there will be left in him little room for the development of American characteristics, the truth should ease him, for the truth is that **Zionism has never been popular in America, and is not ever likely to exercise the faintest influence in American Jewish life.** [Ugh! -- JR, ed.]

Once, when Jews contributed to the Jewish National Fund under the impression that the moneys would be used to assuage Jewish suffering in the stricken war regions, Zionist activity flared up in America, but it created only large offices. From all that money, from all that activity, there arose not a single clear personality, not a single clear Jewish expression, not even a good witticism. The Zionists did not begin to see the point till, having embarked on a campaign to raise four millions of dollars toward the rehabilitation of Jewish Palestine (an amount absurdly small when you consider the wealth of American Jewry and the urgency of the need) they failed to secure the first million!

Now I ask: Can this Zionist sentiment which failed to wrest four million dollars for the upbuilding of Palestine from nearly four million Jews be dangerous to American ideals and interests?

Zangwill--But unfortunately Dr. Gibbons is only an inquirer, and he does not move the opinions of a nation. You reply to him when your real task is to reply to Henry Ford on whom, if your reply be intelligent, it will be wasted. What are American Jews doing about Henry Ford and the increasing influence he is bringing to bear on the imagination of young America? Or aren't you taking him seriously?

Roth--We are only now learning to take him seriously. At first we paid almost no attention to him, and if the Ford onslaught caused excitement it was not among the Jews. A few Jews there were who retaliated, displaying thereby a dismal lack of historic sense. When I was shown some of the replies made to Mr. Ford by those new-to-the-pain Jews, articles in which indelicate references were made to Mr. Ford's patriotism, religion and ancestry, I remonstrated:

"This sort of thing is not befitting Jews. Are we a lot of gypsies that we should return slander for slander? Let Mr. Ford continue to publish his nonsense, just as, at the opening of this century, the Minerva Publishing Company issued books in which Jews were charged with all the crimes on the antisemitic calendar. Where is the harm? No one believed the Minerva people. No one will believe him."

This, I submit, was for some time the disposition of American Jews, and, to the praise of their moral fiber as well as their good business sense, be it said that they did not even cease to purchase the Ford car. If they were a little hesitant about lending Mr. Ford money, it was because there would be no telling to what use Mr. Ford might choose to put his money. One day he put a great sum of money into an expedition to stop war. Another day he might organize a pogrom.

We had undisturbed faith in the good sense and in the faith of America. But swiftly a process of disillusionment ensued. The American atmosphere suddenly became charged with the electric currents of a new faith. Throughout the whole country people were seriously discussing the articles in the *Dearborn Independent*. Extracts from these articles, republished everywhere, were employed as texts for the sermons of our leading preachers. The *Daily News* of New York announced one morning that its reporting photographer, having asked five strangers before a well-known hotel what they thought of the Ford allegations, received from each of them the assurance that much of what was being said of the Jews was true.

Zangwill--And how do you expect to counteract all this?

Roth--I have a modest proposal to make. Let the study of Jewish history be made a part of the school curriculum throughout the country, just as the study of the histories of Rome and Greece already is. Once Americans know something of the origins and developments of Jewish life it will not be so easy for Fords or street corner orators to work up wild incitements against Jews. **The time and the occasion are at hand. We are about to revise in our text books the first law of the Universe; we are about to write the name of Albert Einstein, a Jew, in golden letters on the loftiest pillar of our theoretical knowledge.** Why riot at the same time set about the task of correcting the impression that Einstein's people are a weird evil band everywhere and throughout all times in league with the powers of evil? Let it be realized, instead, that wherever Jews come they bring with them commercial prosperity and intellectual enlightenment, and our future in America is assured.

Zangwill--You now sound like a reformed rabbi talking of the Jewish mission.

Roth--I do not believe in the Jewish mission. We have no mission. No people has a mission. Every people lives as it can. But every people has its usefulness in the organism of humanity. **We are the commercializers and the enlighteners of the world.** We carried the torch of enlightenment from the East into Europe. Some day we shall carry it from Europe back into the East.

Zangwill--Some day? What of the Jews who are going into Palestine to-day?

Roth--They go not so much to Palestine as to a section of Arabia held by England.

Zangwill--England is holding it for us.

Roth--Possibly, but we will never be true Palestinians till we hold the country for ourselves. If we are too small, too weak in power to hold Palestine ourselves, if we must have a protectorate, why should it not be an Eastern protectorate?

Zangwill--Your assumption that we can choose our protectorate would be only amusing if it were not apparently part of your fanatic faith that the future of the Jews is entirely in their own hands. Am I correct in assuming this?

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER

History

ROTH--You are wrong, first, in calling it a faith. And, as if calling it a faith is not sufficient whereby to condemn it, you add the word fanatic. Suppose we begin with the mild assumption that I believe our future is in our own hands, always has been, always will be?

Zangwill--The assumption may be a mild one, but the written record of Jewish history does not support it. I think this history shows rather explicitly that we came into Palestine by conquering it, and that we were compelled to leave it by the simple misfortune of having lost it in the struggle against the superior forces of Rome.

Roth--When a modern Jew reads history he labors under a double disadvantage: the history he reads is either an innocent or a biased chronicle, but he brings to its perusal a memory of the only instance when history was a record of an understanding of the motives of men and of peoples, and so his confusion is so much the greater.

Zangwill--Is this to be another interpretation of history?

Roth--No, I am about to show you that there is no need for any interpretation of history which should be as elementary and as accurate as the first four steps in mathematics. I see that you look incredulous, but be patient a while. In what respect, would you say, does the history of a man differ from the history of a nation?

Zangwill--It is easier, for instance, to say when a man is finally dead.

Roth--A man may be pronounced dead, may he not, when it is ascertained that most of his several senses have ceased to function?

Zangwill--Correct.

Roth--He may not be pronounced dead merely because he has changed his residence?

Zangwill--Certainly not.

Roth--Well, then, since our lively participation in the arts of music, painting and cooking testify to the stirring of the majority of our five senses, we are doubtless still alive. I don't think there is any difference between the story of a man and the story of a nation. You make the mistake of being distressed about the difficulty of ascertaining whether a nation is dead or not, whereas the real difficulty is to ascertain of what use a nation is or may be while it is still alive.

Let us return to our original analogy. A man, let us suppose him to be a pauper, conceives the ambition to become a prince. Undaunted to find himself on the lowest rung of the ladder of fortune, he remains determined in his ambition. There area he sees, the chances of three things happening. He may become strong enough to impose himself on the crest of the life of his society. He may, in the scuffle, die an inglorious death, in which case he will be as completely blotted out as if he had stepped into a well. Or, if there is in him a strong strain of good sense, he may substitute for the ambition of being a prince some more attainable ambition. It has happened, of course, that paupers have become princes just as it has also happened that princes have become paupers. It has happened that pretenders have died ingloriously and that pretenders have thought better of their pretensions and drifted into less exacting channels. But in any one of these instances, who would dispute that the future of the individual was in his own hands? Compromises are merely suggested by circumstances, individuals choose whether they are to make them. Shall I show you how eminently applicable this truth is to our own history?

Zangwill--Proceed.

Roth--The first phase of our history belongs to Egypt, where we lived four hundred and thirty years. Of this period our sacred historian says: "And the children of Israel were fruitful, and increased abundantly, and multiplied, and waxed exceeding mighty; and the land was filled with them." Yet the national historic attitude of the Jews towards Egypt is not exactly one of gratitude. On the contrary. Not only has it been forgotten that four hundred of the four hundred and thirty years were years of contentment, but we are annually reminded that we were once slaves in Egypt. Is it not curious that our historian should have told us so much of the last thirty years and almost nothing of the four hundred years preceding them?

Zangwill--It is possible for a quarter of century of misery to embitter the happy memories of four hundred years.

Roth--Maybe. But do Jews ever forget the golden period of their sojourn in Spain? Surely the pangs of Egyptian slavery were mild compared with the pangs of the Inquisition.

Zangwill--A good explanation might be that some of the best works of our antiquity have been lost.

Roth--A better explanation is that there was not much to tell beyond the fact that we were slaves in Egypt, and our historian merely despised telling a monotonous story. The golden days of our sojourn in Egypt were the days not of poems or songs but of flesh pots well cooked and well served. What was there to tell? The displeasure of Moses epitomized the spirit of Jewish history, and the Jews left Egypt when the discovery of the monotheistic idea by Moses gave them something else to live for. We did not leave Egypt because we had to, but because we thought it less favorable as the scene for the development of the monotheistic idea than the wilderness of Canaan.

Zangwill--Then why did we leave Canaan?

Roth--We left Canaan twice: the first time we might have remained had we followed the advice of the prophets; the second time we left because, lacking prophets to give us advice, there was nothing else for us to do. At neither occasion were we for a moment unaware of our present, our past, and, if you please, our future. We always knew that we were the people of God, that we were in danger where we were, and that if it was necessary for us to leave Palestine it would some day become necessary for us to return to it. All these conditions have fulfilled themselves over and over again.

Zangwill--How?

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER

Diaspora

ROTH--You remember the story of our first return to the Holy Land, how the heart of Cyrus, the Persian conqueror of Nebuchadnezzar, whom even seven years of grass did not restore to good nature, weakened under the pleas of Nehemiah and Zerubbabel, and permitted them and some forty-two thousand Jews to leave Babylon. You have read, as I have, with what an excess of emotion the returned exiles greeted the old sites and scenes of their former glory, but I think it has been left to me, after several thousand years of misunderstanding, to discover that the real well-spring of their phenomenal happiness was their release automatically from the accumulating burden of the Babylonian Talmud which had been growing gradually till it threatened to overshadow the prospect of the whole exile. It may have been necessary, meditated the Jews in Babylon, to go into exile,

but even exile should be fairly habitable. Not only was there lacking in the cultural life of Babylon anything to interest the people and fire the imagination of its poets, but there had been born in their midst this passion for interior lawmaking whereby a husbandman could not move from the front door of his dwelling to the front gate of his pasture without being in danger of sinning sevenfold. A curiously dead life yawned at them from the easily scalable ramparts of Babylon, which forty-eight years later the Persians did indeed scale, but it was forty-eight years too late. The Persians with their curious devotions and heavens and angels for a fleeting but effective moment did capture the national interest. But the Jewish mind was impatiently straining under the bonds of the Talmud, and by straining hard enough it finally managed to break loose.

We were subsequently kept a long time in Palestine, writing additional books to the Bible, exchanging blows with the Greeks, and finally undergoing that long drawn out struggle with Rome whose generals had no sooner won the war than the Roman Emperor lost it for them by granting the Jews the privilege of keeping a house of study in Jabne. The effect of this concession has been that whereas the Jews are today indisputably alive the dust of Rome has already changed color several times.

We went into exile the first time because we would not follow Jeremiah, the second time because there was no Jeremiah to follow. But always we were following our own judgment. Always we felt that we were the chosen people, that we were chosen for eternity, that to preserve ourselves exile was occasionally both good and necessary.

I said that we had no prophets to follow, but that is not wholly accurate. There were always with us the books of the old prophets. These books had foretold that some day the Temple would be destroyed a second time, Israel would once more become a wanderer, and in some distant day the vision of the people would be restored to them, and there would be a third return.

The existence of these prophecies in their midst heartened our people. Since what was happening to them had been ordained it could not be hopeless. At any rate, it was possible to outlive it. And with that feeling in their hearts they made the journey of two thousand years, always moving, always hopeful, always vigorously pursuing our ways in every course of life that was open and opened to us. But for the hope of the return, inspired by the living words of dead prophets, we could not have made half of the journey. The burning words of prophecy kept alive in us awareness of what we were about, which is the point of my argument: that we have not merely fled tumultuously from one place of shelter to another, fleeing as the enemy pursued us, but that whenever we left one country to go into another we were exercising our peculiar national wisdom.

Zangwill--And you think that Jews always remembered that some day they would be restored to Palestine?

Roth--Did they not daily repeat it in their prayers?

Zangwill--Jewish prayers may be a conscious act of the nation, but what Jew who recites "The next year in Jerusalem" also repeats it in his heart?

Roth--Jewish history eloquently answers your question. No fifty years of the Diaspora have ever passed by without some definite attempt being made by a group of Jews in some part of the world to return to Palestine. If no national return has yet come about it is only because the time for it has not yet come.

Zangwill--Who will say when such a time has come?

Roth--The entire Jewish people, which has never yet failed in its judgment because it will act on only one sign: the appearance in its midst of a prophet, a man they can indisputably believe.

Zangwill--Unfortunately. the Jews have never been particularly apt in the matter of recognizing and later respecting their prophets.

Roth--Don't you believe it. Once we followed a madman, Sabbattai Zevi, but we have never followed a banker. Did we not follow Moses out of a land of plenty? In the year 1900 there were two Jews interested in the Jewish national future. One was the banker Baron de Hirsch, the other was the poet Herzl. Whom did our Jews choose to follow?

Zangwill--Neither of them very far. But you have proven your point with me. It is certainly an honor to the Jews that they have so frequently permitted themselves to be led out of comfort by seers and madmen. There is beauty in such a people and there is hope for them. But if your point is that we are waiting for a prophet to lead us out of our difficulties, might we not as well wait for the Messiah?

Roth--You think waiting for a prophet in Israel so hopeless?

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER

Prophecy

ZANGWILL--The Messiah has at least the indisputable advantage of being a myth, and mankind has long ago accepted the dictum of Max Muller, who explained that a myth being inherent in the language of a people is fulfilled lingually. But the prophet is a real being, and to expect him to come is to expect the appearance of real person. And the prophet seems to me to be a creature so peculiar to ancient Jewish life, a Jewish life so utterly lost, that, for me at least, his appearance is inconceivable in our world.

Roth--Suppose I ask you to tell me what is a prophet?

Zangwill--We have had many various definitions of prophecy, but of all the descriptions of what a prophet is I like best the one given by Achad Ha'am who says that a prophet is

a man so fiercely endowed with a single moral idea that the purpose of his whole life is to fill everybody else with it.

Roth--Of all the definitions of the prophet, permit me to say, Achad Ha'am's is the least satisfactory to me, and if you only try to apply it to Moses, the first and the greatest of the prophets, you will have to reject either prophecy or Moses. Why, if Moses was the sort of man described by Achad Ha'am, did he not try to convert to Egyptians instead of running away from them?

Zangwill--Converting the Jews was a difficult enough task, I would say.

Roth--Therefore Moses was not foolish enough to attempt it. Moses knew that there was only one way of convincing the Jews of the existence of God, and that was to arrange for them to meet God face to face at the foot of Mount Sinai. You know as well as I do the details of that singular introduction of a 'people to its deity, and what a great social success it was. There is no record that Moses ever preached to Israel, not at any rate till he became an old man when, I submit to you, there was really nothing else for him to do. What now becomes of Achad Ha'am's definition of a prophet?

Zangwill--What appears to become of any sound idea on which you let forth the shafts of your dauntless ignorance?

Roth--Well, now that you have been so nice to me I will tell you what prophecy is, and why it is not at all unlikely that a prophet will appear in our life and in our world.

In the story of every nation there comes a crisis when there appears to be left only one course for the people to pursue, and that is the course leading to national perdition. This crisis is usually the result of a moral weakening of the people, and if a voice can be raised strong enough to be heard by all of the people, a voice calling upon them to strengthen and have faith the nation need not die, its history need not suddenly terminate. This voice we Jews always heard in time to save us from destruction, and when the memory of all other voices stilled in our ears these old voices, strong and soothing, reached us over the white spaces of centuries.

The ear of the Jew is always tuned for the voice of the prophet. That is how so many false messiahs have been able to impose themselves on us. Our good sense, however, has always saved us, and we never followed a false messiah far. In the absence of prophets, we have been listening to the pleasant droning of our rabbis, droning which after centuries of sounding has not yet tired our ears.

Zangwill--Is there not danger that the droning of the rabbis will make it difficult for Israel to hear the voice of the prophet when the true prophet calls?

Roth--It did not prevent us from hearing the half prophetic voice of Theodore Herzl.

Zangwill--You regard Herzl as something of a prophet?

Roth--Herzl was only half a prophet because the crisis in which he found the Jewish people was only half a crisis. But if he was only half a prophet he was a whole man, the most honest, as he was also the most unfortunate, man of his century.

Zangwill--Honest, yes. But why so unfortunate?

Roth--Herzl was unfortunate in the good fortune of his people. If the Dreyfus Affair, instead of dying a swift death after the return journey of Captain Dreyfus from Devil's Island, had spread, as it might well have spread without outraging history, over the whole of Europe, Herzl would have become the most imposing figure of our civilization, for, surely, had the evil against Israel become so great, he would have led perhaps not a second return but surely another exodus.

Zangwill--You talk of Herzl as though there could not have been a Zionist movement without him.

Roth--There most assuredly would have been a Zionist movement without Herzl, but it would have been a movement lacking seven years of glory. Was there not a Zionist movement of a kind before Der Judenstaadt? Did not Chovevi Zion number men as learned and as witty as the Zionist leaders of our day? But without Herzl Zionism would have been a national movement about as glamorous as, say, the nationalist movement in Albania. Can you think of anything meaner?

Zangwill--But you forget that Zionism was conceived, first of all, as an antidote to the wave of antisemitism which was sweeping Europe. A movement in such a cause is, it seems to me, glamorous in its own right.

THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER

Antisemitism

ROTH--Inasmuch as it was applicable as a remedy to antisemitism, Zionism erred by offering a national solution to a purely local problem. Our having grouped the various moral and economic insurrections against Jews under the general heading of antisemitism did not alter the fact that the feeling against the Jews was everywhere a local phenomenon to be treated effectively only by means of local legislation. Suppose, as we have no right to, that Zionism did prove in the eyes of the whole world what a splendid people we are, would that, I should like to know, improve the condition of a single Jew? How much would it contribute towards mitigating the deadly effects of the boycott?

Zangwill--Surely you don't think that the only way to combat antisemitism is to reorder the affairs of every Jew who happens to find himself in difficulties?

Roth--Every one to his own work and to the work he knows best how to do, said our rabbis. If you take it into your head to try to check Jew-hatred, why not place your helping hand in the hand of the Jew who actually needs it? The agony of a people in

distress is not a thing for people to theorize on. "Stop the blood!" the dying man gasps, not, "What is your theory?"

Zangwill--But since we are not altogether a materialistic people we have difficulties beyond those of the boycott sort, difficulties which no amount of friendly legislation will help solve. What, more effective than Zionism, could have been the reply of the Jews to the intellectual hostility of the peoples, the hostility which manifests itself, in England for instance, by means not of boycott but of books?

Roth--I feel moved to make a confession to you.

Zangwill--Never mind me, I am by this time prepared for almost anything.

Roth--The truth is that books against the Jews, providing they are well written, do not any longer annoy me. They must, to escape my wrath, be exceedingly well written, I should add.

Several months before leaving for England, an English poet on a lecture tour in America came to see me at my shop, and since I had published some of his verses in my magazine *The Lyric* before he had succeeded in interesting any American editor, I was proud to invite him out to lunch.

Unfortunately, in the midst of our conversation he mentioned the fact that he was a contributor to the *New Witness*, and it turned out that he was not only an antisemite, but **his antisemitism was quaint enough to include a firm belief in the blood-accusation.**

Our return to my book shop was in severe silence, and when we had settled down again, instead of seizing any one of several openings which I as host felt it necessary to make into other channels, he insisted on continuing his comments on Jews and Jewish things. When he calmly mentioned his belief that most of the European brothels were peopled with Jewesses I gently ordered him out and, after a little coaxing, he was persuaded to go.

Now this happened, unfortunately, in the presence of witnesses, the story spread quickly that I had put him out of my shop, and since it was brought up against him several times during his platform appearances, he begged me to discredit the story and, on the principle of denying comfort to the enemy, I refused. Nevertheless he insisted in his request, and one day assured me that if I would favor him with a return lunch he would persuade me that it was the only thing to do. The end of a strenuous meal, during which he had done considerable talking, finding me still unconvinced, he declared that the story was a lie, for I had only ordered him out of the shop, and he had walked out of his own free will. Thereupon I suggested to him that if he insisted on the fulfillment of the report to the letter he was welcome to return to the shop with me once more where I would actually put him out.

Now if only he had been a better writer----

I have, for instance, been rereading the revised edition of Cunninghame Graham's *Mogreb-el-Acksa*, and it has occurred to me to wonder why, since I am moved to resentment by the contributors to the *New Witness*, I do not resent the apparent and palpitating antisemitism of Mr. Graham, who instinctively and wholeheartedly dislikes us. His book, the account of a journey through Morocco, revels in a wholesome disgust for Jews and leaves no room for inquiry why at certain settled, bloody intervals the natives of that country rise up against us. Yet, reading those pages, I do not bristle up as when I read through Mr. Chesterton's *New Jerusalem*. On the contrary, I am very much interested, I pass casually from amusement to excitement, and never do I feel tempted to call Mr. Graham names.

Partly, I think, this is due to the fact that Mr. Graham, unlike his less agreeable contemporaries, does not pretend to be interested in our welfare. What is more important, he gives me the impression of being, always, a man of truth, engaged only in giving a true account of his personal reactions to the things he encounters in the course of his tireless travels.

Turgenev, whom I admire above all modern writers, was perhaps the profoundest antisemite of them all. Because of that the author of *Rudin* is not the less precious to me. I know how passionately Dostoevski hated all Jews, yet I am never found lacking in gratitude when mention is made of *The Idiot*, and I regret in him only that he did not write his books so as to make it possible to enjoy him on a second reading.

I have, indeed, come to the point where I even expect a certain decent amount of antisemitism in any great European artist. I have been making the rounds of English writers for the *New York Herald*, and as I am always careful to ask the person I interview his attitude on the Jewish Question, I usually find that the better the writer the less he likes us. Mr. Gosse, whose gentlemanliness weighs heavily on him, confessed to being fond of the Poles. Now no one really goes about boasting of a love for the Poles, and I understood that that was his gentle way of hinting that he does not like Jews.

Tell us if you do not like us and do not stop to explain why, is my sole request of the antisemite. I shall hold it ever against Tolstoy that he remained all his life guarded and untruthful in his attitude towards Jews. Having affected an attitude of benevolence towards all creation, he naturally found it difficult to avow such a low and unpopular feeling as antisemitism. He should not have allowed himself to become shamed so easily, for, though I cannot remember any definite instance of his feeling, I do not doubt that Tolstoy hated the Jews.

I am worried only by those writers who pretend to be stirred by our national tragedy, proclaim themselves mightily impressed by our potentialities as a nation, and plead with tears in their eyes before their own people for our comfort. I regard the whole line of them, from Madison Peters to Leonid Andreyev, as a pack of hypocrites and sycophants. Both of the aforementioned gentlemen are dead, but if there are any such philo-Jews budding now and about to take their vacant places, I say to them: "Spare your eloquence,

for you convince neither us nor the deaf tribunals of the world. If you must make peace, do it with our dead, who are beyond offense."

THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER

Herzl and Zionism

ZANGWILL--But there is a general Jewish Problem for the solution of which Herzl called the First Zionist Congress. Since you concede Herzl half prophet, will you not concede some value to the work he undertook?

Roth--There was a real need for the work of the Zionist Congress, and if Herzl had gone ahead with the work as he began it, the story of Zionism might be the story of a triumphant movement. Herzl, as I see him at the First Zionist Congress of Basle, was our first and only Jewish statesman in two thousand years. "*We are a people, one people,*" said Herzl, and with this gesture of his prophetic hand he swung the dial of history backward and forward.

The world raised its eyelids curiously, and the rabbis looked up appalled. The world applauded and the reformed rabbis babbled, but the Jewish people which has never yet failed to recognize a poet was stirred.

As Jethro pointed out to Moses, even a great leader must have smaller leaders subservient to him, and as Herzl looked about him he saw only orators, young men with vast enthusiasm but with almost no political sense.

Of the few capable Jews who believed in Herzl, Franz Oppenheimer gave him the little time he could wrest from his engrossing studies in sociology. Israel Zangwill gave only an infinitesimal part of himself to Herzl, and divided the rest of himself between literature and woman suffrage.

Herzl stood alone in his own light and the light revealed a vista of terrible, insurmountable dangers. But he had taken the first step. He had pronounced the magic words: "*We are a people, one people.*" There was no drawing back.

Once uttered, these words portended imminent danger as well as imminent achievement. The world, after all, was rather hostile to Jews, the Dreyfus Affair having proved how little it took to excite Europe into a fury of Jew-hatred. No Jew has ever been as sensitive as Herzl to the physical harms to which his people was being exposed. He had traveled through Russia, and in the heaving seas of Jewish faces which engulfed his triumphant way he had read a dumb, unutterable faith. Somehow, they had come to believe, he would keep them out of harm. And perhaps he was bringing them into even greater dangers. Who knows but that the declaration of Jewish unity might tempt the world into more extravagances against them?

To-day we know better. We know that such a declaration forces the respect of the world. But Herzl, it must be remembered, was schooled differently, for most of his Jewish nationalist weapons were forged in the fires of the Dreyfus conflict.

Herzl's next step was to declare that it was the intention of the Jewish People to secure a legally constituted home in Palestine. There, too, he faced portentous difficulties. To mention the three most important ones:

1. There were some six hundred thousand Arabs on the soil of Palestine;
2. Turkey owned Palestine and jealously resented any reflections on her sovereignty over it;
3. The Kaiser, at that time the overshadowing figure of Europe, had Germanic fancies for the Holy Land.

With only these three difficulties in mind it appears to have been little short of madness for a Jew to hope to establish his people in Palestine. Nevertheless Herzl persisted. It was only when England, through the stewardship of Mr. Chamberlain, offered the Zionist Organization Uganda in British East Africa that Herzl wavered, and wavering he died, leaving his work in weak hands. With Herzl died the hope of the Zionist movement.

Zangwill--You forget that at the time of Herzl's death Max Nordau was almost as influential a figure.

Roth--Nordau. What was Nordau? Some day it may become **the task of a future historian** to write:

The tragedy of this great people was that it gave everything to the world and kept nothing for itself, left itself not even enough wherewith to rear a humble monument to its past. **Those Jews built pyramids and cathedrals out of granite, but their own synagogues they built out of wood and straw.** To the polity of other nations they contributed Disraelis and Gambettas, for themselves they kept some super-clerks whose names it would be abuse of history to mention.

He will write with pity and with not a little indignation as one writes of a masterpiece spoiled by the ruthless hands of an invader. I tell you that in spite of the series of concessions beginning with the Balfour Declarations and ending with the specifications of San Remo nothing has been accomplished, and the outlook for a new era of Jewish national life in Palestine is no brighter to-day than it was ten years ago when, under the leadership of the wooden David Wolffsohn, the Jewish world faced the prospect of another Zionist Congress, the eleventh by record.

I look back with amazement at the naivete of the organization, and of its leaders at that time. The only living aspect of the situation was that there were two contending groups--the practical Zionists who insisted that it was only important to colonize Palestine, and

the political Zionists who tolerated the work of the practical Zionists and dozed in Constantinople--a conflict between the dying and the dead, the dying being victorious, only to fall at the first trumpet-blow of the great war.

Had a single Jewish statesman been present at the eleventh Zionist Congress he would have pointed out that though the movement downstream in the Zionist ranks was slow, the sea of international relations was restless and likely at any moment to rise and flood the shores, and so meet the Jewish People when and where they were least expecting the encounter. But the statesmanship of the Congress was divided between the merchant Wolffsohn and the journalist Nordau.

As I search through the published reports of the Congress I note with amazement that not once was the all-important question of the relations between Palestinian Jewish colonists and the native Arabs raised. The relationship was certainly there; it was swiftly developing in spirit and prejudices. Why was no attention paid to it? If Jews were not already living in large numbers in Palestine did we not hope that some day they would? Surely butter-milk Zionists of 1913 were not planning to precede the Jewish occupation of Palestine with the wholesale annihilation, as per Bible precedent, of all its existing occupants? But the relationship between Jewish Palestinians and Arabian Palestinians was only one item in a much larger bill which the East vainly expected the Zionist Congress to draw up. Since Jews were colonizing Palestine and aiming to establish there "a legally secured home," what was the Jewish attitude towards the Indian and Egyptian struggles for national freedom?

There did not seem and there does not seem to be now any understanding among Zionists of the fact that the East is a world in itself, a world so ancient and possessed of such magnetic power that they who come into it, even though, like Alexander, they come into it as conquerors, must learn to deal with it on its own terms, that whereas we certainly can never hope to be able to impose on the East the European way of living, it is quite certain that the East will impose its way of living on us.

The Zionists have contented themselves with accepting the European idea that the East is simply a part of the world still not thoroughly conquered by the West, and that their work is simply a matter of arranging for Austrian, Russian, American, and English Jews to come to live there and reproduce there what they can bring along with them of European culture and comfort. What the East might think of such an attitude is a question that has never occurred to the Zionists whose behavior causes Easterners to ask themselves: "Has this Jewish People become all fools or all rogues?"

Zangwill--But surely you realize that the Zionist Organization was never in a position to announce its sympathy with the national aspirations of the oppressed peoples of the East, since it is itself a courtier for favors at the courts of the oppressors.

Roth--You have brought me to the point of my objection more quickly than I could have brought myself. The secret of the failure of the Zionist movement is that since the negotiations with England for British East Africa it has been no more than a courtier for

favors at the courts of Europe. The entrance to the Promised Land is not through Paris, London or Constantinople, but through Jerusalem.

Zangwill--That is too easily said.

Roth--And not easily done. But when has the program of the Jewish People been known to be an easy one? Meanwhile I insist that what the Zionist Organization is doing, what it has done, and what it will do for another generation is without true vision, and will not bear fruit.

Zangwill--I am not myself, as you know, in agreement with the Zionist Movement, but I don't see how you can say these things in the face of what is happening in Palestine today.

Roth--Yet I insist that the apparent success of the Zionist Movement is an illusion. Its actual success would prove, perhaps, the most terrible event in all Jewish history. Let me show you what I mean.

Zangwill--Proceed.

THE SIXTEENTH CHAPTER

Orientalism

ROTH--It is perhaps unfair to put you in charge of the defense of the Zionists, who love you even less than you love them, but it will be necessary for the sake of the argument that you assume this task.

Zangwill--Never mind me. Defending them will be a sweet revenge.

Roth--Well, then, tell me to begin with: Are we returning to Palestine as Europeans or as Jews?

Zangwill--Since we are returning chiefly by the discourtesy of Europe, it would be difficult for us to say that we are returning as Europeans.

Roth--But it is necessary that you grant me more than that. You must grant me that we are returning as Jews.

Zangwill--I easily grant you that, for I am not granting you very much.

Roth--We are Jews. Jews who are first of all Europeans have no business returning to Palestine. They belong in Europe. They must expect that some day their bones and blood will mingle with the bones and blood of Europe. It is their strange destiny. But we are

here coping with another destiny--a Jewish one. There are Jews who have not become Europeanized. There are Jews living in Europe, who, repelled by the brutality of its life, do not ever want to become Europeanized. In 1881 they formed bands of young men and young women, these un-Europeanizable Jews, and trudged badly clothed and hungry in the direction of Palestine. They were the Chovevi Zion. Since 1918 such Jews have been migrating in thousands, ragged and hungry, in the direction of Palestine. They are the Chalutzim. Those Chovevi Zionists, these Chalutzim, are Easterners--whether they come from Odessa, Vienna, London or New York--and their destiny is an Eastern one. Whatever national future they may have in Palestine surely must be Eastern.

Zangwill--Your argument has the weakness shared by all generalities. Many of these Eastern Jews, fleeing though they are from Europe, love Europe and European things, which they appreciate because they have lived with them, almost as dearly as they love Palestine and the East, which they know only by means of a shadowy report.

Roth--You need not tell me that. Do I not know it? We Jews love Europe with that passionate bitterness with which men love only those things which are denied them. If they had let us, would we not have been content to remain in Europe? Happy are those Jews who can be happy in Europe! Their lives are filled with innumerable lovely moments. Their days are full of wonder, and their nights with sweetness. But it is given very few Jews to be happy in Europe. And since we must go the temptation is to go to Palestine. It is a case of the dead calling to the living.

Zangwill--Permit me to remind you that you are wandering again.

Roth--Well, suppose we actually establish ourselves in Palestine? I invite you to behold a Jewish civilization on the fringe of the Arabian peninsula--Jewish cities with Jewish mills, Jewish offices, Jewish banks, Jewish streets, and rows of Jewish enterprises. Is it difficult to see that?

Zangwill--It is more difficult to believe than to see.

Roth--Where there is much splendor the humble find it easier to believe than to see. But we are really getting on famously. Granted this Jewish civilization on the fringe of the Arabian desert--don't you see something happening to the desert?

Zangwill--You are not going to have it swept?

Roth--Why should we try to do what is already done so well by the tempests that rise spontaneously out of the Indian Ocean? But do you not, for instance, see the desert becoming irrigated?

Zangwill--Yes. There is such a plan on foot now.

Roth--There will be many plans. If this plan does not go into effect, another plan like it will. And what will be the meaning of Jewish streets in Jerusalem and Jaffa, with rows of

Jewish enterprises, but that Egypt, Persia, India and all other neighboring countries will be pierced by a series of far-reaching electric currents of a gigantic commerce?

Zangwill--That's not so unlikely.

Roth--Not unlikely! It is exactly what will happen. Do you not realize that India and Egypt are countries stored to bursting with natural resources it would take several civilizations, each lasting approximately five thousand years, to exhaust? England with her petty police system does not even approach these resources, but Jews with straggly beards and lean pale fingers will reach to their heart and vitals. Do you know what will be the result?

Zangwill--What will it be? I am breathless

Roth--The result will be that India, Egypt, Persia and all the countries of the neighboring East will undergo a vital reawakening, so that the spirit of history which Hegel noted a century ago moving westward will turn east again.

Zangwill--I regard all references to Hegel as evidences of plain pedantry. Kindly explain yourself.

Roth--With pleasure, for I am certain I can explain myself far better than I could possibly explain Hegel. There are perhaps many ways of substantiating the expression "**spirit of history**" which really means the time and the place where the most important things in the world are happening. Strictly speaking, therefore, there are at all times many spirits of history roaming over the planet, for it is inconceivable that events in the Western World are of any significance to a boy living in the heart of China for whom the spirit of history probably remains in Peking. **And the spirit of history, for us Jews, moves as we move over the face of the earth, and nations rise as we rise to the surface of their life, and nations fall as we depart from their midst.** During the last few centuries the spirit of history for Israel has been moving westward. It has had a long, pleasant journey, but it is returning to its original source in the East. Even now **Europe is in the process of decay**, and though this process may take as long as two or three centuries there can be no doubt that its culmination will mean the utter waste of Europe, and the rise once more of the spirit of building, of culture, and of happiness in the countries east of the Red Sea. Do you see that as possible?

Zangwill--It is not impossible.

Roth--Is it not something we Jews should pray for? If we are going back to Palestine as Jews, as Easterners, should we not give the enterprise all our love, all our heart, all our vision? Should we not say it in our hearts that the East shall blossom forth as a rose at our approach? Should we not vow in our hearts that our return must mean life to the East if the East is to mean life for us?

Zangwill--I concede that you are right without seeing how all this proves that the Zionist Movement, which is bringing us back into the East, is a menace.

Roth--Patience. Everything in its time, as the old rabbis said. What is happening in the East now? What is the most important development in the East to-day?

Zangwill--Undoubtedly the new manifestations of nationalism.

Roth--How do these manifestations appear in Egypt?

Zangwill--As rebellion against England.

Roth--And in India is it not rebellion against England? In Persia, is it not hostility to England? Is not the story the same throughout all the dark, smoldering regions of the East?

Zangwill--Too true.

Roth--Now remember, we are returning to Palestine as an Eastern People. How do you think the nations of the East will look upon Jews who have settled Palestine under the mandate of England, pledged to uphold the arms of England in her struggle against their freedom? Do you think it possible that they will believe that we came East to befriend them, to help them?

Zangwill--But we are going to Palestine not to protect England but to create a homeland of our own.

Roth--That is true, but have our enemies of the past been so amenable to reason that we can hope our enemies of the future to take so rational a view of the situation?

Zangwill--We have never catered to the credulity of our enemies.

Roth--We have at least dealt honestly and intelligently with them. Think how we have wandered these centuries through a Europe which we built up, with the bones of our fingers, driven from city to city with cries of: "Traitors! Poisoners! Murderers!" How long is it since **we had to explain to the world the innocence of Mendel Beyliss? No, we did not poison their wells, we did not betray their armies, we did not cut up their little children for our Passover feasts.** Yet are there not masses of Europeans who still to-day believe these things against us? How, tell me, shall we be able to answer the accusations of the East when our time of reckoning comes, as it must? How, since our pleas of righteousness did not avail us in Europe where we were right, shall they avail us in the East where, pointing a finger of scorn at us, they will say, and not without truth: "In our most anguished moment, when our throats bled from the cruel fingers of the oppressor, they came to strengthen his arms?" What answer shall we make to this? How shall we convince them that they are wrong? How shall we convince ourselves that we are right?

If we survived the accusations of Europe, was it not because we were in the right? And shall we not be annihilated by the East because in their case they will be in the right?

Zangwill--But what would you expect the Zionists to do?

Roth--The war only temporarily dislodged the Zionist colonists in Palestine. Since they had gained so much in the grace of Constantinople before the war they had no reason to hope that they could not gain more after the war. Moreover, in dealing with Turkey, the Zionists were dealing, as was proper, with an Eastern Power, a natural ally. But the Zionists acted with scant nationalistic intelligence, certainly with little Jewish statesmanship, when they gave themselves over completely to the Entente.

I earnestly beg you to consider, in spite of all paradoxical implications, that our lot at the end of such a disastrous war, belonged with the losers, not with the victors. If we had aligned ourselves with **Turkey, our natural ally**, we would under no circumstances have lost anything. But, since we had no national bank, no standing army, there was no need of allying ourselves with any one of the forces. Suppose, not having committed ourselves one way or another, Germany and her Allies had won the war? I concede you that Turkish arrogance within her own domains would have been greater than ever, and that she would have been more than ever reluctant to concede Jewish rights in Palestine. But we would at least in that case have been placed on an equal footing of political inferiority with some five hundred thousand Arab nomads, and their strength would for a long time have been our strength too.

Even when it had become apparent to the Zionists that the Allies were sure to win the war it should have been clear to them that, despite any treaty that might on the spur of victory be arranged, Turkey would still remain the most influential state in the East, as indeed she is, and this should have been a sufficient warning against playing the politics of England. Moreover, did they not know that it has become a fixed policy of the Imperial British government to grant every mandatory country the right to vote its own Parliament? Did not this assure the Arabs of the master hand over us? What was there to gain from an English mandate?

So for the illusory Balfour promise which cannot and will not be fulfilled, the Zionists destroyed their painfully built-up prestige in Constantinople. Do you remember what stress Ezekiel placed on the necessity of Israel keeping her foreign treaties? Was not our understanding with Turkey as sacred as a treaty? This treaty we tore into a million fragments and tossed to the violent winds of European conflict.

The Zionist plea at San Remo was little better than a request for a clerkship in the British Empire. We got precious little more. Only examine our gains! Are the Arabs not the lords of Palestine? Is there not a severe restriction against Jewish immigration into Palestine which will keep them in their high place?

Zangwill--You have not shown me yet whether there was any other course than the one they took open to the Zionists.

Roth--Is it not enough when I show you that the Zionists had no right to throw the Jewish People's future into the arms of the Entente? Now our way to Palestine is clouded with confusion. Better let the way be lost. Better let the whole thing die now. Better let us have, instead of several more centuries of confusion, several centuries of respite. And if we shall return to the East we will return as we left it, alone, with our hands ready to build, and our minds ready to plan. If we cannot return to Zion with honor, let us wait. Let us wait.

THE SEVENTEENTH CHAPTER

The Future

ZANGWILL--How long must we wait?

Roth--Perhaps as long as we have already waited.

Zangwill--That is a long time.

Roth—A long time and a sad time. When the period of our waiting is over the whole face of the world will have changed. It will be a new face and a new world. Maybe the time that will elapse will not be so long as it will be sad. It will be a very sad time, and at its culmination America will be as old as England is to-day, England will be as dead as Greece is to-day. The body of Europe, like that of an impish child, will have turned a complete summersault, and where the head of Europe was there will be Europe's feet, and where the heart of Europe was there will be Europe's liver. As though after a slight feverish dream, Europe will wake up to find herself grown old. Appetites which to-day are young and ravenous will have been sated. Peoples will have been sated with words and men with the multiplicity of their feverish lusts. The bones of Europe will move with a faint shudder of decay. There will dwell over every European city, like a cloud, the yellow atmosphere of an insidious canker. It will be terrible to look on, and seeing it men will find it difficult to breathe for fear that their lungs will be wasted.

We Jews will be in very much the same position we are in to-day. Geographically we will be distributed according to the revitalized map of the world. There will be, then, proportionately, as many Jews in America as there are Jews in England to-day. There will be almost no Jews in England, which will hang over Europe much as the moon hangs over the earth--a dead luminary. There will be a few Jews in France--most of them in Paris.

Zangwill--Why so few Jews in America?

Roth--I have been too hopeful about America. **America will yet prove to be the most ungrateful of all the nations. She will expel us, just as Spain expelled us, just as England expelled us, just as France expelled us.** Only there will never be a return of the Jews to America. Before America will have realized her loss in the loss of the Jews the yellow peoples will be on her back and at her throat. Poor romantic America! It will never be her

fault. But we still have a century or so in America--perhaps more, perhaps less. It cannot be very much more. Then the persecution will begin. The fires now smoldering will flare up. The pot will boil and boil over. It will be the old melting pot, Mr. Zangwill, but we will be the only ones boiled in it. Antisemitism is somewhat different in America from what it is or has been in any other country. If you look into the matter carefully you will find that there has always been some purely spiritual force behind our expulsions from other countries. But antisemitism in this country is sheer boorishness, the whole triumph of America seems to me a triumph of sheer boorishness.

Why should I not have been hopeful of America's attitude towards us? Did I not observe our people expand their borders of influence throughout the country? City by city we developed wider and wider spheres of influence. But that was chiefly because we had a hand in building them, even the city of Detroit which is the capital of antisemitism in America. I have seen our people gain the friendship of America, but I have not been totally deceived. The gratitude of America to-day is of that elementary sort which does not require the help either of the memory or the imagination.

When America is completely built up there will set in the usual process of hardening and crystallizing. America does not yet know what she really is, so her prides are numerous but not concentrated. For things in which she now shows a remarkable interest she will have only a mild curiosity. Passions which have no roots in the ideals of democracy will spring up and find some democratic means of expression. It has been done. It will be done. When she has become conscious of her subconscious character, America will suddenly discover herself to be a sort of glorified Ku Klux Klan, suspicious of all intruders, especially of Jews. It has never taken very long for excitement about Jews to develop into incitement against them. I expect to be living when they will be roasting Jews alive on Fifth Avenue.

Zangwill--Charming prospect. Now tell me, what makes you think England will collapse so quickly and so completely?

Roth--Can you conceive of a British Empire without a British Navy?

Zangwill--Not very well.

Roth--It may happen five or five hundred years later, but it is sure to happen, that scientific discovery will make it as simple and as easy for a schoolboy to blow up a national navy as it is now for him to blow soap-bubbles through a clay pipe. What will England be without her colonies? There will be such misery, such bitterness, such loathing on your misty islands that they will be a fit dwelling place only for the mourners of their glory.

Zangwill--Where will the greater numbers of Jews be?

Roth--There will be Jews in Russia, in Germany, in Austria and in Italy. But the greater number of the Jews will be massed in India, Persia, China and all the neighboring

countries. Jews will be spread plentifully throughout the entire East, which will float strange colored banners fresh with triumph. The whole East will be alive with planning and with building. But in the midst of all this a strange, a terrible man will arise the like of whom has never before been seen on earth, and he will go through the market places of the East, and he will speak only a loathing of Europe.

He will wander from man to man and from city to city, and his speech will be very scant and quiet, but something in his eyes will open up in their beholders great sluices of wrath, so that slowly, silently, desperately, his following will increase, and all with little clamor, all with little wagging of the boneless tongue.

In time this man will become leader of an enterprise of vengeance which will start out modestly from Calcutta, but by the time it reaches Constantinople will number several millions of men carrying secreted in their clothes little yellow phials. Sweeping up the Steppes, their numbers will increase as by a miracle, and their great hordes will seem to darken the face of the earth.

For six days and six nights the world will remain in the grip of these dark forces, for it took six days for God to create the world. The yellow cloud will slowly descend in their midst and breathing will become as painful as pulling nails from living fingers. A strange confusion will spread throughout the world during those dreadful six days. Having gone out for a stroll, a man will find on having reached the front door of his dwelling that he is legless. Sitting opposite a beautiful woman he will find himself gone blind. The water in his cup will taste like foul blood. His bones will snap like dry twigs.

The lives of the peoples of Europe will flow out of them through the mouth, through the eyes, and through the dense, undented skin, in streams of foul blood wherever the strange man and his silent army will have passed through.

In Russia only sucklings and illiterates will be spared--the rest will make huge graveyards of Moscow and Petrograd. Of Poland and the Ukraine he will make a howling wilderness, **all the women in those countries will be put to shame before being killed as a reminder of what once happened to a defenseless people in their midst. The docks will spout foul blood where Danzig receives the sea.**

Of Belgium and Germany he will make such a slaughter-house that it will be necessary to build new and taller dykes around Holland that the smell of the carnage might not befoul a country for which his outraged memory will have no terrors. Through France he will sweep as a conflagration sweeps through a cornfield . . .

* * *

Zangwill--I say, Roth, have you fallen asleep?

THE EIGHTEENTH CHAPTER

Pharaoh

LOOKED up startled, and rubbed my eyes. The room seemed entirely changed. The little lady had turned away from me to bestow her attentions on the more artistic Mr. Glicenstein, and Mr. Zangwill was bowing kindly over me. The sad truth, which must now out, is that Mr. Zangwill had no sooner sat down to talk to me than Dr. Yehudah, accompanied by his English fiancée, arrived, and Mr. Zangwill hurried forward to greet them, so that even time and space were confounded for the day.

When I had been introduced to the newcomers there was nothing left for me to do but to sit back and make myself once more the target for the artistic prattle of the little lady in the brown coat. But something had begun working inside of me, one of those subconscious forces about which Messrs. Freud and Jung can tell you a great deal more than I can, so that while the little lady prattled on, my subconscious will continued the conversation with Mr. Zangwill doing, as is its habit, both the asking and the answering.

It is not reasonable to suppose that Mr. Zangwill, a notably impatient listener, would have actually let me go into such long speeches. I remember that he once interrupted me three times before I could finish reciting to him a simple declarative sentence. That his replies, presupposing that he would have had the patience to listen to my questions, would have been infinitely wittier and more scholarly than those which my impertinent subconscious suggested for him, will be questioned by no one who has read the works of the author of *The King of Schnorrers*. Substantially, however, my questions and his replies would have been the same if the conversation had actually taken place.

In one respect the interruption of our conversation--which relegated it to the shadowy regions of my imagination--was a lucky thing. For while my subconscious will was tormenting the shadow of Mr. Zangwill with long, commaless speeches, my conscious eyes followed him persistently, greedily, as he turned his great white head from one to the other of his guests, and suddenly I caught something of the personality of Mr. Zangwill I had never been able to find in his books. I discovered the real Zangwill.

My memory of Mr. Zangwill reaches back some eighteen years to a day when, fresh from the reading of *Robinson Crusoe*, I prevailed on the New York Public Library to loan me a copy of *The Children of the Ghetto*, and though this, Mr. Zangwill's most distinguished work, was my junior by only a few years, that time happened also to be the beginning of Mr. Zangwill's ambassadorship for his people at the court of world opinion.

It testifies to Mr. Zangwill's persuasiveness as a man of letters that the world accepted him as the representative Jew of his generation just when the Jews, who had observed through dark, profoundly amused eyes his cold cordiality towards the flame-bitten Herzl, his brilliant rummagings as a Zionist, and his extraordinary emergence against the movement after Herzl's death, had surrendered all hope of ever profiting by his political activity in which they could perceive only the workings of a strange literary caprice.

Often our resentment against Zangwill the Jew diminished our enthusiasm for Zangwill the writer, so that even in those remote, legendary days--the days of first literary enthusiasms--I remember that I felt while reading his stories that though he was speaking to me kindly enough, this poet-jester seemed also to be winking mysteriously to some dark intangible figure shadowing behind me. He employed Jewish life as black and red thread out of which to weave his fantastic literary patterns, and the result was a scarf of luxury for the healthy glowing shoulders of the gentiles, not a cloak of shelter for the bare, beaten back of the desolate in Israel.

But I forgave Mr. Zangwill everything for his gracious, infinitely delicate humor. It was something, I consoled myself, to have a Jew who in the dungeons of our Goluth darkness could shine like a prince of light. I forgave Mr. Zangwill, but until that afternoon I never understood him truly.

As I watched him with hazy eyes turned inwardly into a maze of soundless speeches I seemed to recognize in him a familiar figure. Instantly his whole career became logical, clear, and fraught with meaningfulness.

It was Pharaoh of Egypt we ran away from in the first place, was it not? And is it not the legend that he has been ceaselessly, frantically pursuing us through the wastes of our wanderings? Well, as I looked at Mr. Zangwill in that dazed state it occurred to me suddenly that Pharaoh had caught up with us, but because he has taken a fancy to us he is no longer our foe, and indeed aspires to lead us.

You may call it a delirious fancy, and dismiss it by attributing it to my impatience with the little old lady who maddened me with her prattle about artists. Nevertheless I believe firmly in my fancy. I believe in it chiefly because it has cleared so many things for me. I now understand Mr. Zangwill's almost instinctive disinclination for Palestine. Could a Pharaoh ever sit on the throne of David? As for his pursuit of the phantom of territorialism--it is Pharaoh's policy, of expansion within his own domain.

Conclusion

I

SINCE it may be supposed that by this time the fever of this conversation has gently subsided in the mind of the reader, it is only fair that I warn him against certain inaccuracies which, it is possible, have unworthily gained his confidence.

On reconsidering the matter, I think I have exaggerated the homeliness of Jewish women. There are, of course, homely Jewesses, but is there a people in the world without homely women? As for Jewesses, they are not predominately homely. I have myself known dozens of beautiful Jewesses.

I possess no documentary evidence with which to support the belief that the happiness of the return of the Jews under Nehemiah was due to their relief at escaping the rigors of

Talmudic discussion. Moreover, since I have never been able to digest half a page of Talmud without feeling myself helplessly precipitated into a state of drowsiness bordering dangerously on slumber, my view in the matter must be a deeply biased one. Besides, most of the Babylonian Talmud was really written in Jerusalem, and not until many years *after* the return.

I find myself surprised, mystified and amazed by the venom which I have occasionally mixed with the genial names of Mr. Chesterton and Mr. Belloc, both of them gay and considerable English writers. My expressed contempt for them must be my inheritance from an indiscriminate Jewish journalism which is conducted almost exclusively by reformed rabbis, and which thrives almost solely on anti-Jewish agitation such as is furnished by the contributors to *The New Witness*. But alas for their thriving, for whereas **a goy writing on the Jewish Problem merely makes a fool of himself**, the reformed rabbi who replies to him makes fools of all of us and a rogue of himself to boot.

Altogether I have been too verbose about antisemitism. Why, one might sensibly ask, all this fuss? What do we gain by converting the goyim? For a philosemite loves the Jews as a people and hates every Jew individually, whereas the antisemite, if he pays us no national compliments, is at least decent enough to do business with us.

But the sensible reader whom I have already flattered into asking me several rhetorical questions will here interpose smilingly: Why, since you, are so surely aware of the inaccuracies you mention, do you not correct them instead of wasting our time warning us against them?

In a world which believes in its statistics as in a sacred testament I venture the opinion that an erroneous statement of fact is frequently more important and usually more interesting than its corrected version can be. For I did make these statements in the belief that they were true, and this belief of mine was brought into being by prejudices rooted deeply in the life of our people. And though the truths themselves can, obviously, be of no use on this page, since they may readily be hunted up in the *Jewish Encyclopædia*, my error should arouse the thoughtfulness of my more earnest readers.

II

I WROTE the preceding pages in London, England, on whose horizon Mr. Zangwill looms large, and where his name is as music on the lips of the editor of the *Morning Post* and his cohort of Jew-baiters.

The war against the Jews being in England a one-day-in-one-day-out affair, Mr. Zangwill, Israel's clearest spokesman in the arena, is naturally under a very powerful searchlight.

This is how the war is waged.

Mr. Zangwill makes a speech in, say, Queen's Hall. The *Post* reports it and examines the speech editorially the following morning. In that week's issue of *Common Sense*, Lord Alfred Douglas, its editor and mentor (of whose ancestor the poet Wordsworth wrote: "Degenerate Douglas! O thou evil Lord!"), announces the discovery of a new plot on the part of the Elders of Zion to control Britain and divide it up among the twelve tribes of Israel, and a week after that Mr. Chesterton, of the *New Witness*, comes up with his heavier guns and lighter wit. When a certain time has passed, Mr. Zangwill makes another speech, and the game is renewed once more, to the gratification of all parties concerned.

I was so fortunate as to be present one evening in Queen's Hall when Mr. Zangwill delivered one of those provocative speeches. The occasion was the welcome accorded by London Jewry to the sculptor Glicenstein, and the hall was naturally overfilled. Mr. Zangwill is an imposing platform personality, reads slowly and unaffectedly from his paper in a distinctly Jewish reading voice, and by reason of his seasoned wit and the graciousness of his person constitutes one of the most dramatic speakers I have ever listened to.

The *Kabboleth Ponim* (Welcome) was overshadowed, however, by what had recently, a few days before, happened in Jerusalem, where the Arabs attacked the Immigrants Shelter and, in Mr. Zangwill's eloquent words, turned it into a bath of blood. Naturally the weight of Mr. Zangwill's words inclined in that direction. But in his fine rage Mr. Zangwill delivered himself of an attack on the Arabs which is unworthy of his finer judgment. "It is a sufficient handicap to Zionism," he said, "that the Arabs exist; but to strengthen their position is a curious way of overcoming the obstacle they present to the rise of a Jewish National Home."

The Zionist reply to this was that Mr. Zangwill had made a strategic blunder. But the Zionists, it appeared to me, had made a much worse blunder when they spoke of strategy. Are we at war with the Arabs? If we are to irrigate and cultivate Palestine, shall we not need the help of the Arabs? It may be true, as Mr. Zangwill remarked in that speech, that the world's rewards are given not to those who break stones but to those who break heads, but we are not so naive as to seek reward from the world for anything we do, and a country happens to be built up both by those who break stones and those who break heads.

So I turned with my notes to Mr. Zangwill, who seemed to me to be much the strongest Jew within reach, and if he has brought me little enlightenment on the many issues which still perplex me, he has injected into my book a gayety for which, at this time, I myself have little heart or wisdom.

III

THERE was still another strong man in England, Vladimir Jabotinsky, a poet, a journalist, and, if you please, a man of eloquent courage which has become almost legendary in his short life time. I found him in a dingy little office on the second floor of the Zionist house

on Great Russel Street, and I said to him: "Working as you do with the best of intentions, you are endangering the future of the Jewish People." I explained to him that it might seem well and good to try to establish ourselves in Palestine now under the protectorate of England when England is at the height of her career as a world power, but what will we do from the day when England will be compelled step by step to relinquish her holds in Asia and Africa? What will be the position of the Jewish People among the liberated Eastern peoples? Have we the moral right, for a little temporary convenience, to endanger the future of the Jewish people by justifying the worst attacks that have ever been made and will yet most assuredly be brought up against our national character?

To this Mr. Jabotinsky replied that there was no danger of the East ever throwing off her shackles, that, anyway, the East was becoming westernized, and that my fears for the future were without justification.

To this there was nothing to say. I thought then that Mr. Jabotinsky's vision was greatly at fault. I still think so, and I hereby set down my objection and his reply to it so that we may both be judged accordingly at the bar of history.

IV

MR. ZANGWILL returns, in the *Preface*, to Uganda, his favorite theme, and, characteristically, for Mr. Zangwill dearly loves a paradox, he begins by asserting that Uganda is not Uganda. When is Uganda not Uganda? When it is a part of East Africa. Mr. Zangwill is logical, if anything.

I readily share Mr. Zangwill's regret that the Jews did not colonize British East Africa, on the ground that so many Jews the less would have fallen prey to the massacres engendered in Europe by the war for righteousness. But does he really think that we could have found ourselves in the position to even ask for the mandate over Palestine?

It is difficult to believe that Mr. Zangwill is nave enough to take stock in Professor Gregory's theory that so rich a prize as Palestine would have been turned over to a Jewish colony at the end of a war whose prizes were nowhere commensurate with its expenditures.

It is also difficult to believe that Mr. Zangwill would have sanctioned such an enterprise. If, with an English army on guard, Mr. Zangwill thinks the Jewish colonists in Palestine are exposed to too great a danger, what would he have thought of our chances of safety with only a Jewish colony to protect Jerusalem from the onslaughts of the Arabs?

V

MR. ZANGWILL scorns my charge that the Jewish People has been guilty of a serious breach of loyalty to Turkey, on the ground that since there is no Jewish Government there could not possibly have been a Jewish treaty. What was the Zionist Congress if it was not a body of Jewish legislators empowered to speak in the name of the Jewish People? Who,

I can hear Mr. Zangwill demand, gave them such a wide authority? It should be enough to remind Mr. Zangwill that the American Colonial Government which approved the Declaration of Independence in 1776 represented an even smaller percentage of Americans than the percentage of Jews represented by the Zionist Congress. The difference is that whereas the American Legislature represented America wisely and ably, the Zionist Congress represented the Jewish People foolishly and ineffectively.

Mr. Zangwill does not deny that there was an understanding between the Government of Turkey and the Zionist Organization, that without a word to Turkey the Zionists placed their ridiculously small resources at the disposal of the nations engaged in a life-and-death struggle with her, though in the same breath in which he denies that we owe anything to Turkey he concedes that "it is undeniable that throughout the centuries the Ottoman Empire has sheltered the Jews more securely than Christendom has done."

Two paragraphs after making this startling admission, Mr. Zangwill produces the letter from the high Turkish official, proposing a movement having for its object the union of Islam and Israel, a union which appears to me to be essential for the safety of the Jews in the East. This letter is at least an indication that Islam has something to gain from such a union, for Islam has never been known to make international proposals towards philanthropic ends. Even if there were not in Islam a feeling of need for the cooperation of the Jews, such a feeling would have to be created by us, for it will rob our survival of every Vestige of pleasure or sense if it is to be against the enmity of both Islam and Christendom.

If Islam is part of the conspiracy to destroy the promise of a Jewish Palestine, as Mr. Zangwill asserts, the Jews had better leave Palestine immediately, and the sooner the better. But I am not inclined to believe so. Arabians daily curse the Jews because they are in constant dread that the Jews will confiscate their lands, of course. But that an adroit man like Mr. Zangwill should permit his judgment of Eastern Jewish polity to be ruled by such petty demonstrations proves that the European ideas of Islam belong to the realms of caricature and tragedy.

VI

IN KENSINGTON GARDENS, several days before leaving London, I met the eminent English artist, Eric Kennington, who had just returned, in the company of my friend, Pincus Ruttemberg, from a trip of exploration in Palestine.

Kennington had personally witnessed the massacre of the Jews in Jerusalem, and when I asked him about it he shook his head and said that it was unavoidable.

I asked him if it was not because the Arabs have a monopoly on the supply of firearms.

"Arms," he said, "are not unequally distributed; it merely happens that the Arabs are quicker to make use of theirs. And it is natural that this should be so."

"Why?"

"Because," he replied, "whereas the Jews are there only in support of a theory, the Arabs stand in defense of real property."

VII

BOOKS like these are and can be of no possible use. For nothing in the world will ever again be mended by being written about. Ink and blood flow equally well. Only ink dries more quickly.

THE END

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