(tē•kün) To mend, repair and transform the world.

Managing Editor's Archive

TIKKUN

Olliemania & the Contras

■ ■ ■

The Psychological Wisdom of Rosh Hashanah

A BI-MONTHLY JEWISH CRITIQUE OF POLITICS, CULTURE & SOCIETY SEPT./OCT. 1987 $5.00

Special Feature:

THE POPE AND THE JEWS

Mary Gordon, Michael Lerner, Rabbi Daniel Landes, Mary Segers, Father John Pawlikowski, Annette Daum, Rabbi Nehemia Polen, Dale Vree



Chaim Potok
On Saul Bellow

Todd Gitlin
1960s Nostalgia

Frances Moore Lappé & J. Baird Callicott
Marx Meets Muir

Ronald Suny
Gorbachev & Soviet History

Anton Shammas
Kitsch 22

Plus:

Eliezer Jaffe on Jewish Philanthropy; Joel Rosenberg on Jonah; David Lehman on Snap Judgments; Milton Mankoff reviewing Center/Right Political Journals; Judith Ungar on Yom Kippur; Nan Fink on Intermarriage; Fiction by Donald Friedman; Current Debates: Lillian Rubin & Peter Gabel on Goetz; Michael Bader & Paul Wachtel on Psychoanalysis.

Under The Tooth of Their Plough

The snows have melted again
And the murderers are now farmers.
They have gone out to plough their fields,
Those fields that are my graves.
If the tooth of their plough
Should strike one of my bones,
They will not be shocked. They will recognize it.

It is springtime again in the country:
Bulbs and lilac and singing birds,
Where herds lie down by the shining stream.
But no more wandering Jews—
No more in the inns with prayer shawl and fringes,
No more in the shops, no more on the trains,
No more in the market, no more in the synagogue.
They are under the tooth of their plough.
The fruit has never been so red as it is
Now that the Jews are no more.

The Jews had no bells to summon God.
Blessed is the Church, for it has bells in the heights!
Hear the voice of the bells pass over the fields
To honor their God while all the Jews
Are laid under the tooth of their plough.
Praise to the Church with the heavy bells
Bim-Bom!

URI ZVI GREENBERG

Translated by Robert Kirschner, based on the poem by Uri Zvi Greenberg in The Modern Hebrew Poem Itself, *ed. Burnshaw, Carmi, and Spicehandler (New York: Schocken Books, 1965). By permission of Schocken Books.*



TIKKUN

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Letters

Tikkun reserves the right to select, edit, and shorten all submissions to the Letters section.

HINE

To the Editor:

Warmly embracing *Tikkun,* I was shocked to see the photo by Lewis Hine entitled "Young Russian Jewess at Ellis Island." Even though the title may have originated with Hine, it should not have been printed without an explanation and an apology.

There are few words in the English language that enrage me more than *Jewess.* Only Blacks and Jews are given that accolade, Negress, Jewess, so that we may be bereft of our humanness and as animals be easy subjects for torture, ignominy, and murder.

There are lionesses, tigresses, and laundresses, and if a woman should venture into the arts, she becomes a poetess, and on occasion a sculptress. My wife is a sculptor. Heaven help anyone who calls her a sculptress.

Of course, words of address are not easily dropped, but *Jewess* must be ripped out of the language forever. It is a totally disgusting and degrading word and has no redeeming features whatsoever.

Howard Fast
Redding Ridge, Connecticut

HOLOCAUST

To the Editor:

It is nothing short of amazing that during all these years when people talk about the Holocaust in Europe the two countries mentioned are Germany and Poland, in that order. I never hear about Hungary, which was for generations the most rabidly anti-Semitic country, at least on the same level as Poland, if not worse. I think that as a Jew of Hungarian origin I'm well qualified to say this. My great-grandfather from my mother's side was murdered during a pogrom. I as a Jew was *officially* considered a second-class citizen. *No* Jew was ever admitted to the *Ludovika Akademia,* the officers' school. No Jew could join the police in *any* capacity. No Jew was ever admitted to the University of Forestry and Mining, which was in my home town, Sopron. I could not even join the boy scouts because I was Jewish. No Jew could buy land.

Nor did this charming tradition change during the Holocaust. In 1944 all the Hungarian Jews were rounded up and eighty percent of them perished in the camps, including every single member of my own family.

Erwin Fuchs
Seattle, Washington

STRATEGY FOR DEMOCRATS

To the Editor:

I read with interest the articles by Michael Lerner, Peter Edelman, and Stuart Eizenstat offering various strategies for the Democrats. As one who has labored over many years to devise and implement such strategies, permit me to say that, as far as 1988 is concerned, my friends the authors are cutting it too fine.

Although we political/policy junkies would wish otherwise, presidential

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elections—at least, every one in this century—are determined less by clashes of great ideas or of coherent strategies than by what the Marxists would call the objective conditions.

Presidential elections, for the most part, are referenda on the status quo. If voters feel that things are okay in the country, they vote for the "ins." If they feel worried or uncertain, they vote for change. When they *do* vote for change, the "out" party—in 1988, the Democrats—will be the beneficiary so long as they do not nominate a ticket which frightens people or seems immoderate. We who care always would prefer a nominee having a consistent, seasoned view of foreign and domestic policy and a thought-through agenda for action after his inaugural. But, alas, that is not necessary for success. Neither John Kennedy nor Jimmy Carter came to the presidency, for example, with much more than some political slogans and a few general but unformed policy tendencies. Both simply represented a vehicle for change and, in their campaigns, demonstrated they could stay on their feet with experienced incumbents (Nixon and Ford).

Let us focus on the three questions which voters will ask about the general state of things in the fall of 1988. First, is the economy getting stronger or weaker? Second, is there a political or policy scandal in the presidency? Third, do the "ins" seem to be keeping the country safe and at peace or do they worry us on that score? If, in examining these questions, they decide negatively on any two, it will be a Democratic year. If they decide negatively on one, it *likely* will be a Democratic year. If they answer positively on all three, we Democrats will continue to find our outlets elsewhere.

Yet, given all the above, there still is every reason for thinking and responsible Democrats to do their best to devise strategies both of politics and of policy which will form a basis for successful future governance. With all due respect to the authors of the three articles, those answers will not lie in pro-family, pro-caring, or geographically based approaches. In my judgment, they lie in approaches and specific programs which generate confidence among the American people, *across* geographic, class, ethnic, race, religious, and other lines, in a Democratic administration's capacity to generate equitable economic growth, to honorably and capably administer the institutions of government, and to maintain foreign and defense policies which will keep the peace and protect our interests. As part of their task in generating public confidence, Democrats will have to demonstrate that they are a *national party,* interested in the *general* welfare, rather than captives of a hundred discrete and demanding constituencies, each with its own agenda.

In summary, we Democrats first need to get the big things right. We need to choose a ticket which seems stable and competent. And we need to hope that voters will vote "no" on the status quo next year and, generously overlooking our painful fumblings of recent years, give us one more chance to govern.

Ted Van Dyk
Washington, D. C.

Palestinians

To the Editor:

Although pleased with your intentions I am disappointed with your editorials "The Disastrous Occupation" and "A Challenge to the Palestinians."

Most distressing is your attitude toward the Palestinians and their national movement. *Tikkun* blames the victims for their situation. How else understand "Palestinian resistance to Jewish immigration (prior to and during World War II), then, was at best, morally questionable"?

Furthermore, "A Challenge to the Palestinians" is quite condescending. It speaks from the vantage of mastership which Adi Ophir so rightfully condemns in his article on the occupation. That Israelis or Zionists or anyone should, from a position of power, propose tactics or dictate terms for agreement to an adversary and a victim is offensive and surely morally questionable.

A comparison of the sources and scale of violence among Israelis and Palestinians shows who has the upper hand. Everything I've read concerning the occupation indicates that in their day-to-day affairs the Palestinians in the territories are nonviolent. It's that the range of their affairs is continually threatened and circumscribed by the violence of the occupiers.

The question of the recognition of Israel is bogus, an excuse for not making peace with a declared enemy. It is time for the Israeli government to sit down with the Palestinians, which means the PLO or whomever the PLO chooses to represent it, and negotiate a settlement. Yasser Arafat in the *Boston Globe* (May 31, 1987) and the *New York Review of Books* (June 11, June 25, 1987) indicates Palestinian willingness to discuss the establishment of their own state alongside Israel.

Philip Chassler
Cambridge, Massachusetts

To the Editor:

The PLO is not an Israeli "enemy" in the same sense that Jordan or Egypt is. The PLO states explicitly and repeatedly in its National Covenant and has reaffirmed its intentions repeatedly to the world: Nothing less than Israel's destruction will satisfy the PLO. You must recall that it was an Egyptian creation in 1965. Judea, Samaria, Gaza, Golan Heights were all then in Arab hands. Ask yourself, What "Palestine" was it meant to "liberate"? And when there was talk of giving Judea and Samaria to the PLO, as a "Palestinian" state, to "prove" that the PLO's inflamed rhetoric was simply that, rhetoric, Arafat himself declared that those lands in his possession represented simply the *first* step requisite to raising the Islamic flag over Tel Aviv, Jerusalem, and every other city in Israel.

I am against *both* "direct" talks and international ones. Why? Because Israel can't do anything but *lose* at either. These is no reason for Israel to concede as much as a grain of sand. Do the Arabs lack land?...

The Arabs enjoy overwhelming military superiority in everything: planes, tanks, ships, munitions, numbers of men, etc. One fact today is present which hitherto had never been present: The qualitative edge that Israel formerly enjoyed has been whittled down to the vanishing point. I assume Israel has the atom bomb, but I don't see under what circumstances it can be used. Obviously, not while the Arabs remain within their own borders. Once they cross them, however, into Israel, how then can Israel use the bomb on its own territory? Their bomb is as useless a weapon as are the nuclear bombs of the U.S. and Soviets against each other. For a first strike by either will call

down unacceptable retaliation.

Golda Meir correctly said of the Rogers Plan, which would do what you would have Israel do today, that any Jew supportive of it would be guilty of "treason." I believe Peres is so guilty.

I would not be averse to any sort of negotiations between Israel and any Arab state (positively NOT the PLO), but only if it were agreed in advance that no concessions of any kind would be sought or accepted from Israel. Concessions from the Arabs, that, yes! They are long overdue.

Bernard Brodsky
Brooklyn, New York

To the Editor:

On June 7, the Tel Aviv - based International Center for Peace in the Middle East issued a call for peace signed by several hundred leading Israelis and endorsed by prominent public figures there, notably Abba Eban and Teddy Kollek, and by 125 outstanding American Jews from all walks of life.

As an American who has written about the Middle East conflict for forty years and has made twenty-four trips to the area starting in 1944, I wish to see this vitally important initiative kept alive. I call upon American Jews, Christians, Muslims, and others to join me in the following reply to the Center's call for peace:

We, too, want 1987 to be the year for peace in the Middle East. We applaud your call "for an end to the prolonged Arab-Israeli conflict, to terror and violence, bloodshed and suffering, and to the *rule of one people over another*" (emphasis added).

"The peace of mutual recognition," which you and we seek, can only be lasting if it is based on the full recognition of the inalienable right of self-determination of the Palestinian people. To move toward the necessary resolution of the Palestine problem in all its parts, this right must be exercised only by the Palestinians speaking for themselves.

Whether on the West Bank, in Gaza, or elsewhere in their diaspora, the Palestinian people have overwhelmingly chosen the PLO as their sole legitimate representative. The PLO has made clear its willingness to accept Resolutions 242 and 338, with the implicit recognition of Israel's right to exist, provided, however, that the Palestinians are treated as more than refugees and, like other peoples, are accorded the unconditional political right to choose the form and kind of government under which they wish to live. Certainly, the granting of such a choice is in accord with the most fundamental American principles upon which our freedom and democracy are based.

Through a duly constituted international Middle East conference at which direct Arab-Israeli-Palestinian negotiations can take place, the security of both peoples may be satisfied and regional stability established. At the same time, let full, free, and open public debate go forward as a prelude to this international conclave.

Yes! 1987 can yet be THE YEAR OF PEACE IN THE MIDDLE EAST!

Alfred Lilienthal
Washington, D.C.

To the Editor:

"The Disastrous Occupation" editorial generally presented the case against the West Bank occupation in an even-handed, convincing manner. When it dusted off a tattered, irrational attack on American capitalism, its values, and its "corporate elite," however, the digression itself became a needless disaster, diminishing the integrity of the editorial.

First, the inconsistency: It deplores, as a result of Israel's economic dependence on America, "the free marketplace" values and the relative material prosperity that "strengthens the ethos of individualism and self-interest that is the ideological underpinning of capitalism," as well as the "self-centered ethics that have dominated American society." These elements create many Israelis who, it suggests, would be better off in Los Angeles than Tel Aviv. Yet later: "Precisely because support for Israel is so dependent on the popular perception that Israel embodies the highest moral values of American society, the long-term survival of the State of Israel dictates that it cease to occupy the West Bank."

Granted that marketplace values are not among America's highest, most people would agree that our political-economic system is basically pluralistic, resistant to ideology and constantly involved in moral accountability, and at the very least not highly morally infectious.

Next, the alleged conspiratorial speculations: Israel's moral contradiction as occupier "will be exploited by America's corporate elite, who will emphasize the occupation to legitimize their own pro-Arab agenda ... [and] will use their power in the media to ensure that Israel will continue to receive negative publicity ... A corporate-led anti-Israel offensive ... will take its toll."

Are we to accept this elitism analysis at face value? Is it possibly dustbin speculation, grounded in turn-of-the-century utopian fervor? Corporations and their elite are accountable to the government and courts and can be regulated. We know firsthand, for example, that they have opened their doors increasingly to all minorities. Not the best of capitalist worlds, but probably a Golden Age for Jews in America, with tens of thousands of advanced-degree holders, secure in our corporate institutions of higher learning, where they no doubt comprise the core of *Tikkun's* readers and authors.

Finally, the low blow. American-Jewish neoconservatives, the editorial claims, have failed to do more than "manipulate the American elites" in their agenda to support Israel. So we "must unseat these sophisticated charlatans." Is this a worthy *riposte* to *Commentary* or just a mean-spirited solipsism? Readers can handle the neoconservative ideology adequately without such a comment in an otherwise enlightening editorial.

Irving S. Michelman
Los Angeles, California

To the Editor:

As you should know, the "Palestinian State" was a creation of Arab propagandists only after the 1967 War. Before that they were "Arab refugees." There was never any independent "Arab State of Palestine." In 1948 these refugees aided and supported the attempt to annihilate the Jews in present-day Israel....

The persecuted Jews from the Arab countries had to leave all of their possessions behind. There are still persecuted Jews in Arab countries who have no rights and who are subject to assault, death, and property confiscation at all times. Syria, Iraq, and Yemen are the worst....

An "international peace conference"

would evoke the same type of propaganda against the Jews and Israel as is evoked in the U.N. The very reason for such a "conference" instead of a direct meeting with Israel by the Arabs shows a contempt for Israel by the Arabs, not a determination to make serious negotiations.

People like yourselves call yourselves "progressive." This is a euphemism for "enemies" of Israel and the Jewish people. You are probably "self-hating" Jews, who are probably Reform or nonaffiliated. (Reform and nonaffiliated are about the same thing.) You are more interested in your "status" in the U.S. than your regard for your Jewish heritage.

Milford Wisenberg
Houston, Texas

To the Editor:

I welcome the appearance of *Tikkun* and am in agreement with the general thrust of the editorial entitled "The Disastrous Occupation" (Vol. II, No. 2). However, one point arouses my strong opposition. The editorial asks the following question: "If, as so many Israelis will tell you, they want to be like everyone else, then why bother to stay in Israel, when a life in America would be more comfortable?" The reasoning is clear. If Israel is not to be a state based on "Torah values," which I suppose really means a light unto the gentiles, Israelis might just as well transfer themselves *en masse* to New York. Interestingly enough, Professor Ben-Shlomo, in every other way utterly opposed to the editorial line of your journal, expressed (in the very same issue) full agreement with this line of thought. He too asks, "Why bother to establish a state *like* Denmark, when one can live *in* Denmark."

With all due respect to our messianists of the religious left and of the religious right, this is a false position. There are many reasons why Israeli Jews stay in Israel, but the main point is that they feel at home there, and they feel at home there because they constitute the majority of its population (although they may not for long, if Ben-Shlomo has his way), because they belong to the majority culture, because their language is spoken by most of the population and is the official language of the land, because the army is a Jewish army, because the calendar is Jewish, because the Jewish religion is the dominant religion, and because the official civil religion is Jewish as well. In other words, they stay in Israel for more or less the same reasons that most Portuguese stay in Portugal and most Icelanders stay in Iceland....

When I hear liberal Zionist American Jews saying that Israel will fail if it does not become a light unto the nations, I think to myself, perhaps uncharitably, that they say this because they are looking for sophisticated excuses not to live here (mind you, this does not stop them from coming for short visits, to "recharge their Jewish batteries"). I prefer them to our messianists of the right, but they should realize that the days of A. D. Gordon and the pioneers of He-haluts hamizrahi are over. Nothing is so contradictory to human nature than the notion of permanent revolution. If Israel remains a country where Jews feel at home as the dominant national group, a country where Jews can fulfill their national and cultural aspirations as equal members of the family of nations, and, no less important, if Israel remains a reasonably decent country to live in and makes some progress toward finding a way to live in peace with its Arab neighbors and with its Arab minority, then Israeli Jews will have every reason to stay put. Need I add that the injection into Israel of, say, half a million liberal and tolerant Jews of the sort who read *Tikkun* would go some way toward making it certain that this will come to pass.

Ezra Mendelsohn
Hebrew University
Jerusalem, Israel

Yuppies

To the Editor:

I feel a strong need to respond to your editorial "On Yuppies" in Vol. II, No. 2. When you say, "The Weathermen in the 1960s thought that America's material comforts were bought at the cost of exploitation of the third world, but even then most of us rejected that theory," my reaction is that you were wrong to "reject that theory" then, and you're wrong now. I would refer you to such publications by Food First as *Aid as Obstacle: Twenty Questions About Our Foreign Aid and the Hungry*, by Frances Moore Lappé, Joseph Collins, and David Kinley, and *Diet for a Small Planet: Tenth Anniversary Edition*, by Frances Moore Lappé, for enlightenment on how our corporations exploit third world countries—thereby benefiting us as customers of those corporations. Have you heard of fast food chains' encouragement—by economically powerful means—of conversion of third world land from crop growth for home consumption to grazing land for animals which will then become our hamburgers?

More broadly, even at age forty-two and with a law degree that I don't use to get rich (I work with disabled adults), I continue to strongly believe that the striving in a very hungry world for "good living," "economic security," or "material wellbeing" is inherently contradictory with struggle for widespread social justice. In a society that constantly encourages self-preoccupation and self-indulgence, it is difficult for me to see how one can seek financial security and be significantly involved in attempts to improve society on a worldwide basis. The plethora of financial advice television shows is itself an illustration of how much one can get caught up in a very time-consuming pursuit of "economic security." Unless one believes that providing checks to movement organizations is an indication of "commitment to idealism," I don't see how one can say that "there is no inherent conflict between good values and good living" in a society that is extremely affluent and constantly encourages selfishness....

I think that getting caught up in material self-indulgence—which was apparently quite easy for people who were more motivated by the desire to "do your own thing" than by the desire to fight the society's various injustices in the 1960s—has indeed tripped up many activists of that era. The movement's own mistakes did not help, but they also could be viewed as having provided a convenient rationalization for people who were not that committed to ongoing struggle for social change. Now the pattern comes full circle as your editorial compliments such people for retaining a "commitment to idealism." If we have to depend on people who are concerned with "material well-being" to help fight the struggle to overcome this world's many

(Continued on p. 89)

Publisher's Page

Little did we know six months ago when we selected "The Pope and the Jews" as our special focus for this issue that we would get caught up so deeply in the struggle within the Jewish community over how to handle the pope's visit to the U.S.

Originally we had planned to have a roundtable discussion in this issue on how Jews could understand the pope's seemingly contradictory moves towards the Jews—on the one hand the visit to the Rome synagogue and, on the other, the beatification of Edith Stein, the visits to concentration camps without mentioning the death of Jews at these camps, and the continued lack of Vatican recognition of the State of Israel. We thought that this would provoke a lively discussion in the Jewish world.

This plan was made before the pope's now infamous reception of Waldheim. With that visit everything changed.

Our reaction to the Waldheim visit was one of enormous outrage. How could the pope welcome the world's currently most prominent Nazi, call him a "man of peace," and get away with it? What an outrageous slap in the face of the Jewish people—and a slap, also, at all those others who had fought against Nazism during World War II.

Everywhere we went we found that people shared our anger, shock, and bewilderment. The lame attempts to justify the pope's action convinced no one. After all, the pope not only met with Waldheim but went out of his way to praise him.

However, although there was strong emotional reaction to the Waldheim visit in the Jewish world, many leaders cautioned Jews not to express this outrage publicly. For example, many of the organized Jewish groups in San Francisco were opposed to any form of protest during the upcoming pope's visit to the city. Partly this was because they were afraid that protests might interfere with the local dialogue between Jews and Catholics. But there were other reasons, such as not wanting to be associated in the public eye with gays, who would be demonstrating against the pope.

We were startled to learn that, even after the pope had received Waldheim, leading wealthy Jews were part of the pope's official welcoming committee in San Francisco. Even worse, they had contributed large amounts of money to help defray the several million dollar cost of the pope's visit. In July, Dianne Feinstein, the Jewish mayor of San Francisco, organized a large fundraising event at her house to which she invited many prominent Jews, the purpose being to raise additional money for the upcoming papal visit.

Although *Tikkun* as a magazine does not itself organize demonstrations, many of us on the staff felt that something needed to be done about Jews getting involved in fundraising for the pope. As a result, we picketed the fundraiser, along with a local organization of Holocaust survivors. This demonstration was an extremely moving experience for us, once again affirming the power of taking a public stand on an important issue. For this action there was much support in the community.

However, we were attacked vehemently by some of the establishment leadership in the Jewish community. Imagine this situation: *Tikkun* was started as the liberal alternative to a growing conservatism in the Jewish world (and we have drawn plenty of fire for this). But here we were standing up for Jewish interests—and once again being criticized by the same people who had criticized us for "not being loyal" to the Jewish world.

After the protest at the mayor's fundraiser, grassroots opposition to meeting the pope's visit with "dignified silence" increased. The groundswell became so acute that various local Jewish groups began to look for ways to show that they, too, felt strongly about the actions of the pope. The initial plans some of us had made for a demonstration and teach-in when the pope was in town set the tone. At the time this issue is going to press, many Jewish groups are organizing protests.

We stuck our necks out by saying loudly that the Jewish community should not be silent during the papal visit. Although we got a lot of flak for this stance, the end result was that other people and groups began to find ways they could also speak out. Our action helped to move people who resisted action into taking a stand on this important issue.

We hope that the pope will do something dramatic before he visits the U.S. to rectify the damage he has already done. If he does make a statement of conciliation toward the Jews, however, we still think that demonstrations aimed at challenging the Vatican to recognize Israel are appropriate. □

Editorials

Olliemania and the Wimpiness of the Democrats

Oliver North's popularity is not a fact of nature—it was made possible by the Democrats' willingness, demonstrated at every stage in the Iran/contra hearings, to allow the Republicans on the committee to turn what could have been a serious examination of presidential misuse of power into an ongoing televised pro-contra rally. The Republicans used their time to ask witnesses to describe how morally appropriate their policies were. The Democrats avoided, on the other hand, all questions of policy.

Imagine how different the feeling of the hearings would have been had the Democrats brought up each documented instance of contra murders, rapes, and pillage. "Did you know, Mr. North, that on day X contra troops in province Y shot and killed citizen Z in cold blood?" "Did you know that the contras killed American citizen Benjamin Linder?" "Are you familiar with the following eyewitness account of contra outrages ... ?" "While you were giving your speeches about patriotism, Mr. North, did you know that another American patriot was saying...?" "Are you familiar with liberation theology, Mr. North? Did you know that liberation theologians in Nicaragua were saying ... ?" "Mr. North, while you were making plans for military intervention, did you know that our friends in Central America were opposing this policy and giving us as their reasons ... ?" One could probably devise several hundred other such questions that would have provided the American public with information that would have countered the stream of pro-contra propaganda. Faced with those questions, it is likely either that the Republicans themselves would have agreed to a moratorium on using the hearings to argue the policy or, if not, that North would have looked much less attractive.

But what the Democrats provided was a steady stream of procedural detail, seemingly oblivious to the fact that they were in the middle of a political war and losing badly. They appeared to most Americans to be petty bureaucrats—with neither moral vision nor pragmatic sense.

Ollie North is appealing because he believes in something. He has a moral vision, motivated by a desire to transcend the blandness of everyday doublespeak. Most Americans are trapped in bureaucratic frameworks and mind-deadening entertainments that never address their deepest need to be fully human. Ollie North seemed like a breath of fresh air precisely because he could transcend the deadness and speak with passion of a vision shaped by an ideology.

Many on the left despaired when North achieved popularity overnight, assuming that this meant that the "latent national chauvinism" of many Americans was being tapped. That was true for some, of course, but for many more this was beside the point. In fact, large numbers of Americans still oppose contra aid. But they like North because he stood for something, was willing to take risks for his beliefs, and thus offered a ray of hope to the viewer that the spirit of independence and willingness to fight for one's ideals upon which this country was founded have not been totally extinguished.

"Stop!" you insist. "The content was reactionary. That's what people responded to!" No, that's your fear, your certainty that most Americans are really bad because they don't yet agree with the left. Olliemania would only be shown to be grounded in right-wing politics had it emerged in the face of a passionately articulated alternative vision. The Democrats never even tried. Instead, they seemed to accept all the premises of the right-wing analysis of the world but to be sticklers about "constitutional processes."

Is it any wonder that Ollie was able to seize the initiative? What if he's right? What if America is really threatened by Communist expansionism around the

Tikkun Discussion Group Notice

Many readers have written us saying that they are interested in forming study groups to discuss the articles in *Tikkun*. Some people mention that our most interesting articles require careful study, and they'd like to do that with other people. Others say they'd like to get to know other *Tikkun* readers in their area; studying together is a good way to do this.

Our solution: We will help you create local discussion groups. If you would like to be in such a group, send us your name, address and telephone. When we get more than one person from an area we'll connect you to each other. Send all correspondence to TIKKUN DISCUSSION, 5100 Leona St., Oakland, CA 94619.

world? In that case, it would make sense to arm insurgencies and support them. And then, why not support them all the way? If Congress votes for contra aid, no matter how small, this fall, then in doing so it is endorsing the worldview that says, "Yes, there is a real threat and we need to protect ourselves!" But if there is a real threat, then why spend so much time worrying about a few national security people who, during the time Congress wasn't smart enough to recognize the threat, decided to take matters into their own hands and act for the higher good? After all, Congress reversed itself and *did* later provide contra aid, and if it does so once again after all these hearings, won't it be reasonable for most people to wonder what all the fuss is about? If the fuss is about the fact that overzealous aides to the president refused to go along with a Congressional ban on aid that was so mistaken that even Congress later voted to repudiate it, so what? After all, the liberals never refrained from breaking the law to thwart policies that we thought were destructive to our higher values—look at what a hero we made of Daniel Ellsberg when he stole and then revealed the Pentagon Papers.

This line of reasoning, widely articulated in the conservative press, should help us understand the popular reaction to Colonel North. Instead of assuming that "the people" are bad, *Tikkun* has been attempting to foster a new approach to politics by assuming that while there is probably a core of the population with morally rotten politics (racist, sexist, imperialist, authoritarian, etc.), the vast majority of Americans are good people whose moral instincts are fundamentally decent. When they get attracted to ideas, people, parties, and social movements that we on the left think are mistaken, we need to search for the core of rationality and decency in their responses and then try to find ways to talk to them that validate that part and show them why, from the standpoint of their own legitimate needs and interests, they would do better to accept alternative positions, policies, and people.

We have argued previously that you can't fight conservative ideology with a highway program. Neither can you fight it by appealing to the sanctity of the Constitution and the need for a "rule of laws." Americans don't want to hear that from the very liberal forces who have made Martin Luther King, Jr., into a national hero or from people who advocate resistance to unjust wars.

That's why Ollie North was appealing—he cut through the mystifications and self-deceptions on all sides and said very plainly, "Yes, I lied; it was appropriate to lie, because in so doing I made it possible to provide absolutely necessary support for a morally righteous cause."

We are now witnessing a hilarious carnival as those who have advocated covert action and a strong policy of intervention in the affairs of other countries (always, we are reassured, for the sake of our higher purpose of fighting communism) try to explain to the nation that the Iran/contra affair is not endemic to the politics that they advocate. Thus, we will be treated to public debates about how to ensure "accountability"—allegedly by forcing the administration to involve at least the four top leaders of Congress in any covert action plans. At the same time, we ignore the fact that we have the very culprits in this operation justifying their roles and being told by a public and a president that they can get away with it at no cost. Too fearful even to consider the notion of impeachment, Congressional leaders will squabble in public about how to impose reporting requirements. Instead of recognizing that the whole concept of checks and balances has been shown to have no applicability once the state is allowed to engage in covert actions of this sort and to lie about its fundamental policy, Congressional leaders will try to figure out some technical, legalistic way to prevent similar excesses in the future. Faced with a political challenge to the very notion of accountability, they respond in a narrow legislative mode that fundamentally misses the point. Only a willingness to impeach the president and to send Oliver North and his ilk to jail could ever give a warning signal sufficiently serious to have clout.

Imagine how different the feeling of the hearings would have been had the Democrats brought up each documented instance of contra murder, rape, and pillage.

Yet to frame the issues in terms of saving democracy will get the Democrats nowhere. If the world is as the conservatives say it is, people will be willing to forgo a bit of democracy for a bit of security. There is only one possible response that makes either moral or plain, pragmatic political sense: to show why the cause for which Ollie, Poindexter, and the Reaganites are willing to sacrifice democratic procedures is *not* morally righteous and to present an alternative worldview. If the Democrats were willing to represent and fight for such an alternative, they would look less like ineffective meddlers in someone else's arena, would no longer be caught up in the discussions about when "plausible deniability" or "need to know" or other categories of deception were appropriate, and might actually address the conscience and moral sensibilities of Americans.

That kind of discussion began in the 1960s with a systematic challenge to what was called "American imperialism." But the challenge raised by the left in the sixties failed for two important reasons. (1) Pragmatically, the antiwar movement was forced to choose between insisting on its larger, long-run vision of a fundamental restructuring of American interests or building an alliance with many moderate Democrats and Republicans in the short run to stop the war in Vietnam. Some radicals warned us that we might be fighting the same kinds of battles about American intervention in other national liberation struggles in Latin America and Africa in the decades ahead—although few of us could anticipate Nicaragua or El Salvador at that point. But for most of us, ending the war in Vietnam was the most pressing priority.

(2) Though the early teach-ins of the mid-1960s were based on thoughtful challenges to dominant assumptions, by the late 1960s activists were so angry at the U.S.-sponsored murder in Vietnam that they often lost perspective and began to talk as though the only evil force in the world were the U.S. government. They exaggerated U.S. economic and political power and underplayed the global ambitions and internal repressions of the Soviet Union. This isolated the left so that the truths in its anti-imperialist analysis began to sound like nothing more than an extension of its anti-Americanism. Liberals sensed the political liability in this, and by the end of the 1970s they were competing with the right on who could be toughest with the Russians.

This is the fundamental problem for Democrats: If the goal is simply to play hardball with the Russians, most people believe that the right-wing Republicans will do a better job of that than the Democrats. They need a fundamentally new approach to foreign policy that rejects the Cold War and demands a new start—morally critical of both sides' foreign policy, demanding an end to the international struggle between the superpowers, and asserting a new approach to foreign policy based on actively promoting democracy in the world and thwarting all forms of dictatorship and coercion. Such a policy need not be based on "moral equivalence" (the notion that the U.S. and the Soviet Union are equally valuable morally); we should refuse to allow ourselves to be forced once again into the weighing of which is worse—their oppression of dissent or our apathy toward the homeless, their anti-Semitism or our racism, their invasion of Afghanistan or our open attempts to overthrow the government of Nicaragua. Instead, we should be painting a picture of the kind of world we seek to establish. Such a picture should minimally include the elimination of world hunger; the reorganization of the world's resources and productive capacities to satisfy basic human needs rather than providing profits for multinational corporations; the elimination of all nuclear weapons; the channeling of competition with the Soviet Union and other countries away from military struggle and into a race for cultural, scientific, and humanitarian achievements; and the democratization of the countries of the world and the reempowerment of the world's peoples.

There already exists a considerable body of thinking on the policy level about how to achieve these ends. The hard part is not in developing the ideas—if the Democrats ever indicated that they were interested in running with these ideas in a serious way, the liberal and left policy communities would have no trouble supplying them. The hard part is the politics: shaking off the knee-jerk reactiveness of large sectors of the American public to clichés that have been driven into their heads by both Democrats and Republicans for the past forty years.

It is in facing that massive task that we can learn most from the New Right. Faced with the devastating disaster of the Goldwater defeat in 1964, many Republicans said, "We must moderate our politics and look more like the Democrats." But the New Right went in a different direction. It insisted on its alternative worldview, was willing to risk losing some elections in the short run for the sake of maintaining clarity, and proceeded to build the public education that eventually enabled it to capture the Republican party and national power in 1980. Instead of the quick fix, it sought to build deeper ideological consensus—which it did by funding magazines and think tanks, running candidates to educate and not just to win, challenging more establishment-oriented conservatives, and insisting on a fundamental rethinking of the doctrines of the past. The liberal and progressive forces should follow this same approach.

One way Congressional Democrats could work with local activists would be to generate a nationwide set of teach-ins on foreign policy. These teach-ins should involve genuine public debates—not just rallies for "our side" but engagement with the policy experts of the right as well. They should not be confined to the campuses as they were in the 1960s but should also involve labor unions, churches, and community organizations. Liberals could ask every town where there are elected officials with liberal politics to help cosponsor these events, and they should be nationally coordinated and supplied with our most creative thinking.

Only by building a new policy consensus can we ever hope to shore up the moral backbone of Congressional Democrats. The fact that a majority of Americans oppose contra aid is not sufficient for them, because they suspect that that opposition is "soft" and that the old anticommunism could once again be used against them in the next election. What they fail to realize, and what

we must realize, is that this vulnerability can never be dealt with by trying to be all things to all people but only by presenting a developed and committed moral alternative.

If ever there was a moment when this might be politically possible, it is in the early days of the Gorbachev regime. *Tikkun* has been rightfully skeptical of *glasnost*, and we have demanded that Gorbachev make some immediate gestures that would indicate some real seriousness (our suggestions: allow all Jews to emigrate, eliminate all restrictions on the teaching of Hebrew and Judaism, and dramatically curtail military aid to Syria). But without falling into any naive optimism, we can also see clear reasons to believe that the Soviet Union's new leadership is seriously interested in repairing its internal economic problems (and perhaps even in incorporating a degree of democracy) and can only do so by withdrawing energy from international struggle with the U.S. A confrontational U.S. leadership may make that route impossible for the Soviets. On the other hand, a U.S. government willing to engage in bold new initiatives toward total worldwide nuclear disarmament, defusing struggle points (starting in the Middle East, Central America, Afghanistan, and Angola), and creating joint ventures to wipe out world hunger might find a genuine responsiveness—and thus be able to offer Americans some real returns on idealistic proposals. At the moment, many Americans are willing to think in these terms—and a thoughtful left could gain considerable support by eschewing the bureaucratic and legalistic mush so popular with Democrats in Congress and projecting instead a transcendent moral vision for U.S. foreign and domestic policy. □

The Psychological Wisdom of the High Holy Days

It is no wonder that so many Jews associate Judaism with pain, suffering, and guilt. Quite apart from the history of oppression that shapes many Jews' perception of the world, the fact is that most American Jews show up in places of worship only once a year, during the Jewish High Holy Days. These holidays are quite different in flavor from the rest of the holidays and observances of the Jewish year. They are the days focused on self-examination in the form of recounting and transforming our sins.

Only in the past century and a half, as Jews achieved political emancipation and the compulsory religious life of the ghetto began to fade, did many begin to drop full religious observance and to select Rosh Hashanah and Yom Kippur as the one religious period that they would observe. Just as Chanukah emerged from its position as a relatively minor holiday, so, too, Rosh Hashanah became a major event—and probably for the same reason: It was a holiday that seemed to help Jews fit into the Christian world. Sin was always a larger theme in Christianity than in Judaism, but it gained great importance when Jews began the apologetic task of explaining how our religion was like theirs. The focus on "who shall live and who shall die," from a prayer that is only six hundred years old—a relatively new addition to the liturgy—became increasingly important for Jews in Christian Europe where pogroms yielded to larger-scale destruction in the modern period; here was a holiday that seemed to speak to the precariousness of Jewish life in the modern age. To Jews who no longer knew the joys of celebrating the weekly Shabbat, the fear and trembling of the holy days seemed to correspond to their experience of being Jewish, and these holidays simultaneously came to represent what Judaism was all about—with the unfortunate result that once a year seemed more than enough for this kind of religion. In future issues we shall try to show how Judaism is much more joyful and celebratory than most Jews know, but for the moment we want to focus on how Rosh Hashanah and Yom Kippur are themselves more than meet the eye.

The once-a-year Jews who descend on the temples and synagogues on the High Holy Days often bring with them an ambience that has little to do with the essence or intent of Judaism. This editor remembers attempting to daven as a twelve-year-old in the two-thousand-seat synagogue in Newark that was filled with people wrapped in mink coats, the air saturated with intense perfumes. On one side were two men in an animated discussion about their latest real estate deals, taking advantage of this annual opportunity to share schemes. I tried to raise my voice a little louder in davening, only to have the doctor in front of me turn around and say, "Listen, I paid good money to hear this cantor and choir sing—I didn't come to hear you. Keep quiet so I can listen to this guy's magnificent voice." It was indeed magnificent—the cantor performed at the City Center Opera, and the choir had been assembled from the Metropolitan Opera. Who was I to ruin this show by trying to pray? And though there was less of this in a nearby Orthodox shul, there, too, the comings and goings of relatives and friends seemed the dominant show, and to most people the real action happened outside the shul, where the socializing took place.

Yet built into the High Holy Days is a deep psychological wisdom that could be reclaimed if taken outside

these rather distracting contexts. In the ten days of repentance that extend from the Jewish New Year, Rosh Hashanah, through the Day of Atonement, Yom Kippur, we have a mass psychological process from which many non-Jews could learn. It contains deep insights that, if taken seriously, would dramatically improve the possibility for healing, repairing, and transforming the world (*tikkun*).

Rosh Hashanah is called The Day of Remembrance, *Yom Hazeekaron*. Jews do not start our New Year in drunken frenzy or despair. Rather, to begin anew, Jews celebrate the future by looking at our past, by learning from where we have come. The focus on understanding what can be by first looking at what has been is the start of what we might call Jewish dialectics.

There are two fundamental aspects to Jewish dialectics: (1) We look at the present reality not as some inevitable and fixed reality, but rather as the product of past choices that we and other human beings have made. Pop culture in America has always attempted to celebrate the present as the only possible reality, and we are enjoined to "go with the flow," "ride the horse in the direction it is going," or "accommodate to reality." But Jews have always seen that the present is just one possible reality, itself the product of past choices. By looking at the past on Rosh Hashanah we get a better sense of the present, seeing it much less as fixed, much more as one of many possible presents. (2) Just as we see how the present is created by our past choices, so we can see that the future can be very different from the present. The dominant culture encourages us to "accept reality" as it is, to "grow up" by learning to adjust to the world as presently constituted. Judaism has always rejected this concept of maturity. The Jews, at great personal and collective cost, have traditionally been the great refusers, those who would not bow to the idols of the world as constituted, those who insisted on holding out for a vision of a better life.

That is why, in the *Aleynu* prayer said three times a day in Jewish religious services throughout the year, Jews call for *tikkun olam*, for the transformation of the world. That things can change is our great faith—and it is no surprise that both Marxism and psychoanalysis have had heavy Jewish roots and heavy Jewish participation.

Yet the talk of *tikkun olam*, of the total transformation of the world, can become (as we have seen in the distortions that occurred in the Marxist tradition) a way of protecting oneself from the need to transform oneself and one's own weaknesses and fallibilities in daily life. Waiting for the millennium, waiting for the revolution, may sometimes take the place of serious grappling with the ways we personally participate in and recreate the distortions and evil in the world. Conversely, the exclusive psychoanalytic focus on one's own personal history, often at the expense of seeing our relationship to a larger community, may result in the opposite and corresponding error in an age of narcissistic self-interest. The Jewish High Holy Days, on the other hand, offer a unique remedy: a socially constituted psychological process to be engaged in by an entire community at one time in the year.

The process is this: For ten days we engage in an individual and collective reassessment of our lives. Remembering is step one, looking at what we have done and what we have become through the past year. The second step is to measure that against our own highest visions of who we should and could be, both as individuals and as part of the community. This step is facilitated when we collectively, through prayer, reaffirm the vision of our possibilities that is rooted in the Bible and has developed through the ages in our tradition. The third step is called *teshuvah* or repentance. This is not meant to be a mere statement of recommitment to "good values" that are so abstract that they function only to make us feel good because we espouse them but have no impact on what we do day to day. Real *teshuvah* means determining in considerable detail exactly what we are going to do differently in our lives, taking into account the things that will likely throw us off or undermine our resolve, and figuring out how we can overcome those conditions and actually live different lives in the year ahead. Taken seriously, *teshuvah* is not a series of "New Year's resolutions" but is instead a serious plan of action based on the deepest and most searching self-scrutiny. Obviously, this is not something that happens in one morning at a synagogue; the services are meant only to provide the collective affirmation of the commitment to the task, but the ten days of repentance are intended to provide the setting for a much deeper and concentrated attention to change. Religious Jews use this opportunity not only to review their journals, to look over their calendars, to remember their past year, and to explore how they may remake themselves, but also to straighten up their unfinished business with other people. There is a strong injunction to make peace with those whom you have offended and to forgive others so that they, too, can begin anew.

Why only ten days? Doesn't real change require a much deeper and longer process? Yes. Rosh Hashanah is not meant to replace psychoanalytically based psychotherapy on the one hand, or social revolution on the other. What it does is consolidate and refresh the moral, psychological, and political gains in understanding and practice that we as individuals and as a community have made in our past. For ten days we, together, take a new accounting, building on what we already know but reaching deeper into our ideals, to draw from them

new guidance for how to live in the meantime (before the Messiah, before the revolution, before ...). The time-limited nature of the process is central to it. Unlike those who spend a lifetime in various psychological or more solitary spiritual pursuits, the Jewish tradition provides ten specific days to get oneself together. For those who take it seriously, the pressure is *on*, the gates of heaven are going to shut at the last service on Yom Kippur (*Ne'ilah*), and so the time to make the change is *now*, not some indefinite future. This creates a psychological and spiritual immediacy that forces the individual to take the process much more to heart, to avoid the kind of stalling that so often interferes with progress in psychotherapy.

Anyone who has attempted to make a serious change in her or his own life knows that even when we make a commitment to change, we are often faced with people who want us to remain the same, who throw us back into our old patterns and insist that who we were is who we will always be. One advantage of having a collective process of transformation is that if everyone is simultaneously engaged in the attempt to change and simultaneously needing the people around them to accept that change is possible, then we are all more likely and able to give each other support by allowing the changes to be real, just as we ask them to allow our changes to be real. Instead of undergoing change only as an event in my personal life, I see my changes coinciding with those taking place in everyone's lives around me. The ritual of these days thereby becomes the public proclamation to each other that we are trying to make our own real changes and that we are allowing and accepting real changes in all others in the community.

The notion that my change requires others to change is rooted in the specifically Jewish way of looking at human life. Human beings are seen as fundamentally social—we are part of each other's realities in a deep ontological sense, and our being is composed in part of the set of human relations in which we are engaged. So we do not say in our prayers, "I have sinned," but rather, "We have sinned." We are responsible for each other, and the level of our own transcendence always depends on the level of humanity that is attainable by the entire community. Judaism is not a religion for isolated mystics finding their own special ways to God. Individual religious experience has a certain validity, but it only becomes part of Judaism to the extent that it can be brought back into the community and shared. It is this sense of our collective interdependence that leads Jews to be agents of social change; we know that there is ultimately no "individual solution" to the alienation, estrangement, and sin of the modern world. Only by establishing a set of humane social relationships between all people will I as an individual be able to realize fully my deepest human potentialities. This is a far cry from the "human potential" or "humanistic psychology" movements; we have no doubt that the way to redemption is collective and involving all of humanity.

A community that integrates this kind of deep self-exploration with a commitment to the community generates the tremendous spiritual energy that is available on the Ten Days of Repentance. And it is surely no surprise, then, that the Jewish liturgy moves quickly back and forth between a focus on our sins and a focus on our vision of a new world in which we could imagine God's rule over the entire earth as a rule of justice and peace, in which the kingdom of evil has been swallowed up and arrogance has disappeared from the earth. What remains is a vision of compassion.

Compassion, in fact, is the overriding theme of these holidays. Precisely because the tradition is to see our imperfections as not solely our own fault but as rooted, in part, in an imperfect world, it stresses that God will have compassion for us. By extension, it urges us to have compassion for each other and for ourselves. Sin in Jewish liturgy is fundamentally different from the Christian concept: It is not that human beings are flawed or essentially evil; rather, the Hebrew word for sin (*cheyt*) means "missing the mark." We are like arrows that have been off course, and we can support each other to get on course, knowing that we will need another High Holy Day period next year for more fine tuning. In asking God for compassion, we are simultaneously asserting that this compassion is what is most holy in the universe to us.

Those involved in movements for social change, those who wish to see fundamental transformation in the world, could well learn from the rituals and theoretical framework inherent in the Rosh Hashanah-Yom Kippur process of repentance. A ten-day period aimed at collective self-examination and transcendence, rooted in a community which aims to make individual change part of an ongoing struggle for larger societal change, could both strengthen the movement's resolve and heal many of the inner wounds of so many of its adherents. This is the universalism that Jews have to offer a movement for social change. Instead of abandoning Jewish tradition and trying to demonstrate our universalism by renouncing our particularism, we can draw from the depths of our particularity a set of insights, traditions, and rituals that could play a universal role in accelerating the healing and transformation that the world so badly needs. □

The Uses of Nostalgia

Todd Gitlin

A curious sort of sixties revival—an amalgam of mystique, travesty, and serious occasion—is upon us. The mass media wheel comes round. Twentieth and twenty-fifth anniversaries cluster, nodes in our mass-cultural grid. This summer we are twenty years from the media-designated "Summer of Love." This fall we will be twenty years—what used to be called a generation—from the nonviolent siege of the Pentagon and the post-nonviolent siege of the Oakland induction center. Comes 1988, we shall live through the anniversaries of the Tet offensive, the McCarthy campaign, Lyndon Johnson's abdication, Martin Luther King's assassination, Robert Kennedy's assassination, the Chicago demonstrations at the Democratic Convention—not to mention Prague Spring, the French May, the Soviet tanks of August. Then we shall find ourselves a quarter of a century distant from Martin Luther King's "I have a dream" at the Lincoln Memorial. And so on. This culture conducts political memory by the arbitrary decrees of the decimal calendar. Fashions revolve. We have, or are given, remembrance on cue. Round up the usual icons. Make way for sixties collages, wham bam, two-minute "in depth" features on the evening news. We shall hear, over and over, illustrations of the big bang theory of history, in which "the sixties" are deemed to have taken place in a single searing moment, their light radiating to the far reaches of our own time like the light from a dead star.

The sixties as spectacle, larger than life: it's no wonder some of today's student activists feel burdened by the aura. It must not be pleasant to labor under the shadow of a time when giants stalked the earth.... In fact, the sixties took ten years to happen, and they took place in history, not the heavens. Especially in the early sixties, there were no signboards to say, This is the sixties, kids, you're expected to get out there, shake, rattle, and roll, kick out the jams. For years political organizing was not terribly popular. All along the way there were choice points, human decisions, good and bad ideas. There are still.

Advertisers, of course, have simple motives for resurrecting their versions of the collective past. There's nothing complicated about what Nike wants yuppies to associate with "Revolution." But more wheels are turning than the media's. Even commemorative journalism has complicated motives. There is the usual desire to enfold, to neutralize, by claiming up-to-dateness. There is the usual indulgence of popular moods, or what the media deem to be. But it is also true that a goodly number of editors, producers, and journalists feel warmly toward the sixties, and rightly so; lingering memories represent their youth, their ideals, their sense (however attenuated) that it is possible for people to live a life that goes beyond private pursuits, and, in the process, to make a bit of history.

In any event, it is not only the massest of media who are watching the calendar turn. A sizable business in psychedelic posters is being done on San Francisco's Haight Street and in North Beach. Last year we had six stunning hours of civil rights history in *Eyes on the Prize* on public television; seven more hours are in the making. The documentary *Berkeley in the Sixties* should be ready in early 1988. And at long last we shall see a wave of books about the sixties: analyses, chronicles, memoirs. (Full disclosure notice: I am about to publish my own hybrid history-memoir-analysis.)

Make way for the sixties collages, wham bam, two-minute "in depth" features on the evening news.

What does this all mean, how should it be taken? Easy, too easy, to pass off the sixties revival as sheer nostalgia. Yes, yes, of course the culture industry is going about its market maneuvers. In demographic terms, the baby boomers constitute "a pig in a python"—their bulk can be seen moving slowly, slowly through history. They were big in the fifties, big in the sixties, and their numbers—as moviegoers, book buyers, householders, magazine readers—are big still. They are secure enough, many of them, to be able to look back at what they're missing. True, too, many of their children are coming to the age of curiosity—and that is all to the good. Even in this sky's-the-limit Gilded Age, universal self-seeking leads to disappointment and must have its limits. If the majority of students today are apparently obsessed with their chances of personal advancement (and wasn't this true too in the

Todd Gitlin's The Sixties: Years of Hope, Days of Rage *will be published by Bantam this fall.*



early sixties?), there are minorities emerging with public agendas and, beyond any particular stand, the spirit of collective action. Yet I have spoken with Berkeley students (b. 1968) whose parents never told them—embarrassment? fear? awkwardness?—of their days in the Free Speech Movement. There are Southern Black children brought up in protective ignorance that a civil rights movement was necessary. There are the Black students at good private colleges who inquire of their professors, "Who was Malcolm the Tenth?"

So remembrance—even nostalgia—has a corrective function. But even nostalgia is complicated. By etymology the word means homesickness—emphasis on sickness, deep sickness. Seventeenth-century Swiss physicians observed that mercenaries fighting in foreign legions were prone to fall ill with despondency. Today, milder forms of nostalgia are routine, serviced by industries. Why? The sociologist Fred Davis has argued that present-day nostalgia is a bridge over changing identities. The world changes; the self changes; nostalgia, in the realm of imagination, is conservation within the flux. Politically homeless in the eighties, we hark back. Through longing, we hold to that which we can no longer live. The celebration of the past becomes a way to express opposition in the present. In this sense, nostalgia is conservative. But nostalgia need not be only a salvation from the present. *Some* of its spirit can light the way ahead. Not that the sixties can, or should, be repeated. History is wickedly singular; conditions do not recycle. Anyway, who would decently want to repeat the Vietnam war for the anguish and pleasure of resisting it? No, the right use of nostalgia is as a triple reminder: of the necessity of a common political vision, the necessity of collective action, and the dangers of political fantasy. As the Reagan comet burns itself out, traces of the passion of the sixties can be inspirations rather than grumbles about how long gone are the good old days.

If this be nostalgia, then, how to make the most of it? Not by presuming that the sixties were pure innocence. The New Left was right about many things—right about the intolerability of the Vietnam war; right about civil rights, and more, about the desirability of a society in which difference (including the sexual) does not require deference; right, in its late phase, about the global recklessness which threatens the ecosystem. But we were hardly right about everything. Let us take the commemorations as opportunities to rethink what went wrong as well as right: to scrutinize the purification rituals, the spurious third world romances, the naive ideas about revolution, the rancid pieties about class struggle, the awkward marriages (and romances) of sexual revolution and political recklessness, the assumption that all authority could be wished away once its formal hierarchical trappings were abolished. It is not necessarily a sterile exercise to debate, again, what went right and wrong in the sixties. Far from it. The point is not to recriminate but to continue the sixties' best, wildest project: namely, to rethink all social arrangements, including the left's own pieties. The past may be spectral, for right as well as left, but specters move history. Disconcerting as the debates may prove, we should consider the possibility that some of what went wrong in the sixties was rooted in our most righteous audacity: the idea that the focused will of small groups could make history; the radical dismissal of liberal ideals (and vice versa); the insistence that community *and* equality *and* individual freedom could flourish to their maximums all at once.

What we need, then, is neither crude nostalgia nor media collages, whether innocent or demonological. What we should note instead is the return of the historically repressed. Even *some* of today's core issues reverberate from the unsettled sixties. The two pivotal organizing issues of the sixties were race and Vietnam. Neither was settled; rather, American politics made

provisional accommodations, and the issues went underground. Race issues are bursting out with a vengeance now—in Howard Beach; college race skirmishes; the Goetz case; college anti-Asian quotas; the acquittal of a white Detroit worker who killed a Chinese coworker, believing him to be Japanese. Indeed, the issues of race and empire fuse now in anti-immigration hysteria; the U. S. can panic over Hispanic hordes, but geography is not going to go away. The issue of the limits of U. S. power is as live as ever. Cold War imagery drapes over Central America, obscuring real peasants, real torture, real death. The Bomb, one of the first issues to surface in the sixties before it was driven underground by the 1963 Limited Test Ban Treaty, is very much with us. The spurious innocence of the Vietnam war's "electronic battlefield" returns in the form of the vastly more costly and dangerous Star Wars.

The visions of the sixties cannot be recycled as visions for the eighties, but they may remind us that where there is no vision, the prospects for serious politics perish.

But there are new realities, new not just because forty-year-olds have commitments twenty-year-olds don't, but rather because history moves and deposits new realities: a Black urban underclass; an occupied West Bank; pandemic hard drugs in the schools; AIDS. In the tangle of issues today, we are not well served by a longing for a simpler time; the sixties were not so simple, anyway, and it was usually not so clear what to do. (Had it been quite so clear as mythology would decree, we would have been spared several hundred hours of meetings.) Rose-colored glasses will not drive away the grey. In the meantime, celebrations are due: The "Vietnam syndrome" has held back the worst in Central America; Congress, belatedly galvanized, has even half-roused itself in behalf of its prerogatives in the Iran/contra hearings. However insufficient, these are achievements. It is not a bad idea to reread the Constitution during its bicentennial year; it would also repay an hour's time to read *The Port Huron Statement* during its twenty-fifth. But the right celebration should be properly modest about the sixties, about what was *not* said, *not* grasped: economic policy, to start with; a proper policy toward schools (rather than the fantasy of an alternative to them); the inescapability of political coalitions (coalitions, indeed, being the medium of politics as paint is the medium of painters); the elusive but crucial difference between moral actions (which need to be effective) and moral gestures (which don't). There is a need for visions and a need for politics; one is not the other, but each without the other withers. The visions of the sixties cannot be recycled as visions for the eighties, but they may remind us that where there is no vision, the prospects for serious politics perish. □

News Update

Rosellen Brown

Light years late the news arrives:
They have beaten him in the street
and left him unstrung, unconscious.
They have made off with a bag of "evidence"
that might be anything, love letters,
poems,
dictionaries
in the enemy language.

I am walking along my own home street
looking into the faces of my neighbors, innocent
on their way to getting and spending.
On the other side of the world the sun comes up
every day on the evidence.
But there are only words, nothing but piles of letters
in the dictionaries,
not a single sentence. There is no path
they can follow, page upon criminal page.
There are only the broken stones, unstrung,
of language.

Rosellen Brown is the author of the novels Tender Mercies *and* Civil Wars. *This poem was inspired by her recent visits with refuseniks in the Soviet Union.*

Marx Meets Muir: Toward a Synthesis of the Progressive Political and Ecological Visions

Frances Moore Lappé and J. Baird Callicott

Growing up in the South during the fifties, we both found a refuge from the pervasive racism and fundamentalism of the Bible Belt in the Unitarian "Liberal Religious Youth." When we reconnected romantically after twenty-five years, our friends' reactions came as a surprise: "Frankie, he's an environmental ethicist? What does he believe—that *trees* have rights?" And "Baird, she's the co-author of *Food First*? What does she want—us to end up with standing room only on her too-small planet?"

Reflecting on these reactions, we realized that from common social, regional, and intellectual roots, we had come to inhabit two distinct communities of thought—the progressive political and the ecological—often in opposition. Yet we sensed, intuitively, that these two seemingly disparate worldviews share certain underlying values that suggest the possibility of mutual enrichment.

But before exploring the possible convergences, let us sketch some of the more obvious conflicts.

The knee-jerk response of some progressive political types to the ecological vision is that environmental amenities—pure air and water, landscaped green belts, plenty of park land and wilderness—are luxury items for well-heeled yuppies. State and federal tax revenues spent for unproductive real estate means less money for entitlements and social programs. If you're Black, jobless, and hungry, the self-righteous concern of the comfortable white middle and upper classes for environmental quality seems to be one more statement of their insensitivity and selfishness in the face of others' suffering.

The excessive concern for nonhuman life—save the whales, the wolf, the eagle, the rain forests—is seen as a case of misplaced morality. If so-called civilized, democratic societies are engaged in the systematic exploitation and brutalization of people abroad while turning a blind eye to gnawing poverty, un- and underemployment, illiteracy, homelessness, and hunger within their own borders, isn't moral concern for nonhuman life just a little premature?

On the other hand, the environmentalists and deep ecologists are equally critical of the progressive political vision. Although we already are dangerously near the physical and biological limits to growth, the environmentalists point out, few political progressives advocate substantially reducing the material well-being of people living at the economic median in Western-style industrial countries. The progressives lack biological literacy: They see nature not as a living, functioning system, sensitive at many points to disruption, but as an inexhaustible emporium and as a mere stage upon which political struggles are acted out. Nature enters the debate of political visionaries only as a source of wealth-producing raw material—as contested terrain between the peasants or workers deprived of its potential fruits and the wealthy elite now in control. Similarly, human beings are often reduced by progressives to narrow economic profiles, represented as producers or consumers of goods and services. Indeed, political progressives feel queasy about ascribing to people anything other than material needs, fearing that doing so might entail religious or metaphysical assumptions—dismissed as intellectually "fuzzy" and/or divisive.

From the ecological point of view, human happiness is stunted and incomplete if defined in purely economic terms—whether in the more radical terms of class consciousness and struggle or in "value neutral" economic terms of autonomous wants and preference satisfaction. Moreover, nature is not something to be exploited: It is the wider community to which human society is related as part to whole and as the living matrix which nurtures as well as supports human existence.

* * *

Yet beneath the very real differences of philosophy, temperament, and outlook in the progressive political and ecological visions lie several basic, shared attitudes and values.

Frances Moore Lappé wrote Diet for a Small Planet *and co-founded the San Francisco-based Institute for Food and Development Policy. Her most recent book is* World Hunger: Twelve Myths, *co-authored by Joseph Collins. J. Baird Callicott, professor of philosophy and natural resources at the University of Wisconsin, Stevens Point, is the author of numerous articles in environmental philosophy and ethics and editor of* Companion to a Sand County Almanac (*University of Wisconsin Press, 1987*).

The intellectual sources of both visions are deeply ethical. The lasting appeal of Marx, from a contemporary left-of-center political point of view, rests upon his moral outrage at the human misery and gross social injustice produced by the Industrial Revolution. John Muir, Aldo Leopold, Rachel Carson, and others who helped shape a radical ecological perspective were outraged by the heart-rending destruction of nature brought about by the same historical phenomenon.

The movements that were thus precipitated coalesced in the acute political climate of the 1960s. The same capitalist-military-industrial machine that was bombing Hanoi and the Ho Chi Minh trail, searching and destroying South Vietnam—with Black and white lower-class American youth as the cannon fodder—was also defoliating Southeast Asian rain forests, building nuclear power plants and nuclear weapons at home, and mining and polluting North American soils and waters. The broad popular environmental movement was really born at that intensely political moment in American history.

The concepts and rhetoric of resistance on behalf of the environment were appropriated from the political left and its resistance on behalf of oppressed peoples. Thus, the contemporary, post-sixties ecological vision began as an extension of the progressive political vision. In fact, ecologists extended the concept of justice beyond the human species, using the same impetus of moral outrage and the rhetoric of resistance to defend the rights of other animal species. Peter Singer's animal liberationist vision was built in part upon a sense of moral outrage at the exploitation and oppression by a powerful minority of a powerless majority—thus extending the social ideal of justice to the wider sphere of the biotic community.

Beyond these shared roots in an ethical vision, both progressive and ecological movements tend to locate individual meaning within a larger whole—human society for progressives, the "biotic community" for ecologists. In this emphasis, both conflict with the dominant liberal tradition—which has so thoroughly shaped Western political thought—and the ontological priority it assigns to individuals. Indeed, it is precisely here that liberals tend to be most outspoken in their criticism of progressives on the left—arguing that lefties tend to subordinate the interests and autonomy of individuals to the interests and authority of the social whole—a spectral menace, threatening the inherent worth, rights, and "freedom" of individuals. In parallel fashion, critics of ecological holism aver that it involves a mistaken subordination of the individual to the biota.

The progressive political and ecological understandings of freedom also contrast dramatically with the



defensive liberal notion. Classically expressed by Isaiah Berlin, liberty is "the holding off of something or someone—of others, who trespass on my field or assert their authority over me—intruders or despots of one kind or another." In the liberal's world, where we social atoms bounce about in limited space, freedom is merely what's left over after others have established their turf—"my freedom ends where your nose begins." Freedom is elbow room.

The progressive political and ecological visions share a more positive and systemic understanding of freedom—with responsibility—because they see the manifold ways in which an economic and political structure can indirectly limit or enhance freedom. How many choices, for example, do the jobless have when unemployment rates are high? Freedom cannot flourish, says the political progressive, unless it is understood to include active responsibility for developing social structures which ensure opportunity to all. Similarly, the ecological visionary who links us systemically to the entire natural world understands our responsibility not just to refrain from directly harming nature ourselves but to strive to be active "stewards," responsibly safeguarding the well-being of the biosphere.

* * *

These central shared values present the possibility that the ecological and progressive political movements can both learn from each other's insights.

The ecological vision may offer a reinterpretation of the fundamental concepts of individuality and society which could give new life, meaning, and appeal to the progressive political tradition. Ecological science focuses attention on relationships. It reveals that or-

ganisms are not only mutually related and interdependent; they are also mutually defining. In general, species adapt to a "niche" in the biotic community, a role or profession in the "economy of nature." The fluctuations of temperature, rainfall, hours of daylight and darkness, the peculiarities of predators and prey, and hundreds of other variables all sculpt the outward and inward forms and structures of Earth's myriad of species. A species is thus "internally related" to its habitat. Its completely unique and identifying characteristics are determined by its network of relationships. It is what it is because of where and how it lives. From an ecological point of view, a species is the intersection of a multiplicity of strands in the web of life. It is not only located in its context; or related to its context, it is literally constituted by its context.

Viewing the human microcosm through the lens of ecology, a new picture of the relationship of individuals to society emerges. Rather than thinking of individuals as ontologically fundamental and society as either an emergent or an artificial abstraction, the social whole appears as the organic and enduring matrix which gives form and substance to human lives. From this point of view, the modern classical picture of a "state of nature" drawn by Thomas Hobbes, in which fully formed human beings once lived as solitaries in a "war of each against all," is patently absurd. Not only is it impossible to imagine human beings to have evolved in the absence of an intensely social environment, it is impossible to conceive of a fully formed human "person" apart from a social milieu. A person's individuality is literally constituted by the peculiar concatenation of relationships s/he bears to family, friends, neighbors, colleagues, and coworkers. Even in the eighteenth century, the heyday of liberalism, our social nature was recognized by, of all people, Adam Smith: "It is thus that man, who can subsist only in society, was fitted by nature to that situation for which he was made."

Since we are ultimately interdependent, it is silly to pit individual welfare against individual welfare. And it becomes equally ridiculous to think in terms of tradeoffs between social integrity and the individual's unfettered pursuit of happiness. The health and integrity of the social whole is literally essential to a socially constituted individual's well-being. Such a vision of individuality, drawn from ecology, would free the progressive political vision from both the destructive social atomism of classic liberalism and the equally chilling reification of class interests long associated with the left.

Within the liberal tradition, freedom is a zero-sum equation—the larger is my freedom the smaller is yours, since there's only so much social space and goods to go around. But freedom is only finite when defined to mean freedom to possess that which is finite. If the concept of freedom is expanded to include our freedom to develop our unique human capacities, it becomes infinite. The ecological concept of synergy helps us understand why: If individuality is realized in large part through relationships, then how can freedom be conceived independently of these connections? It cannot.

Viewed in this way, what previously appeared to be burdensome social and environmental obligations may be seen as opportunities for personal expansion and enhancement. The "responsibility," for example, not to pollute or otherwise degrade the environment—a limitation on the negative concept of freedom in the liberal tradition—becomes something more like the opportunity to brush one's teeth or put on fresh clothes. Similarly, the "responsibility" to restructure social rules so as to end poverty—a seemingly impossible burden—becomes, on the contrary, an incredible weight lifted from our shoulders. Imagine walking through any neighborhood of any city in our country basking in the vibrant street life, with no fear of assault—either psychic or physical—by human misery and deprivation. Or, from the opposite approach, imagine the total deflection of your own energy were you to be handed a pink slip tomorrow with no hope for reemployment. Such positive and negative images might help us grasp the magnitude of human potential stolen from us by endemic poverty—and thus the incredible potential to be released by its eradication. Seeing freedom as the mutual expansion of horizons belies the whole notion of zero-sum.

If you're Black, jobless, and hungry, the self-righteous concerns of the comfortable white middle and upper classes for environmental quality seem to be one more statement of their insensitivity and selfishness in the face of others' suffering.

While political progressives may fear that the focus on nonhuman forms of life in the ecological vision might divert energy from pursuit of universal human rights, in fact the opposite may be true. The more expansive notion of the "biotic community" lying at the heart of the ecological vision might serve to minimize the divisive differences among peoples, rather than deflecting concern away from human suffering. Human cultural, ethnic, religious, and racial differences may pale when moral horizons are extended to include sympathy and protection for whales, wolves, and redwoods. The essentially integrative, symbiotic vision of ecology could

be used to further advance the progressive political agenda. If human life can survive only through mutually beneficial cooperation with other species, is it not more evidently true that the peoples of the Earth can only survive by recognizing and fostering analogous symbioses? The debilitating poverty in third world countries, for example, starves people but feeds the military—because it takes force to keep people from alleviating their hunger. We all are made less secure in the ensuing militarization of national and international life. From a purely economic point of view, where elite-dominated social structures keep people abroad too poor to be customers for our goods, we are denied needed trading partners. And poverty wages paid halfway around the world now take the jobs and undercut the standards of living in Pennsylvania or Ohio. Hence, if it is clear that escalating the chemical warfare on insects, accelerating deforestation of the moist tropics, and the monocultural erosion of arable land pose a direct threat to the human population, how much more obvious it becomes that Western neocolonial oppression and exploitation of the third world leads to an economically and spiritually exhausting social dialectic as well.

* * *

So far we have emphasized some ways that political progressives might learn from the insights and methods of conceptualization that have flourished within the ecology movement. But there are also important insights that political progressives have to offer the ecology movement.

Consider the issue of population control. Ecologists hope for a zero rate of growth in the human population or even a negative rate of growth, to be followed by population stabilization and, later, a gradual and orderly retrenchment. Pressures on other forms of life would thus be reduced and strains on the ecosystem gradually relaxed, permitting nature to recover and human beings to reestablish a stable coexistence or even mutually beneficial symbiosis with fellow members of our biotic community.

Few political progressives would attack such a felicitous vision. But they worry that ecologists, schooled in population biology, might suggest that starvation—as in the case of deer and ducks—is simply a natural limiting device on a population which has outstripped its ecological niche. The progressives point out that a simplistic biological analysis of the human population explosion neglects what is unique about human culture and society. Sociologists and health workers teach us that when parents see their children dying from malnutrition and diseases exacerbated by it—that is, when infant death rates are high—their response is to have *more* children, not fewer. Even the relatively more enlightened approach to preventing births—wider distribution of contraceptives and the increasing use of coerced sterilization and long-term injectable contraceptives—cannot achieve the environmentalists' goal of population stabilization. Several comprehensive studies have shown that family planning programs in themselves contribute only marginally to reducing birth rates. A politically sensitive perspective is thus essential for ecologically motivated activists if they wish to realize their own agenda. For what the ecologists too often miss is that human reproductive decisions, in dramatic contrast to almost all other species, are not purely biological but are complicated by psychological, cultural, and social forces. Where society denies people (especially women) security, status, and opportunity, the family—and often the bigger the better—provides the only possibility for all three.

Seen from this perspective, the "population explosion" is not the unfortunate side effect of a basically beneficent transference of modern medicine to the third world. Rather, high birth rates in the third world today often reflect the destruction by colonialism of traditional security systems, while denying the majority of citizens any modern substitute. Increasingly robbed of their land, with few jobs in sight, having virtually no access to health care, education, or old age security, and with many of the traditional religious and communal forms no longer working to provide a framework of meaning, many third world parents see in their children's labor and later incomes the only security they can hope for, and in their family life a compensation for the growing alienation they experience in the public sphere.

Ecological types would do well to let go of simplistic biological models and look at real-world human population growth patterns. Most of the handful of third world societies which have been dramatically successful in lowering birth rates have also greatly extended economic security and opportunity, especially for women. Most provide state-aided access to food, either by guaranteeing a basic ration or by heavily subsidizing prices for basic foods or both.

There are important intersections, as well, when we consider issues concerning land use and agriculture. Both ecologists and political progressives challenge the model of industrial agriculture, characterized by monoculture, the intensive use of energy and chemical inputs, large scale, and wage labor. Gone are the days when political progressives were enamored of the large state-owned/collective model of agricultural organization, efficiently employing the latest technology to free peasants from the land. The ecologically sensitized now focus on how industrial agriculture necessarily exploits soil and water resources. The politically sensitized focus

on how industrial agriculture exploits people. The politically motivated see in large landholdings in the third world a most grotesque example of such exploitation—peasants starving while good land grows luxury export crops, enriching a few. Thus, both the ecological and political agree on the need for reform, distributing control of the land among the majority.

And what is to take the place of the deposed agricultural oligarchies?

The ecologically concerned stress the need for a sustainable agriculture, today often termed agroecology, in which the use of synthetic fertilizers and pesticides is minimal and sustainable production is achieved through reliance on the synergistic interaction of a variety of plants and animals. Political visionaries stress the need for those who work the land to have direct control over it. Minimal use of synthetic inputs appeals to them primarily because farmers are more independent the less they have to buy.

Yet here, too, there are important lessons for ecologists to learn from a deeper political analysis. To be sure, those experimenting with the best crop mix for reducing erosion or working on an improved design for homemade solar corn dryers recognize that misinformed government policies are an obstacle to the realization of their alternative. Certainly, wrong-headed tax, credit, or price-support policies favor capital over labor and reward growth over efficiency. But political progressives can teach ecologists that even if enlightened government policies were enacted, an agriculture benign to both people and the land would still be thwarted—until fundamental principles of capitalism itself are questioned. Let's see why.

Three essentials of capitalism undermine a benign agricultural ecology.

First is the market/commodity system's glaring omission: It simply cannot provide the information needed to protect the land and the people who farm it. The only information the market offers is price. Yet prices—to which all producers in a capitalist market must respond to stay in business—do not incorporate the true resource or human cost of production. Prices of farm commodities do not inform us, for example, that their production entails the erosion of topsoil, that now, on one-third of U.S. farmland, topsoil is being eroded faster than nature can rebuild it. Neither is drawing down of groundwater reserves registered in the market price. Because the market omits such critical information, it deludes us. The market price cannot incorporate the price to be paid by later generations for whom providing food will be more difficult on land with impoverished topsoil and depleted groundwater.

Like the prices of farm commodities, prices of farm inputs—fertilizers, pesticides, machinery—also send farmers false signals. Neither can they incorporate long-term costs or consequences. Following the market's cues, farmers will purchase manufactured inputs as long as they can estimate (hope) that market prices for their crops will be high enough to cover the input costs, plus turn a profit *this year.* The market cannot warn the farmer that his choice may be generating a dependency that will threaten his economic survival when his neighbor buys the same machine, pushing production up and commodity prices down. Neither can the market inform a farmer that his choice of certain inputs may heighten his risk of contracting our most deadly forms of cancer.

Imagine walking through any neighborhood of any city in our country basking in the vibrant street life, with no fear of assault—either psychic or physical—by human misery and deprivation.

Most simply put, farming choices guided exclusively, or even centrally, by the market will be ecologically destructive because the market is blind to costs that can't be quantified. It assumes *no* cost to nature's supplies—topsoil, natural fertility, and groundwater. It assumes less than the real cost of inputs—pesticides, herbicides, fossil fuels, and fertilizers. And it "externalizes" such costs as environmental pollution and ecological degradation.

Second, within the market system, farmland is—like washing machines or waffle irons—in one sense merely another commodity to be bought and sold in the marketplace. But because the supply of land—especially good farmland—is limited, it is also a speculative commodity. People buy it as an investment. As a speculative commodity, farmland is treated as having a value of its own dissociated from the body of knowledge and skills which are a product of generations on the land. Wealth, not land wisdom, becomes the criterion for ownership. Farmland ownership becomes disconnected from the culture of agriculture.

Third, in the market economy labor is a commodity as well. And as farmland becomes increasingly the domain of the wealthy—as today many absentee investors buy up land—more and more farm work is done by workers selling their labor to landowners. In the third world, this process is far advanced. And now, for the first time in American history, most of the work on American farms is done by hired labor. But agriculture

dependent upon hired labor belies the vision of agroecology just as much as does heavy use of petrochemical inputs. Agroecology is necessarily knowledge-intensive, depending upon all the faculties of the farmer. As agroecology replaces simple monocropping with a mix of crops and animals, farmers must understand the many subtle interrelations of their chosen mix in order to enrich the soil and minimize pest damage.

Thus, agroecology depends upon a specific type of relationship of the farmer to the land. It must be enduring, for only over time can the necessary information be acquired. And the farmer must feel a personal stake in the welfare of the land, in order to call forth not just the physical exertion required but also the mental alertness needed to observe and record subtle changes and interactions over decades. Where land and labor remain mere commodities, such a relationship of the farmer to the land will be the rare exception.

It follows that agroecology and capitalist economic rules are in direct conflict. The market is an insufficient—and often misleading—guide to land use. And land and labor treated as commodities dissociate agriculture from its sustaining [illegible] represents an alternative to the machine in the garden. It can, perhaps, only be realized if at the same time we banish the machine from the marketplace as well. Integrating the principles of genuine democracy and economic justice into our economic decision making, political progressives emphasize, will allow us effectively to tame the market—without throwing it out altogether.

* * *

We have suggested here some of the ways that a creative dialogue might proceed between people committed to progressive politics and people moved by the ecological vision. The ecological vision could bring to the somewhat older political vision the exciting, integrative new paradigm now enlivening the contemporary sciences. It thus could free the progressive political vision from the well-worn structural assumptions of the liberal paradigm. By the same token, the political vision gives to the ecological vision badly needed analyses of distinctly human layers of complexity beyond human ecology—the economic and political rules that block the realization of the ecologists' own vision.

We are convinced that an allied progressive political/ecological vision could help to free both from their [illegible] movements could become more convincing to the majority who now listen to neither. □

A Heavy Silence

Zelda

Translated from the Hebrew by Marcia Falk.

Zelda (Zelda Schneurson Mishkovsky) was born in Russia in 1914 and emigrated to Palestine at the age of twelve. An Orthodox Jew from a distinguished line of Hassidic rabbis, she was educated primarily in religious girls' schools, where she later became a teacher.

Today Zelda is one of Israel's most widely read poets. Her mystical-religious, even visionary sensibility has, rather astonishingly, captivated a wide Israeli audience of mostly nonreligious readers. This poem is from the forthcoming volume The Spectacular Difference: Selected Poems of Zelda *translated by Marcia Falk (Jewish Publication Society), the first book-length collection of Zelda's work to appear in English translation.*

Marcia Falk's latest book of poems is This Year in Jerusalem *(State Street Press, 1986).*

Death will take the spectacular difference
between fire and water
and cast it to the abyss.

A heavy silence
will crouch like a bull
on the names
that humans gave
to the birds of the sky
and to the creatures of the field,
to the evening skies,
to the enormous distances of space,
and to things that are hidden from the eye.

A heavy silence will crouch
like a bull on all the words.
And it will be as hard for me to part
from the names of things
as from the things themselves.

O Knower of mysteries,
help me understand
what to ask for on that day.

Kitsch 22: On the Problems of the Relations Between Majority and Minority Cultures in Israel

Anton Shammas

Cyril Connolly, the English writer and critic, writing in the 1960s, discussed the relationship between art and climate. Cocking a British eyebrow, he stated that art is a sun substitute and that excessive sunshine casts out art. Therefore, he claimed, there is no worthwhile painting south of Rome or Madrid, there being a point where it gets too hot to hang pictures on the walls—unless air-conditioning should contribute to creativity in the torrid zones, just as central heating moved the creative limit northward. He concluded by stating, "The literature, painting, music, architecture, sculpture produced between altitudes 40° and 60° in the last two thousand years under seasonal conditions can justify existence to me while I also live between latitudes 40° and 60°, and am subject to a similar awareness of the seasons."

Unfortunately, Israel still extends between latitudes 29° and 33° and ceaselessly seeks to link up with the twilight zone of latitude 40°, like a heart which has been separated from its body—or, as Milan Kundera, winner of the Jerusalem Prize in 1985, said in his acceptance speech, "Israel, the newly-found homeland, appears to me to be the true heart of Europe, a strange heart which lies far from the body." This state of affairs worried its founding fathers in the very earliest days of Zionism. In his *Judenstaat* Theodor Herzl stated that "we shall form part of Europe's fortified wall against Asia, and fulfill the role of cultural vanguard facing the barbarians." Vladimir Jabotinsky, in his essay "The Vogue of the Arabesques" (1927), quoted Nordau, who said, "We are going to the land of Israel to carry the moral boundary of Europe as far as the Euphrates." Fortunately, this boundary still languishes somewhere along the Jordan, and it is not easy to discern its moral aspect.

Likewise, Ibn-Khaldūn, the fourteenth-century Arab historian, in the chapter dealing with the effect of climate on civilization in his *Muqaddamah*, offers an instructive explanation to the question, Why does man sing in the bath? According to Ibn-Khaldūn, the hot air in the baths warms the spirit and causes the bather to feel elated, so that he may express joy in singing. The Sudanese, he noted, are a light-headed people, given to song and dance, because the powerful sun in their places heats up the spirit which lies in the chambers of the heart, thinning it and causing its volume to expand, so that it rises into the head and confuses it. That is why the Sudanese are known for their merriness, which is only a hair-breadth away from folly. And if you are not convinced—here Ibn-Khaldūn lands his *coup de grâce*—observe how melancholy are the denizens of the cold countries in the north, whose spirit is congested and weighs heavily on their heart.

Incidentally, Ibn-Khaldūn (who was born in Tunis) wrote his *Muqaddamah* in the province of Oran, Algeria, which lies on latitude 35°, five degrees south of Cyril Connolly's "creative limit," and some six hundred years earlier.

* * *

Some years ago I visited a certain house in my village —which lies on latitude 33°02′—to console the bereaved. The man whom I was to console, as he had just lost his wife, was in his seventies and was considered in the village to be one of the pillars of "rural culture." He was known, on the one hand, as a dignified collaborator, close to the powers that be yet loyal to the villagers, and, on the other hand, as a generous, hospitable person known to almost everyone in the Galilee. I had never before set foot in his house, and this visit was something of a journey back in time for me. After the words of consolation and the sipping of bitter coffee, which was appropriately served in a demitasse on a gleaming copper tray, and during the prolonged silence which ineluctably falls on these occasions, my gaze wandered over the walls, classical Arab walls, untouched by the hand of progress. Walls dazzling in their bluish-white limewash. About three meters from the floor,

Anton Shammas' book Arabesques *will be translated from the Hebrew and published by Pantheon in 1988.*

Translated by Yael Lotan.

about a meter below the ceiling, hung various pictures—mostly wedding photographs of the children and grandchildren, alongside pictures of saints and decorated, embroidered rugs. They hung all around, in restrained coloration, their crowding suggesting what the History of Art Department at the Hebrew University in Jerusalem would call the *Horror Vacui*.

Very few Arab houses have been preserved in this state, and fewer still keep their pictures hanging so high. It would not be inaccurate to suggest that the exposure of the picture level of the Arab wall to another culture lowered it by at least a meter, to eye level, those eyes which have lost their visual confidence and no longer know what may be called "beautiful." Is beautiful the bare wall, whose white limewash was usually tinted with laundress's blue and frequently hung with a multitude of pictures close to the ceiling; or is beautiful the wall which has obeyed the command of aesthetic loss of nerve vis-à-vis the majority culture, and which is hung with cheap reproductions (often of a weeping child) or tapestries depicting imaginary gardens in imaginary places or ornamental wallpaper, a distant and pathetic echo of the walls of the Alhambra?

One way or the other, the Arab wall, the mirror in which I see reflected the changes in Arab culture since the early 1950s, is not what it used to be, and the people who face it and look at it are no longer the same people—not to mention the alterations in the climate, cultural and otherwise.

Milan Kundera, in the aforementioned speech, quoted the words of Herman Broch on the modern novel, which tried to stem the tide of kitsch but in the end was overwhelmed by it. Kundera said, "The term kitsch, which originated in Germany in the middle of the century, describes the desire to please the greatest number of people at any cost. To please, one must say what everyone wants to hear, to cater to the widely held views. Kitsch translates the foolishness of the widely held views into the language of beauty and sentiment." (Here I shall overlook a certain puzzlement regarding the speaker, in my opinion one of the finest writers of our time, who chooses in Jerusalem to speak of Israel as "the true heart of Europe, a strange heart which lies far from the body." Does not this suggest "a desire to please the greatest number at any cost"?)

The Arab house in Israel, between whose walls I wish to examine the impact of the majority culture upon that of the minority, is one of many monuments to the "overwhelming" of the culture of the third world by the European kitsch—which, of course, does not acknowledge the "culture" of the third world. (This last sentence is unquestionably a typical product of the third world.) Before collapsing under the onslaught of the terrible kitsch, the Arab wall in our parts underwent several phases, which I shall divide schematically into three: the wall of the father, the wall of the son, and the wall of the grandson. We have said that there are very few Arab walls preserved from the beginning of the century, from the days before the Zionist fathers sought to push Europe's moral and cultural border eastward. The classical Arab wall is a creation in which the functional and the aesthetic coexist in a delicate balance. The wall divides and separates, defines and supports, while at the same time its white limewash, tinted with laundress's blue, inspires the space called "home" with an atmosphere of tranquility which characterizes not only the walls but all the components of classical Arab construction: the arch is functional (it supports the ceiling) as well as aesthetic; the keystone, which is the topmost stone that binds the other arch stones together, symbolizes better than anything else the balance which binds and consolidates all the elements of structure into one entity, from which the removal of a single component part may jeopardize the whole.

The wall divides and separates, defines and supports, while at the same time its white limewash, tinted with laundress's blue, inspires the space called "home" with an atmosphere of tranquility which characterizes not only the walls but all the components of classical Arab construction.

In the traditional Arab houses, such as you find mostly in the villages, there are rarely any pictures on the walls, but rather objects which are also functional-aesthetic, and insofar as there are pictures, they are usually hung well above eye level, close to the ceiling. A possible explanation is that since the seating in the father's house is generally close to the floor—on mattresses, stools, padded shelves—the angle of vision tends to reach higher, in the direction of the ceiling. Or it may be an expression of respect: the higher the object hangs, the further out of reach, the greater its honor. For honor, generally, implies a certain awe, and things which inspire us with awe are usually placed high. Arab culture regarded the imitation of reality with awe. The transmission of reality via the artistic vision entails for the villager an element of defiance against the supreme power. Having overcome this awe

and hung a single picture on the wall, he feels threatened by the remaining blankness and hurriedly piles any number of other things on the wall—and everything, of course, above eye level.

* * *

But then the son married and built his own house. The neighbors who came to call after the wedding and after the birth of his children, and on other festive occasions, brought various things which they felt were suitable to hang on his walls, whether he cared for them or not. Thus if you were to visit a house which has preserved its character since the 1950s you would be amazed by the peculiar conglomeration of tastes which populates its walls.

The son's wall has been expropriated by the neighbors. For surely it would be unthinkable to offend the giver of a gift, no matter how horrid it is in your own eyes, and refrain from hanging it on the eastern wall of your house. That was the beginning of the onslaught of kitsch upon Arab culture in Israel, and the villager wished to please the greatest number of people, as Kundera put it. The son's house was, in reality, the house of the orphans of 1948, of all those who were abandoned by the generation of fathers who had been exiled, and remained exposed to that new and fearsome being, the State of Israel, a state which defined itself, politically and culturally, as a "Jewish State." This sudden exposure knocked the ground—both figuratively and literally—from under the son's cultural confidence and left him naked and helpless to face new challenges. Given this reality of a cultural and political threat, in the atmosphere of military government and land expropriations one can hardly expect a man to devote much attention to the inner decoration of his walls, his house, and himself. Metaphorically speaking, the Jewish-Israeli reality, under its new guise of power, not only expropriated the son's walls, with the help of his neighbors, but forced him to hang upon them things he never thought to hang on them—a poster of Ben-Gurion hung in my father's cobbler shop—much as it forced him to carry a permit of passage from place to place.

The Arabs of the 1950s needed those permits in order to travel from place to place in their native land which had become "the homeland of the Jewish people." But no such permits were available for moving about the cultural spaces in which they had grown. The severance from the existence which had been cut away and ended up in the refugee camps was complete, and so was the severance from their cultural milieu in the region, leaving them in a prolonged state of cultural quarantine.

Some two-thirds of the 156,000 Arabs who remained in the State after its establishment and the great upheaval were of the rural population and were thus spared the fate of the wanderers. This population was less prepared and less confident in the face of the new reality, and was thus a fertile ground for the growth of the multifarious kitsch. The son's generation was also that of the writers who sought to continue the Palestinian literature, when they had recovered, or believed they had recovered, from the shock of the rupture. These writers tried to sprout new roots after the shock of losing ground from under their feet. And while the 1950s were arid years for Arab literature in Israel, they only reflect the condition of a body trying to breathe with one lung when the other lung has been amputated. The hesitant syllables, the limited expression, nevertheless arouse respect for the ability to survive, the ability to contend, however inadequately, with the encroaching kitsch from within and without.

At the end of the fifties the Druze were declared a recognized religious community and in 1962 the Knesset passed the "Druze Religious Courts Law," in exchange for which two acts the young Druze men were required to serve in the Israeli army. This step, made at the apogee of the military government, symbolized more than anything else the nature of the relationship the young State offered its non-Jewish citizens—the recognition of the ethnic distinction of a certain group in return for that group's unconditional commitment to the State's self-definition as a "Jewish State." This recognition of the ethnic distinction of the Druze community also gave it the privilege of writing "Druze" under the heading "Nationality" in the Israeli identity card. Thus, as if by magic, the Druze were separated from the Arab nation of which they were, and still are, a part. Through the young Druze men who were recruited into the Israeli army, a tremendous, if unperceived, change took place in the Druze villages. The Hebrew language began to be heard in its streets and gradually displaced the Arabic. The Druze community was so thrilled to be recognized as a "nationality" that its leaders forgot that in return for the military service they might have demanded to be recognized as "Israelis," as belonging to the "Israeli nationality." But the Israeli nationality, then and now, did not exist as a legal entity. And what is all this if not a pure political kitsch—a group which seeks to please everyone to the point of overlooking its main purpose and which ends up creating in the Druze villages on the Carmel a "Druze Zionist Movement," which is surely the most ludicrous and shameful product that the State of Israel as a Jewish State has succeeded in extracting from the confused national minority in its midst.

At this time the Druze house serves as a vulgar testimony to the changes that have occurred in the

Druze culture. Pictures of Theodor Herzl, of the president, and of members of the government hang in the living room alongside family photographs, and polished mortar shells stand beside the traditional coffee pot, which is likewise made of gleaming copper.

Yet the Druze simply fell victim to the cynicism of the government and should not be entirely held to blame for their predicament. Nobody ever warned them that their active participation in the life of the State, in its extreme form of service in its armed forces, did not entitle them to the status of citizens with equal rights, both social and political, as promised to all the citizens of Israel in the Declaration of Independence. Nobody ever explained to them that their contribution was to be strictly a one-way relationship, one that did not offer them immunity from land expropriation or security for the future of the demobilized Druze soldier, as if he were part of the Jewish-Israeli social framework. The "Druze Action Committee," which has been active in the community in the past decade, has called for the reconsideration of the matter of military service and has encountered angry reactions on both sides of the issue—the reactions of the deceived, refusing to acknowledge their failure, and the reactions of the cynics, who still believe that you can demand that the Israeli Arabs carry out faithfully all their duties to the State and yet remain content to be defined as a "national minority" in a Jewish State, that is to say, a minority which is effectively devoid of all nationality.

And this is, in effect, the position of all the Arabs in Israel, regardless of specific community. The position, which we may call "Kitsch 22," can be described as follows: The State of Israel defines itself as a Jewish State (or even "the State of the Jews") and demands



restrictions of the military government, and his "national oxygen" led to a profound upheaval in his conceptual world. For the military government had served to delegitimize the Arab in Israel—he was, in effect, only transiently a citizen, and as such his every attempt to set foot outside the boundaries imposed on the national minority was an illegal act. Thus, for example, the lands were expropriated and the Arab local councils were given no development plans, so that an Arab who tried to build a house in Israel inevitably engaged in illegal construction. Once the "green line" was erased, however, and the State itself began to engage in illegal construction in the occupied territories, the bent spine of the Israeli Arab acquired some added vertebrae, and he began to feel at last that his belonging to the Palestinian nation legitimized him where he lived, even if this feeling of legitimacy amounted to crime in the eyes of the government.

By now the house of the Arab in Israel has become a regular festival of kitsch. The wall, which had in any

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Jabotinsky, in his essay "The Vogue of Arabesques," from which I have already quoted, stated, "The arabesque was invented because the Quran forbade the depiction of real things—not only the image of man, but even a cat or a table. Therefore they contented themselves with painting by allusion, in which one cannot recognize either the cat or the table. This means that the arabesque is not at all a special, independent artistic conception, but only a retarded art form." Fifty years after this essay was written, Professor Jacob Bronowsky, in his book *The Ascent of Man*, discussed the Alhambra palace in Spain, one of the masterpieces of Arabic architecture, in connection with the achievements of Arab mathematicians in the field of two-dimensional symmetry. In the Alhambra palace, says Bronowsky, tranquility overcomes the adventurous impulse, and one discerns the weariness of an empire which has

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reached its summit and devotes itself now to a sensuous observation of the world. The ornamentation in that palace (to wit, those arabesques described as "a retarded art form") are in fact the summation of all the possible symmetries in two-dimensional space, the product of a thousand years of mathematics, a magnificent finality ... the perfect finish.

Today the Arab house is torn between these two opposite views of the arabesque. The Israeli Arab, the grandson of the late 1960s, is no exception. For, having been denied permission to build his own house in Israel, he turns to his grandfather's house and "remodels" it, so as to conform with the "aesthetic demands" of his day. The tranquility of the whitewashed walls, the sensuousness of the supporting vault, the weary harmony among the diverse components of the structure—all these are now set aside, to be replaced by new elements. The gate, whose stones had for many years displayed their carvings and ornaments, is replaced with a decorative iron gate. The arch, which had borne the weight of the house, is hidden by a new wall which divides the old space into many small ones. The walls are, at best, covered with wallpaper that dimly recalls, to the collective Arab memory, the walls of the Alhambra, thus legitimizing the kitsch and creating a false sense of being at peace with the past. The future looks in through the window—a false window in the form of a landscape-wallpaper, opening from the desolate living room upon a view of faraway worlds, usually a fairytale forest in Switzerland—which, as we know, lies between latitudes 40° and 60°. And between the mountains of Switzerland, on the one hand, and the pseudo-arabesques, on the other, the Israeli Arab must contend with the complicated reality of the Jewish State, with the complexity of living between two languages, both of which are written from right to left, a vestige of the good old Semitic days, but one of which, Hebrew, flows from left to right, as a language must to be the language of "Europe's torn heart" in the agonized carcass of the Levant.

* * *

Some years ago in Jerusalem, in my wanderings from one rented apartment to another, I found myself residing in an old Arab house in the old Katamon quarter. In addition to the handsome furniture, which was marvelously appropriate to the Arab structure, there stood in the bedroom a shining, brightly polished piano, cunningly left there by my Jewish landlady, who was also my friend. At first we were mutually indifferent, for I had never played the piano, nor any other musical instrument. But gradually a dim hostility arose between us, which before long became open and incomprehensible. I spent many restless nights, for I had never slept in the same room with a piano. Now alone with a polished piano in a single bedroom, I found dormant impulses awakening in me. What could a piano be doing in an Arab house? It struck me that its very presence was an intolerable contradiction, a tension I could never cope with. Finally one evening I took courage and began to hit the keys, an act which disturbed the rest of the delicate-eared neighbors but brought sweet sleep to my eyes.

The tension in the tales of A Thousand and One Nights resembles the tension of piano playing (as I am told by better pianists than myself): The left hand provides the background, the framework, while the right hand plays in and out of the framework, just as in the stories of A Thousand and One Nights the subsidiary tales depart from and entwine with the central story, in the end returning to it. So it is with the arabesques of the Alhambra: Out of the basic pattern of the ornament subsidiary patterns branch off, like variations on a theme, and in the end all harmonize together in a single arabesque. But when the left hand of this equation was replaced by a European hand, the Arabs contented themselves with the right and returned to two-dimensional creativity. This may explain why it is not at all fair to compare the writings of, say, Nagib Mahfouz with the writings of Gabriel García Márquez. For Mahfouz took A Thousand and One Nights for granted, as something readily accessible, whereas Márquez was influenced by it through the filter of generations of Spanish culture. In Mahfouz's work one senses the lack of the left hand, as one senses it in most of contemporary Arab culture. And this, presumably, also expresses the relationship between the culture of the majority and the culture of the minority in Israel today—how are the Arabs in Israel to play their culture with the right hand, when the left hand of the Jewish majority sets the framework chords, which they must, willy-nilly, go in and out of?

As for me, I chose to contend with the piano that I was living with, face to face, and used both hands to write my first novel, *Arabesques*, an Arab story in Hebrew letters. This was not easy at all. A certain Hebrew writer, who was very pleased with my attempt at piano playing, so to speak, recently urged me to take my belongings and move one hundred meters to the east, to the Palestinian state-to-come, if I wish to fulfill my whole national identity. But he does not realize that his left hand is already part of my Israeli being, just as at least one finger of his right hand is one of mine.

For the Arab in Israel to contend with all the above, he needs, as Emil Habibi suggested in his *Opsimist*, only a large dose of oriental imagination. An imagination which can carry its owner far from the Levant, to those regions of culture that lie between latitudes 40° and 60°, where all of us, presumably, would rather be. □

The Crisis in Jewish Philanthropy

Eliezer David Jaffe

When I was a youngster growing up in Cleveland, Ohio, my parents were very proud of the fact that they donated money to Israel, even during the hardest economic times. I remember, too, standing with my friends from the Hashomer Hadati, Habonim, Massada, and Young Judea youth groups in front of the downtown Loew's Theater, with my pushke (collection box) in hand, soliciting donations "for Palestine Jews." I still know how hard it is today to solicit funds, to get those pledges, and to campaign for Israel, and my relatives always remind me.

This is why, after immigrating to Israel in 1960, and having spent three decades working, teaching, and researching in social welfare, I feel a need to shake people into understanding that the bulk of their charity going to the Jewish Agency is not being handled right, is taken for granted, and is certainly not doing the most it could for Israel.

I am appalled at how little donors know about what happens with their money and how naive they are in following up their charity to Israel.

The politicization of Federation and United Jewish Appeal (UJA) funds in Israel is the topic of my recent book, *Givers and Spenders*, which provides a detailed description of how serious and institutionalized the problem is and how Diaspora Jews have lost control over their funds in Israel. Most important of all, since the creation of the State of Israel there has never been a serious general discussion regarding new roles for Diaspora charity in Israel, new options for distributing these funds, accountability for them, and relative needs in both Israel and the Diaspora. Layers of jobs, institutions, and premises that were valid more than fifty years ago at the Agency still thrive today, due to inertia, self-interest, and lack of will and imagination to change things. The Federations and the UJA dread telling their constituents what they already know, hoping to stem a potential tidal wave of discontent and lack of confidence in their own leadership and in the appeals for funds.

But the crisis has arrived, and neither Israeli nor Diaspora defenders of the status quo can put it off. This is an emergency situation for world Jewry requiring a search for new options for Jewish philanthropy and its most effective use in helping Jews in America, in Israel, and around the world. Creating a consciousness that a major crisis exists regarding Jewish philanthropy must now take priority over fundraising.

Strange as it seems, the representatives of organized world Jewry, among them the most respected UJA and Federation donors and lovers of Israel, have created a well-rooted philanthropic monstrosity that is inefficient, politicized, and archaic. Its major vehicles, the Jewish Agency and Keren Hayesod, are expensive, top-heavy relics of the early Zionist movement. Israeli politicians have successfully marketed the idea that philanthropy and Zionism are one and the same, and that the "Zionist" institutions (viz., the Jewish Agency and Keren Hayesod) are therefore the rightful dispensers of Jewish charity. This is utter nonsense. The rightful dispensers should be those who would fund projects or services using rational criteria like maximum effective outcome to bring the best results for Israeli society.

Fundraising—For What and Whom?

Ever since the destruction of the Second Temple by the Romans, the Jewish community in Israel has benefited and actively sought charitable aid from fellow Jews living abroad. At first, legions of *meshulachim*, (fundraisers) were sent out to gather funds for religious organizations and for themselves. Eventually the Diaspora communities took the initiative in organizing mass appeals for the poor in the Holy Land. Among the earliest of the modern fundraising organizations was *The Holy Land Appeals Fund* established in 1854 by Rabbi Nathan Marcus Adler, Chief Rabbi in England. He was aided by Sir Moses Montefiore, an outstanding philanthropist and pleader for Jewish rights. A few years earlier (1852), a similar American organization, *The North American Aid Association for Indigent Jews of Jerusalem*, was established in New York City. It was the latter that received Judah Touro's legacy, which was then forwarded to Moses Montefiore, who used it to purchase the plot of land in Jerusalem known today as the Mishkenot Shaananim and Yemin Moshe neighborhoods.

Today, the Diaspora charitable fundraising effort for Israel is big business and supersophisticated, involving thousands of salaried employees and volunteers. It per-

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meates the fiber of every Jewish community around the world. The United Jewish Appeal in the USA (and Keren Hayesod elsewhere) transfers approximately $420 million each year ($462 million dollars in 1985–1986) to the Jewish Agency in Israel, and significantly more when Israel is at war or in especially dire straits. This is only about half of the total sums raised. The other half is retained by the Jewish Community Federations for local and national services and salaries. There are very different views as to who is piggy-backing on whom in the campaigns, Israel or the Federations, but the consensus is that fundraising for Israel is the most powerful factor in obtaining donations.

Ironically, while fundraising techniques of the UJA improve, there is a growing skepticism and disenchantment among many donors regarding the *utilization* of the funds. These rumblings are increasingly vocalized in the United States and in Israel, and we are now at a turning point concerning the charitable connection between Israeli and Diaspora Jews. Many Israelis are critical of the uses of Jewish charity in Israel, and many responsible American Jews are upset because so much of their fundraising effort is being sent to Israel.

Israeli Second Thoughts on Schnorring

A succinct review of Israeli misgivings about the use of UJA and Keren Hayesod money can be summarized under three categories: pride, *protektzia* (political influence), and peoplehood.

Pride

Israelis today are very conscious of their own contributions to Israeli society. They are very proud of their army service, but much more so of their personal achievements as professionals, business people, and tradesmen. They are often deeply involved in social issues, local or national, and have adopted a uniquely mixed capitalist-socialist political economic view of how Israel should be run. Young Israeli leaders and intelligentsia regard foreign Jewish UJA philanthropy, as opposed to American government foreign and military aid, as an insignificant wrinkle on the Israeli economic scene. They know relatively little about UJA other than well-publicized visits by "missions," and periodic advertisements in Israeli papers shouting "We Are One—We Are With You." Readers of the *Jerusalem Post* frequently see large Jewish Agency ads welcoming delegates or donors who are visiting the country or eulogizing those who have recently died. This is all minor theater for most Israelis, a show for donors more than for Israelis.

Indeed, the sums donated via the UJA amount to less than one percent of the current total annual Israeli government budget. The UJA responds that it nevertheless provides nearly sixty percent of the annual Israeli "welfare" expenses. This claim is based on a very narrow definition of "welfare." Nevertheless, Israelis feel offended by attempts to inflate the role of charity in "keeping Israel afloat," or "saving its children" and "clothing and housing" its people. These are insults to Israeli hard work and to the great personal sacrifices which most Israelis have suffered precisely to keep Israel afloat. For foreign donors and well-meaning admen to claim these achievements on the basis of relatively modest philanthropy and fundraising publicity is comical and strange to most Israelis. We are, after all, talking about a state, not a *shtetel*.

Israelis want to see our country as a modern Western enterprise, and despite our economic mistakes and political infighting, we are our own salvation. Our dependence on institutionalized Jewish charity from abroad is minor.

Protektzia

Israelis who do cast an occasional eye on the philanthropic scene and who read the infrequent Hebrew press articles are astounded by the politicization of the Jewish Agency, which is the major recipient of UJA funds forwarded to Israel. All the department heads of the Agency are Israeli political party representatives (except, perhaps, for the Renewal Department). Worse yet, fifty percent of the Jewish Agency's governing bodies (i.e., the Assembly, Board of Governors, and Executives) are delegates from the World Zionist Organization (WZO) which is basically an off-Broadway copy of the Knesset, made up mostly of Israeli political party leaders.

These political appointees are not committed, objective, independent participant-invitees, or professionals from the social and human services fields. They do not seriously discuss child welfare, immigrants as clients, or future models of welfare policy in Israel. They are first and foremost landlords, bent on preserving territory for their party and for their own social and political status. For example, Arik Sharon almost became Director of the Jewish Agency's Aliyah Department simply because his party controlled that portfolio in the Agency and was looking for a job for Sharon outside the cabinet. What contributor to UJA or Federation ever dreamed of such political games played with his/her dollars? What donor knows the salaries of the Agency's department heads and their director-generals and the perks that go with these jobs? How much "volunteerism" at the Agency and Keren Hayesod matches the volunteerism of the Jewish communities abroad on behalf of Israel? Israelis know that foreign philanthropy is a



istry of Education and the Ministry of Labor and Social Affairs. There would no longer be a government within the government. The political appointees from the World Zionist Organization would have no fiefdom to rule and fight over and no quasi-ministerial trappings to enjoy. There would be less pious philosophizing about the "new" meanings of Zionism from those living off the fruits of non-Zionist friends of Zion philanthropy. But most of all, Israel and Diaspora Jews could begin a healthy partnership which would substitute educational cooperation, economic investments, and welfare projects for a charity relationship.

It is somewhat difficult for me to present the option of the cessation of Federation funds to Israel because I have an unrelenting belief that the American Jewish community is financially capable of funding all of the educational, social, and religious services described above, as well as maintaining its present level of UJA donations to Israel. The money is there, but the will to give and an appreciation for the catastrophic nature of the educational problem are missing. Nevertheless, if cessation of UJA donations to Israel would stimulate domestic funding for local Jewish education, then it would be well worth it. Let no one use "charity for Israel" as the scapegoat.

Federation executives and leaders will surely object to the option of "keeping the money at home," fearing that without the Israeli motive, people will lose incentive to give and the local pot will shrink dramatically. I can only urge greater efforts to explain the deep crisis in local Jewish needs and the fight for cultural survival. More difficult will be the revolution in Israel-Diaspora ties, which requires both partners to redefine their view of themselves and their pragmatic relationship. Such an effort is long overdue and very badly needed.

It is true that in 1987 the Jewish Agency allotted $1.6 million to the Reform Movement and $800,000 to the Conservative Movement for various projects in Israel, but these meager sums simply bought the Agency some time and a semblance of unity from these groups. The pride of most delegates to the June 1987 Agency Assembly was at having passed a resolution "that the Israel Law of Return (i.e., the Who's a Jew Law) must be retained in its present form" and that the prime minister of the State of Israel needs to consult the Chairman of the Jewish Agency on a bill to amend the Law of Return "because any change in the law may fracture the unity of the Jewish people and may create division between Israel and the Diaspora." Nevertheless, most Israelis know that the resolution is wishful thinking, since Israeli coalition bargaining to form the next government is the only relevant criteria that will decide what will happen to the law. Some even say that deals have already been made.

Federation Funding in Israel

Assuming that Jews abroad will not relinquish a central fundraising effort for Israel, how could the Israel-bound funds be put to the best possible use?

The current situation is unacceptable.

The Council of Jewish Federations (CJF) has been quietly proposing that the "head of each Agency department ... be a professional, chosen for his competence in the field, without references to political affiliation and/or WZO portfolio or role." The CJF also obliquely threatens not to renew the agreement between the United Israel Appeal, Inc. (which receives CJF monies) and the Agency when it expires on December 31, 1989. But no one knows just what the CJF will finally settle for. The CJF is the key, for without its money there is no ball game at the UJA, the UIA, or the Jewish Agency. Actually, a handful of the larger Federations could dictate CJF policy if they ever came to a consensus about the use of their money in Israel and decided to coordinate their strategy. But what are the options?

The alternatives for utilization of UJA donations in Israel are fascinating. A minimal change would be to salvage the Jewish Agency by restructuring it to have a majority of nonpolitical, donor, and Israeli representatives on all the governing bodies. Unfortunately, the CJF Board of Directors issued a memo in April 1986, affirming the 50-50 donor/WZO representation in the Agency. Apparently, the CJF Board needs some prodding from donor ranks. Majority rule is only token reform, and the CJF's reluctance to take even this small step is foreboding.

In 1986 Charles Hoffman, a *Jerusalem Post* reporter, wrote a number of articles on the problems of the Jewish Agency which appeared in the *Baltimore Jewish Times*. Someone reprinted the articles in pamphlet form and distributed them at the 1986 Jewish Agency Assembly in Jerusalem. The WZO leadership attacked the document ferociously, focusing mainly on the tasteless cartoons accompanying the articles. The offensive was so successful in browbeating the "fundraisers" that no discussion of the issues and content of the articles were included in the Assembly agenda.

At the June 1987 Assembly, Jerold Hoffberger, chairman of the Agency Board of Governors, publicly decried the fact that "everything [in the Agency] is politically based and determined." So no real change has been made in this crucial aspect of Diaspora philanthropy in Israel. Although resolutions were passed "to eliminate duplication of aliya and absorption programs, initiate a study of Agency priorities for the 1990s, and "be responsive to innovative programs and services in Israel consistent with the mission of the Agency," these do not

(Continued on p. 90)

Gorbachev and Soviet History

Ronald Grigor Suny

To the surprise of the pessimists who repeatedly mistake the Soviet present for its future, changes so rapid and unexpected are occurring [illegible] USSR that the usual array of media pundits are [illegible] to make sense of what promises to be the [illegible]king of the Soviet system. Since the death of id Brezhnev in late 1982 a new and reform-minded rship has set in motion a series of campaigns—for omic productivity, greater discipline, and an end mpant corruption—which have transformed West- perceptions about the potential for significant ge in Soviet-type societies. What had been initiated uri Andropov was soon accelerated by his young essor, Mikhail Gorbachev, who extended the bound- of permissible discussion to include formerly for- en topics—the irresponsibility of officials, the tices of the police, the "blank pages" in Soviet ries. In the West the ever-alert search for new orities embraced the energetic leader and his well- sed wife, but suspicions about motives and a hard- d realism about the forces of conservatism and ia within the USSR convinced many journalists scholars that Gorbachev was bound to fail in his ts toward democratization.

fundamental discussion about the future of the et Union—and of "actually existing socialism"— been reinvigorated as in the USSR and Eastern ope as in the West. The questions of survivability, rmability, and the socioeconomic nature of the USSR, h a short time before had been the interest mainly olated Western Marxists and Soviet Bloc dissidents, now engaged Soviet intellectuals, whose discussions been cruelly silenced in the late 1920s. Only with the h of Stalin in 1953 and the revelations of his crimes Khrushchev three years later could the battered ligentsia of the Soviet Union begin to explore, ever tentatively and in the absence of reliable infor- on, the history of the "first socialist state." Never totally to free the debate from the political demands he Communist party, their exploration moved in a variety of directions, from searches for the original Leninist programs all the way to rejection of the Marxist basis of the system. Within the academic world the boldest and most original investigators soon found themselves restrained by the fear of their more orthodox colleagues as well as by conservative politicians. When the expectations of the Khrushchev reforms dissipated in the long stagnancy of the Brezhnev decades, those who carried their hopes for change into print or action were silenced or sent into exile abroad.

Along with Western Sovietology and instant analysis of the media, a new element entered the struggle for understanding the Soviet Union—the witness of Soviet emigré intellectuals. Their arrival in the West coincided with the rapid erosion among many Western scholars of the old Cold War consensus on the Soviet Union. The superannuated model of totalitarianism, which predicated that the Soviet Union had been formed irreversibly during the Stalinist years and was essentially unable to change, no longer served as the dominant paradigm for scholars (though it enjoyed a brief resurrection in political circles under Ronald Reagan). In the academic world no clear agreement emerged on the question of reformability, and positions quickly hardened on the estimates of Gorbachev's sincerity and longevity. It was rumored that at the Russian Research Center at Harvard bets were being laid on when the General Secretary would be assassinated.

In place of the old models, which had tended to close off discussion rather than ask new questions, attention turned to the study of history. Rather than seeking predictability in some abstract essence of Communism or the Soviet system, scholars hope to be able to reveal potential directions in the Soviet Union by reference to past experience. Within professional Sovietology a split has emerged between a more conservative scholarship that emphasizes the continuity of ideological determination and the power of state initiative and a revisionist reading of the Soviet past that proposes that deep beneath the level of politics social forces and structures have been powerfully shaping the evolution of the Soviet Union. The revisionists contend that Soviet society and state policy can be better understood not as the inevitable result of an ideological program or the inherent logic of totalitarianism but as a complex historical development in which specific

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conjunctures and contingencies provide the key to understanding. At the same time the growing number of Soviet emigré writers, most of whom have a bitter memory of their lives in a world they can never fully leave behind, have developed their own dialogue, both with their compatriots in the USSR and with professional Western Soviet watchers. In late March of this year six prominent emigré intellectuals, among them the writer Vasily Aksyonov, the theatrical director Yuri Lyubimov, and the sculptor Ernst Neizvestny, published their suspicions of Gorbachev in a long op-ed piece in the *New York Times*. "What Westerners fail to understand," they complained, "is that if the Soviet leaders were really intent on radical change, they would have to begin by discarding the ruling ideology. Ideology is that hard core of the Soviet system that does not allow the country to deviate too far for too long."

Among those active in the emigré discussions are the literary critic Mikhail Heller and the historian Aleksandr Nekrich, whose careers, in many ways, mirror the trajectory of many Soviet intellectuals who ended up in the West. Nekrich was one of the first historians of the Khrushchev years to deal with the more controversial episodes in Soviet foreign policy, and his bold exposure of Stalin's failure to prepare the country for the Nazi invasion was published in Moscow to great praise. But he soon fell afoul of forces within the Soviet establishment that opposed the opening of the recent past to critical scrutiny. Savagely attacked in party journals and expelled from the Communist party, his fate was unknown in the West for a time, and the English translator of *June 22, 1941* wrote ominously, "Whatever else may have happened to him, his career as a historian may be considered finished." In fact, Nekrich spent the intervening years writing his memoirs, and in 1976 he emigrated to the West. There he took up his old profession, publishing an account of the deportations of small nationalities by Stalin at the end of World War II (*The Punished Peoples*).

Heller and Nekrich have produced the first major history of the Soviet Union by dissident, now emigré, scholars. A mammoth work of nearly a thousand pages covering the seventy years since the Russian Revolution, *Utopia in Power: The History of the Soviet Union from 1917 to the Present* (New York: Summit Books, 1986) is much more than the introductory textbook it first appears to be. Though the structure of the book is quite conventional—narrative political history laid out in strictly chronological sequence—the authors have produced a personal interpretation that contains the essence of much of the emigré discourse on Soviet history.

Their arguments, neither original nor unfamiliar, and quite close to the views of American conservatives, approximate at times the interpretations of the Cold War orthodoxy now under attack by revisionist historians. But whereas many Western scholars, both conservative and liberal, often see Russia's present condition as the inevitable outcome of patterns of Russian history or the logical working out of prerevolutionary political culture, Heller and Nekrich claim that the Soviet system has from the beginning been alien to Russia, an imposition by radical intellectuals of a utopia which could only be maintained through lies and fear. In place of the familiar "continuity thesis," in which Soviet society grows out of the backwardness and authoritarianism of tsarism, the authors choose to see the Soviet regime as an artificial excrescence of Leninist ideology which could be maintained only by the brutal application of terror. The Bolsheviks, who came to power promising "everything for everyone, right away," understood the wisdom of Unamuno's words: "The people need myths and illusions; they need to be lied to."

For Heller and Nekrich, Lenin was both a utopian and a realist whose greatest talent lay in his ruthlessness and his ability to lead. The totalitarian state was established in the earliest days of Bolshevik rule, by Lenin, and the potential of that state was realized in the victory of the Reds over the divided and dispirited Whites in the Civil War. "It was necessary to kill some in order to shatter the will of the rest." Once the Party was securely in power, the institutions which stood in the way of total control came under attack—the intelligentsia, the family, and the old morality. "Since the state felt itself to be insufficiently powerful as yet, it sought to disrupt all ties between individuals, leaving each isolated in relation to the state."

As the genuine Leninist, Stalin simply completed the work of his mentor. "Stalin did not invent the Party; he inherited it from Lenin. But he perfected it and embellished upon it in his own way." To realize fully the autocracy inherent in Leninism, he eliminated his political rivals in the Great Purges and created a "socialist" order which in practice was identical to totalitarianism. Mass society with its "new men" was created by eliminating "the brightest, most dynamic, and best-educated members of society," while at the same time educating the people according to a fixed ideology. Stalinism—that is, the fully-realized vision of Lenin—differed in no important way from Nazism; indeed, it "was more complete and solid than German Nazism or any other variety of fascism."

Internationally the Soviet state was (and remains) expansionist, but not because of the geopolitical requirements of Russia as a continental power or the presence of external threats. Rather, foreign policy

has been determined by Marxist-Leninist ideology, specifically the belief in the inherent hostility of capitalism toward the new Soviet state and the imperative to use any means necessary to promote the fortunes of socialism. The guiding image for the Soviets was "a view of the world as an object of expansion, as mere plunder."

The overwhelming impression one ends up with after reading this book is that the Soviet Union is a danger not only to its own victimized population but to the world as a whole and that efforts at détente with such a regime are misguided. The interest of the USSR in relaxing tensions with the West is directed toward gaining political and military advantages against its capitalist adversaries. Though no particular alternative to détente is proposed by the authors, they are at pains to show well-meaning Westerners that the more authentic experience of onetime Soviet citizens leads to a far more pessimistic prognosis for understanding between the two superpowers.

The Heller-Nekrich proposition that the Soviet Union has consistently been perfecting the Stalinist form of "mature socialism" and is a society condemned by its nature to stay the same is an argument akin to that of Jeane Kirkpatrick and others on the American Right that totalitarian regimes (in contrast to authoritarian ones) are incapable of change. The obvious political lessons to draw are that efforts at reform within the Soviet Union are ultimately futile, that efforts by the Kremlin to engage the West in a less confrontational relationship are a sham, and that there is no substitute for dealing with the USSR with the greatest suspicion and, if possible, from a position of superior strength. Such an understanding lies at the base of what passes for the "realist" view toward communism and the defense of hard-line defense policies. Here we are presented a study of Soviet history that is much more than simply an academic exercise. Its arguments, rooted in anticommunist hostilities, are weapons in a second Cold War. For proponents of this position the more complex and contradictory readings within the Western scholarly community are worse than irrelevant. They unnecessarily confuse what seems to be a clear moral and political choice.

Heller and Nekrich confirm much of the popular impression of the Soviet experience found in the press and on television. Their views have always had supporters among scholars, particularly among those who travel frequently between academia and Washington. But like so many other grand explanations of the Soviet system, Heller and Nekrich move quickly to the simple answer and disregard much of the new writing on the Soviet Union that has been emerging in recent decades from analytic journalists reporting from Moscow (most recently the *Manchester Guardian*'s Martin Walker) and from university scholars with access to new sources, including Soviet archives.

In the interpretation of conservatives like Heller and Nekrich, one period of Soviet history flows from another. Contrasts and contradictions are eliminated, so that the revolution and Civil War (1917–21), the New Economic Policy (NEP) (1921–28), Stalinism (1928–53), and the post-Stalinist period (1953 to the present) become part of a single organic narrative, the working out of Lenin's thought and the establishment of the Communist party as the ruling class of the USSR. In this reading, Stalinism does not appear to be a distinct phenomenon, limited in time, with its specific roots, development, and collapse, but rather the "norm" toward which all of Soviet history up to that time (and beyond) has been moving. One loses here the sense of confusion in early Bolshevism, the improvisation of policies and plans by desperate politicians determined to hold power until the international proletarian revolution came to their aid. One looks in vain for the fissiparous Bolshevik party of 1917 which Alexander Rabinowitch, more than any other scholar, has shown to have been the opposite of the preferred image of a monolithic, unified party with clear plans for the future put forth by most Soviet historians. Once in power, the Leninists found themselves divided on the crucial issues of the degree of democracy to be tolerated, whether or not to form a coalition with the militant peasant party, how to end the war with Germany, and the utility of nationalizing industry. Instead of an immediate transition to socialism, whatever that might look like, Lenin pragmatically decided to limit his plans to "state capitalism" in order to maintain what economic output remained and to begin the restoration of production. Only with the coming of the Civil War was the centralized command economy known as "War Communism" adopted as a means of defending the weak new regime.

Mikhail Gorbachev extended the boundaries of permissible discussion to include formerly forbidden topics—the irresponsibility of officials, the practices of the police, the "blank pages" in Soviet histories.

Heller and Nekrich give the impression that Leninism was a unified ideology, relatively easy to comprehend

and apply, a kind of recipe book from which both the understanding of social reality and the blueprints for the future might be taken. Scholars like Moshe Lewin, Robert C. Tucker, and Stephen F. Cohen, on the other hand, have shown that Leninism was hardly a single doctrine and need not have led directly and inevitably to Stalinism. In the time of its namesake Leninism did not yet exist as a clearly formulated ideology but was more of a conglomerate of sometimes contradictory theories and expedient acts which a divided Communist party sought to make sense of. Never the autocrat that Stalin became, Lenin worked within a setting in which he had to use persuasion as well as threats to convince his comrades to follow his prescriptions.

Even after Lenin's early death in 1924, Soviet society experienced years of lively political and economic debate, of considerable freedom of thought and action, particularly when compared with the Stalinist period. In the context of NEP, the semicapitalist, partially nationalized economy of the 1920s, the peasant majority of the country operated its own farms; intellectuals maneuvered between the patronage of the market and the limits imposed by the state; and dissident political groupings rose and fell in and around the Communist party. Since it was then an article of Bolshevik faith that socialism could not be built in a single underdeveloped country without aid from the proletariats of the West, NEP had been Lenin's essential compromise with the eighty percent of the Soviet population that was peasant—an acknowledgment that the Soviet regime could not survive without an alliance with the peasantry. Some Soviet intellectuals today remember this relatively peaceful, terror-free period between the bloodletting of the Civil War and the Stalinist Terror as a lost "golden age," a Leninist norm to which reformers might look as a model for future emulation.

Hardly the inevitable outcome of the NEP, Stalinism was only one of the alternatives which the Communist leadership could have chosen to resolve their political and economic problems at the end of the 1920s. Though made possible (even likely) by what went before—notably the establishment of a single-party state, the willingness to use extralegal violence against political enemies, Marxist suspicion of the peasantry, and the general backwardness of Russian economic and political development—the Stalinist autocracy, with its breakneck industrialization and forced collectivization of agriculture, was fundamentally so different from the political and economic system established by Lenin that in achieving his monopoly of power Stalin was compelled to destroy all of Lenin's closest collaborators. As Trotsky lamented in his Mexican exile, "Stalinism originated not as an organic outgrowth of Bolshevism but as a negation of Bolshevism consummated in blood."

The lively debate within the party on alternative paths to modernization was brought to a close at the end of the 1920s with the help of the police. NEP ended without announcement, and a radically different social system and state apparatus was created. The agriculture of the collectivized peasantry became the shamelessly exploited source of capital for the rest of society. A new ruling elite with unique privileges and arbitrary power was installed, though its members were always vulnerable to the higher power of Stalin and his police—"a ruling class without tenure," in Lewin's apt phrase. On the very eve of the Great Purges Stalin presented the Soviet people with a constitution, a cynical parody of democracy, and announced that socialism had been constructed in one country. Lenin's original vision in which the promise of Marxism could be realized in Russia only with aid from more developed nations had been perverted into its opposite, his revolutionary experimentalism and internationalism abandoned in favor of Soviet patriotism, Russophilic centrism, and a deep conservatism in social policy and domestic mores.

Having dusted off and brought up to the present the old model of the Soviet Union as a totalitarian monolith in which politics alone matter, Heller and Nekrich create the impression that everything in Soviet history was initiated from the top and carried out on society with relatively little input from below. Here the Soviet people do not act but are acted upon. There is no genuine support of the regime, only a deceived population victimized by the Big Lie. And since in this account there are no really redeeming features of the Soviet system, one would not expect any but opportunists, careerists, and dupes to collaborate with the government. Such a perspective makes it difficult, if not impossible, to understand the current reawakening of society in the USSR, unless one believes it is simply a happy accident, the program of a single man.

The new social history, only now appearing in the scholarly literature, has boldly challenged the familiar picture of an all-powerful state standing above a social landscape scoured of institutions and potential centers of resistance. In recent years some Western historians have redirected their attention at social relations, rather than solely at state policy, and have established that ordinary people had an impact on the shaping of the Soviet system. In some instances this impact limited the full application of state plans; in others it extended state projects beyond the intentions of their authors. Even in the Stalinist period, it is now being argued, Soviet society was never as completely pulverized as the theorists of totalitarianism would have it. The difficult analytical problem then becomes the explanation and

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Jonah and the Nakedness of Deeds

Joel Rosenberg

How was Jonah called to his mission? Biblical storytellers recount the call of a prophet in a number of ways that usually raise more questions than they answer. Some—Moses, Isaiah, and Ezekiel among them—have visions of supernatural wonders: a burning bush, a team of heavenly seraphs, a flying throne of God. Others—Gideon, for example, or Abraham at the terebinths of Mamre—are addressed by one or more angels who come to wander in the human world in the guise of ordinary persons. More often, however, the text simply says "the word of YHWH* came to so-and-so, at such-and-such a place." Jeremiah was called this way, as Hosea had been before him, as Elijah before him, and Samuel before him. Jonah's call is of this starkest kind, and we are entitled to wonder if Scripture speaks obliquely in such cases, issuing to us an invitation to put our imaginations to work—idly, to be sure, for what Scripture conceals may not be important for us to know, and yet we strive in spite of this to know—conjuring for our fancy the more precise circumstances of this call. Perhaps it was a voice, perhaps a vision, perhaps a nighttime dream. Or it could have been an intuitive conviction, free of words and imagery altogether. Or an espying of something on the street that touches off a recognition—something ordinary like a stone, a coin, a dog or cat, a flower or a berry dropped from a tree, a darting lizard, a lengthening shadow, or a bouncing sphere of sagebrush gusted along by khamsin breath. Or it could have been, might well have been, as it was for Abraham, a person. Beggar, bedlamite, stranger. "Will you help me, sir, will you grant a moment of your most important time? I hesitate to be a nuisance, friend, but could you ... ? That is, would you ... ?" and then, before Jonah could pass the man or woman off as some old crank, the imperative, unglossed, direct "Go to Nineveh."

* * *

And what was Jonah thinking about as he turned and ran? This is not the same as asking, Why did Jonah run?—because that question hangs over the entire story, even if the tale postpones asking it explicitly until the final chapter, and even then it is not answered to our satisfaction. But we ask what Jonah imagined was *possible* for him to do at the moment when the mission was laid upon him—how he rationalized his flight, where he imagined he could hide, in what corners of his mental geography he fancied he could clear away a little space empty of God so he could find refuge there and rest. Questions such as these are easier to pose because the impulse to that kind of flight is all too familiar. The emotion it entails, one could say, is *shame*. In the light of Chapter Four, we're used to seeing Jonah as haughty and prideful, but we misunderstand him if we fail to see the matrix of shame from which his evasions arise. Shame, says a philosopher, "is the specific discomfort produced by the sense of being looked at.... It is a more primitive emotion than guilt, as inescapable as the possession of a body.... "† How consuming is this desire not to be seen—this urge to conceal some part of our body or spirit, to make it invisible: a mole, a nose, a birthmark, a bald spot, an extra inch of flesh, a weakness of the chin; a dream, a memory, a fit of anger, a need to be loved. There is no greater sense of exposure and nakedness than in Isaiah's cry "Ah, me, that I am envisioned! For a man of unclean lips am I, and in the midst of unclean kin I dwell!" (Isaiah 6:5), or in the synagogue plea "Deal with us justly and kindly, Lord, we have no deeds!" And once we run for cover out of shame, there's no end to the worlds we'll throw between ourselves and the espying eye. And this is what happens in the first chapter of Jonah—Jonah reaches for whatever will ward off the searing glare of sight: a noisy town, a ship, an anonymous international community, a hold of the keel, the balm and grog of sleep, the greenish gray of salt water and kelp, the yawning maw of a giant fish. All are the same desperately contrived coverlet against being seen. But Jonah's evasion goes even deeper, and this is per-

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*The four letters designate the Scriptural divine name, whose utterance is traditionally forbidden in Judaism. It is usually translated as "the Lord."

†Stanley Cavell, "The Avoidance of Love," *Must We Mean What We Say?* (Cambridge University Press, 1976).

haps why the text records no reaction on his part to the words of God's commissioning. The most absolute kind of flight is when we even try to deny we are fleeing. Jonah's hope is that it will seem as if he were on his way to Jaffa and Tarshish anyway, busily minding his own affairs, acting like someone who never even heard the words "Go to Nineveh."

* * *

And why was the world so nice? The world is a pretty mean place, but you'd never know it from the Book of Jonah, despite God's case against Nineveh. Everyone listens to God in this story but the prophet, who tries not to listen. The universal receptivity of Jonah's surroundings can only heighten the magnitude of Jonah's attempt to remain deaf. The world seems poised on the edge of repentance, and this may help us to understand why, on the Days of Awe, the world is embraced. But in the story of Jonah, the inexplicable niceness of the world seems to be a kind of philosophical experiment. Try to imagine what the world would be like if tomorrow borders were dissolved, families reunited, arms lain down. If masters stayed the whip, if creditors marked all accounts paid, and if the spite of servitude and want no longer stalked the world as terror and revenge. If passion could survive unmixed with cruelty, if parents passed on to their children love alone and not the unlove that has made their love a matted fur of doubt. As self-critical as we might sometimes be, we base our lives on the axiom that we're a shade more virtuous than the world. Where would we be if that weren't so? Where would we be if the whole structure of that rationalization were removed? Isn't the greatest obstacle to repentance the feeling that it wouldn't make a difference if we repent or not? That it couldn't make a dent on the baseness of the world? But what if the world—just to be perverse—mended its ways overnight and left us scurrying to catch up? The Book of Jonah, a bit like Genesis, where "the iniquity of the Amorite is not yet complete" (Genesis 15:16), poses this problem by stacking the deck in favor of the world.

* * *

And does Jonah undergo repentance? From his prayer inside the fish, one would assume that a well of feeling has come unblocked. It is a typical "distress" psalm, of the sort usually placed in the mouth of the quintessential psalmist, David. Was this *teshuvah*?* The prayer, indeed, *sounds* like repentance:

> My life wrapped like a prayer shawl over me,†
> I called YHWH to mind,
> my prayer came up to You,
> into Your holy shrine.
> Clingers to vanities
> forsake their path of service,
> but I, with thankful voice,
> shall make for You a sacrifice.
> What I have vowed I shall fulfill.
> From YHWH comes deliverance!
> (Jonah 2:8–10)

Why then does Jonah go back to being the furtive, antisocial fellow he had shown himself to be in Chapter One? (Or does this antisocial posture linger in his disdain for "clingers to vanities," even at the moment of his gladdest affirmation?) The answer, if there is one, may be that *teshuvah* can be brought about by miracles but most of the time does not itself work miracles. It can change God's mind but can't always change radically the way a person thinks or acts. One still must face oneself and other people; life goes on. Repentance, cutting firmaments like a sword to reach the throne of God, outracing the songs of angels, dearer to the maker of the universe than all the praise of saints, *wears off.* That's why it always has to be renewed. This dying matchlight: Can one base religion on something so flimsy? Yet, for all its mere ephemerality, its fallibility, and, if you will, its fishiness, *teshuvah* is better than miracles, more consequential than born-again soul magic. All planting, all building, rest upon this plain, old, garden-variety, vulnerable resolve to change. Jonah is perhaps justified in feeling a bit shaken and suspicious over the miraculous mass conversion of the Ninevites. He seems to grow protective of God at that point, as if to say: "You old Softie, I always knew you'd be taken in by all this; you're a sucker for sackcloth and ashes." But the strange little object-lesson of the gourd that closes Jonah's story seems directed back to him, to the one-sidedness of his particular turning:

> Jonah left [Nineveh] and sat to the east of the city. He made himself a shelter [*sukkah*] and sat beneath it in the shade until he could see what would happen with the city. YHWH God commanded a gourd-vine to grow over Jonah, as a shade upon his head to save him from the sunlight's harshness. Jonah was pleased with the gourd-vine, really pleased. But, at the dawning of the following day, God commanded a worm to attack the gourd-vine so it withered. And while the sun shone bright, God commanded a devastating eastern wind and sunlight to attack Jonah's head, and he grew faint.

*The Hebrew word which encompasses change, turning, returning, which for convenience we'll translate as that woefully inadequate equivalent, "repentance."

†Although I render this first line literally, standard translations more often render it "As my soul grew faint on me...."

He badly wanted to die. He said: "Better I should die than live!" And God said to Jonah: "Is it right, this wrath of yours about the gourd-vine?" He answered: "This wrath of mine is right enough for me to die!" and YHWH said: "You've taken pity on this gourd-vine, over which you have not toiled, which you didn't raise—one night it lives, same night it dies—and should I not take pity on Nineveh, the great city, which has within it more than 120,000 people, who don't know their right hand from their left, and a lot of cattle?"

The words are terse and oblique, but they seem to say: Any *teshuvah* that does not make room for the *teshuvah* of others is not worthy of the name. Here the personal and institutional themes of the story come together, for the story is also about the mission of the prophet, written in an era when prophecy was maturing. In earlier times and perhaps in Jonah's day as well, there flourished a certain kind of prophet about whom biblical tradition does not always speak kindly: soothsayer, shaman, predictor. "Forty more days and Nineveh is overthrown!" (Jonah 3:4) is prophecy of this mechanistic, apocalyptic sort. This prophet's latter-day descendants were the makers of the Dead Sea Scrolls—a cult of alienation and doom that believed itself to be in the last days of humanity. Of course, from the start, a different kind of prophet was known in Israel, whose models were Moses, Joshua, Deborah, Gideon, and Samuel, who lived amid the community, taught and judged it, and shared in its ongoing history. In later times—say, from Amos onward—prophets of this sort usually stood outside of ruling circles but remained rooted in their communities, preached, and supplied a voice of opposition to injustice and corruption. Amos, Micah, Isaiah, Jeremiah, and others were at the center of this ethical prophetic tradition. They were persuaders, teachers, speakers to the heart. The Book of Jonah was very likely written sometime in this golden age of Israelite prophecy, the age that prepared Israel for exile. Jonah is shown being gently reprimanded by God for pitying that over which he has not toiled (*asher lo amalta bo*). The text thus tells us obliquely that divinity itself toils over human beings. If Israel is the gourd, and Nineveh is now God's preferred arena of toil, the parable tells us that Israel, though yet unjudged within the story, is to be judged by a universal and impartial standard. If the Ninevites fall to their knees by a single prophetic utterance, and Israel continues to wear down its Isaiahs and Jeremiahs, the greater the shame for Israel. Jonah seems to have anticipated this: "Therefore I initially fled toward Tarshish, for I knew You are a gracious and merciful God, patient and full of love, and consolable for evil deeds" (Jonah 4:2). Jonah runs, not because, as is often suggested, he fears the repenting Ninevites will earn the right to destroy Israel, but because he anticipates the sheer objective shame of the smaller nation dwarfed by the repentance of the larger. It is this shame that propels him downward, seaward, windward, westward, waterward into imagined hiding. And yet this succumbing to shame is shown by the storyteller to be somehow an inadequate response. Israel's survival, like that of the Ninevites, entails facing up to its own shame.

* * *

Jonah's shame and Israel's shame are thus intertwined, as are their destinies. For Israel to change, a new kind of prophet is needed, and for the prophet to change, a new conception of Israel is needed. As little as we know about Jonah, we are quite adequately informed about the nature of his intra-Israelite mission. 2 Kings 14:25 tells us that he prophesied in the era of Jeroboam II that Israel would restore her old, more expanded borders. He was thus an early spokesman of *Eretz Yisrael Hashelemah* ("The Completed Land of Israel"), and in the service of a corrupt monarch, at that (see the preceding verse: "[Jeroboam] did evil in the eyes of YHWH; he never renounced all the errors of Jeroboam ben Nebat [Jeroboam I], who had driven Israel to sin"). Thus, not all cult prophets were doomsayers; in fact, it made more sense to be the opposite, because people treat you better when you flatter them, when you tell them that their destiny is to be a great and powerful nation, full of virtue and wisdom, ruling over a lot of land, and so forth. This is why I imagine the call of Jonah to have entailed something more than the text tells. In the very moment that he was told "Go to Nineveh," some kind of veil was lifted from his eyes that made him realize he could no longer be a prophet of flattery. How could one continue to console a people whose moral preeminence among nations was no longer so obvious or so secure? This awareness that his earlier prophetic calling (alluded to only outside the Book of Jonah) had been a sham surely scared the daylights out of him. At such a moment, his inner cry was what Israel's would have been could it have seen what Jonah had seen, and which a later Israel, a dispersed Israel, would later learn to cry at least once annually in many synagogues: *Aseh immanu zedakah vahesed ki eyn banu maasim*—"Deal with us justly and kindly, [Lord,] for we have no deeds!" Jonah's repentance thus begins from the first moment he is called to prophesy against Nineveh—it is implicit already in his desperate flight toward Tarshish—but many steps need to be traveled before that *teshuvah* can be fully realized, and by the end of the story the process is still not yet complete. □

Memorandum

Judith Ungar

DATE: Yom Kippur, plus one

SUBJECT: Sin and Forgiveness

TO: God

FROM: One created in His image

How did You like them? I sent the choicest that I could find and call my own. Each New Year I bare my neck. Within hours, days, sinful beads string round to bedeck me. Each misdeed weighs upon me and I, more and more less than divine, tumble through the cotton candy clouds. Thump. Gravity and I meet on Yom Kippur.

Here, a fistful of evil jewels for You. But not one Fifth Avenue crowd-stopper of a gemsin. For that three-page checklist in the *Makhzor* leaches out the brilliance every time. (Do retain the inspiring list; it alerts us to future possibilities.) Despite a cultured pearl here and there of authentic wickedness, real nurtured heartfelt vindictiveness, my transgressions seem more a kid's rock collection. Some dirty deeds I have turned over and over, washed with tearful tides till sparkling jaggedness wears smooth and dull as broken glass on the beach. My fashion last year was to wear long strands of jealous glinting emeralds. You are welcome to them. They did nothing for my complexion.

Are You disappointed in the catch? I sought a huge charred goat of an offering, belching greasy smoke, but brought pathetic snowpea pods whose tiny sinbeans sizzle in Your celestial wok, pop once, then sauté into eternal limpness. Do our misdeeds amuse You: do we fail even at our failings? Had You colleagues, would You, Supreme Teacher, entertain them with selected sins from our student papers? Regarding due process and origins: do You care how we find and commit our hurts and evils? Whether we come upon the swarming severed ear in our innocent path, or whether we methodically look through the louvered door to see what we can see, to see what we can see, on the other side of the mountain, the other side of the Blue Velvet Mountain.

So, what is Your place like? A subdued Jewish Santa's Workshop, receiving sins, atonements and shipping forgiveness? I see Heavenly Legions of Price Waterhouse cherubim sorting and ledgering. You, Omnipotent Weatherman, can cancel sins as the mist, at will. But I suspect that those little button-down winged creatures have been instructed to save the books for seven millennia. A suggestion here: do not adhere too strictly to the religious fiscal year. Some repentances were not tailored to last the full term. Scare up some preseason goodness by urging atonement resubscriptions several months before the real deadline. And would it be easier for You, and more instructive for us, if we filed estimated quarterly returns, instead of hauling all our garbage on one day? ("Shalom, it's Purim and I am initiating and cultivating a fraudulent scheme, which, given a few months of exquisite deceit, will culminate in a great putrescent, malevolent scandal by Yom Kippur.")

What do You do with our sins once they are logged and sorted? Chalices of divine-strength Clorox to bleach all that sinful wool white as snow? Impressive alchemy to us here, where most wedding gowns should be beige to begin with. You are bound to be disappointed if you anticipate dramatically faceted embolistic sins slashing veins, blowing brains. Our immortal arteries are clogged with tedious, habitual wrongdoings, and require a Cosmic Roto-Rooter. Demeaning, but we, Your children (I say this as a parent myself), are but so many used Pampers to be checked for the occasional swallowed dime. Wouldn't the world, half of it anyway, be happier if the same effort spent on considering sin was devoted to universal discovery of the G-spot?

Is Your disposal equipment adequate? We keep sending substantially the same sins. Are we lacking in moral mutation? Or perhaps bits and particles are filtering back to us in a dismal unholy acid rain. (Please know that contemporary traditional atonement is a sartorially challenging task. Finding canvas sneakers among the designer-sueded models is a mean feat in itself.)

Might You be misdelivering forgiveness occasionally? Otherwise how explain a quickness in self-forgiveness which outstrips the miscreant's deeds? Of course, where restitution cannot be made, You would not expect the impossible.

We were advised by a sin expert to forgive You, also, as we forgive others and ourselves. Shall we forgive You for sinning so superbly, so massively, so inexplicably, that with the heat of one awful breath You disappear the trillion tears which we have caused? Before Whom do You give an accounting? □

Judith Ungar practices corporate law in New Jersey.

On Israel...



THE BIRTH OF ISRAEL
Myths and Realities
by SIMHA FLAPAN

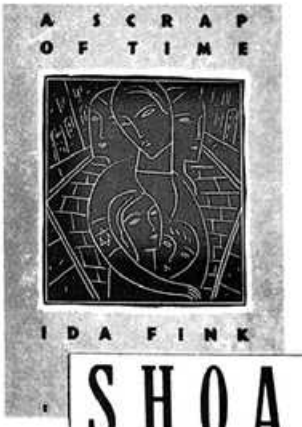
Written by a noted Israeli scholar and peace activist, this highly controversial history draws upon recently declassified material to challenge the prevailing myths surrounding the origins of Israel and the roots of the Arab-Israeli conflict. Illustrated with maps. "A cogent, controversial analysis..."—*Publishers Weekly*. "A courageous work of scholarship."—STANLEY HOFFMAN



THE ISRAELI CONNECTION
Who Israel Arms and Why
by BENJAMIN BEIT-HALLAHMI

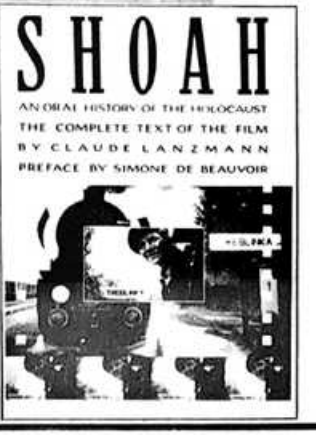
This is an Israeli's powerful account of how his nation's struggle to survive has aligned it with some of the most reactionary and brutal regimes of our time—among them apartheid South Africa, Guatemala's murderous military, the Shah's Iran, and Mobutu in Africa. "Devastating...a shocking indictment...likely to stir controversy."—*Kirkus Reviews*

and the Holocaust



A SCRAP OF TIME
by IDA FINK

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PANTHEON

THE POPE AND THE JEWS

The debate about the Pope's recent meeting with Austrian President Kurt Waldheim a few short months after the United States Justice Department had decided to bar Waldheim from visiting the U.S., based on the Justice Department's investigation of the evidence of Waldheim's Nazi activities that included deporting Jews to concentration camps, has a significance that transcends this

on the pope and the Jews we present a wide variety of different approaches to understanding the meaning of the pope's actions and the responses to it. Half of the essays are by Catholics and the rest by Jews. The issues raised include questions about theology, morality in politics, class divisions within the Jewish world, the viability of Jewish life in America, the relationship of Jews to the

The issues raised within the Jewish world in the discussion of how to respond to the pope go to the heart of the Jewish psyche, to our relationship to America and Christians and the left, and to the internal class divisions within the Jewish world. Yet the issues are of much wider significance as well and should concern anyone engaged in struggling for a moral world.

Although we are outraged by the pope's meeting with Waldheim, we have great respect for him and for the Catholic Church. We share a common moral tradition. We, the liberal forces in the Jewish world, have uttered criticisms of some aspects of Israeli policies. It is appropriate now to ask Catholics, in the name of their own moral sensibilities, to join us in criticizing the morally outrageous action of the pope.

We shall explore the underlying issues through a series of questions and answers.

1. Didn't the pope have to meet with Waldheim, since the pope is head of the Vatican State?

No. Other states were refusing to allow Waldheim to come. Even our own domestic right-wingers thought the moral line had to be drawn somewhere, and Waldheim is where they drew it. Moreover, the pope did more than meet with Waldheim. He hailed him personally as "a man of peace" in reference to his role in the UN. But it was precisely in the years that Waldheim was secretary general of the UN that it moved from reasonable criticism of Israeli policy to overt anti-Semitism, passing its now-infamous "Zionism is racism" resolution. (Imagine how satisfying it must have been to Waldheim, no longer rounding up Jews for the concentration camp, to have the world declare that it is really the Jews who are the racists!)

2. If Jewish leaders arrange a special meeting with the pope, or even get a special papal statement about the Holocaust, shouldn't this be sufficient?

No. The damage done by meeting with Waldheim was substantial and set the stage for Waldheim to go to Germany and other countries on important diplomatic visits. Before meeting with Waldheim, the pope had no special responsibility to take a stand on Waldheim as president of Austria except the responsibility he had as spiritual leader of all Catholics. Now, having done irrevocable damage, the only real repair would be both to publicly repudiate Waldheim and to recognize the State of Israel. While the first is morally appropriate, it may be unreasonable for Jews to press the pope on what may seem too great an admission of error. Hence, it is appropriate to focus attention on the demand for recognition. Establishment Jewish leaders are doing a disservice to the Jewish people by trying to give the pope a way out by being willing to accept a less meaningful, symbolic public relations gesture that actually doesn't touch upon the underlying issue in contention, namely the right of national self-determination and sovereignty for the Jewish people.

3. Shouldn't we understand that the pope is a compassionate person and that meeting with Waldheim v

No. The pope can turn his cheek when the assassin's bullet strikes him, but he can't turn his cheek when the suffering is not his but ours. The pope is in no moral position to forgive the people who participated in the mass murder of six million of our people, particularly given the Catholic church's role in generating the anti-Semitism that led to the slaughter in the first place. Moreover, as Catholic writer Mary Gordon points out in her article in this issue, if the pope wants to exercise acts of forgiveness, perhaps he should start by meeting with the leaders of Planned Parenthood or with Castro or with those in his church who have advocated a change in its policies on women and gays. We'd be more impressed by those acts of compassion.

4. Will demonstrations undermine the vast progress that has been made since Vatican II between Catholics and Jews?

We have made it clear that the demonstrations are not aimed against Catholics or against Catholicism but against the pope in his role as head of the Vatican State. As Dale Vree, editor of the conservative national Catholic magazine *New Oxford Review*, points out, the pope is not seen as infallible when exercising this role, and it is his activities in this role that we are challenging. The press has been fairly responsible in reporting this point and repeating our assurances that we are not criticizing American Catholics or Catholicism itself.

But while we have gone out of our way to praise the local American Catholic church for the steps it has taken to enhance reconciliation, we should not fool ourselves or exaggerate the importance of what has been accomplished since Vatican II. If twenty years of "dialogue" between the official dialoguers—a small set of professionals in the Catholic and Jewish worlds—did not make enough impact on the church's mentality to prevent the pope from meeting with Waldheim or to create momentum for recognition of the State of Israel, it is begging the question and inappropriate for these professional dialoguers to insist now that "all that they have accomplished" might be put in danger. We would have a different attitude about this had the dialogue taken place on a different level—not of professionals-to-professionals but of laity-to-laity. Had we seen the congregations of the Catholic faithful instructed to participate in church-organized conversations and activities with the Jewish community, had we seen the kind of mobilization of energies on the grass-roots level that the church is so

good at when it really cares about an issue (e. g., when it puts its energy into opposing abortion), then we might have more at stake. We would be impressed if the church systematically taught its local parishioners (1) how the church had a major role in creating anti-Semitism throughout the past 2,000 years and why this was wrong (a significant step beyond the already taken step of removing from their overt teachings "contempt for the Jews"); (2) how the systematic destruction of European Jewry in the Holocaust was different from the (admittedly real) sufferings of other people; and (3) why it is appropriate for Jews to still feel anger about these issues.

5. Won't demonstrations against the pope generate new anti-Semitism among Catholics?

This is the objection that conceals the critical and central issue raised by the whole debate. In its most fundamental formulation, it is the question that has haunted Diaspora Jewry since the emancipation from the ghettos: Is it possible for Jews to have a nonneurotic, healthy life as a minority outside our own land, or is the only serious option to live in the State of Israel?

The pope's Waldheim meeting and subsequent visit to the U.S. raises this question most forcefully. Consider the circumstances. The religious and political leader of a section of the Christian community decides to ignore the fervent pleas of worldwide Jewry and hails as "a man of peace" a person who has been acknowledged around the world to have been involved in the systematic destruction of the Jewish people. Jews react to that act with action that indicates their anger—insisting that the pope rectify that act by recognizing the State of Israel. Christians respond by saying, "If you assert your anger, we will accuse you of ruining our good relations and some of us will become even more racist than before." Now, what is a Jew to do? Won't expressing our anger just make us more vulnerable?

No. The fear of attack provoked by our righteous indignation is based on a misunderstanding of mass psychology. Jews were most vulnerable historically not when they were most self-assertive but when they were most defensive. When Jews stand up for themselves, when they insist on their right to be treated with respect, the upshot is generally more respect and less backlash. People who realize this created the State of Israel—and with it they have significantly improved the status and relative safety of Jews throughout the world.

If Jews are not safe to express their anger in the Diaspora, then the original Zionist critique of Diaspora life applies to America as well. Many of the worst distortions in the history of the Jewish people, including the creation of the kind of ghetto mentality that led to a certain passivity in the face of a growing physical threat in the 1930s, were products of Jews' having learned to repress their anger out of fear. Israelis rightly deride this kind of mentality, asserting that it generates a neuroticism that prevents healthy ego development. If Jews cannot exercise the same right of self-assertion that others in this society have, then the future of American Jewry must indeed be put into question. Professor Shlomo Avineri mistakenly sought to make American Jews' response to Pollard a sign of our poor health as a community. But the real litmus test of the viability of Jewish life in Diaspora is here in responding to the pope: If we cannot respond with the same spontaneous anger that anyone else would feel if treated similarly, then a healthy, nonneurotic life for Jews in the U.S. is impossible.

To some extent this is a generational issue. People over fifty have vivid memories of the persecutions in Europe and, at some deep level, have never really been able to trust their Christian neighbors. The other side of the frantic effort to "make it" in America and be like everyone else, to assimilate, is still fueled by a deep fear that if Jews stand out in a way that the mainstream finds offensive, we may eventually end up facing pogroms or concentration camps. We who have grown up in post-World War II America, although we are often politically more critical of America than the generation that went before us, actually have more trust and faith in our Christian neighbors. It is precisely because we trust them *not* to be Nazis that we feel safe in standing up as Jews to criticize aspects of the society we find immoral, and it is precisely because we trust them not to revive anti-Semitism that we feel safe in criticizing and demonstrating against the church. In an important way, the ability to demonstrate openly against the pope is a statement of trust in Catholics.

It is notable and important that liberal Jews are and continue to be in the leadership on the issue of the pope and Catholic anti-Semitism. Those who would like to dismiss Jewish liberals as motivated by self-hate when we raise criticisms of Israel should be appropriately confounded here: It is *we*, the very same people who lovingly criticize Israel's West Bank policies, who demand of the pope that he recognize Israel.

Nor is this a sudden switch based on opportunism. Our criticism of Israeli policy, just as our criticism of the Jewish establishment, has always been based on loving and caring for the Jewish people and its interests. It is not in Israel's interest or in the interest of the Jewish people for Israel to be involved in occupying a territory lived in by a million Arabs. It is not in the Jewish people's interest to identify their fate with the fate of America's ruling elite. Ultimately, the best interests of the Jewish people lie with establishing a world of peace and justice—and it is in the name of this moral

realism that we have emerged as critics of the Jewish establishment. It is that same caring for the Jewish people that now leads us to take a leadership role in response to the pope.

6. But won't this be counterproductive? If you want to influence the church, won't demonstrations and public outcries only make church representatives defensive and, ultimately, less likely to respond? Or, as Annette Daum puts it in her article, "To demonstrate or to dialogue? that is the question."

Public outcries and demonstrations often advance the possibilities of real dialogue in the long run, though they may temporarily cause obstacles. When national Jewish leaders report to us—as they likely will—that they have spoken to Catholic leaders and have been assured that demonstrations will be counterproductive, they will almost certainly be telling the truth as they understand it. But that is because they themselves do not understand the process through which change is often achieved. That process is often advanced when some people stand up, risk being insulted as "irresponsible" or "out for themselves," and articulate a clear and forceful position. Those who take this vanguard position and make that position known through demonstrations, public statements, and other forms that press themselves upon the public's attention create a dynamic which forces others to decide where they stand. Others may resent having to take a stand, but when forced to think about the issues, they often will agree in substance with the vanguard position. This, in turn, creates a climate in which those in face-to-face negotiations find their tasks made easier rather than harder. Precisely because they can't call off the demonstrations, because they can't control the dynamic, they can reliably report that there is a level of outrage in the community that can only be dealt with when there are concessions from the other side. In short, the moderates are helped by those who are willing to be more forthright and militant in taking a principled stand. In this sense, demonstrations facilitate dialogue. In fact, if the pope does issue a new statement about the Jews and the Holocaust before his U.S. visit, it will almost certainly be as a result of his desire to avoid the public protests that he will otherwise face. For the same reason, the pressure and public demonstrations should continue even if there is a papal declaration—unless and until he extends diplomatic recognition to Israel.

One reason why ecumenism sometimes has a slightly disreputable ring is that too often it is based on an attempt to cover up rather than to explore differences. This dynamic is all the worse when the dialogue is between more powerful and less powerful forces. The possibilities for misrepresentation are almost limitless in these cases. Real dialogue is facilitated when those who have been oppressed are encouraged to speak their anger clearly and forthrightly. Only when that has happened can we expect real dialogue to commence.

In this sense, it is premature to celebrate the great advances in the Catholic-Jewish dialogue. More opportunities are needed for the Catholic laity to hear the anger and outrage of Jews at centuries of oppression before we can move on to healing and repair. And this is the difference between dilettantish good deeds and real *tikkun*—healing and repairing that is not just surface but substance. To get to the healing, there must first be the possibility of releasing anger and uprooting the causes of that anger. Both the demonstrations and the demand for the recognition of Israel are integral to building a meaningful Catholic-Jewish dialogue.

7. Is it unfair to raise the issue of Israel in the middle of a protest against the pope's meeting with a former Nazi? Isn't this simply an unfair manipulation of the issues? And isn't it unrealistic as well?

The statement by Father Pawlikowski in this issue explains why the only reasonable resolution of the current upset with the pope would be the recognition of the State of Israel. Since this is recognized by leading figures in the church, Jewish leaders who try to diffuse the issue by settling for something less—a general papal statement about the Holocaust or about anti-Semitism—are making a significant strategic error for which the Jewish people may have to pay. This is precisely the historic moment to press for full recognition.

Yet it is important to retell the connections between these issues more fully. The Jewish people in Europe developed Zionism and then began to settle in Palestine at the end of the nineteenth century because the legacy of centuries of church-directed and church-inspired anti-Semitic indoctrination in Europe had created a situation which made European Jewish life untenable. Those who understood this created a refuge to which Jews could flee. When the contradictions of Jewish life in Europe reached full fruition in the twentieth century, when the very Jews who remained in Poland on the basis of trust of their Catholic neighbors suddenly found that very few of these neighbors would shield them from (and all too many cheered on) the Nazi destruction of the Jews, when they found the church itself doing precious little to save Jews, they then sought escape from the coming disaster, only to find that every Christian-dominated country in the world had shut its gates. While most of those Jews perished, many who survived could find refuge only in the Land of Israel. That this refuge was already inhabited by Palestinians who legitimately felt that their own rights were now being trampled on only complicates the tragedy of European Jewry; even in

finding escape, they became enmeshed in a new precarious situation, the dangers of which remain alive today. What hypocrisy for the Catholic church—which bears significant responsibility for creating the very condition that required Jews to find a place of refuge, however problematic—to now turn around and, in pious tones, question if Israel is dealing justly with the Palestinians and try to use that as an excuse for not recognizing Israeli statehood. We who are pained by Israeli actions that sometimes strike us as immoral have every reason to demand of the church that one step in cleaning its own dirty hands is to recognize its own role in creating the circumstances that made it necessary for Jews to create an instant refuge—a refuge that, because of those circumstances, was constructed without the care and moral sensitivity that befits a Jewish state, a refuge that was radically imperfect and in some ways distorted by the conditions under which it was created!

We want this cleansing not just for Israel but for the church as well. We at *Tikkun* see the church as a potential ally on many important matters. We have much enthusiasm for the role of the church as an ally in combatting nuclear weapons and attempting to prevent nuclear war. The church's role in demanding economic justice generates our respect. While we strongly disagree with the church in several areas—most importantly in its treatment of women and gays, its attempt to prevent public funding for any abortions under any circumstances, its suppression of dissent and its insistence on the subordination of Catholics to hierarchical authority on issues of public and not solely religious concerns—we also see many areas in which liberal Jews can work together with Catholics. Moreover, we applaud the effort of this pope to introduce moral criteria into thinking about political issues. While we may not always agree with his position on the substance of the issues, we see the enterprise of the church as a fundamental extension and continuation of the Jewish enterprise of bringing a moral worldview to our world. Yet even the issue-oriented alliances that we wish to build will always be problematic if the church can allow its leaders to provide sanction to the murderer of our people and simultaneously refuse to recognize our right to existence as the State of Israel. The next move in healing is up to the church: Nothing short of recognition of Israel could provide that internal cleansing for the church itself.

8. Isn't this just a Jewish issue?

No. If the pope met with the prime minister of South Africa immediately after many conservative countries had decided to boycott South Africa to indicate disapproval with South African policy, we would not say that this was just a Black issue. Just as Jews are rightly active



in support of the rights of other oppressed groups, this is a moment when non-Jews should be standing up and providing leadership. We hope that our readers will raise these issues to churches and community groups and to their non-Jewish friends, and we hope that the many non-Jewish readers of *Tikkun* will not let this issue die once it has faded from the headlines but will find their own ways to continue to raise these questions to the leadership of the church.

The challenge is even more dramatic for the left. The left has been unconscionably silent whenever Jewish issues are raised. Yet we share with many on the left upset feelings about how the Palestinians are treated in Israel, though we criticize the double standard many leftists apply to Israel (as compared, for example, with how they evaluate the situation in Nicaragua). We share with most leftists the desire to end the Cold War and the arms race, and we agree with them that some elements in the Soviet Jewry movement have allowed themselves to be manipulated to keep alive anti-Soviet feelings—though we believe that strong commitment to peace and nuclear disarmament is compatible with a vigorous defense of Soviet Jewry. But because these issues are complicated, it has often been difficult to insist that people on the left were acting inappropriately if they failed to agree with us. On the issue of Waldheim, however, there are no two sides. Here is one case in which we have every right to expect that leftists will take the leadership in demonstrations and other public

actions aimed at challenging the pope for having broken the boycott against Waldheim. So far, we have seen very little that answers this challenge. If the left fails us here, they have only themselves to blame when Jews begin to distance themselves from other causes that the left holds dear.

9. Has this issue split the Jewish community?

No. It has only revealed the splits that already exist but are rarely allowed to emerge to public view. The fundamental problem underlying this issue is the role of Jewish monied interests and how they operate in the Jewish world.

The problem received its most dramatic enactment in the struggles that emerged around the pope's visit to San Francisco. When *Tikkun* first announced its call for demonstrations, shortly after the local Jewish Community Relations Council had voted to do nothing (it adopted a strategy it called "dignified silence"), we were surprised to find ourselves under vociferous public attack in the Jewish world. The surprise dissolved when we discovered that some of the biggest monied interests in the Jewish world, precisely those who give some of the largest donations to those Jewish communal organizations criticizing us, were members of a fundraising committee to pay for the pope's visit. Informed sources reported to *Tikkun* that by late July over sixty percent of the money pledged for the papal visit to San Francisco came from Jewish sources!

The direct involvement of Jewish community leadership in funding the papal visit and its refusal to resign from the welcoming committee after the pope's visit with Waldheim was not some kind of weird anomaly. Rather, it was a manifestation of the basic elite strategy for defending Jewish interests. For the past several hundred years the monied Jewish elites in Europe and, later, in America have claimed that they could protect Jewish interests by providing needed services or by otherwise making themselves indispensable to the ruling elites of the western world. One might have thought that the total failure of this strategy in Europe—and the failure of the Jewish elite in America to sufficiently influence U.S. policy during World War II to take the dramatic steps to save European Jewry—would have consigned this strategy to the dustbin of history. Far from it. Because of their power in funding Jewish institutions, Jewish monied interests have always been successful in preventing an honest discussion of the efficacy of this strategy and have managed to define as "crazy" anyone who even suggests that the discussion and assessment of the historical record should take place. Since there is no pretense of having democratically elected Jewish councils, there is no context within which this discussion can be forced to take place. It is simpler and more effective to simply marginalize those who raise the issue.

The "dialogue" between the Christian and Jewish elites is, from the standpoint of the American Jewish monied elites, a natural extension of their strategy for protecting Jewish interests. "Leave everything to us," they seem to say, "and we will take care of it." It's a position that seems perfectly sensible to them—after all, in their daily lives in the American economy, as well, they are acting on the same assumption that their particular interests, if left to their own devices, will ultimately benefit everyone. It will even seem unfair to them if outsiders notice that in the process of the dialogue between elites they may be paying more attention to their own narrow commercial interests—building better business ties—than they are to delivering some real benefits for the Jewish world. To them, it is precisely through building these better ties that everything else of value will happen—so it seems a cheap shot to point out that in the process they are actually serving their own material interests. This is the way things are done in America, they will tell you—anything else is just nonsense; business is everything and business works best when the big guys at the top handle all the important decisions. The idea of having a democratic procedure for making decisions in the Jewish world would seem just as foolish to them as having democratic decisions in their economic ventures—the intervention of others will just muck things up.

Imagine, then, their upset when, after twenty years of this kind of elite dialoguing, the pope and the Vatican hierarchy act in a way that exposes the self-delusory character of their strategy. No wonder that we see Jewish establishment leaders frantically flying to Rome hoping to get a statement from the pope, or trying to define as a "victory" any meeting that the pope will agree to, apart from the ceremonial meetings already scheduled, or hoping to get the pope to go to the United Nations where he will mention the Jews and the Holocaust, or trying to get some other symbolic gesture from the pope. If they succeed, then, armed with that symbolic gesture, they will turn to the Jewish world and say, "See, our dialogue has been working all along. Keep quiet, and things will get better!" Yet at this point their strategy is unlikely to succeed in marginalizing or silencing those in the Jewish community who are loudly and publicly expressing their outrage.

In this sense, the pope has provided us with a rare moment of clarity, a moment that may force us to transcend the orgy of civility that has dominated our discussions of these issues for the past decades, a moment that may force us to look more seriously at ourselves and our own community, a moment that forces us out of our own individual lives to view our situation in the larger context of history. □

THE POPE AND THE JEWS

The Pope's Assault on the Jews

Daniel Landes

For centuries the Catholic church was confused: Why had the Jews rejected God's true son? While this mystery has never been explained satisfactorily to Rome, it is now the Jews' turn to be confounded. Twenty-two years after the Second Vatican Council's dismissal in *Nostra Aetate* of the charge of deicide, Pope John Paul II's prayers for the Jewish dead at the site of concentration camps and his prayers with living Jews in the ancient Rome synagogue signified a new age of Christian-Jewish reconciliation. What then is to be made of the construction of a Catholic convent at Auschwitz and a chapel at Sobibor, the beatification of a Jewish apostate, and the official welcome extended to the Austrian president, a Nazi shunned by secular heads of state?

Many conclude that the church has once again rejected the Jewish people and that we should have expected little more. That the pope showed himself to be far from anti-Semitic in his earlier life and that his relationship to Jews has seemed genuinely cordial might suggest a different response. The real question is not one of rejection but rather of the kind of acceptance Jews can expect from a religion which declares *"Extra ecclesiam nulla salus"* (outside the church no salvation). A careful examination of how that question has been answered after the Holocaust by the modern Vatican and the current pontiff is disquieting.

The position of the church as an institutional power must first be taken into account. Here the insight of theologian Eliezer Berkovits, writing in 1966, is crucial:

> After sixteen centuries of Christianity regnant in the world, the Church is ready to champion ideals [of tolerance] which were realized by mankind in the heathen Roman empire, not to speak of Judaism or the secularisms of the last four centuries. What has brought about this *volte-face* of the Church? Nothing but the fact that Christianity is no longer supreme in the world. When the Church leaders speak of freedom of religion, they mean first of all freedom for Christians to adhere to their faith in communist lands ... [and] to propagate Christianity in Asia and Africa.... Christianity is now on the side of tolerance because this is the post-Christian era [and] the old policies of intolerance are no longer viable.... Ecumenism or no ecumenism, tolerance and a measure of friendliness toward other religions and philosophies of life have today become matters of practical politics for the Church and for Christianity.*

Even Berkovits did not foresee the dramatic loss of power of the church in the last two decades. Catholic countries have enacted laws that directly violate sacrosanct teachings. Within the church there has been a considerable loosening of hold over the private lives of adherents, a drastic decline in vocation, and an inability to control the creative interpreters of Catholic doctrine.

Pope John Paul II has responded with the surprisingly effective strategy of positioning himself as the major proponent of peace. This has been accomplished through an unceasing stream of pronouncements and prayers which takes world peace as the central concern of the papacy. Instead of narrow institutional self-concern, intransigence, and a penchant for power politics, the Vatican's image has been replaced with one of selflessness imbued with a spirit of reconciliation and pacifism. Pope John Paul II's charm, his telegenic appearance, and his image as an indefatigable traveler have made the world his parish. This role is not always easy. It is hard to promote peace in any meaningful way without making concrete decisions and taking a stand. Thus the pope's early sympathy for Latin American liberation theology grew cold when he was accused of giving tacit support to revolutionary groups that could be labeled communist. On the other hand, the pope has avoided attacking the repressive aspects of contemporary communism for fear of what that would mean in Eastern Europe, especially Poland. On the tightrope between church interests and the needs of the oppressed, it is not clear which concern has primacy for the pope. In general, he has favored issues of global concern. This, too, is somewhat sticky: Is he a champion of the poor or of church doctrine? World hunger, for example, is produced in great measure by overpopulation, and the church is certainly not changing its policy on birth control. The pope is left uttering sophisticated, pious, and ultimately ineffectual pronouncements on charity

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*Eliezer Berkovits, "Judaism in the Post-Christian Era," *Judaism* 15:1 Spring, 1966, p. 75.

in this and other such matters.

Nonetheless, the championing of peace has been a natural role for the pontiff. Christ is, according to his followers, the Prince of Peace, and the pope is Christ's vicar on earth. The preaching of peace has restored to the papacy a moral authority unequaled in the world and with it political power. The whole world looks on as the pope confers legitimacy—with one embrace—upon Yasir Arafat, a murderer of women and children, and welcomes into civilized society the wearer of the Nazi uniform, Kurt Waldheim. Jews puzzle: Why does this pope, a man of universal concerns, do such things, especially given his strong feelings regarding the Holocaust?

The Holocaust is at the center of contemporary Catholic-Jewish relations. Indeed, it is this event and the challenges it issues which are responsible for the church's contradictory attitude toward Judaism and toward the Jews. If one views these challenges as a series of religious crises that must be answered both doctrinally and pragmatically, one can begin to grasp the problem the Holocaust poses for the church.

The Church got off easy. A faint mea culpa *and the dropping of deicide libel was the least it could do in the face of its responsibility for an epoch of persecution.*

The first crisis to be confronted is that within the heart of Christian Europe six million people, one and a half million of whom were children, were brutally exterminated. The very proximity of such an awful death should provoke within a sensitive religious soul questions concerning the meaning of existence and God's justice and mercy. That this was not noticeable among Catholics during the war and for decades thereafter has a ready theological explanation. The persecution of the Jews is simply a confirmation of their accursedness. This is not to say that the church actually desired genocide—classic Catholic doctrine preferred Jewish survival, albeit in a state of perpetual degradation, bearing eternal witness to what happens when one rejects Jesus Christ. Their rejection of Christ, in fact, renders the Holocaust theologically understandable and therefore not religiously unacceptable. Practically, this meant that during the Holocaust righteous Catholics could save Jews when they could, but that there was no need for Rome to take risks that would endanger the church, and that after the event words of comfort could be offered as befits Christian charity.

A more difficult problem to emerge after the Holocaust was that many good Christians had participated in this modern pogrom. They were neither Nazis nor modern pseudo-Darwinian anti-Semites but church-going people who had run ahead of the Germans to shoot men, rape and kill women, and throw babies into open graves. They had been urged on by their priests' active encouragement or unconscionable silence. Such behavior, nonetheless, could also be explained away: Man is inherently sinful, and these regrettable things occur. Pragmatically, the church was moved to deplore such actions in general—as it deplores all sins—but to condemn few specifically.

A fundamental crisis which the church could not avoid, however, is that Christian doctrine itself served as a seedbed for the murderous hatred of the Nazis. The teaching of contempt for two thousand years was a direct factor in creating the climate in which genocide could be seen as legitimate. Here the church finally had to admit a measure of guilt. After the Holocaust, it responded theologically by rejecting the charge of deicide and practically by encouraging warmer ties with the Jewish people—its new-found older brother—and declaring an abhorrence of anti-Semitism. A fraternal visit to the Rome Synagogue replaced the ceremonial (and literal) boot to the behind that the chief rabbi in pre-Holocaust Italy had received annually from the pontiff. The church got off easy. A faint *mea culpa* and the dropping of deicide libel was the least it could do in the face of its responsibility for an epoch of persecution, and, as Professor Berkovits pointed out, it was a prudent stance in an age in which the church itself sought to be tolerated.

But the doctrine regarding the essential relationship of Christianity to Judaism remained entirely unaltered. *Nostra Aetate* reaffirmed that, in terms of ultimate worth, Judaism is only preparatory to Christianity. This is clearly meant as a historical statement regarding the career of Jewish people who brought Jesus Christ to the world, an existential analysis concerning the individual Jew prior to his anticipated acceptance of Christ, and a scriptural account of the way that the Old Testament is resolved in the New.

Given this sequence of Catholic (non)responses to the Holocaust, why were Jews so convinced that the new day in Catholic-Jewish relations was a bright one? Certainly the situation was objectively better than before—if one managed to momentarily forget the Holocaust itself. Secondly, Jews were clearly impressed by those who were engaging in dialogue, some of whom were more progressive than the Vatican. This led many Jews to dismiss the clouds on the horizon. The process of dialogue itself was seen by ever-utopian Jewish religious and lay leaders as an unstoppable dynamic. Finally, and less forgivably, the pomp, rites, and authority of the

Catholic church held an attraction for even those Jews who abhorred such phenomena within Judaism.

But with all the official professions of love and concern for the Jewish people, two facts have not changed. Dialogue is understood as a gentle prelude to the eventual conversion of the Jews: "In virtue of her divine mission, and her very nature, the Church must preach Jesus Christ to the world."* And, likewise, the church refuses to recognize the State of Israel, its theological significance to the Jewish people, and its moral necessity.

The reason the church cannot proceed further on the path of reconciliation is not that the story of the Jew in the twentieth century is insignificant but that it manifests utmost significance. It presents an epic myth which threatens to overwhelm the stature of the Jesus myth as the central story of Western civilization. The modern story of the Jew is historically a sequence of (1) anti-Semitic persecution and legislation, (2) the ghettos and concentration camps, and (3) the rise of Israel. This in religious language translates into (1) betrayal and abandonment, (2) the trail of suffering leading to death, and (3) resurrection. Once spoken of in this manner, it becomes a startling mirror image of the story of the church's Jew, Jesus.

The eruption of the Jew into modern consciousness is a serious problem for Christianity. The abandonment of Christ by the Jews—even if they no longer bear special guilt for his death—has removed the Jews from the course of salvation history. How is it that the story of the Jew is now in microcosm the story of the twentieth century, uniting the great themes of death and renewal in a combination that is at once both mundane and sacred history? Indeed, it replaces the Jesus story as the core myth reflecting an age poised between destruction and fulfillment. The Christian claim is that Jesus' passion is *the* experience of suffering within world history and that all pain is contained within his. The Holocaust shatters this mode. For modern man it is the Holocaust which is synonymous with abandonment, degradation, and suffering. It means death. And the attraction/repulsion to its mystery is utterly compelling.

The church has not been able to ignore this competing myth for several reasons: the church's measure of culpability in the crucifixion of the Jews, the growing significance of the Holocaust within modern consciousness, and the fact that this myth surrounds a supposedly relic people. In response, the church has begun to utilize an old device of dealing with the Jews—expropriating the Jewish experience and incorporating it into Christianity. Thus, in the first centuries of the common era, the Gospel succeeded the Torah, the church became the true Israel, and Jesus fulfilled and completed in a final form the atonement of the Temple ritual.

The church has proceeded on a parallel tack in solving its contemporary Jewish problem. It has distanced itself from the murderers, has proclaimed solidarity with the victims, and presently is claiming for itself the status and experience of the victims. This is accomplished through the canonization of the martyred Christian saints of the Holocaust. According to church doctrine, martyrs are considered witnesses to the truth, which is the passion of Jesus. Through their own death, they participate within his crucifixion, and their death takes on that meaning. Those who witness this witnessing also vicariously participate. It takes but one proper martyr to announce the victory of faith.

Consider the three victims of Auschwitz whom the pope has ushered into the process of sainthood. The first is the German anti-Nazi Father Rupert Mayer. The pope's point is clear: The church is not to be identified with the persecution; it also suffered and protested. The next two are of greater importance, as they seem to represent part of the pope's own personality.

Maximilian Kolbe was a priest from a strongly ethnic Polish background. He was dedicated to the international mission and militant organizing of the church. While totally committed to traditional piety and forms, he was a philosopher, personally vigorous and sports-minded, and expert in employing the media. It is no wonder that he was a hero to young seminarian Karol Wojtyla, the future Pope John Paul II. Kolbe died as the result of taking the place of a Catholic family man condemned to death in a selection. According to a witness, Kolbe often said, "For Jesus Christ I'm ready to suffer more than this. The Immaculata is helping me." Indeed, he saw a cleansing for Poland to be achieved through suffering.

Another dimension of the selection of Kolbe for sainthood is that while he was part of an anti-Semitic circle which he never disavowed, he nonetheless demonstrated affection for Jews in the camps. Kolbe's sainthood therefore sends a threefold message: When the chips are down, the Catholic church, as represented by its martyrs, is prepared for complete self-sacrifice, as well as for acts of love and charity; there is no need to probe too deeply within the past to uproot anti-Semitic theology; the Holocaust has Christian meaning. In the pope's words, Kolbe's "victory [was] like that of Christ himself," and Auschwitz had become "a special shrine, the birthplace, I can say, of the patron of our difficult century."

The last martyr that Pope John Paul II is shepherding through sainthood completes the church's hijacking of

Guidelines and Suggestions for Implementing the Conciliar Declaration Nostra Aetate, No. 4 (Vatican Commission for Religious Relations with the Jews, January 1975).

the Holocaust. Edith Stein was an authentic Orthodox Jew, an *au courant* intellectual as well as a phenomenologist and a protofeminist. That she should also be a profound devotee of the cross makes her a perfect example of what all these troubling groups—feminists, intellectuals, and Jews—can become if they indeed accept Christ. In her will, Stein accepted her impending death as an expiation of "the sins of the unbelieving Jewish people." For the pope, this evidently demonstrates the potential for salvation within Auschwitz. These three saints allow the church to distance itself from guilt and to understand the Jewish experience as its own. In Pope John Paul II's words, "In solidarity with them [the Jewish people] and in Christian hope she [Stein] shared her sufferings on the way to the Shoah. After all, salvation is [derived] from the Jews, said Jesus.... We Christians must never forget these roots of ours. The apostle of the nations reminds us that 'You do not support the root, the root supports you.'"

The church's neutralization of the horror of Auschwitz by declaring it a scene for the spiritual victory of witness is religiously wrongheaded.

Thus, the Carmelite Convent in Auschwitz was begun; a chapel was established in the killing center of Sobibor, where only Jews died, and the Pope's speech at the Maidanek concentration camp included no mention of the Jews. The Holocaust has been transformed from a Jewish tragedy into a Catholic victory.

The church's appropriation of the Holocaust is insulting. Moreover, the church's neutralization of the horror of Auschwitz by declaring it a scene for the spiritual victory of witness is religiously wrongheaded. It misunderstands the Holocaust, neglects its true message, and thereby promotes a dangerous view of the world condition.

The spiritual victory of witness for Judaism is to be found in life and not in death. As God's witnesses (Isa. 43:10) Jews are called upon to imitate God. This *imitatio dei* is far from the imitation of Jesus' passion extolled in Christianity. For Jews to imitate God, the source of all life, means to enhance and extend life. Thus, as God feeds the hungry, clothes the naked, and performs deeds of loving-kindness, so are we to follow suit. Death, the source of all impurity and thus the negation of God's presence, is to be avoided even at the point of the violation of the Torah—"'And you shall live by them,' (Lev. 18:5) and not die by them" (Sanhedrin 74A). When one's personal security can be gained solely at the expense of a violation of the sources of life, *then* martyrdom is the expected recourse. Jews have accepted death only over the shedding of an innocent's blood, the practice of adultery, the worship of idolatry, and the rejection of the moral law. After two thousand years of Jewish suffering, martyrdom barely has a place in Jewish liturgy and is not extolled as the ideal. Rather, "and the righteous shall live by his faith" (Hab. 2:4).

In Auschwitz the righteous could not live by their faith. The acts of spirituality and morality that were performed were of a broken nature. They were performed anonymously, at only episodic intervals, and were incomplete. And the righteous could not, in any conventionally accepted definition of martyrdom, die by their faith either. Jews were not afforded the opportunity to save another's life as Maximilian Kolbe could—they were all to die. In place of the Christian martyr's serene spiritual walk to her martyrdom, we have the desperate joining of a child on his way to the gas chambers by a mother whose only thought is to provide some comfort amid the agony and terror.

The Holocaust as the central myth of death in modernity is the inverse of the triumph of the cross. It does not proffer atonement as Jesus' sacrifice is claimed to. The Holocaust indicts the cruelty, cowardice, and apathy of the world. It offers no forgiveness, for they—perpetrators and spectators—knew damn well what they were doing. Those who revere the cross can speak of God's presence; those who tremble at the gas chamber can only see the eclipse of God's face. Calvary proclaims the transcendence of death; Auschwitz declares death's reality.

All Jews who died in the Holocaust are martyrs—*kedoshim*, literally "sanctified ones." We value them for the life they lived, as part of the eternal construct of Judaism that includes the promise of future life, itself unexperienced and bitterly distant within the camps. Ironically, the pope is correct in placing Edith Stein at the center of Catholic-Jewish relations. Abandoned by her church, which did nothing to save her, condemned as a Jew, she did not choose death and thus, on strictly Catholic terms, is not really a martyr. Having abandoned her people and faith, she is not counted among our *kedoshim*. Edith Stein represents not the bridge between Catholics and Jews but the abyss which separates them. Moreover, the church's attempt to subsume the Holocaust into the passion of Jesus promotes a dangerous vision of the world. The Holocaust is the story not of victory over death but of the victory of death. It is the paradigmatic event of death in modernity. The Holocaust tells us that total destruction is a possibility, that man possesses no work-

ing fail-safe to stop him from mass murder, and that all elements of modernity, including science, technology, bureaucracy, and even religion and moral reasoning, can be placed in the service of death. Contrary to the promise of the cross, the Holocaust does not liberate. Rather, as the Torah or law does, it yokes, warns, and terrifies us in that it demands not an unknowing faith but, instead, conscious moral action. It is not a "gift," as characterized by Cardinal O'Connor of New York, but a burden, and it is understandable that Christianity would choose to flee the Holocaust's message as it fled the yoke of the law. But those who flee the law of righteousness do so at the peril of their mortal and moral souls.

And the question of the soul is precisely the issue in the pope's meeting with Waldheim. For if Hitler represents the triumphant fury of evil within totalitarianism and Eichmann its banal executioner within bureaucracy, then Kurt Waldheim embodies the grinning and soulless diplomacy that eases the process of evil along. Vatican apologists claim that Waldheim was invited as the head of a sovereign and Catholic nation; indeed, the Catholic bishops of Austria heavily lobbied the pope for the invitation. This is less an excuse than an indictment. For Austria, upon the *Anschluss*, immediately enacted procedures against the Jews that exceeded in brutality and swiftness even those of Germany. After the war, unlike West Germany, Austria never engaged in any national self-criticism regarding its persecution of the Jews. Claiming to have been an "occupied nation," it refused even to pay significant reparations. In lockstep, the Catholic church never expressed any remorse over its participation in the Holocaust. When the facts of Kurt Waldheim's lying regarding his role in World War II became public during his election campaign for president, raising the issue of Austrian collaboration with the Nazis, that nation responded by electing him in an orgy of self-righteous innocence, thereby confirming its true guilt. The pope invited this man not to lecture him, not to forgive him, and not even to grant him acceptance. Rather, the pope charismatically anointed him a "peacemaker." In so doing, Pope John Paul II handed the kingdom of evil a victory.

It was in fulfillment of the moral imperative to deny Auschwitz the final word that the State of Israel needed to be called into creation. In this political construct, the earthly Israel, the people of Israel—the people chosen by God—have been resurrected. Members of the church often cite Israel's very real internal problems and contradictions as evidence against the theological significance of the State. Jews are mistaken if they



either cower at these accusations or conversely seek to totally deny them. A people which has undergone an earthly death can only undergo an earthly resurrection which is, by definition, imperfect and incomplete. The Jewish task is to right wrongs, to heal the tears within Israel's society, and in general to fulfill the earthly potential of this outstanding miracle. The Jewish people do so in solemn awareness that its story in the twentieth century, for better and for worse, is meant to be a light unto the nations.

The church and its pope have their own task. They have claimed the mantle of moral leadership and the challenge of the search for world peace. But a religion which expropriates the identity and experience of another can claim no moral credibility, much less authority. In light of its culpability in Jewish suffering, Rome must at the very least give up all intentions of converting the Jews and cease all attempts to Christianize the Holocaust. If it truly wishes peace for the world, it must immediately recognize the State of Israel and aid in attempts to provide it with the support it deserves and needs. Not to recognize the existence and legitimacy of the Jews—their religion and their country—is to tacitly endorse their elimination. Jews are not reassured by the promise of Christian love and charity; historically we know it to be a "splintered reed of a staff which enters and punctures the palm of anyone who leans on it" (Isa. 36:6). Refusal to act responsibly in these areas will reveal a church insincere in contrition, insecure in its own identity, and hollow at its moral center. □

THE POPE AND THE JEWS

Offenses of the Pope

Mary Gordon

An event such as the Holocaust almost by necessity calls up distortions of memory and interpretation; yet it is only through a radical refusal of such distortions that the rupture such events cause in the fabric of history itself can begin to be healed. There is no incorporation of the Holocaust into the rest of life: there should never be. The best one can hope to do is to remove the only weight one has—the weight of one's witness—from the scale of untruth.

This would seem to be a minimal and an obvious moral statement, and one to which the pope as spiritual and moral leader should be vigilantly and passionately committed. But the behavior of John Paul II has shown that he is involved in the heinous process of distortion that has been so much a part of the world's response to the Holocaust. In the cases both of the beatification of Edith Stein and his receiving Kurt Waldheim in the Vatican, he seems to be embarked on an odd course of rewriting history, one which his particular experience in wartime Poland may have shaped. He seems to want to desingularize the Holocaust experience of the Jews, to assert that other people, particularly Catholics, suffered at the hands of the Nazis as well. At the same time, he wants to emphasize the heroism of those Catholics, particularly clergy and prelates, who spoke out against the treatment of the Jews.

Put in a correct historical and moral context, these aims would not be unworthy. But such a placement would require first of all that the pope acknowledge the difference between the situations of Catholics and Jews. Jews were subject to a deliberate and systematic annihilation. This in no way applied to Catholics. Second, the church would have to acknowledge its guilt in having failed to speak out against the Holocaust. And it would have to admit that those few who spoke out were a distinct minority and that their voices were drowned out by the complicitous silence or the explicit anti-Semitism of the majority of the members of the church. We have not seen the pope take any of these courses. Rather, he receives the alleged war criminal Kurt Waldheim into his chambers and addresses him as a man of peace.

Let us examine the cases of Edith Stein and of Kurt Waldheim separately. I find the situation of Edith Stein a problematical one. On one level, she should be the saint of any intellectual woman's dreams. A prized student of Husserl's, with an acknowledged first-rate mind, a forceful and dynamic writer, she would have been the first modern intellectual beatified. But I should admit, before going any further, my bias. I am the daughter of a man who converted to Catholicism for many of the same reasons as Edith Stein. I am, therefore, drawn both to closely examine and to be suspicious of the motives of any Jew who converts. The taint of Jewish self-hatred, implanted by a hostile world, is so endemic to the psychic experience of every Jew that I suspect that no decision to convert can be made free of it. To convert from a minority and despised religion to a majority and revered one is an easier process, to say the least, than the opposite course would be. Withdrawal from the world has never been encouraged in Jewish thought or practice, and one can understand that for a temperament like Stein's, attracted to such withdrawal, the recourse to the contemplative life of Carmel would have obvious appeal. I am not here attempting to go into the relative merits of the *vita activa* versus the *vita contemplativa*. Except in one special sense. It seems to me that there are moments of history which create such extraordinary pressures for public action that the recourse into privatism becomes a very different act from what it would ordinarily be. These are my private reservations about Edith Stein, essentially neither here nor there in the question of her appropriateness for beatification. But there is something much more serious. Stein seems to have suggested that the Holocaust was God's punishment for the Jews' role

Those few who spoke out were a distinct minority and their voices were drowned out by the complicitous silence or the explicit anti-Semitism of the majority of the members of the church.

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in the death of Christ. Even a hint of this should be grounds for exclusion from beatification.

The pope has called Edith Stein a martyr for the faith. But Edith Stein was not killed because she was a Catholic; she was killed because she was a Jew. The gestapo did not systematically search out and kill Aryan members of Carmel. To suggest that she was martyred for any reason other than her Jewishness is an unpardonable insult to Holocaust victims. If she is a martyr, there are six million others. Are they to be beatified as well?

If the pope were genuinely concerned about harmony between Catholics and Jews, would he have chosen to beatify Edith Stein? And if good relations with Jews—to say nothing of the honor due to victims and survivors of the Holocaust—counted with him, would he agree to see Kurt Waldheim? Many leaders of nations, including our own, have refused. He could easily have done this.

It has been argued that the pope is not an ordinary head of state and that in receiving Waldheim, he is acting in the spirit of Christ, the Healer, the Reconciler, Who dined, after all, with publicans and sinners. This is a gross misunderstanding of the theology of reconciliation, of biblical history, and of political morality. A sinner cannot be reconciled until he or she has acknowledged the sin and begun to repent of it. Waldheim has denied any wrongdoing; he has been involved in decades of cover-ups which have added to the gravity of his original crime. The pope did not receive Waldheim neutrally: he praised him as a man of peace. When Jesus sat down with publicans and sinners, He didn't then call them philanthropists. It has been suggested that the pope may have censured Waldheim privately. Even if this were the case, it wouldn't be enough; publicly, he has given his support.

It is interesting to me which publicans and sinners the pope will *not* dine with. He will appear on a balcony with Pinochet (although, admittedly, he was critical of Pinochet's policies), but not with Castro. And if the pope is so concerned with reconciling differences, let's see him invite the head of Planned Parenthood International to lunch. Just as Pope Pius XII could have condemned Hitler and chose not to, his successor chooses to be involved in the cover-up of Nazi crimes and the rewriting of history so that a criminal becomes a hero.

As a Catholic, I have no patience with my fellow Catholics, such as John Cardinal O'Connor, and even Jacqueline G. Wexler in her *New York Times* Op-Ed piece, who assert that the important thing now is for Jews not to lose their commitment to interfaith dialogue. Grave offenses have been committed against the Jews by the Catholic church. There is no reason for Jews to trust or forgive the church until it has acknowledged the depths of its offenses. □

Preserving Catholic-Jewish Relations

Annette Daum

The pope's ill-advised meeting with Kurt Waldheim is not his first political act to send shock waves through the Jewish community, nor is it likely to be the last. More disturbing than the meeting, however, was the message. No matter the intent, the warm greeting extended to Waldheim as a "man of peace," the lack of even an oblique reference to the Holocaust, appeared to place a papal imprimatur of respectability on an unrepentant Nazi. For many Jews this represented yet another example of the church's inability to confront the connection between the cross and swastika.

Nevertheless, liberal Jews should not condone the demagoguery of self-styled Jewish leaders who appear to be exploiting current tensions for their own purposes. Those most likely to engage in confrontation tactics are least likely to be involved in ongoing Catholic-Jewish relations and most likely to be unaware of dramatic advances in Catholic-Jewish relations over the last two decades. Nor should liberal Jews be misled into using this situation as an excuse to play ultimatum politics with the Vatican regarding the establishment of full diplomatic relations with Israel. This important but separate issue on the agenda of Vatican-Jewish relations should not be viewed as a precondition for continuing and enhancing the good relations already established, especially between American Catholics and Jews.

While questioning the wisdom of the meeting with

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Waldheim, it is imperative for Jews to understand the way the Vatican views its own role, just as Vatican guidelines call upon Catholics to understand Jews as we define ourselves. The Vatican operates as both a political state and a religious entity, perceiving its proper role as transcending religious and political differences to bring peace and justice to the world. For Jews, religion and politics are inextricably intertwined. In the Vatican, religious and political affairs are handled by two different secretariats within a vast bureaucracy and, apparently, the twain rarely communicate. While the pope has consistently exhibited his commitment to fostering better *religious* relations between Catholics and Jews, exemplified by his historic visit to the synagogue in Rome, it is more often the *political* stance of the Vatican that offends Jewish sensibilities.

Whether or not Jews like it, the Vatican treats the question of Israel as a political problem. The Holy See, concerned about the fate of Catholics in Arab lands, is engaged in a political balancing act, supporting the right of Israel to exist with security, as well as the rights of Palestinian refugees. Public pressure—demonstrations, petitions, etc.—may help Jews vent their frustrations, but ultimatums are unlikely to bring a positive response. Simply put, the pope is not the president; the Vatican is not Congress. Personal attacks on the pope, who is symbolic of the church, are bound to be deeply offensive to American Catholics, alienating even those who strongly support Israel. Just imagine the *geshrei* of anti-Semitism rising from the gut of every segment of the Jewish community should Catholics, who disagree with Israeli government policy regarding Palestinians, demonstrate in like manner against the Israeli embassy.

Irresponsible overkill distorts the historic record of unprecedented progress in Catholic-Jewish relations, especially in America, which has enabled us to move from fear to friendship in little more than one generation. For over twenty years, the National Conference of Catholic Bishops has facilitated the establishment of over fifty Catholic-Jewish Relations Committees in dioceses throughout the country. With refreshing candor and compassion, we are reaching out to each other to heal ancient wounds.

Revolutionary changes are taking place in Catholic teaching to implement the principles expressed in *Nostra Aetate* and subsequent Vatican guidelines, to eliminate anti-Semitic references, to repudiate the deicide charge, and to correct stereotyped misconceptions of the Jews and Judaism. It is no longer unusual to find rabbis and Jewish educators on the faculty of Catholic seminaries and parochial schools across the country.

Many parochial elementary schools and most parochial high schools offer courses on Israel and the Holocaust. Catholic educators are incorporating information about modern Jews and Judaism into the curriculum in courses unheard of even a decade ago. In the next few months, the International Catholic-Jewish Liaison Committee, with Vatican representation, will undertake a *joint* study of the historical events and theological implications of the Holocaust, with profound implications for both Judaism and Christianity.

Many problems remain to be resolved. Despite these advances, misinformation, ignorance, and a lack of understanding about each other still prevail. Twenty centuries of mistrust and suspicion cannot be completely eradicated in twenty short years.

Just as the Second Vatican Council opened the door to reconciliation between Catholics and Jews, the National Conference of Catholic Bishops more recently opened up unprecedented possibilities for coalition-building between Catholics and Jews. The Catholic social justice agenda, exemplified by two recent United States Bishops' Pastoral Messages on peace and war and on economic justice, provides liberal Jews with a unique opportunity to join hands in a cooperative venture, based on our common prophetic heritage, to shape a society worthy of the divine revelations we share. Together, the Bishops' Pastorals represent a massive rejection of Reagan's policies as a moral outrage. Both statements affirm the dignity of the individual human being and the rights of *all* people to adequate food, clothing, housing, health care, and employment as *fundamental* principles rooted in Jewish tradition and Catholic teaching. Liberal Jews and American Catholics are logical partners in the pursuit of social justice.

Jews part company with the Catholic hierarchy most particularly on matters involving human sexuality. Surprisingly, while the pastorals had a marked effect on Catholic attitudes toward nuclear disarmament, most Catholics either ignore or reject church teaching on matters of private morality—particularly on birth control and abortion.

Unfortunately, some conservative Catholic bishops have entered the social policy arena regarding abortion in an increasingly strident manner, which may be legal but is beyond the bounds of propriety in a pluralist society. In the last few elections, various bishops have attacked Catholic politicians who oppose abortion privately but support free choice as public policy. Even Supreme Court Justice Brennan, a devout Catholic who supports freedom of choice in his court decisions, has been targeted. Such inappropriate activity threatens to set us back to the days when Catholics could not be elected in this country because of the fear that they would follow the dictates of the Vatican rather than

uphold the U.S. Constitution. This fear may be resurrected by new pressure from those bishops who insist that elected public officials who are Catholic are obligated to translate church teaching regarding abortion into American law, a thesis rejected by Catholic politicians such as Mario Cuomo and Edward Kennedy. Recent Vatican moves to stifle dissent, to create greater conformity to church doctrine among American Catholics, exacerbate these fears and arouse concern that the chilling effect this may have on liberal Catholics could have a devastating impact on American public policy affecting the most private aspects of our lives.

But the nature of the Catholic Church, particularly in our pluralist society, has changed appreciably since Vatican II. The collegial process of debate concerning the preparation of the pastoral letters clearly indicates that even the bishops are not monolithic. Public dissent from Vatican policies and church doctrine is no longer uncommon. (Note the Hunthausen debacle). The door, once open, cannot be slammed shut. These are basic changes—as irrevocable as the changed teaching about the Jews and Judaism. While disagreements on reproductive freedom and homosexuality are irreconcilable insofar as they are rooted in theological belief, it is possible to agree to disagree on matters where the gulf is unbridgeable while building bridges of cooperation across other territory on vital issues of mutual concern.

Irresponsible overkill distorts the historic record of unprecedented progress in Catholic-Jewish relations, especially in America, which has enabled us to move from fear to friendship in little more than one generation.

The most conservative elements in both the Jewish and Catholic communities, frustrated by their lack of success on a limited agenda, grow more shrill and intolerant with every passing day. These same elements have attempted, unsuccessfully so far, to drive a wedge between Jews and Catholics. In Rome last year, conservative Catholic dissidents demonstrated against the pope's visit to the synagogue as contradicting centuries of church teaching. Outside of the Catholic Cathedral in Albany, New York, anti-choice hard-liners in the diocese objected to the presence of Rabbi Martin Silverman, a spokesperson for Planned Parenthood, at a service of healing and atonement. Likewise, a few Orthodox and Conservative rabbis protested against a Jewish presence at the church worship service, despite the fact that this was a service of atonement during Holy Week, a service in which Catholic clergy asked forgiveness of God and the Jewish people for past persecution and urged more sensitive understanding of the bond between the Jewish people and the Land of Israel. (The service was sponsored by the Jewish-Christian Dialogue Committee of the Roman Catholic Diocese of Albany).

How ironic if liberal Jews, in joining in demonstrations against the pope because of the Vatican stand on Israel, should be manipulated into strengthening the ranks of conservatives, rather than strengthening bonds with their best allies in the battle to shift national priorities from nuclear arms to social welfare.

Demonstrations are dramatic. Dialogue is not. Demonstrations attract momentary media attention. Demonstrations polarize. Dialogue is difficult, demanding long-term commitments to understanding and respect for each other. Demonstrations are the court of last resort, when all other communication has failed. Demonstrations shatter the peace of the community, leaving the pieces to be picked up by the dialogue.

To demonstrate or to dialogue—that is the question. Before deciding, liberal Jews need to examine their own litmus test. Have they exhausted, or even explored, other means of communicating their commitment to Israel with Catholics? Have they demonstrated for reproductive freedom with Catholics for a Free Choice? Have they demonstrated for religious rights for women within Judaism, or against the Orthodox position on rights for homosexuals? Against Jews who oppose pay equity for women? (The Bishops' Pastoral on economic justice supports pay equity.) Against fundamentalist Protestants and Orthodox Jews who oppose ERA? (Since the Catholic bishops are divided on this issue, no official Catholic policy was adopted.) Jews who engage in holier-than-thou warfare with the Catholic church are fighting the wrong battle in the wrong country.

Neither Jews nor Catholics will or should be silent on issues which touch our souls. In this increasingly interdependent world, neither Jews nor Catholics can permit disagreement on any issue to deter us from forging a social justice coalition based on our common agenda—our shared vision of a world in which the weapons of war will be transformed into instruments of justice and peace. □

A View from Austria

Albert Greenberg



Seen from the distant shores of the United States, Waldheim's audience with the pope might appear to be an "unfortunate" mistake. But, in fact, one of its consequences has been to legitimize the anti-Semitism within Austria today.

In June, the vice mayor of Linz, Karl Hödl, sent an open letter to the World Jewish Congress denying Waldheim's Nazi past:

> ... you must consider your claim the same as that of your brothers in faith two thousand years ago, who had Jesus Christ sent to death in a mock trial because he didn't fit into the scheme of the masters of Jerusalem.... As it was left to a Roman to proclaim this unjust verdict then, this time you managed to find as the victimizer the person in the American Justice Department who put Dr. Waldheim on the "watch list."

It reminds me of the old joke of how the Germans would never forgive the Jews for Auschwitz.

For the most part, the Austrian press has been solidly behind Waldheim. Even the "worker's" paper took a "neutral" stance on the issue. One liberal journalist tried to explain to me how Austria wasn't like Germany. When the conversation came around to Waldheim, I said, "But he was a Nazi wasn't he?" And he said, "Well ya ... but those Zionists ... the world Zionists ...." He started to mumble, never completed the sentence, and his voice trailed off into silence.

One would have expected the left to take an active role in the debate over Waldheim and the pope. After all, the left has historically led the struggle against fascism. Yet there were only one hundred protesters at the Vatican during Waldheim's visit. I pointed this out to a group of journalists and activists in Salzburg and asked them what happened to all of our liberal friends. They sat silently. I was unable to open any dialogue on the issue.

And what is the result of this contempt and indifference? Life for Jews in Austria today can be dangerous. During A Traveling Jewish Theatre's stay in Vienna, there were random attacks against individual Jews on the streets and families were keeping their children home from Jewish day schools due to fear of violence.

Now Austria is a Catholic country. We were in Vienna during a Catholic holiday and *everything* was closed. It made Jerusalem look like a secular city. If Austria is Catholic "now," it was Catholic "then." The church did not suddenly descend upon the banks of that Danube in 1945. The gothic cathedrals are a testament to the fact. Neither did it take a sabbatical from the hearts and minds of the people—and its government—during those fateful years.

The political forces that moved the pope to receive Waldheim must been formidable. That he capitulated to them is a sad testament to the intractable nature of the issue before us. Conscious Catholics, and there are many of them in the U.S. and in Austria, are able to face the problem head on.

We, as Jews, should be able to as well. In fact, this incident can be used as an opportunity to create dialogue and bring the issues out in the open.

After the vice mayor of Linz published his little obscenity, an Austrian magazine showed a portrait of him with a swastika breaking out like a rash on his forehead. The caption read, "The Incurable Skin Disease."

It is better to face a hard truth than to live with naive illusions. Then, and only then, can true healing take place. □

Albert Greenberg is a founding member of A Traveling Jewish Theatre, with whom he performed in Vienna, Salzburg, and Berlin during the spring of this year.

THE POPE AND THE JEWS

The Vatican and Israel: Full Recognition Now

John Pawlikowski

The time has come for the Vatican to take the final step in its developing relationship with Israel: full ambassadorial exchange. Despite serious internal differences regarding the policies of the Israeli state, the world Jewish community has increasingly identified this act as the critical sign of the seriousness of the newly professed interest of the Catholic church in Judaism and the Jewish people. It has become a primary symbol in the relationship of our two communities.

Continued Vatican refusal to make the final diplomatic move constitutes for Jews a deep psychological block to greater involvement in dialogue. There is little doubt that the establishment of full political relations would considerably ease the pain of the Christian anti-Semitism which contributed a crucial element to the success of the Shoah and which was once again vividly brought to mind by the papal welcome of President Waldheim. Pope John XXIII broke many long-standing barriers between Catholics and Jews by sheer dint of his personality. If the final barriers are to be destroyed so that Jews may enter the dialogue with enthusiasm, Catholicism must unequivocally acknowledge one of the deepest elements of the collective Jewish soul—the attachment to Eretz Israel. Only in this way can Catholics truly say to Jews, we affirm your full dignity as a believing community, we acknowledge your continued partnership with us in the ongoing covenantal relationship with the sovereign Creator. Even if such full diplomatic recognition may not prove all that decisive in the political arena, there is simply no other effective, concrete way to convince most Jews that Catholics truly understand their attachment to the land.

Any appeal for full Vatican diplomatic recognition of Israel needs to acknowledge, however, the considerable improvement in Catholic-Jewish relations that has taken place, rather quietly on the whole, since 1964. I use 1964 as a starting point because that was the year Pope Paul VI made his historic journey to the holy land. During that visit, the State of Israel was not highlighted in the pope's public speeches, nor was its government allowed to greet him in any significant way. It was at that point that relations seemed to bottom out. A combination of circumstances, including new personalities in the Vatican bureaucracy, brought about a gradual shift to a more cordial, open relationship, a change that has been clearly acknowledged by Israeli diplomats posted in Rome. Israeli government officials began to receive the full courtesies appropriate to their offices. A process eventuating in the present de facto recognition had begun.

John Paul II's pontificate has occasioned groundbreaking theological declarations about the continued linkage between Jews and Christians at the level of their most basic identity, and some highly significant statements about the importance of Israel to Jewish self-consciousness. In an apostolic letter released on Good Friday 1984, the pope said the following:

> For the Jewish people who live in the state of Israel, and who preserve in that land such precious testimonies to their history and their faith, we must ask for the desired security and the due tranquility that is the prerogative of every nation and condition of life and of progress for every society.

And in the 1985 Vatican *Notes* on preaching and teaching about Jews and Judaism, an explicit reference is made to the religious dimensions of the Jewish attachment to the land:

> This history of Israel did not end in A. D. 70. It continued, especially in a numerous Diaspora which allowed Israel to carry to the whole world a witness—often heroic—of its fidelity to the one God and to "exalt him in the presence of all the living," while preserving the memory of the land of their forefathers at the heart of their hope.
>
> Christians are invited to understand this religious attachment which finds its roots in biblical tradition, without, however, making their own any particular religious interpretation of this relationship.

It should also be recalled that John Paul II was one of the few international leaders to voice strong support for the Camp David accords. He did this the Sunday immediately following the signing ceremony in Washing-

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ton. His words are significant, for Israel is clearly recognized as a sovereign nation: Camp David, the pope said, definitely "formalizes peace between two countries after decades of war and tension, and gives decisive impulse to the peace process in the entire region of the Middle East."

The momentum has been building for the final step of full recognition. Those in the Jewish community who still believe that old theological attitudes in the church continue to be the chief obstacle to this ultimate move are simply wrong. The principal blocks today are the fear of retaliation by Arab countries against the tiny Christian communities in their midst and a genuine concern for Palestinian rights, coupled with a Catholic Palestinian lobby within Vatican circles which has no real pro-Israeli equivalent. There are also, however, prominent voices inside the Vatican urging recognition for a variety of reasons—some out of a passionate commitment to Christian-Jewish relations, some for geopolitical reasons (Israel is anti-Soviet), some in the belief that such an act by a Polish pope would help erase the long-standing hostility many Polish Jews feel toward the land of their birth. Thus far the Vatican Secretariat of State, which is, by and large, against the final step, has won the day. But this need not continue. Persistent pressure and argumentation applied in a dignified, respectful fashion has a real chance of changing this situation. With the Waldheim matter fresh in our minds, this is the ideal moment.

Some might object to introducing the Waldheim issue into this discussion. Surely we must be very careful to show that support for Israel, that Israel's legitimacy, is not simply a recompense by the Western nations for the Shoah. But it is impossible to separate totally the two realities. Since so many European Jews found a haven in Israel when no one else would help them, Israel and the Shoah are, of course, profoundly linked. President Waldheim reminds us of those years; his welcome to the Vatican raises once again the enduring question as to whether the Christian churches could have done more to save the Jews. Whatever the reason for the approval of the visit—the pope's forthcoming trip to Austria, the desire to shore up the Christian Democrats in that country, or the Polish pope's wish to thank the Austrian people for helping Poles escape during the Nazi period—it was not the right decision. I share the feelings of Cardinal Decourtray of Lyon, France, who, while visiting the city's Holocaust museum the evening prior to the Waldheim visit, publicly remarked: "This event is painful to me as well. I ask myself what might have been the motives leading to the decision. In all frankness, I do not know."

We cannot change the facts. The visit took place. But, as the *Chicago Sun-Times* editorialized on July 4th, there is still a way for the Vatican to regain a measure of trust with the Jewish people despite the deep scar: to fully recognize Israel. *Carpe diem*, says the ancient Latin adage: "Seize the day." This ought to be the motto of the Vatican in its relations with Israel after the Waldheim misjudgment. □

A Catholic View of the Pope

Dale Vree

You will not envy my task: Having been asked to write this article for a liberal Jewish audience on why Jews should think appreciatively of the Catholic church, especially her role in American society, I happily began my task, only to be rudely interrupted by the news that Pope John Paul II would grant Austrian President Kurt Waldheim an official (not private or pastoral) audience—this after Ronald "Bitburg" Reagan's administration, no less, had barred Waldheim from entry to the United States. I wondered if I could complete my assignment. As you can see, I did, but only with difficulty, as you will see.

I am a Catholic and a self-confessed admirer of John Paul, but I am unable to defend him in the Waldheim case (which I shall only address peripherally), simply because I can think of nothing credible to say in his defense. The most we could have hoped for was that the pope urge fellow Catholic Waldheim to resign the presidency, as Rabbi Arthur Hertzberg generously

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speculated before the visit.* However, when the pope, who has publicly criticized or distanced himself from other heads of state in their presence, met publicly with Waldheim, he offered Waldheim only praise, and we don't know what the pope said in their thirty-five-minute private meeting.

Whatever the pope's purpose in receiving Waldheim, Catholics do not grant a pope infallibility in his diplomatic actions. This is a comforting thought for Catholics, even if it means we must endure popes making further grievous mistakes in the future. In using the word "mistake," obviously it is my hope that the papal reception of Waldheim was an exercise in stupidity and not the sign of a graver malady—and I think there are solid grounds for this hope.

After all, we have here a pope who, as a Pole, was, like a Jew, considered an *Untermensch* by the Nazis; who, in occupied Poland, was on the Nazis' list of wanted men and was hunted down by them; who heroically saved many Polish Jewish families threatened with death by finding them hiding places and new identities; and who, as pope, has been accused of being pro-Jewish by Lefebvrite schismatics. Not surprisingly, I know of no one who seriously thinks the pope is an anti-Semite—or that the Vatican Curia is in the grip of an anti-Semitic cabal.

On the assumptions that the Waldheim affair was a colossal blunder which will not soon be repeated and that the many recent gains in Jewish-Catholic relations need to be extended rather than negated, let us suspend further evaluation of the Waldheim fiasco in order to look at the broader American context of Jewish-Catholic relations, my original focus, to see if there is a basis for liberal Jewish rapport with, even appreciation for, the Catholic presence and witness.

In many ways, Jews and Catholics share similar experiences in America. Both are minorities in a Protestant-cum-secular land. Both are largely immigrants or the descendants of recent immigrants. Both are concentrated in the Northeast and the upper Midwest and on the West Coast. Both are strangers to the Sun Belt fundamentalism which is the religiocultural backbone of Reagan's America. Both have been discriminated against in American history, and both have been defamed by New Right preachers, who will tell you that America is God's chosen nation and as such is a Christian nation, indeed a *Protestant* nation.

Both have sensed themselves to be underdogs and have gravitated—because of self-interest but not only that—to the progressive side in American politics. Both have strong religious traditions that honor "those of



low degree" and advocate the cause of the poor—and thus have been rather uncomfortable with the "reach for the gold" and "survival of the fittest" ethos of America. Both have strong roots in the American labor movement. Both come out of religious experiences that emphasize community, family, and tradition—and thus both have been ill at ease with the disintegrating individualism and neophilia of the American experience.

Both—and this is a tender point—have been suspected of harboring "dual loyalties." Questions are still asked: Can a Catholic (other than a highly secularized one like John F. Kennedy) be trusted to be president of the United States? Would he "take orders" from the pope? Are Irish-Americans more devoted to the IRA than the American flag?

Given the strongly anti-nuclear-weapons stance of the U.S. bishops, can a Catholic in good conscience do research on nuclear weapons, work in a nuclear-weapons-manufacturing plant, serve on a nuclear submarine, or "push the button" if so ordered? These are hotly debated issues in the Catholic community, even among the bishops, and veteran anti-Catholics and America Firsters are watching the debate with evil eyes and fattening dossiers.

Or: Given the bishops' opposition to the U.S. policy toward Nicaragua, if the U.S. invades that sovereign

*"Jews Are Aghast at the Pope's Invitation to Waldheim," *New York Times*, June 21, 1987, sec. 4.

nation, would the bishops declare the war "unjust" and hence forbid Catholics to participate in the war? Many Catholics hope the bishops would do exactly that, even at the risk of inviting persecution.

In short, the question "Can a good Catholic be a good American?" is still alive and kicking. And the same question is asked of Jews, and I need not detail for this audience all the ways in which that is so.

But if, perchance, you have grown complacent about your place in American society, allow me to disturb your sleep. Israel is an American ally, "America's best friend," many say. But remember that a dog is man's best friend, and a dog is not always regarded with kindness or even treated as such. In spite of this, it can be depended upon. I know many conservative gentile Americans who love Israel, while continuing to hate the Jews. They love Israel because (1) they hate the third world, and Israel is a Western enclave in a sea of dark Arabs; (2) Israel will do our dirty work; and (3) Israel is anti-Soviet. Especially because Israel is anti-Soviet. If, by some fluke of diplomacy, Israel shifted to a pro-Soviet stance, the talk shows and op-ed pages would be full of accusations of "dual loyalty," especially if under such circumstances another Pollard case erupted.

Whether America is a Protestant nation or a secular nation, it most assuredly is not a Catholic or a Jewish nation. Yet both Catholics and Jews have a claim to live in this lovely land because of its *pluralism*, which stipulates that Americans have a right to be different.

Now when the pope visits America in September, many liberal Jews may wish to protest his visit and for lots of reasons that go far beyond the Waldheim controversy—namely, because of the church's opposition to legal abortion, her regarding of homosexual acts as sinful, her disciplining of theologians who dissent from Catholic teaching, her refusal to ordain women or sanction birth control, indeed, her authoritarian structure as such.

Okay, let's admit it: Catholics *are* quite different from most Jews. But if you would honor pluralism, in part because it protects your right to be different, then on what grounds will you *protest* that Catholics are different?

I am not saying that Jews may not be vocal about their disagreements with Catholicism, but if that disagreement is expressed—say, in angry demonstrations—in a way which seems to say that Catholics must cease to be Catholics, that Catholics must be inoffensive in the way, for instance, that good liberal American Methodists are inoffensive, then the precepts of pluralism are no longer really being honored.

Then not only are you threatening my right to be different, but somewhere down the pike someone will

For Archbishop Oscar Arnulfo Romero*

Betsy Gladstone Dubovsky

the work of the church
being more important than
the image of the church

he made them stop half
way in finishing the building

cockeyed twisted structure
wires bristle from the
concrete columns
streaked with
rust and blood

adom† the same hue
marks them from
the same source
iron 56—the touch
stone of the universe
the stars can go
no farther in their
crushing of the gasses
into stuff

red earth red blood
red rust is of the
basic element

"the life is in the blood"
the blood is from
the dust

dirt burns in blood
to carry air
to the interior

and he, Romero, bled
upon the stairs
of his preposterous
holy edifice

to bear life in
among the ravaged
of the earth

*Archbishop Romero, who spoke out in defense of the poor, was shot and killed on March 24, 1980, in El Salvador.

†אדם
adom—red, earth, man, blood

challenge your right to be different. Pluralism is a two-way street: It protects, or is supposed to protect, your right to be "peculiar," as well as the right of other, non-Jewish minorities to be peculiar.

You may agree with old nativist American stereotypes that take Catholics to be ignorant, stupid, superstitious, irrational, and blindly obedient, and Catholics may buy old stereotypes about Jews, but history has fated both of us to live as aberrant minorities in an alien culture. This is a fact—and a fact loaded with significance for each of us. Understandably, we both feel tremendous pressures to assimilate to the American Way of Life. The easy answer to the persecution and discrimination we have experienced in the New World has been to hide our respective lights under a bushel and be like everyone else. But both Catholics—when they are really being Catholics—and Jews—such as the folks who produce and stand behind *Tikkun* magazine—are saying: "No. Wait a minute! Why should we surrender our uniqueness? Why should we assimilate? Even if we're fated to be misunderstood and scorned, why should we be other than what we are?"

For American Catholics, theological and ethical assimilation is not a new issue. It can be understood in terms of what is loosely called the "Americanist heresy," something Pope Leo XIII warned against in 1899. You may ask: How can Americanism be a heresy? The answer has two basic parts: First, Catholicism is a uniquely *international* form of Christianity, and the very word "catholic" means "universal." Second, Catholicism is a religion with a high view of *revelation*, and, as the illustrious convert John Henry Newman said, "some authority there must be if there is a revelation given." Hence, Catholicism is also a religion of *authority*. "Americanism" is a threat to our Catholic identity because it would elevate the national at the expense of the international, and it would grant the American experience pseudorevelatory status and make American pragmatism a rival authority.

In England a book was recently published entitled *The God I Want*, which in its very title is the antithesis of the Catholic understanding of the divine. "The God I want"" can only be a projection of subjective human wishes and cannot be a result of God's self-revelation. Catholic doctrine is *received*; it is not concocted or invented, nor is it voted upon democratically at church conventions every few years, the way Congress votes on contra aid, one year saying yes, the next year no—the way Protestants often seem to deal with doctrine. The authority of the church finds its point of origin in Jesus Christ, who, though a "rebel," nevertheless vested the church he founded upon Peter, the Rock, with the authority to teach in his name—as, for example, when he said to his disciples, "He that heareth you heareth me.... " (Luke 10:16). The Petrine Office—the papacy—traces its authority in unbroken succession back to Peter, and so it is not for nothing that Lenny Bruce is said to have quipped that the Catholic church "is the only *the* church."

Do sizable proportions of Catholics want to mimic American culture by having women priests, by approving birth control, abortion, and homosexual acts, and by granting theologians the right to teach essentially Protestant notions at Catholic universities? Maybe. But the church does not—and will not—bend the knee to the provincial wishes of middle-class Catholics in the twilight of the twentieth century. In the sweep of church history over twenty centuries, and in too many countries to list, the wishes of those American Catholics appear as but a blip.

If you are a liberal Jew, you may be tempted to side with those "liberal" Catholics, but keep in mind that the same authority which says a resounding no to abortion also says, on the basis of centuries of tradition and theological reflection, a hearty no to laissez-faire capitalism, racial prejudice, and the use of nuclear weapons. The same authority which has excommunicated nuns who collaborate with abortionists has also excommunicated Southern racists and Klansmen.

If you would encourage Catholics to disobey their church in the areas of abortion and homosexuality, if you would seek to discredit the church's authority, that is your right, but if you are successful and then one day the church says that on pain of sin no Catholic may collaborate in the manufacture or use of nuclear weapons and no Catholic may participate in an invasion of Nicaragua, who will be left to listen? In these latter cases, you may well wish there were some "blindly obedient" Catholics around who would put more credence in the teachings of their shepherds than in the television speeches of their Caesar. If you want the church "to get out of the bedroom," then you may also have a church which will get out of the war room, and that could be a calamity of thermonuclear proportions.

Authority is a difficult concept for pragmatic Americans. But it is not only "liberal" American Catholics who chafe under church authority; "conservative" Catholics do so as well. For example, the church teaches, as matters of principle, that labor has priority over capital, that workers have the right to organize unions and to strike, that the state may under appropriate circumstances socialize private productive property, that workers should become owners and managers of enterprises, that under appropriate circumstances the oppressed may rise up in violent revolution, that God has a preferential love for the poor and so, too, should Catholics. In response, right-wing Catholics have

charged that their church is "economically illiterate" and has always had a "bias" against capitalism and has never "understood" its charms, indeed, that she is objectively socialist and un-American.

If I were clever or "Jesuitical," I might tell liberal Jews that, after some two thousand years, the church is going to change her teaching on, say, abortion and homosexuality, that she will dismantle her hierarchical structure, that she will get in step with the American drummer. But it isn't going to happen. The Holy See would sooner cut off the American church and let it go its way of acculturation—let it be just another Protestant denomination—than compromise the Catholic faith.

If authority is a problem for Americans, no doubt it was a problem for poor Job, who nevertheless said of God, "Although he should slay me, I will trust in him...." (Job 13:15). God's ways may at times be unfathomable—and so, too, may the church's teachings appear to be, even to Catholics.

God played tricks, so to speak, on Job, and yet Job remained faithful. The church has committed errors—even crimes—but in her essential teaching she has never taught error. This is the faith of a true Catholic. It may seem an unreasonable faith, just as Job's faith seemed unreasonable. But this is what it means to be a Catholic.

To many Christians the persistence of Judaism and the Jewish people is a puzzle and to some even an annoyance. Likewise, to many fundamentalists and liberal Protestants and secular humanists, and perhaps even to many Jews, the persistence of the Catholic church—that old "Whore of Babylon"—is a puzzle and sometimes an annoyance. But I would contend that Jews and Catholics actually share—in different ways, to be sure—in a divine *mystery*, the mystery of persistence, and of grace. We also share in being perceived as dissonant, stubborn, antiquated, even obnoxious. In a sense, ours is a *common* fate in a modern, disbelieving world.

I can't claim I've always been sensitive to Jewish concerns. But I try. I don't claim to understand everything about Judaism or the Jewish people. But I'm willing to listen and learn and continue our conversation. Trying to be sensitive, and being willing to listen and learn and continue the dialogue—that's all I think a Catholic expects from the readers of *Tikkun*. □

The Pope and Waldheim: The Relevance of Political Augustinianism

Mary C. Segers

One cannot understand the current pontiff unless one realizes that he has a clear, coherent vision of the church and unless one appreciates the factors in his background and experience which have shaped this vision. John Paul II is a postmodern pope who has a vision of a worldwide Catholic church in a postmodern world. He conceives the church as an alternative voice, a countercultural force in a secular society which has a naive, misplaced faith in politics and scientific progress and which falsely promises that modern man can live easily without a sense of the transcendent. The church's mission is to remind modern society of the primacy of the spiritual and the secondary, subordinate status of the temporal and material. In John Paul's view, persons freely choose and strive to live according to spiritual values as a way of resisting and overcoming evil. The pope's vision is of a world of heroic virtue freely embraced, not one of easy compromise with the creature comforts of modern society.

In order for the church to have such a leavening influence in secular society, it must not make peace with worldly values but must speak with one voice in clear tones, communicating its vision in unambiguous and unambivalent fashion. I think this resistance to modern, secular ideas and the drive for clarity in communicating the church's salvific message accounts for John Paul's strong critique of sexual permissiveness in society, of Marxist elements in Latin American theology, of tendencies toward greed latent in unfettered capitalism, and of excessive self-criticism and dissent within Roman Catholicism itself. Internal challenge and dissent, in particular, muddy the waters, obscure the

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church's teaching, and weaken the church from within. The impulse toward clarity and orthodoxy is very strong with this pope; in his view the church must make clear what it believes and what it does not.

John Paul's approach is largely shaped, I believe, by factors in his background and experience as a young man growing up in Poland between the wars and during the Nazi occupation of Poland. The death of his mother when he was nine years old is often said to explain his intense devotion to the Virgin Mary. During his teens, a brother died of scarlet fever; when he was twenty-one, his father died. His university education was interrupted after just a year by the Nazi and Soviet invasion of Poland. During the war he studied for the priesthood clandestinely while working in a chemical factory and a rock quarry. He was ordained after the war, in 1946, in a Poland rapidly coming under Communist rule and Soviet domination.

He has battled unceasingly against Marxist influences on Catholic theology and categorically rejects efforts to "politicize" the Gospel or to depict Jesus as a political figure, a revolutionary.

We can look to the pope's background and formative experiences for some clues as to his later decisions, actions, and policies. This pope, for example, seems to have little understanding of contemporary women and of the merits of the movement towards equity and equality of the sexes. The loss of his own mother and his strong devotion to the Virgin suggest the possibility of an idealized view of women which actual women cannot possibly embody. His most recent encyclical, *Redemptoris Mater*, issued in March 1987, analyzes the Virgin's identity and her significance to the modern church. In one lyrical passage, he gives his view of femininity:

> In the light of Mary, the church sees in the face of women the reflection of a beauty which mirrors the loftiest sentiments of which the human heart is capable: the self-offering totality of love; the strength that is capable of bearing the greatest sorrows; the limitless fidelity and tireless devotion to work; the ability to combine penetrating intuition with words of support and encouragement.

Such an idealized view of women as self-sacrificing is not likely to endear this pope to Catholic feminists. Recent experiences of American nuns with the Vatican suggest that they are not convinced by this pope's view of their proper role in church and society. During the pope's first visit to the United States in 1979, for example, Sister Theresa Kane, a Sister of Mercy and then president of the Leadership Conference of Religious Women, appealed in vain for a reconsideration of the church's refusal to ordain women to the priesthood. In 1983, Sister Agnes Mansour, a Sister of Mercy appointed director of social services in Michigan, was given an ultimatum directly from the pope: resign or be dismissed from her religious community. At issue was whether nuns should accept political appointments, particularly since, in this case, the appointment was to a position which involved public funding of abortions. (Sister Mansour elected to request dispensation from her vows.) Again, in 1984, the Vatican Congregation for Religious and Secular Institutes threatened twenty-four nuns with expulsion from their communities because they signed a 1984 *New York Times* advertisement calling for open discussion among Catholics of appropriate public policy on abortion. The ad was placed in protest against criticism by several prominent Catholic archbishops of vice presidential candidate Geraldine Ferraro's position on abortion policy. In all three cases, the Vatican's treatment of these American nuns was characterized by a lack of due process and of the spirit of collegiality fundamental to ecclesial communion.

The pope's apparent failure to understand the aspirations of many contemporary women to full status in modern life seems to me to be related in part to his unrealistic expectation that women imitate the Virgin Mary (who was, at the same time, both Virgin and Mother). It should be noted that the pope has just inaugurated a "Marian Year" (from June 7, 1987, to August 15, 1988), a year of special activities dedicated to the Virgin. Scholars from Women's Studies in Religion have noted that, in general, popes (such as Pius IX and Leo XIII) have emphasized devotion to Mary in times of conservative retrenchment and reassertion of traditional values.* In light of this, it is not surprising that John Paul II's call for a Marian Year coincides with a concern among Catholics in general and Catholic feminists in particular about the church's mixed reaction to the movement for greater participation of women in church and society.

*See Barbara Corrado Pope, "Immaculate and Powerful: The Marian Revival in the Nineteenth Century," in *Immaculate and Powerful: The Female in Sacred Image and Social Reality*, ed. C. W. Atkinson, C. H. Buchanan, and M. R. Miles (The Harvard Women's Studies in Religion Series, Vol. I) (Boston: Beacon Press, 1985), pp. 173–200.

A second factor in the pope's experience which has shaped actions and policies during John Paul II's pontificate is, I think, his experience as church leader in a Poland dominated by Soviet-influenced Communist governments. The pope is profoundly anticommunist and has little faith in Marxism as a liberating force in human life. He has battled unceasingly against Marxist influences on Catholic theology and categorically rejects efforts to "politicize" the Gospel or to depict Jesus as a political figure, a revolutionary. At the same time, the Pope praises certain aspects of Latin American liberation theology and insists that he expects the church to denounce injustice and poverty worldwide, and will continue to do so himself. He attacks not only the Communist East but also the "consumerist" West for its almost exclusive preoccupation with materialistic values.

In addition to the pope's attitudes toward Marxism, I think that John Paul II's experience as a Catholic bishop in Communist Poland has been highly influential in shaping his view of church-state relations. The political philosophy which best characterizes this pope is a form of political Augustinianism which insists upon a sharp dichotomy between the spiritual and the temporal, between the City of God and earthly cities (states). He holds to a sharp demarcation and differentiation between religious bodies and governmental institutions. His experience as a Polish bishop is of a delicate balance between ecclesiastical autonomy and ecclesiastical accommodation to a Communist state committed, in theory at least, to the elimination of religion and religious institutions. John Paul II's leadership in the embattled Polish church of the 1950s and 1960s seems to have led him to believe that Roman Catholicism must stand in quasi-military unity against a determined atheistic oppressor. As mentioned earlier, I believe this experience has not only influenced his views of liberation theology, aspects of which are condemned by the Vatican for coming dangerously close to Marxism. His view of the role of priests is also shaped by his experience in the Polish church. He has been resolute in favor of an all-male, celibate priesthood and maintains that priests should distinguish themselves from the rest of society in the way they dress and what they do—specifically, by avoiding direct political involvement. This is a pope who publicly rebuked Father Ernesto Cardenal, Nicaraguan Minister of Culture, for his participation in the Sandinista government. In 1980 he personally ordered Congressman Robert Drinan, a Jesuit priest from Massachusetts who had served five consecutive terms in the House of Representatives, not to stand for reelection. The spiritual and the temporal spheres must be kept separate and distinct, in John Paul II's view; the presence of priests in public office only confuses the faithful and compromises the clergy.

This political Augustinianism with its recognition of sinfulness in all earthly states and institutions has led the pope, I believe, into a kind of realist view of all governments. John Paul II seems to be a political ecumenist who has received Waldheim and Arafat, visited Krol, received Reagan, dined with Jaruzelski, and stood on the palace balcony with Pinochet in Santiago. Given his experience as an embattled churchman in Communist Poland, one suspects that, to this pope, Kurt Waldheim probably looks not all that much different from Wojciech Jaruzelski. So if the pope meets with Jaruzelski, why should he not also meet with Waldheim? The pontiff does not construe meetings with the leaders of earthly regimes to mean approval of the conduct of those political leaders.

What impresses me about the controversy over the papal decision to receive Waldheim is the extent to which it reveals profound differences in the ways Catholics and Jews perceive reality. The distinction between God and Caesar, between the *Civitas Dei* and the *Civitas Terrena*, between a global church and sovereign nation-states, has a long history in Christian thought and is a perennial theme in any reflection on church-state relations in the modern world. I am told, however, that Jews do not speak about differences between the temporal and the religious because they see it all as one thing. Thus, the distinction made by the Vatican between the spiritual relationship with the Jewish people (Jews are our "elder brothers") and the political relationship (we do not recognize the state of Israel) is said to be unintelligible to most Jews. To be a Jew is not merely to profess adherence to the Torah but to be part of the Jewish people who need a homeland! On this view, Vatican diplomatic recognition of Israel would be an appropriate acknowledgment by the church of the role Israel plays in the spiritual and physical life of modern Jewry. But the Vatican may be constrained by this Augustinian view of earthly states as all equally sinful. What seems incomprehensible to Jews is why, if the pope receives Waldheim and confers with Jaruzelski, he cannot also recognize Israel. Thus, the controversy about John Paul's decision to receive Waldheim is not just about the Austrian president's alleged Nazi past—it is about the future of Vatican-Israeli relations as an indication of the state of Catholic-Jewish relations worldwide. As I understand it, Jews wonder how the pope could have missed this.

There is, however, another aspect of political Augustinianism, as originally formulated by St. Augustine, which can be of use to us in thinking about the Vatican reception of Waldheim. Augustine's distinction between the heavenly city or City of God

and earthly cities or states was not meant to apply to the institutional church. That is, Augustine did not view the Church of Rome and the *Civitas Dei* as co-identical or coterminous. The City of God was an invisible community consisting of all those—past, present, and future—who loved God rather than self. The visible, institutional church was an earthly city like all others—sinful, corrupt, and characterized by love of self to the contempt of God. In other words, sin and evil are not only outside the church but in it as well. Translated into modern terms, this means that the papacy and its current occupant may serve as a unifying factor within Catholic Christianity, but the papal office and the Holy See are also worldly, secular, and political. Perhaps the mistake of the pope in the Waldheim fiasco lies in forgetting this truism of political Augustinianism and asking us to treat him and his office as though they are sacred only. □

Return Our Sacred Books

Nehemia Polen

We live in our books. The texts of our sacred literature are even more than our most precious possessions; during long centuries of exile, they have been a "portable homeland." Throughout the ages, Jews have poured their hearts and souls into the study of the Bible and the Talmud and have found therein a vast treasury of law, ethics, philosophy, metaphysics, and esoteric teaching.

It is a curious fact that, despite the great veneration in which we hold the Talmud and the extraordinary care with which it has been transmitted, very few early manuscripts of the Talmud exist today. This is largely because the Talmud was for many centuries subject to a fate similar to that of the Jews who studied it. It was confiscated, put on trial, banned, and finally burned at the stake. One such tragic event took place in Paris in June 1242. At that time, twenty-four wagon loads, containing thousands of precious Talmud manuscripts and representing millions of scribe-hours of work, were delivered to the executioner and consigned to the flames. The great Rabbi Meir of Rothenberg composed an elegy at that time which compared the burning of the Talmud to the destruction of the Holy Temple in Jerusalem. His elegy is chanted to this day in the liturgy for the Ninth of Av.

In succeeding centuries, the popes repeatedly urged the burning of the Talmud. Although the invention of printing ensured that the Talmud could not be destroyed completely, the sustained and repeated attacks by the church meant that very few early manuscripts would survive. Of those manuscripts which were not thrown into the flames, some were taken to the Vatican Library itself, no doubt with the intention of preserving exemplars of a dead literary genre. Thus we have the irony that, of all the collections of Talmud manuscripts in the world today, the Vatican Library's is the largest. These manuscripts are truly "brands plucked from the fire," the precious spiritual treasure of our people.

A still deeper irony is that until one hundred years ago, Jewish scholars had no access to these manuscripts. In 1862, P. Lebrecht wrote: "One may say that while in previous centuries Rome burned Talmud manuscripts, in this century she buries them." In the 1870s, access became less restrictive, so that scholars such as Abraham Berliner and R. Rabbinovicz were able to conduct research and publish scholarly editions of various tractates. Finally, in recent decades Vatican authorities permitted the facsimile reproduction of their collection of Talmud manuscripts. The preface to a publication entitled *Manuscripts of the Babylonian Talmud in the Collection of the Vatican Library* (Yerushalayim, 1974), which we have drawn upon here, calls the permission to reproduce the manuscripts an act of "great generosity."

Indeed it is, especially in contrast to the attitudes and actions of previous centuries. Yet the matter cannot end there. Much has changed since the end of World War II. The liberalization in the wake of Vatican II and the declaration of *Nostra Aetate* have signaled a shift in the church's public posture, away from the "teaching of contempt" directed against the Jews. Yet deep-seated prejudices, especially when they are theologically engendered, are notoriously difficult to uproot completely and have a way of flaring up again with painful consequences.

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There have been even greater changes within the Jewish community itself. The resurgence of Jewish life after the Holocaust, the establishment of the State of Israel, the efflorescence of scholarly activity and research, the renewed emphasis on more traditional modes of religious expression, the victory of the Six-Day War—all of these have led to a mood of self-confidence and assertiveness, as well as a keen interest in all aspects of our heritage. It was once thought in some quarters that study of the Talmud would die out, but just the opposite has happened. All over the world, yeshivas have sprung up, where thousands of students study the Talmud in the traditional manner. This is especially true in Israel. There are more centers of Talmud study in Yerushalayim today than at any other time in the history of the sacred city. University-based research, employing less traditional methods and techniques of Talmud study, is also flourishing. Because of this, the issue of the location and condition of our Talmud manuscripts is a matter of deep concern. Although it is true that direct contact with the original documents is often indispensable for a full and accurate scholarly understanding, the deeper concern is that these manuscripts are sacred writ, the embodiment of a civilization so intoxicated with the notion of the holiness of the word that its aura was transmitted to the ink and parchment itself. Jews living today are the heirs of the martyrs of Blois, Mainz, York, and the other towns of Christian Europe. We attempt to preserve, transmit, and amplify their heritage. We must insist upon the return of their most precious spiritual possessions.

The issue of the location and condition of our Talmud manuscripts is a matter of deep concern.

Christendom has made great strides in coming to appreciate and respect its "older brother." Yet the residue of the past has not been completely eliminated. The refusal of the Vatican to extend full diplomatic recognition to the State of Israel remains, at best, a dark mystery. That recognition will one day come. But there are other important steps which can and should come in the meantime. To make a specific proposal, at least some Talmud manuscripts currently held by the Vatican Library should be returned to Jewish hands. A logical and most appropriate recipient would be the Jewish National and University Library at the Hebrew University in Yerushalayim. This would be much more than a symbolic gesture or a diplomatic ritual. It would be the return of an essential element of the religious heritage of the Jewish people. Imagine for a moment if a precious religious object of Polish Catholicism—the Black Madonna of Czestochowa, for example—had somehow been taken to another country. Surely you would not rest until it were returned. The church should do no less.

We believe that sacred texts have a life, a soul, a destiny, which is linked to that of the humans who venerate them. The return of the Talmud texts to Jewish sovereignty would be an act of reconciliation and repatriation at once. □

I Have Come to Jerusalem

Stanley Moss

I have come to Jerusalem
because I have a right to,
bringing my family
who did not come with me,
who never thought I would bring them here.
I carry them as a sleeping child to bed.
Who of them would not forgive me?
I have come to Jerusalem to dream
I found my mother's mother by chance,
white haired and beautiful, frightened behind a
column,
in a large reception room filled with strangers
wearing overcoats.
After forty-two years I had to explain
who I was. "I'm Stanley
your grandson." We kissed and hugged and laughed,
She said we were a modern family,
one of the first to ride on trains.
I hadn't seen before how much
she looked like
her great, great granddaughter. I remembered
that in her house I thumped her piano,
I saw my first painting, a garden by her lost son.
I remembered the smells of her bedroom,
a face-powdered Old Testament.
Then my dead mother and father came into the room.
I showed them whom I'd found and gave everybody
chocolates,
we spoke of what was new
and they called me only by my secret name.

Stanley Moss will have a new book of poems published in the spring.

Jewing

Donald Friedman

In Her Hands Is Not Cutting

Lawyer Farbman had no time. He calculated the shortest route always: from home to office, seat to door, from 'a' to 'b.' He engineered his way through the noise and soot of Forty-second Street, avoiding the human debris like a missile sensing obstacles and adjusting its course. All the while his mind raced ahead, charting critical paths through the balance of the day, the week, the year.

At lunch with his banker, Farbman had sat incredulous at the annihilating message delivered between the throat clearings: It was regrettable but bankers had to answer to examiners; the line hadn't been cleaned up in over two years, and even the interest wasn't current. But they wouldn't just yank the rug out? They would. Farbman's cherished tenet, that when you are in that deep you tell the bank what to do, had somehow escaped his friend at the Chase.

Muscles constricting behind his vest, Farbman considered whether the same sentence would have been passed on a Hoyt or a Kellogg, if a club tie and braces would have made a difference. One week to produce six months of vigorish and a major reduction in the balance. With no concession for the funeral Farbman had explained he had to attend the next day in Karo, Illinois. Karo, Illinois, for Crissakes, not Queens. It would take two days.

Returning to his office, anxious as he was, Farbman—rangy with the blue eyes and straight blond hair of the stereotypical Californian—had a determined beat to his stride which gave him an attractive purposefulness. He paused and accepted the mimeographed handout from an earnest young Chassid only because he had been unbalanced by the bold question, "Are you Jewish?" The barely legible message, "The Meaning of Havdalah," of the Lubovitcher Rebbe—the mystic pope to the Polish Jews of Eastern Parkway—with local Sabbath candle lighting times, was shoved into his coat pocket. There it made its presence felt and prompted him, as he ascended in the Art Deco elevator cage, to try, for a moment before his floor, to riddle his Jewishness.

Certainly Farbman was a Jew. He knew some dialect jokes which he told poorly. He had been circumcised, become *bar mitzvah*; had joined a temple, supported the U.J.A., married a *shikse*. But what about ritual observance? The proselytizing Chassidim with the van downstairs were inviting Jewish passersby to put on *tefillin*, to wrap the leather phylacteries around arm and head as the Orthodox did every morning of their lives, and Farbman admitted he wasn't even sure what *tefillin* were, what was in the little boxes attached to the straps. The closest he had come to them was a display case in the lobby of his Reform temple. Did an abbreviated, English-version seder count? A political lecture or a book review from the rabbi on his annual High Holy Day appearance? How would those pasty-faced diamond merchants in their beards and earlocks and old-world clothes account him? Would they, like their infamous persecutors, accept his ethnicity as a genetic fact, as binding and as no more or less significant than eye color and the size of his feet? Farbman rejected such a notion: Jewishness was a philosophic decision, not programmed into strands of D.N.A. Yet his swarthy, kinky-haired doctor friend, Harold, who *had* put on *tefillin*, insisted that he was what a real Jew looked like. Sitting behind the wheel of his Targa Porsche, Harold had told Farbman he was an aberrant form—"the result," he opined, "of some Cossack rape."

The elevator doors opened to Farbman's floor, to reality. He was too busy for such musings. His life, even without the Damoclean threat of his bankers, was deadlines: court filings, statutes of limitation, and trial dates, all organized around constantly changing calendars cross-checked by all too fallible humans and machines and supported almost entirely by the indefinite, uncertain cash flow of contingent fee cases. The spending always outstripped the judicial alchemy which turned lost limbs and mangled bodies into cash. Farbman's entire operation was tied to the banks by the about-to-be-severed umbilical of interwoven, overdue notes.

Marucci, his partner, was waiting for him, chewing his fingers. Farbman broke the bad news.

"Jesus God," Marucci blanched, "what are we going to do?"

"Shake the trees," Farbman said, "get the new bills

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out today. What's for trial or settlement, besides Alvarez? What about the kid with the hand off?"

Marucci shook his head. "It got carried. The die manufacturer's expert had a scheduling problem. What's-his-name, the cervical quad, should be reached in two or three weeks, but right now Alvarez is it. There's been some talk of 'nuisance value' on the incomplete abortion, maybe I can squeeze a little more."

"Not if you take such a de-fetus attitude, Marucci."

Marucci winced and pretended to barf.

Alvarez was the unpromising double leg-off. Farbman had sued every deep pocket they could think of but had yet to dream up a viable theory of liability against any of them. The problem was that Alvarez was simply a drunk who had wandered into a warehouse one night and fallen asleep under a truck which in the morning had backed up and run over him. Alvarez hobbled in once a week or so to hit them up for an "advance," a few bucks to keep him in wine.

"He'll be in this afternoon" said Marucci. "I'll see if I can at least get him in shape for his courtroom debut."

"Look, I know this funeral is really badly timed, and I'm going to cancel it," said Farbman.

"No, you're not. Someday you'll understand what funeral friends are. You can't change anything here anyway. Go. Relax a little. Get laid maybe."

"At a funeral, Marucci? In Karo, Illinois?"

"Where else will you find the time?"

"I could use it. You know how bad it's been with Ann Marie. It just doesn't work anymore. We're dying."

"It's the pressure."

"I hope that's it" said Farbman, "and not middle age."

Farbman began the intense collection effort, first instructing his secretary to keep the most pestering calls off his back. "Especially Ida and Janet, and I want to be spared those suicide threats she uses to get me to pick up."

Ida was the seventy-five-year-old mother of the obese, regressed fifty-year-old Janet Sodowick, a divorce client who telephoned or had her family telephone a dozen times a day or more when she was off her medication. Since an attorney could not withdraw from a matrimonial case once a retainer was accepted, Farbman was stuck with Janet and the rest of the relay team: her widowed mother and two maiden sisters, a family of fat, wheezing viragos wearing identical faces of thick, white make-up and hair reduced by years of chemicals to bleached-out wisps and strands.

Farbman was trying to cajole money in an intense but affectedly casual dialogue with his speaker phone when his door opened without a knock. His nineteen-year-old secretary stuck in her head with its trendy mane of striped hair. Held as frozen in place by Farbman's opened palm as were his female relationships by his sexist conditioning, she waited for his raised and waggled index finger to gesture to a chair before entering. She wore designer jeans with a deep part in the crotch, a V-neck sweater without a blouse, and what Farbman thought his wife ungenerously called "fuck-me pumps." Ignoring his gesticulations she exited after stage-whispering, "Ida's on oh three and your daughter's on oh eight."

"Arnie, do what you can for me. My kid's on the other line. I'll get back to you Monday."

He pushed the appropriate button and asked worriedly: "Jennifer, you okay?"

"Guess what, Daddy?"

"Jennifer, are you all right?"

"Yes, Daddy. Now guess what."

"I can't just guess. Listen, Jennifer, your dad's really busy right now; so if you want me to know, you've got to just tell me."

"Mom took me and Jason to the doctor, to Harold, and we've got something I forgot what but we can't touch anyone and we don't have to go to school tomorrow."

"Jennifer, put Mom on right now."

"Daddy, it's like bugs or something."

"Jennifer, where is your mother?"

"I'll get her. When are you coming home, Daddy?"

Farbman put as much authority as he could into his voice, although staying well short of the tone he used to terrorize his associates, and he commanded again. The crash of the receiver being dropped on hand-cut Mexican tile made him pull the phone from his ear for a moment, but the shrill yells for her mother were still audible.

His secretary opened the door again. "Come in," said Farbman, who really wanted another view of her crotch. "I'm just holding."

Farbman was of several minds about his secretary's crotch. While he enjoyed the explicit presentation of the denim-wrapped vulva, he was not certain whether she intended the offering. Perhaps he was merely the beneficiary of some shrinkage in her last clean pair of jeans. He considered the possibility that she was unaware of the display, but the crease appeared excruciatingly deep between the swollen lips. No, Farbman decided, smiling, she knew she was making a pubic spectacle of herself. But was all this, as he hoped, for him? If it were some faddish new abandon in dress codes, it had no place in a law office and he would have one of the older secretaries speak to her. On the other hand, if it were intended for him alone, the invitation should not go unrewarded.

Farbman held his palm up again in the "halt" sign as his wife began to speak. Indifferent to the gesture, his secretary blurted: "Ida says she must talk to you. Janet



slashed her wrists," and turned on her heels.

"Wait!" Farbman yelled. "Sorry, hold on, hon, will you? No. Just a minute ... Two seconds ... Will you please find out, as I asked you, whether she has actually cut them or is just threatening? ... Ann Marie? What's going on with the kids?"

"They have scabies."

"Am I supposed to know what that is?"

"Listen, save that tone for your staff."

"OK. The question is withdrawn. I'll reframe it. What is scabies, would you please tell me if you know?"

"I can't stand it when you talk to me like that; it absolutely makes me want to strangle you."

"Look, all I want to know is the state of my children's health, for Chrissake. Can't we once just focus on the topic instead of getting lost in another battle about how we discuss it, with an extended negotiation of procedural formalities and personal attacks?"

"If you'd just listen to yourself for a moment you'd realize that you're the one who's ranting on about irrelevant stuff."

"Jesus H. Christ," Farbman said. "Please. Please just tell me if the kids are all right."

"You're too much. Scabies is like lice. It's a parasite that gets under the skin and lays eggs which keep hatching and spreading all over the body. That's what those red curvy lines are that the kids have been scratching for the past week."

"My God! Is it contagious? How did they get it, who cares, how do they get rid of it?"

"Harold says it's highly contagious, at least through direct contact like touching or sex—which means we're safe. But it's contagious even during months of incubation so you can be spreading the disease as a carrier and not even know you have it."

"Oh my God. So you and I could have it too?" Farbman was suddenly aware that he was itching under his sleeves, then under his socks.

"Yup. To get rid of it you use the same stuff you use on crabs. Just cover the body from head to foot, every crack and crease. Leave it on for ten hours—but no more or it soaks in too deep."

"What stuff for crabs?"

"You never had crabs?"

"No, I haven't had crabs. You've really got some image of me."

"Well, I have."

Farbman paused to let the idea register.

"What are you saying to me? You picked up crabs in your convent school dormitory?"

"No, in a Fort Lauderdale motel room on a spring break with four other girls from Sorrows."

Another sudden appearance from Farbman's secretary in an ersatz fur jacket, carrying her purse and more papers for Farbman. She did not wait for him to interrupt his call. "Here's your letters. Ida's still on hold. She says Janet really cut them. Mr. Hagan called. He says he's going to the judge in the morning unless you call him within a half hour and agree that Mr. Lardiano can take the children to ski Copper Mountain. Marilyn says she can't finish the bills because the computer's broke and should she type them. Mr. Alvarez—the double leg-off—is waiting out there for you. Here are your other messages. I've got to run, it's five ten and someone's waiting for me." She turned to leave before Farbman could speak then added: "Oh yeah. I made your reservation to Chicago. You pick up your ticket at the airport."

Ann Marie wound up: "Look, I'm staying home with the children tomorrow and taking the treatment. Harold says it's optional for you and me. But we could keep reinfecting each other. You can decide what you want to do when you get back from the funeral. The kids are screaming."

"Wait," said Farbman.

"Can't. Have a good trip. Give my condolences to Michael and his father."

Farbman angrily punched Ida's blinking light. Her whining, hectoring voice actually caused his ears to hurt.

"She didn't get the check again and that louse is driving in a new Porsche automobile with the woman—"

"Ida, did she cut her wrists or didn't she?"

"The girl is absolutely suicidal—I swear she'll kill herself if she isn't divorced in a month."

"She didn't cut them, did she, Ida?"

"She had the razor in her hands."

"Good-bye, Ida. 'In her hands' is not cutting."

Noting the Hudson River sunset Farbman grabbed his coat and began to hurry for his plane, almost colliding in the reception area with his only hope, the hopeless, red-rimmed Alvarez.

"We go to court for money, jess?"

Farbman nodded as he thought to himself, Alvarez, you really don't have a leg to stand on.

The flow behind the police barricade to the subway was obstructed by a grotesquely fat Black woman wearing somebody's discarded dancer warm-ups over blue jeans and a mantilla of filthy blanket pieces over her head and shoulders. She held her left arm in a circle as if cradling a basket, her torso inclined forward and twisting from side to side. With her right arm she seemed to Farbman to be picking out imaginary flowers to strew before the processionary crowd that divided around her, or maybe scattering feed to chickens. When he got close enough he could hear her deranged cries: "Saturdays," she hawked, "Sundays, here. Wednesdays. Here, Mondays," matching her arm movements to the week's day. Farbman, holding his breath against her effluvium, squeezed around her and through the crowd down the stairs.

Approaching Death

Approaching death, thought Farbman as the plane turned onto final approach for the landing at O'Hare; approaching death from the sky, eating almonds. Then he made a game of it. Traveling through the dark, over endless flat land, he thought: Approaching death in debt, in a rented car.

Michael's mother and father were Holocaust survivors. Michael and his brother had been raised by gentiles while their parents lived through the camps. Somehow their family was reunited, and they found their way to a poultry farm in Illinois. From his first college visits Farbman had warm memories of Michael's big-bosomed mother and her lavish dinners.

He knew from Michael that she had died at home, watching the rapid deterioration as her body consumed itself, returning once again to the skeletal weight of the camps, and below.

Approaching death, thought Farbman, in the camps or raising chickens.

At the Karo Motor Inn—fifteen wooden units with a small square swimming pool fenced off in the asphalt lot, easily found between McDonald's and the Quo Vadis Pizza—Farbman found a green linoleum floor, broken bedsprings, and a blinding, buzzing fluorescent light in the bathroom.

He slept through the alarm on his runner's watch and got lost trying to find the funeral home, where he waited impatiently in line to be told where his car should be parked.

Farbman could see that the man in charge was misdirecting the cars. There would be a jam-up and if Farbman followed his instructions he'd never get away quickly after the service. He began to steer to a spot near the entrance, away from the rest of the traffic, but the attendant trotted over to send him back with the others. Farbman tried to point out the obvious bottleneck the fellow was creating but he wouldn't be reasoned with. "All right," said Farbman, "it's your funeral."

Taking a pointed, too small *yarmulke* from the usher, Farbman tried to balance it on his head, feeling like a child as he entered the overflowing chapel. They were clearly unprepared for such numbers. Conscious of his blondness among the dark Jewish faces of Eastern Europe, Farbman gave his condolences to Michael and his family. Then he stood against the wall among the farmers and tradesmen who nodded in recognition or solemnly clasped their rough peasant hands.

The rabbi said Michael's mother was a woman who lived, who *was* her past. Forced to leave the family she had created in hiding, she had survived to bring them forth to thrive. She was, he said, independent, courageous. A Jew who was nagged always by the question of her family's and her people's sufferings but who, nonetheless, lived always devoutly, honestly, courageously.

"Our ranks," he said, "are depleted."

Waiting in the car for the funeral traffic to unsnarl, Farbman sat transfixed by the sight of a woman with pronounced cheekbones and a full sensuous mouth, exiting the funeral home amid the family. She had long finely curved legs and blowing brown shoulder-length hair which he instantly imagined spread on a pillow, her legs drawn back and opened to him. Michael, smiling, led her straight to Farbman, and introduced her through the window.

"This is my cousin Leah, the *e*ctress," Michael crudely mimicked the Yiddish dialect. "Can you give her a ride to the cemetery?"

Farbman was already leaning over to open the door. "Of course, Michael. Can I take anyone else?" he

added for Leah's benefit as she slid in.

"Hello, I'm Leah Stein." Cool, firm grip. A mouth that made his blood course. "And it's 'aspiring' actress at the moment. I pay the bills with voiceover." The voice that supported that body was deeply pitched and slightly raspy. Farbman found it so intoxicating that his brain seemed to dull as she spoke.

"Where are you from?"

She told him that she'd driven from Chicago the prior day and stayed at Michael's parents' home.

"How was it?"

"Heavy scene with the rabbi till real late. Did you stay here last night?"

"Yes."

"Don't tell me you stayed at the Anthony Perkins Memorial Motel? Next to Mickey D's?"

"You're not kidding. I wouldn't even consider a shower until morning." They laughed. Farbman reveled in their shared humor. He wondered whether her openness was a reaction to her bereavement or to his attractiveness. "What kind of scene with the rabbi?" he asked, engaging the gears and taking his place in the processional.

"He came by to discuss the eulogy and, as you've probably gathered, he's got this thing for the survivors of Europe. The family said we don't want all that crap, especially the kids—and I'm one—whose parents never let them forget it. We didn't see them as heroic, just people who'd been simply altered forever by their pasts. 'Scarred' doesn't do it. Maybe 'raped,' like someone who was raped as a child, who could never take full pleasure in life again. And while it's fact, it's not the part of our parents that we care to dwell on, or even remember. Anyway, we worked it out. What did you think of it?"

Farbman acknowledged that he'd been moved and that he believed the rabbi knew and cared about the woman. "Are you going to stay with the family for a while?"

"You know," Leah said, "I actually had planned to be down this weekend anyway, for a sort of retreat in the state park. With a Chassidic rabbi coming all the way from the Pacific Northwest, of all places. It will be my first Orthodox *shabbos*. I mean my mother lit candles and stuff, but we never really got into it."

"I never did either. But a day of rest sounds like a great idea." The picture of himself in some lonely rustic setting with this woman made Farbman delirious.

"Well, Heschel and Buber say the idea is not so much to rest, but to try not to impose oneself on a world of things. To create a place in time, outside the temporal world, for one day. To experience the joy of that spiritual, timeless place. You can't mourn on the Sabbath, so my aunt's death will be an additional burden to deal with."

"Why is this rabbi coming all that way to this place and who is he?"

"His name is Sholem, Avram Sholem. He was invited to visit by a local Reform congregation learning about Chassidism from their typical young designer rabbi. The woods was Sholem's idea. A compromise, I guess—a neutral meeting ground. Sholem is a famous mystic who sat at the right hand of the Lubovitcher Rebbe and who was sent out by the Rebbe years ago to proselytize." Farbman caught a dubious look on Leah. "Do you know anything about Lubovitch or Chassidism?"

Farbman groped in his pockets for the Rebbe's "Thought of the Week." Producing the paper for Leah, he thought: At last, manifest proof of God's existence. "I'm no expert," Farbman said, "but I've always been fascinated by Lubovitch."

"Far out," said Leah, reading about Havdalah, which Farbman did not know was the final service at the conclusion of the Sabbath. "Maybe you'd like to come. Rabbi Sholem is a remarkable man. I met him once years ago and I've never forgotten it, at a Reform Jewish summer camp. Instead of serving up the usual rabbi's Ethical Culture-type moral instruction, Sholem became our spiritual leader—our *rebbe* as the expression goes. He just appeared one day in his *shtetl* costume and, without introducing himself, led us outdoors where he had arranged a circle of chairs." Leah laughed. "Beware of his circles," she said.

"I'll remember that," said Farbman as he pulled into the cemetery drive.

Like the highway blight of fast food places and gas stations that pimpled the flat, desolate landscape, the cemetery was only demarcated from the surrounding fields by a six-foot chain-link fence. Farbman and Leah stood behind Michael and his family, who stood under a canopy over the open grave. Nearby the indifferent grave diggers lounged and gawked. A backhoe chugged and dug another grave not far off. It beeped loudly as it backed over the rabbi's words and ground its gears as it moved forward once again to bite the earth. But the stunning, echoing sound of the first shovelful of dirt on the coffin cut through it all. Farbman felt Leah grasp his arm. She cried softly next to him as the shovel was passed from Michael to his brother. Farbman's pulse thudded in his ears. He tried to concentrate on and to draw comfort from the bewildering Hebrew, to ignore Leah's casual appropriation of his supporting shoulder and his discomfiture at the guilty awareness that they stood as a couple. The *yarmulke* blew off his head and Leah was forced to release Farbman's arm as he went to retrieve it. She did not take it again, and they did not speak as

they left the cemetery.

Up the rude, familiar steps of the farmhouse, Farbman paused at the top to pour the ablution water from the pitcher over Leah's hands, then his own. Inside, as they lifted their paper plates with each forkful of smoked fish and potato salad, Leah continued her description of Rabbi Sholem's camp visit while Farbman, riveted with desire, studied her face.

"Remember the circle?" Leah continued.

"Beware," said Farbman.

"Right," she smiled, and explained how Sholem, addressing everyone, including the counselors and other rabbis, as *kinderloch,* had astonished them by announcing that they were going to pray; or rather, that he was going to pray and that everyone else should feel free but not obliged. "He sat down, took off his glasses, and closed his eyes." Leah mimed the removal of the glasses and pressed her fingers to her eyes. "Then he opened them again. He asked us to ignore what he called 'idiosyncrasies'—his tendency to rock back and forth and to pray aloud. 'Pay no attention,' he said. In a few minutes he began to *daven*, to chant and to rock, back and forth."

Mesmerized by her full, sharply defined lips and enveloping voice, Farbman began to marshal his explanations to Ann Marie for a delayed return.

Leah continued. "Well, the kids exchanged looks and squirmed and smiled and whispered and felt very uncomfortable. In what I remember as a very brief time, the undertone of whispering and squirming began to recede and his chanting began to dominate and to possess me. I felt a lump in my throat. Another girl was the first to start crying, but she was soon followed by everyone else. Rabbis, counselors, kids."

"When everyone was weeping and sobbing Sholem opened his eyes and looked at the havoc he'd wrought. Then, he smiled, and stood, grabbed the hands of the two closest to him and shouted, 'Kinderloch, let's dance!' And he broke into some wild Chassidic melody, leading the entire camp, singing and dancing and holding hands, through the woods and fields."

"How soon do we leave?" asked Farbman.

"Anytime," said Leah, "just so we're settled in before sundown."

Farbman got Ann Marie on the telephone and had no difficulty convincing her that he ought to spend another day with Michael and maybe in a little religious retreat himself.

"Stay as long as you like," she offered. "We wouldn't talk this much if you were home." He felt more guilty giving the same explanation to the children. Jason, however, was enthusiastic: "Great, Dad. I'm going on a trip too, with my Hebrew School class tomorrow. To Ellis Island, and then to the lower East Side to see where your grandparents came in and how they lived and everything."

"Okay," said Farbman, "we'll compare notes when I get back."

Jewing

Farbman had no difficulty getting a room in the state lodge on that cold Friday night. The place was dead. The only guests were the Reform congregants who appeared to Farbman to have been unsettled by having had to make the trip to the woods as a precondition to their religious experience. There were about twenty middle-aged middle-class middle-Americans. They chatted sociably among themselves as they entered the room in which the chairs had already been placed in a circle. Leah and Farbman smiled and nodded to each other.

Rabbi Sholem appeared in the doorway: huge and forbidding in his black clothes and beard and exactly as Farbman expected him to look.

"*Gut Shabbos, kinderloch,*" he greeted them. Quickly appraising the people, he took their hands and shifted their seating, separating husbands and wives or other partners, putting Farbman just far enough from Leah so that he couldn't see her.

There were immediate, anxious efforts to regain control: "We are so glad you could come," began one of the wives. "Why don't you tell us a little about yourself," suggested a physician.

Sholem said, "No, *kinderloch,*" in a paternal tone, although he was no older than most of those in the group. "Let's sing a song."

"We don't know Hebrew," they protested. "We don't know any Hebrew songs."

"You all know the hymn 'Goin' Home'?" Sholem inquired, without a trace of irony. When they nodded yes, he began to sing and everyone joined him.

Go-in home.

Go-in home.

Go-in home to God.

Farbman noticed that Sholem's mournful voice subsumed the others and colored the melody with Hebraic lamentation, with the hint even of a wail. It imparted an immediacy to the words that made Farbman's mind run to images of grief, to the graveside at the burial of Michael's mother. He started to wish her well, and the realization struck that she was gone. Beginning to cry, he wondered whether his kind, directionless thoughts were what was meant by "prayer."

When the song ended Farbman could hear snuffling and nose blowing. He looked up into Sholem's eyes, as Sholem began to speak, Farbman thought, directly to him.

"I recently discussed prayer with another clergyman who told me that when he prayed he saw 'a gray shape, sort of rectangular or oblong.'" Sholem laughed as he described it, and by the shake of his head acknowledged how silly he thought the idea. "When I pray," said Sholem smiling, "I see a white-bearded old man on a throne, probably the angel Gabriel."

Several people shook their heads angrily or rolled their eyes. Sholem took note but continued, unperturbed. With songs and food and talk, he had his "*kinderloch*" remember the odors of their mother's kitchens.

Farbman, mesmerized, smelled potato *latkes* and *kreplach* and noodle *kugle*. Hidden melodies were drawn out of him and he was returned to simple pleasures, into wonderful childhood memories of tastes and smells and sounds. Farbman was flooded with images of his loving Eastern European grandparents. It was fun.

Rabbi Sholem called it the game of "Jewing." It was the symbolization or mystification of the ordinary, the game of transforming the familiar in a way that enriched and nourished the players. Sholem did not criticize Reform practices for their deviations from traditional ritual, or for the incorporation of Christian ceremony. He focused on the apparent lack of satisfaction in the Reform congregants. His objection to the organ in the temple was not that it was Protestant but that it was depressing. "If you want music," he suggested, "why not a brass ensemble, or a string quartet?" and he began to hum possible arrangements of familiar liturgical tunes as they might be played by such instruments.

Farbman asked why Sholem played the specific game that he called "Jewing." Did the Rabbi think there was some qualitative difference among the possibilities of mystic experience promised by the Buddha, Saint John of the Cross, or the Baal Shem Tov? He did not. Sholem spoke only of "the fact of particularization." Farbman had been acculturated as he was. The smell of *his* mother's kitchen. Farbman could not intellectually justify the fun of this game and Rabbi Sholem didn't want to: He went out of his way to discourage profound talk.

As it grew late and people began to drift off to their rooms, Sholem intercepted and embraced each one. He would whisper in an ear or perhaps kiss a cheek, Farbman couldn't be sure; but all of them, even the eye-rollers and head-shakers, hugged back and one of them—an eye-roller most certainly—to Farbman's astonishment, jammed his face in Sholem's frock and wept like a child.

Farbman continued to focus on sensory perceptions and discovered that this engrossing play kept him in the moment and, wonderfully, that the immediacy of his experience brought release from anxiety. His breathing deepened and he relaxed into a timeless present.

So involved was Farbman in the game that he only gradually became aware that everyone, including Leah, had gone, leaving him alone with the Rabbi. Together they walked through the chill dark to their cabins. Haunted by images of Ann Marie, Farbman struggled with guilt, suddenly recognizing that, like himself, she was who she was; not the object he had made her, but another person, another source of holiness. Farbman queried the Rabbi about sin and atonement. The Rabbi paused and looked up, Farbman's eyes following to the endless constellations.

"Above us and with us right now there is past and future, all we have done and all we will do. You must do today what you do on Yom Kippur, that sacred day of atonement—be here, in the present, acting in this world. Saying the word differently, you must strive for 'at-one-ment,' to be at one with that past and future." The grinning shaman hugged Farbman hard into his black coat and turned him loose.

"*Shabbat shalom*," he said.

Farbman awoke and was out the door with the first light. For hours he walked over the dead land, through cold gray woods, over hoar-frosted fields, branches snapping underfoot. "When," he asked himself, "did I last see the sky from horizon to horizon? When did I last breathe such air?" He felt his body open, his mind unfurl. He wandered without aim or direction.

Following bright glints of sunlight Farbman came to a lake and by its edge the hulking black figure of Sholem and next to him, Leah. Farbman's feet smashed through the snow crust as he approached to greet them. They smiled at each other and said, "*Gut Shabbos*," their breath visible spirits. Leah searched Farbman's eyes, and he flushed.

Flanked by his two friends, Farbman felt the cold empty woods as he walked. He felt his body feel the cold and the ancient pine woods, and the flow of affection from the people next to him. They were connected to him, as he realized he was to the barren oak and birch, to the birds wheeling overhead, to his wife and his family, even to the family in Europe he'd never met, distanced by death and years.

Farbman returned alone to his cabin and sat on a wooden chair by the window in the warming sun. A deer appeared briefly at the wood's edge, then disappeared. Farbman did not know the time and did not care. He was hungry but did not want to leave his little patch of sunlight. He hoped the deer would return.

A knock: Leah with some bread and cheese, the meal she was afraid he would miss. There was only one

chair so they pulled the bed by the window to picnic in the sun.

Luxuriating in the heat, Leah made a low, purring noise and lifted her sweater over her head. She wore long cotton knit underwear buttoned down the front. It was white with a pattern of tiny indistinct violets and it clung to her torso outlining her breasts and nipples.

As he reached for her she leapt at him. She sucked the breath out of him as they crushed, made crumbs of the bread, yanked at their clothes. They kissed, bit, licked and scratched, spun around like magnetic toy dogs. He threw her legs over his shoulders and she grasped him by the scrotum and, grunting, pulled him repeatedly into her.

In his mind's eye they stood now at the burial over the open grave while the Rabbi and the mourners intoned Kaddish and they pumped in the rhythm of the prayer. He was, by turns, a Yeshiva student sneaking out of his dirt-floored study hall in Poland for a tryst with a forbidden thick-muscled farm girl and, flipping her to her knees, a Polish peasant catching and subduing an aloof Jewess in the leaves. Farbman took her like an animal in rut, held her in place with a fistful of hair, the slippery fingers of his other hand kneading and thumbing, while she screamed and clawed at his buttocks.

They laughed and sweated and the room stank to heaven with their juices and their come. Then Leah noticed the dusk and exclaimed, "The Havdalah service," and they covered themselves to rejoin the others.

For his last transformation, Rabbi Sholem, the shaman, illusionist and champion game player—eschewing the wine, the candles and the aromatic herbs—performed the concluding service of the Sabbath with a transporting can of Coke, a ladies' compact, and a match. Farbman had never felt more at peace.

That night Farbman dreamt of Michael's mother's funeral, but it was Alvarez in the grave. He was in an open coffin only half-filled, his prostheses misplaced. The backhoe began to move, to fill the grave, while Farbman shouted, "Wait, let's find his legs." But as it backed and beeped its warning Alvarez opened his eyes and cried for help. Farbman clambered into the grave and pulled him out by his arms just as the dirt avalanched in. "You must stop sleeping in dangerous places," Farbman admonished. "Suppose you hadn't heard the horn."

Farbman awoke with itching bumps and welts of scabies on his hands and chest and groin. He sat on the edge of the bed scratching and cursing his luck.

He didn't realize what the dream meant until he was halfway through his shave. He raced to get Marucci on the phone.

"If that truck had had a standard back-up warning on it Alvarez might have his legs." Huzzahs. Money in the bank.

A note from Leah shoved under the door. *Sorry to leave without goodbye. Remember the Sabbath Day and keep it holy.*

Farbman resolved to do just that. Next week he would make his own *Shabbat*, create his own timeless world, perhaps renew his vows with Ann Marie.

But driving back to his plane, Farbman remembered he would have to get the cervical quad ready for trial the following Monday. He would lose a day to the scabies' cure. And he promised to root Jason in his Saturday soccer game. Maybe the week after....

Sitting that night on his son's bed, he asked Jason about the excursion to Ellis Island, his connection with his heritage.

"It was great, Dad. The bus broke down and we missed the boat, but they gave each kid two dollars and they told us to pretend we were immigrants and to bargain with the shopkeepers like it was all the money we had. Then we went to this awesome delicatessen, Katz's, and there was this old sign on the wall that said 'Send a salami to your boy in the army.'"

Farbman kissed and hugged his child good night and, after a moment's reflection, said, "I'm glad it was fun." □

Evening Wind

Robert Mezey

One foot on the floor, one knee in bed,
Poised forward on both hands as if to leap
Into a heaven of silken cloud, or keep
An old appointment—tryst, one almost said,—
Some promise, some entanglement that led
In broad daylight to privacy and sleep,
To dreams of love, the rapture of the deep,
Oh, everything, that must be left unsaid—

Why then suddenly will she look aside
At a white window full of empty space
And curtains swaying inward? Does she sense
In darkening air the vast indifference
That enters in and will not be denied,
To breathe unseen upon her nakedness?

(after an etching by Edward Hopper)

Robert Mezey currently teaches at Pomona College. This is the title poem of his new book to be published by Wesleyan University Press this fall.

Bellow and the Love Scene

Chaim Potok

More Die of Heartbreak by Saul Bellow. William Morrow, 1987, 335 pp.

Here's an anomaly for us to ponder: a book about the *heart* written entirely by the *head*. Saul Bellow's new novel *More Die of Heartbreak*, takes us on a headlong comedic journey through landscapes, previously mapped by Bellow himself, of internecine family warfare, Byzantine urban corruption, and failed Western civilization, while offering a purportedly new exploration of the choppy terrain of contemporary love. And it does this with coruscating wit and with hardly a note of sentiment.

The book's tone is struck early by its apparently know-it-all narrator, Kenneth Trachtenberg, a Paris-raised American in his mid-thirties. Overly tall, long-haired, hearing-impaired, Kenneth now lives in an unnamed Midwestern city that resembles Chicago, where he is an assistant professor of Russian literature (his area of expertise is St. Petersburg 1913). "For centuries love has made suckers of us," he says to his uncle, whose loves are the focus of the novel. To which the uncle responds:

> "So why does everyone persist? If love cuts them up so much, and you see the ravages everywhere, why not be sensible and sign off early?"
>
> "Because of immortal longings," I said. "Or just hoping for a lucky break."

Few such lucky breaks occur to the people in this novel. The uncle, Benn Crader, a sensitive, contemplative, life-loving, much-traveled man in his fifties ("his restlessness had an erotic cause") and a world-renowned botanist possessed of an ability to communicate in mystical fashion with plants, has had no luck with the ladies since the death of his beloved wife fifteen years back. Kenneth loves his uncle—indeed, far more than he does his own father, who was born in Indiana, settled in Paris after World War II, made a fine life for himself among Parisian intellectuals, and is a whiz with the ladies: "He presented himself with a poise that made a body who had spent years in the erotic wilderness looking for a sign exhale until she stopped breathing." Kenneth's mother, responding to her husband's philandering with muted suffering, has removed herself to Africa where she is now a Mother Teresa to the starving. Abruptly, without informing his family, Benn Crader marries the beautiful and intelligent Matilda Layamon, twenty years his junior and the only child of a highly successful surgeon.

Understandably hurt by his uncle's precipitous move—"he cheated on me—broke the rules of our relationship"—Kenneth uses his pen to vent his spleen on a variety of subjects that preoccupy him.

He tells us that when a serious man asks an attractive woman to marry him, it is a "preface to self-injury." For more than a hundred pages we are promised the story of what happened to his uncle's marriage. But what we get are a narrative that keeps circling around itself; monologues, many rather sour in tone, on love, sexuality, marriage, modernity, and Western decadence; and the cleverly engaging blend of academic profundity and hip talk that has been the mark of Bellow's style since *The Adventures of Augie March*.

When the story finally begins to unfold it turns out to be rather thin and unconvincing, too comical and melodramatic a scaffolding to hold the weight of this novel. Were it not for the sustaining wit that lights up the pages like fireworks, the plot would collapse into inanity. It appears that Benn Crader has stumbled into a family that is not unlike the one found in the Charles Addams cartoon alluded to in the book's opening passage. His father-in-law, more investment broker than physician, is a shrewd, despotic conniver with an autocratic manner and a Machiavellian heart who views his daughter's marriage to this sensitive professor of botany as an opportunity for her to advance both financially and socially. Benn Crader and his sister (Kenneth's saintlike mother) were fleeced in a real estate transaction some years ago by a deceitful relative (Benn's uncle) who made millions from that deal. The relative, Harold Vilitzer, once a mafioso-style ward boss and now an old man with a pacemaker, has had his fingers deep into nearly every money pot investigation by the Department of Justice. The canny, street-smart, iron-hearted surgeon wants his son-in-law, the botanist, to go after some of those millions so that his daughter can live in wealth and with the social standing that will in due time adhere to her as the wife a famous academician.

The road to those millions winds through a grubby terrain of conspiracy, blackmail, ruined family relationships, and a Midwest urban political scene redolent of Prohibition-era corruption. At the same time, Kenneth has his own hands full with a hip young woman named Treckie (she is strikingly similar to the youthful runaway Verna in Updike's recent *Roger's Version*; are we in at the birth of a stereotype?) whom he thinks he loves. She has borne him a child, run off to Seattle, and exhibits a marked predilection for strong men who leave her bruised.

Asked once about the dangers of radiation, Benn Crader replied, "It's terribly serious, of course, but I think more people die of heartbreak than of radiation."

Here are many of the varieties of love and heartbreak found in this novel:

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middle-aged Benn Crader and his beautiful new wife who confuse love with money and power; Kenneth Trachtenberg and his young lady who confuse love with sex; Kenneth and his Uncle Benn, whose love for one another doesn't prevent them from treating each other rather shabbily at times; a womanizing husband and father and his aggrieved wife, who has dedicated herself to the care of starving Africans; a rapist who writes "LOV" with broken glass on his victim's naked middle "like graffiti on a viaduct"; a good-hearted young woman who feels deeply enough toward Kenneth for her to subject her unpleasant complexion to a gruesome and dubious plastic surgery procedure; a couple in a Charles Addams cartoon seated on a cemetery bench holding hands, the woman asking, "Are you unhappy, darling?" and the man responding, "Oh, yes, *yes*! Completely."

Told at a relentless, driving pace and with numerous digressions by the narrator, who admits to a "commenting habit," this is a novel about women by an author wearing the persona of a misogynist. Purportedly a tale about erotic love, it contains scarcely a moment of passion. And the family love it presents to us is so riddled with avarice, subterfuge, and general corruption that often we can easily imagine ourselves in the forbidding world of Balzac's family novels (indeed, Balzac is mentioned a number of times by the French-raised narrator).

Why does one of our great novelists find it necessary to deal with the subject of love in contemporary America only through cool laughter and cold intellect? Surely we have here a curious case worth considering at some length.

* * *

From the very beginning of his writing career, Bellow let us know what he was up to, informed us of his particular angle of vision. The narrator in *Dangling Man*, the first novel, states:

> Today the code of the athlete, of the tough boy ... is stronger than ever. Do you have feelings? There are correct and incorrect ways of indicating them. Do you have an inner life? It is nobody's business but your own. Do you have emotions? Strangle them.... To hell with that! I intend to talk about mine.... The hardboiled are compensated for their silence; they fly planes or fight bulls or catch tarpon....

The disparaging allusion to the gonadic Hemingway hero is clear. Bellow brought a distinctly new kind of hero to American fiction: Joseph of *Dangling Man*, Asa Levinthal of *The Victim*, Tommy Wilhelm of *Seize the Day*, Artur Sammler of *Mr. Sammler's Planet*—somber, introspective, pained individuals at the receiving end of today's surrealist world. These were persons trying to "get a handle on the situation" (Sammler's words). They brought to this arena of existential combat their ability to think and feel deeply, and to give open, unashamed, and lengthy expression to those thoughts and feelings.

In addition to these somber individuals there are those in Bellow's comedic novels: Augie March in *The Adventures of Augie March*, Eugene Henderson in *Henderson the Rain King*, Moses Herzog in *Herzog*, Charlie Citrine in *Humboldt's Gift*—pensive picaros, searchers, sufferers, jokesters, breezy and erratic wanderers through the wretched and quotidian insanities of our century. Critics have noted that the heroes in the novels that begin with *The Adventures of Augie March* are clearly more affirmative about life than ones in *Dangling Man* and *The Victim*; they are more eager to experience self-perception and discovery, more able to contend with the stony epiphanies of introspection.

Why this comedic mode? Clearly there are situations that some writers feel ought not to be confronted head on through realist forms; the burden of reality simply cannot be borne by the words. Much of this has to do, of course, with a writer's temperament and special vision. Some of the early Greeks and Romans wrote with potent, aggressive humor, as did Cervantes in the seventeenth century, and Swift in "A Modest Proposal" and *Gulliver's Travels*. You take a stab at a pitilessly obdurate subject by a flanking movement; or you try to circle around it, hit it from the rear. Humor is often a flank-and-rear attack upon unendurable reality.

Bellow appears to have arrived at the conclusion that in Western civilization today, love has come to be confused with the Nietzschean will to power. How do you convey the notion that an entire civilization has lost the capacity to love? Bellow is reported to have said, "I learned from reading George Bernard Shaw years ago that you can get away with murder as long as you make people laugh." And so he presents his thesis to us through a saving Shavian wit.

There is wisdom here. But there is also danger. Things might be so bad that we can only laugh about them; but if we only laugh, we may never get to *feel* how really bad they are.

There is another problem—call it a *boundary problem*—with this mode of writing, and Bellow himself touched upon it some time ago when he commented on the presence of comedy among Yiddish-speaking Jews. "Laughter and trembling are so curiously mingled that it is not easy to determine the relations of the two." I add that it is often also no simple matter to determine the boundaries that separate the two.

Bellow recently complained that the readers who took *Herzog* seriously misunderstood the intent of that novel. "*Herzog* was meant to be a comic novel," he said. "I meant the novel to show how little strength 'higher education' had to offer a troubled man."

The fact is, however, that entire passages in *Herzog* read as if they came out of Bellow himself in his most erudite and weighty of postures, and it is often difficult to determine precisely where the comedy ends and sobriety begins. This is not a question of reader sophistication; rather, this boundary problem seems to be built into the very consequence of Bellow's attempt to fuse the picaresque and philosophical forms of the novel. One might claim that this blurring of forms is intended to mirror the way the absurd, the serious, and the comedic spill into one another in our lives, so that at times we don't quite know whether to laugh or cry at what we experience. But to argue from real life to invented literature is to commit the fallacy of imitation. Art has its own rules, and surely among them should be syntactic consistency and cohesion.

Precisely this problem troubles *More Die of Heartbreak*. One is never always certain at whom and where to direct one's laughter, and where the laughter should end. I am not saying that a funny novel has to be

funny throughout; only that there ought to be stylistic markers of some kind to act as boundaries. In *More Die of Heartbreak* the narrator—by turns profound and boring, trenchant and tedious, funny and pathetic, caring and misanthropic (he refers to human creatures as "shits at their play")—is too often overwhelmed by Bellow's own presence; I hear Bellow himself talking. Is Bellow at such moments inviting us to *laugh* at Bellow? Or to continue to listen, but in a *serious* frame of mind now, to the narrator? Or to Bellow? It is never clear.

Further, it seems to me that a novel about love by a serious writer should contain not only ideas but also an exploration of relationships. Even the shallowest of human relationships can be explored in depth (see *Madame Bovary*). Ideas abound in this new Bellow novel: intelligent, provocative, dazzling insights. The writing is Bellow at his very best: descriptions of people and events (a lewd show in Kyoto comes immediately to mind) are frequently stunning. But the book offers us little insight into the *feelings* of his people; there are few openings onto the tangled inner webbing that links together Benn Crader and Kenneth Trachtenberg, Benn Crader and his beautiful new wife, Kenneth Trachtenberg and the young woman who bore his child. Anyone who has read *The Victim* and *Seize the Day* knows that Bellow is entirely capable of that sort of writing. You will say: The comedic mode doesn't lend itself easily to such exploration. I will say: That's a stiff price to pay for comedy, especially in a novel about love.

Interestingly, while the Bellow hero by and large displaced the Hemingway hero in post-World War II American literature, the same is not true with regard to their women. Both writers seem to have inherited the bewilderment, awe, lust, awkwardness, and truculence endemic in the American male's attitude toward women. Hemingway's women are either pliant angels or nasty bitches. Bellow's women are either erotically inventive mistresses or brilliantly perverse wives. The point has been made by critics that even their names suggest Bellow's attitude. The ordinary names of the interchangeable wives: Iva, Mary, Stella, Margaret, Frances, Lily, Daisy, Madeleine, Matilda. And the exotic names of the interchangeable mistresses: Kitty, Sophie, Olive, Wanda, Zinka, Ramona. Other than Madeleine Pontritter in *Herzog* and Thea Fenchel in *The Adventures of Augie March*, there are no fully realized women in Bellow's fiction. Another casualty of the comedic mode? Hardly likely, for such an assertion would then make it difficult to explain Bellow's striking success with the two women just mentioned. A prevailing attitude of female debasement clings to the Bellow *oeuvre*. Its origins would make an interesting study in literary biography. Some have attributed it to his early Orthodox Jewish upbringing with its general assigning of second-class citizenship to women. The Bellow hero seems fearful of love, of giving himself totally to a woman. We never see in Bellow a man and a woman warmly and equally cherished and cherishing. Herzog says, "To look for fulfillment in another, in interpersonal relationships, was a feminine game." He appears terrified of a love that might cause him to lose his full sense of self. The heart remains reined in; the head continues to work at full speed.

One of the many intellectuals called upon in the pages of *More Die of Heartbreak* is quoted as lamenting the present age, and refers to it as a time of "intellect without soul." Bellow himself appears to be guilty of that charge in this novel. Again, are we to assume that he is poking fun at himself? He offers no clues, and we have no way of knowing.

One final point about Uncle Benn. Kenneth tells us that he "was one of those Russian Jews (by origin) who have the classic Russian face, short-nosed, blue-eyed, with light thinning hair. If his hands had been bigger he might have been a ringer for Sviatoslav Richter, the pianist." Unlike the heroes in *Herzog*, *The Victim*, and *Mr. Sammler's Planet*, the Jewishness of the central figure in this novel is of no conspicuous significance—and other than it being used by Bellow as an expedient for focus and self-assurance in the arduous daily task of writing (the dean not being a Jew in *The Dean's December* apparently caused Bellow some problems), it is difficult to see the point to it here. Generally, the casting of Bellow as an American Jewish writer has always seemed problematic to me—unless one is prepared to view Flannery O'Connor, say, as an American Catholic writer, and Cheever and Updike as American Protestant writers. Serious writers stake out their own territories, and Bellow's is less a specifically Jewish landscape than it is a teetering world inhabited by Bellovian individuals whose involvement with what is intrinsically a secular humanist Judaism is at times deep and at other times rather shallow. No Bellow hero genuinely understands or ventures to come to terms with the core of the religious Jewish tradition.

Still, *More Die of Heartbreak* does present us with a Jew as a master botanist who loses his self-control when it comes to women. What do we have here? A modern mythic version of Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden, with the will to power as the serpent, and money, sex, and social status as the apples on the tree? Is that what love has finally come to mean in our garish and hedonistic age, according to Bellow? It seems so. Bellow, clever, elusive, complex, pares his nails and offers us much to think about within the pages of this brilliant, funny, and all too often baffling book. □



Book Review

Mix and Match

Nan Fink

Mixed Blessings: Jews, Christians and Intermarriage by Paul Cowan with Rachel Cowan. Doubleday, 1987, 273 pp.

The story is increasingly familiar: Jew and Christian meet and fall in love, charmed by their individual differences. They are elated at having found each other, and they plan to marry. But, surprising to them both, they begin to struggle with each other about religion. Despite their conscious acceptance of each other's ethnic and religious heritage and despite their lack of investment in their own religious heritages, they become angry over something as "insignificant" as whether to celebrate Christmas or Hannukah. The tension increases. They see ugliness and bigotry in each other—he sees her as an anti-Semite and she sees him as insisting on the superiority of Jews, rather than espousing the universality they supposedly shared. Or he sees her as a clannish, unreasonable Jew, and she sees him as an uptight, insensitive Christian.

This conflict is very painful. If the partners started to fight about time apart versus time together or if the fights were about commitment, they most likely would be better prepared to deal with the conflict. In the psychologically aware 1980s, certain issues are considered to be standard fare. But how can religion tear a relationship apart, especially in the melting pot of America where individual differences are not supposed to matter much?

Most likely the two people are isolated in their attempt to deal with their ethnic and religious differences. Because they have no one to talk with about their confusion and because "it makes no sense" to be fighting about these issues, they will probably do their best to push them aside and get on with their life together. This defensive maneuver is understandable, but it does not bode well for their future. The issues will undoubtedly surface again.

If the lovers are fortunate, they will join an interfaith workshop run by Paul and Rachel Cowan. This workshop, as described in the Cowans' book *Mixed Blessings: Jews, Christians and Intermarriage*, will help them recognize their differences, figure out the negative and positive aspects of these differences, and strategize about how best to create a shared spiritual base. Since it is hard to sort through all the problems associated with having an other-faith partner, it is possible that the two people might decide to end the relationship. But most likely the couple will finish the workshop optimistic about the possibility for a rich spiritual life together, albeit realistically sober about the difficulties in transcending their differences.

For the growing number of Jewish/Christian couples, *Mixed Blessings* will surely be a helpful book. Written by two people who have had firsthand experience with being an interfaith couple, the book clearly describes typical problems such couples face. Using examples of couples whom they interviewed or who participated in their workshops, the Cowans show that these problems are not caused by individual neuroses but, instead, are inevitable when two people from different ethnic and religious backgrounds are in a relationship.

Discussion about relationships in the last two decades has underemphasized the impact of ethnic and religious differences. Instead, popular psychology, particularly the human potential movement, has emphasized that each person is responsible for his or her own being. Although shaped initially by childhood experience, people supposedly can "be who they want to be" in their adult lives. They can minimize or wipe out the effects of their ethnic and religious backgrounds, if they so choose. Consequently, if relationships are problematic because of ethnic and religious differences, the individuals are held responsible.

The Cowans join a small group of psychotherapists called ethnotherapists in rejecting this way of thinking about relationships. Rather, they say, the experiences of thousands of Jewish/Christian couples show that ethnic differences are important and cannot be wished away. People *are* culturally shaped, and the shape remains, to some extent—no matter how much it is "worked on" in psychotherapy or "transcended" by other kinds of spiritual experiences.

Intermarriage between Jews and Christians in the U.S. is a recent phenomenon. In 1960 only five percent of Jews who married chose a non-Jewish partner; today the rate of intermarriage is estimated to be between thirty and forty percent.

There has been great concern within the Jewish world about the acceleration of intermarriage. How can people stay Jewish when they intermarry? Will their children be raised as Jews? How can Jews continue to exist as a people when so many are marrying non-Jews? Since questions of survival permeate the discussion, it is not surprising that some Jews reject all interfaith marriages.

Behind this rejection is the fear that intermarrying Jews will abandon their Jewish roots. This is what has happened historically, so the expectation is understandable. But what often gets overlooked is that many non-Jews in contemporary interfaith marriages end up converting to Judaism and/or raising Jewish children. Also, more Jews today keep their connection to the Jewish community and consider themselves to be Jews, even if their partners are not Jewish.

Paul and Rachel Cowan believe that the Jewish world has a responsibility to extend itself to interfaith couples. Whatever the couple decides to do religiously, the Jewish community should provide support through counseling, special

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interfaith workshops, and social networking. It should also actively educate non-Jews about Judaism, so that they can more fully understand and support their Jewish partners. Non-Jewish partners should be welcomed to services, and their children should be included in any programs they wish to attend.

Although the Cowans encourage the Jewish community to accept interfaith couples, they recognize that having two religions in one family can be extremely problematic. Better that there be a shared spiritual base. Partly because of their own positive experiences with Judaism—Paul Cowan's rediscovery of his Jewish heritage and Rachel Cowan's conversion to Judaism—they suggest that couples should seriously consider choosing Judaism. Most couples feel the need for a shared spiritual base, especially for raising children, so why not Judaism?

As many of the growing number of converts can testify, the Jewish world makes it difficult for people to convert to Judaism. The Cowans' vision of an open Judaism, one that welcomes outsiders, is enormously refreshing. They promote a program in which non-Jewish partners are introduced to Judaism and helped to convert in a sensitive and supportive way.

If the Jewish world wants to stop losing such large numbers of Jews through intermarriage, it must take the Cowans' suggestions seriously. It cannot afford to shrug off those Jews who marry non-Jews, and it must actively encourage the formation of Jewish families by helping non-Jews become Jewish, if they so choose. □

Book Review

Snap Judgments

David Lehman

New York Intellectual: A History of Intellectual Life in New York, from 1750 to the Beginnings of Our Own Time by Thomas Bender. Alfred A. Knopf, 1987, 406 pp.

Since I began to review books professionally, people have asked me how I make my selections. The dull but true answer is that among the numerous factors at work—such as the perceived needs of the magazines one writes for—one's own predilections don't always count for very much. One does have some leeway, however, and any book reviewer is on constant call to pass preliminary judgment on the dozens of books that arrive each week. They come by every means available—courtesy of the post office, UPS, the overnight delivery services, and individual messengers—accompanied by enticing press releases assembled by assiduous publicists. A number of these books can be cast instantly into the out box; the title, the jacket copy, and the opening paragraphs suffice to convict them of literary misdemeanors or worse. But surprisingly many cry "Read me! Read me!" as they slip out of their jiffy bags—as if they were honey-coated tablets capable of transporting the fortunate reader to Alice's wonderland. So how does one pick and choose? On what basis does one proceed?

Novels and story collections present their own pleasures and problems. There's little alternative but to read as many pages as it takes to make a reasonable, if always tentative, first appraisal. But nonfiction books with their indexes and notes and excerptable passages simplify the task somewhat. If one has a cultivated interest in any aspect of the book at hand, one can turn to the index, track down a compelling reference or two, look up the relevant pages, and take it from there. Thus it was with a certain advantage and more than a little curiosity that I sat down to scan the bound page proofs of *New York Intellect: A History of Intellectual Life in New York, from 1750 to the Beginnings of Our Own Time* by Thomas Bender. This book's four-hundred-plus pages will seem the more daunting when it is remembered that the screening process doesn't allow one much more than an hour, after which the first crucial decision must be made: to read it all, from the beginning, or to shunt it aside.

I started, as I say, with a certain advantage. I knew the material somewhat and wanted to know it better. In short, I felt myself rooting for the book to please me. It promised to be something I could sink my teeth into; it didn't lack ambition, as its title alone attests. The author's credentials were perfectly in order: Bender chairs the history department of New York University. The plethora of footnotes indicated a work not lightly undertaken. And the city's intellectual history is certainly a fit subject for a high-minded inquiry. It must have engaged Professor Bender for many years, judging by his list of acknowledgments: a Guggenheim Fellowship seven years ago enabled him to embark on the project, and a Rockefeller Foundation grant eased his first draft into existence in 1984. In the absence of an index, these being uncorrected page proofs, one could improvise an expedient alternative. By leafing through the volume, one could note the topics and personages under discussion, and a fascinating list they made: Walt Whitman, the *Nation*, Edmund Wilson, Greenwich Village, Walter Damrosch and "the promise of democratic culture in New York," Nicholas Murray Butler and the development of Columbia University, Lionel Trilling and the New York intellectuals.

It was over the discussion of Trilling that I elected to pause. Here, after all, is a writer, the leading literary intellectual of his day, who resisted easy formulations in his own work and made

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it hard for subsequent commentators to define his positions with exactness; a teacher with many disciples, some of whom went on to operate at cross-purposes; a fastidious stylist, moreover, whose constantly evolving political intentions no less than his nuanced interpretations of literary works continue to provoke disputes of an elemental sort. It's as if Trilling himself has come to constitute an issue larger and graver than the sum of his published writings. One could do worse than regard Trilling (or, at any rate, public discourse on Trilling) as something of an intellectual litmus test. In effect, many contemporary critics reveal their own posture, if not in so many words, by their articulated reactions to what Trilling presumably stood for.

One is accustomed, then, to all manner of controversial commentary where Trilling's reputation is concerned. Still, what Bender has to say on the subject startled me. Trilling is taken up, in *New York Intellect*, in a chapter headed "Professors as Intellectuals." He is grouped with Richard Hofstadter and C. Wright Mills as prominent members of "the generation of Columbia academics who came of age in the forties." It could be maintained that Trilling's coming-of-age took place a decade earlier, but that seemed a subsidiary objection. What struck me as extraordinary was the appositional phrase with which Bender casually categorized his man. Where Hofstadter is said to represent "the cosmopolitan moderate" and Mills "the radical populist," Trilling is Bender's example of "the mandarin conservative."

The mandarin conservative—the phrase itself stops one in one's tracks. It is, read on as one might, unadorned, unqualified, and unelaborated in the pages that follow. It is simply stated, as though it required no substantiation or defense, as though it bid fair to sum up the received opinion of our time. A single page later, the linkage of Trilling and Mills and Hofstadter is justified by pro forma bromides so general as to seem nearly valueless: Each "shared a sense of the public significance of the academic mind," each believed "in the power of ideas," and so forth. Bender could be talking about anyone at this point. The case he makes about the "three Columbia luminaries" of his choosing is relegated to a single paragraph. In it Bender quotes Mills to the effect that the "liberal ethos" established by John Dewey was by the early 1950s "often irrelevant." Bender goes on: "Trilling aimed, of course, to make the same point in *The Liberal Imagination* (1950)." End of paragraph. End of discussion.

The rhetorical giveaway here is *of course*; under the circumstances, *of course* means anything but. That the author of *The Liberal Imagination* is a "mandarin conservative"—can this be taken for granted so readily that any argument would be superfluous? Are contrary opinions so utterly absent that no evidence need be entertained that might impel the writer to modify his views? Does *The Liberal Imagination* really set out to expose as "often irrelevant" what Bender terms the "liberal ethos," however narrowly defined? Dewey's "purpose," according to Bender, "was to facilitate the fresh construction of values in a public and a political way, a way that acknowledged a variety of interests and emotional commitments contending to establish the public meaning of values." Had Trilling, in *The Liberal Imagination*, given up this enterprise as lost or misguided? Does what he offer in its stead deserve to be characterized as "conservative"?

What has led Bender astray, perhaps, is Trilling's preface to *The Liberal Imagination*. It was ever Trilling's way to acknowledge a literary or cultural or political tendency and then to quarrel with it; what's more, to quarrel with his culture often took the form, in Trilling's writing, of a quarrel with himself. One is always aware of his more-than-rhetorical use of reversal; it's as though the truth (or a provisional notion of the truth) could best be arrived at by going against the grain of received opinion. Trilling operated by a dialectical principle implicit in the very sentence structure he favored, with its carefully subordinated clauses and modifying phrases. And in the preface to *The Liberal Imagination*, Trilling does, in this dialectical way, take liberalism to task. He remarks upon the lack, at the time of his writing, of an informed conservative opposition to liberalism. But this becomes a cause not for gloating but for self-examination. In Trilling's words, "a criticism which has at heart the interests of liberalism might find its most useful work not in confirming liberalism in its sense of general rightness but rather in putting under some degree of pressure the liberal ideas and assumptions of the present time." For Trilling, indeed, the exercise is not only not perverse; it gets at the very core of a liberal philosophy. "For liberalism to be aware of the weak or wrong expressions of itself would seem to be an advantage to the tendency as a whole," he observes. The statement implies something central about Trilling's brand of liberalism and indispensible to it. It values a self-critical ideal, dares to call into question the possibly pernicious outgrowths of ideas that were originally judged benign, and resolutely refuses to take the easy way out of an intractable dilemma. The liberalism of Lionel Trilling sets store by its recognition of "variousness, possibility, complexity, and difficulty" in literature and criticism. The same can scarcely be said of Thomas Bender's treatment of Trilling and what "of course" he stood for.

Had Bender developed his theses on Trilling in *New York Intellect*, it would be possible to argue with him and something useful might have followed. As it is, Bender allows a single phrase to do all the work of reasoning and analysis: to label Trilling a "conservative," and a "mandarin" one at that, is to invalidate the writer by simply inverting his terms. This cannot possibly satisfy a reader interested in understanding Trilling's importance to his time and place—and yet it is put forth with that confident *of course*, that a priori dismissal of an alternative point of view. Bender's defenders may say that his book's scope—"from 1750 to the beginnings of our own time"—makes it impossible for him to follow through on issues that may seem peripheral in a grand context. *New York Intellect* is a history, a survey, a mosaic piece of work, and one whose worth shouldn't depend on the merits of a given passage. Or shouldn't it? Is it only by a quirk of poetic justice that the busy reviewer, besieged by books beseeching his attention, renders a verdict against *New York Intellect* as snappily as Bender judges Trilling? Or is one right to be disturbed by this instance of bland assertiveness—to see it as symptomatic of a climate of opinion that is pernicious to the precise degree that it is unwilling to subject its assumptions to an intellectual test? □

All They Are Saying: A Survey of Center/Right Periodicals

Milton Mankoff

Because we want to keep our readers abreast of the latest thinking on the other side of the political spectrum, this is the first in a series of updates of the current debates and discussions from the periodicals of the Center/Right.

Sexual politics will apparently be center stage during the upcoming 1988 presidential sweepstakes. Besides pledges to "just say no" to adultery, candidates will have to position themselves on the AIDS crisis, taking stands on mandatory testing, sex education, homosexuality, and possibly the quarantining of HIV carriers. In this connection, perusal of the *National Review* offers a preview of the bedroom philosophy conservatives may be hawking on the campaign trail. William Buckley's legions have obsessively renewed their commitment to premarital chastity, fidelity, and heterosexual unions. Columnist Jeffrey Hart (May 8) and Secretary of Education William Bennett (July 3) have vilified "value-neutral" sex education as inimical to civilization and sound character development. Hart also condemns Dartmouth for providing "safe sex" kits to students without affirming "the overwhelming consensus in favor of heterosexuality and some form of the family" rooted in "human experience, absorbed over the millennia." Freedom of choice is a value, of course, that *National Review* has always applied strictly to market transactions; in the personal sphere *ne laissez pas faire* is the operative principle. Hart and Bennett would probably be happiest in China, now that it encourages free enterprise while maintaining its long-standing repression of sexuality.

While the Hart and Bennett outbursts probably are too priggish for the electorate (a *Chicago Sun-Times* item thought rumors of a George Bush extramarital affair "might be good for Mr. Boring's image"), another piece by Henry Klingeman (June 19) is more ominous. Klingeman heartily endorses Homosexuals Anonymous, modeled after AA, which accepts the inevitability of homosexual desire but seeks to inhibit its behavioral manifestations. He resurrects the claim that homosexuality is an illness. This view, supported by the American Psychiatric Association until 1973, assumes that neurotic symptoms and interpersonal strains are inherent in homosexuality. Klingeman ignores the landmark studies *Homosexualities* and *Sexual Preference* by researchers from the Kinsey Institute, which were based on almost 1,500 in-depth interviews with homosexuals and heterosexuals. Alan Bell, Martin Weinberg, and Sue Hammersmith found no evidence that homosexuals were necessarily more psychologically troubled than heterosexuals nor any significant links between "pathological" family and peer relationships and sexual orientation.

Even if HA is based on an erroneous premise, its 1,000 members freely choose to suppress their homosexuality and lead heterosexual lifestyles. Within the context of AIDS and rampant homophobia, however, one can envision a scenario in which homosexuals are offered a chance to curb their antisocial "symptoms" or risk quarantine for refusing "medical" treatment. The public may have an easier time accepting repression of homosexuals if it is legitimated by our culture's most esteemed professionals.

If the AIDS menace has replaced Communist subversion as the enemy within, Japan has proved a worthy substitute for the Soviet Union as the chief external threat to the American way of life. With Dan Rather blessing *glasnost* we have only Japanese exports to fear—or do we? Peter Drucker has written a provocative article in *Foreign Affairs* (Summer 1987) which calls our attention to the Japanese *fin de miracle* under the weight of foreign competition, high tariffs, and a strong yen. Drucker notes that our awe of Japanese industry obscures the fact that proper management and training can make workers highly productive even if they do not share Japan's cultural emphasis on group solidarity and workaholism. Brazilians, for example, are now outdoing the Japanese at their own game, using well-disciplined cheap labor to produce inexpensive exports. Ironically, Japan is currently trying to adopt *Western* economic strategies. Drucker feels they will also have to jettison some of their unique culturally rooted policies such as guaranteed lifetime employment for members of the corporate "family." In the world economy there is no timeless road to success. If it comes, other nations eventually make one pay the price as readily as when one fails. Permanent flexibility is perhaps the only culturally adaptive trait if economic growth is the paramount national goal.

Japan and the Soviet Union may not be the only superpowers in flux while past images of them persist. David Vogel, writing in *The Public Interest* (Spring 1987), challenges the popular view that our economy is "dominated by a relatively small number of giant corporations, each of whose managers has achieved a substantial degree of freedom from the restraints imposed by the marketplace." Vogel claims this was true from the 1920s until the early 1970s. Hostile takeovers by stockholders encouraged by investment bankers and institutional investors, deregulation, competition from upstart domestic entrepreneurs and foreign capitalists, and fluctuation in the price of agricultural products and raw materials, as well as recessions and inflation, have changed the ground rules ever since. The power to remain at the top and the near certainty of making money no longer exist for corporate giants and their leaders. Even if Vogel is correct, the internecine warfare within and between the new and old corporate elite will simply bring new actors into the ballpark without improving the prospects for the vast majority who are permanently consigned to the grandstand and bleachers. □

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Current Debates/The Goetz Verdict

A Statement by Lillian Rubin

On March 23, 1987, twenty-eight months after a thin, blond, bespectacled white man shot four Black youths on a New York subway, the trial of the *People of New York v. Bernhard Hugo Goetz* finally got under way. Twelve weeks later, on June 16, a jury of eight men and four women acquitted Goetz of attempted murder, assault, and reckless endangerment of human life. He was found guilty of one count of illegal weapons possession—a minor felony that carries a maximum penalty of seven years. But judges have wide discretion in sentencing on this charge and, historically, first offenders have gotten off with probation only. So the smart money is betting that Goetz will never serve any time in prison.

How did it happen this way?

In his two-and-a-half-hour charge to the jury, Justice Stephen Crane painstakingly spelled out the law relating to self-defense and gave the jurors specific guidelines for making a judgment about whether Bernhard Goetz had behaved in accordance with the "reasonable man" concept that governs it. It was not enough, he told them, to find that Goetz used his gun because he was afraid of being robbed. "The question is not just what the defendant believed, but what did he have a *right* to believe.... What would a *reasonable* person have believed, and what would a *reasonable* person have done?"

To acquit him, then, the jurors would have to ask whether Goetz's fear was reasonable and whether, given the same set of circumstances, a reasonable person would have perceived the same threat and reacted the same way. Moreover, this standard must apply for each of the shots fired, the judge said—that is, in each instance the force used must have been neither excessive nor irrational. "If he reasonably believed that he could have repelled the threat by drawing his gun, then any use of deadly physical force would not be justified."

Two days later, in response to a request from the jurors for clarification of the instructions regarding the law of self-defense, the judge modified his earlier instructions. This time, he told them that, if they were persuaded by it, they could take account of the testimony of the neurologist who testified for the defense that under certain conditions of fear and stress, the body can go on "automatic pilot" and act without conscious thought or direction.

Thus, the jurors were no longer under mandate to judge the merits of each shot fired. Instead, if they believed that Goetz's initial fear was reasonable and that the first shot was, in fact, fired in self-defense, they would be free to assume that everything that followed was an unconscious, physiological response to the threat. Under those conditions, they could decide he was not accountable for the shootings that followed, even if those acts did not meet the test of reasonableness or the duty to retreat.

The next day, the jury delivered its verdict: Not guilty.

At a news conference, following the trial's end, Manhattan District Attorney Robert Morgenthau responded to a question about the verdict by saying that the trial was more important than the outcome. "I think it was a fair trial; it was fair to the people and it was fair to Mr. Goetz.... It was extremely important that this case be tried and that there be a public airing of the facts." About whether the jurors had paid attention to "the facts" of the case, Mr. Morgenthau was silent.

No white politician, whether in New York or Washington, spoke out against the verdict. Instead, they intoned the appropriate sentiments about the sanctity of the law, about the majesty of the American legal system at work. Only the jurors, who had heard all the evidence, could know the facts and judge the truth, they insisted. They were satisfied that justice had been done.

But Black leaders weren't so certain that truth was heard or that justice prevailed. They denounced the verdict as "frightening," "dangerous," "inexcusable," "a terrible and grave miscarriage of justice," "a slap on the wrist," "a clear and open invitation to vigilantism," "license to people to act on their personal fears," "racist hysteria dealing with the stereotyped image of young Black men."

They reminded America that there was no evidence presented to the jury that any of the shooting victims had actually tried to rob Goetz before he shot them, and that the only weapon shown during the encounter was his gun. His own words should surely have convicted him, they contended, pointing to Goetz's confession in which he said that he knew from the outset that the gun stuffed into his pants gave him the upper hand; that "guys like these" didn't have to threaten him verbally or physically, he knew from their "body language" what they intended to do; that he fired his weapon because he saw "the smile on his face and the shine in his eyes"; that after firing four shots, he went back to look over each of his victims and finding Darrell Cabey "half sitting, half lying on the bench where he was originally," said to him, "You seem to be doing all right, here's another," and shot him again; that he said, referring to the shot that paralyzed Cabey and left him brain-damaged, "If I was thinking a little bit more clearly, I would have put the barrel against his forehead and fired"; and finally that he told the police, "If I had more bullets, I would have shot them again and again. I wanted to kill those guys; I wanted to maim those guys; I wanted to make them suffer in any way I could."

How, Black leaders asked, given these facts, could the jury have found that Bernhard Goetz acted in self-defense? To answer the question, we must ask another first: How did "the facts"

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come together with the ethos of our times to dictate the verdict?

In the history of every society there are incidents that are so profoundly connected to the sociopolitical concerns of the moment that they come to serve as an emblem of the era. There have, for example, been plenty of payroll robberies and murders in the seven decades since the end of World War I. All of them forgotten, save for Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti, two radical Italian immigrants who, in 1920, were arrested and charged with the robbery and murder of the paymaster of a shoe factory in Braintree, Massachusetts.

When a lone white man shoots down four Black youths on a New York subway, our first national response is a celebration. Our first and, tragically, also our last.

The case of Sacco and Vanzetti remains alive, a subject for debate and discussion, not just because "the facts" are in dispute. Rather, the controversy over the facts must be understood in the context of that historical moment and the way these two men came to represent the most pressing public concerns of the times. For whatever else might be true, their arrest, trial, conviction, and execution in 1927 was directly related to the growing xenophobia of the period.

When masses of immigrants poured into the country from eastern and southern Europe, their alien culture, their strange ways, their sometimes radical politics became increasingly threatening to large numbers of Americans. As these dark-haired, dark-skinned newcomers became more visible, public fears escalated into a national revulsion that soon made itself felt in restrictive legislation that all but halted immigration from those countries. It was this, together with the anti-Red hysteria of the immediate postwar years, that made these two anarchists perfect targets for the prejudices of their era.

The years following World War II brought another period of anti-Communist hysteria and, with it, the execution for treason of Ethel and Julius Rosenberg in 1953. As with Sacco and Vanzetti, the facts of the case remain murky and the debate about their guilt or innocence continues. But by now, thirty-five years later, even many Americans who believe the Rosenbergs may have been guilty of passing secret documents to the Russians question the severity of a sentence that took the lives of these parents of two small children.

Given the social anxieties of the age, however—the enormous fears of an alien presence in the nation's midst, the hunt for subversives in every corner of the land, the travesty of social justice we now call "McCarthyism"—the execution of the Rosenbergs became a cleansing necessity. In this ritual of profound symbolic importance, we could exorcise the social devils of the age.

In our own time, it is the Goetz case that embodies our most compelling social concerns. Public opinion polls across the land regularly show that crime is the number one issue on the minds of most Americans. We worry about crime in our streets, on our subways and buses, in our homes. And because young Black men between the ages of fifteen and twenty-four commit a disproportionate number of those crimes, when we fill in the outlines of the phrase "crime in the streets," we tend to color it Black. When, therefore, a lone white man shoots down four Black youths on a New York subway, our first national response is a celebration. Our first and, tragically, also our last.

Whether part of the larger public audience of the Goetz trial or members of the jury, most Americans continue to deny the salience of race in the case. The jury "never discussed race," one of the jurors announced. "We didn't lower ourselves to talk about *that*," said another, as he puffed up in offense at the very idea that race might have been a factor in reaching the verdict. "We were only interested in the evidence, not their color," a third said reassuringly. Undoubtedly, the jurors who sat on the Sacco and Vanzetti case also said they were not influenced by the fact that these were Italian anarchists on trial. It's equally certain that the jurors who convicted the Rosenbergs never talked about their fears of the "Jewish Communist Conspiracy" that were so much a part of the 1950s.

On the day before the verdict was announced, I walked into an elevator in a building in New York City and smiled a greeting at a woman who was standing there. We stood silent but at ease for a moment, each of us with a purse slung casually over the shoulder. Then, just before the doors closed, a Black man entered the car. In what seemed almost a reflexive act, the other woman moved her purse from the outside shoulder to the inside and continued to rest her hand on it protectively until he reached his floor and left.

Every day in cities across the land Black men are refused admission to retail stores because clerks and owners are fearful. The reason, they say, is because "those Black hoodlums" are dangerous. Yet it's not just the jeans-clad sixteen-year-old who's turned away. Representative Floyd Flake, a democratic congressman from Queens, tells of the time he and some of his aides, all of them dressed in suits and ties, stopped at an ice cream parlor in his district. As they walked through the door, the white waitress eyed them suspiciously and moved behind the counter for protection. "Why are you in Howard Beach?" she demanded. "This is your congressman," one if his aides explained. "I don't believe you," she replied.

This is the atmosphere in which urban America lives today, the context within which the Goetz jury heard "the facts" and decided he was innocent of wrongdoing. Twelve men and women, presumed to be reasonable, were asked to decide not just whether Bernhard Goetz's fear was reasonable but whether *any* reasonable person would have felt and done the same. They answered with a resounding yes. If the fear is shared, they seemed to be saying, then it must, by definition, be reasonable.

Perhaps we can expect nothing more in a nation where supposedly reasonable people look with fear at any young Black man who crosses their path, while they also deny that race is a factor in their response. Such fear, however, can subvert even the best law, as we have seen time and again throughout our history. In this case, it was the "reasonable man" standard itself that became the justification for the subversion. And the nagging question remains: If Bernhard Goetz had shot four white youths under identical

circumstances, would this jury of reasonable women and men have shared his fear and reached the same verdict?

The courtroom drama is over. But the aftershocks of the case of the *People of New York v. Bernhard Hugo Goetz* will be felt for a long time to come. For it is not justice that has been served, but our passions—historic passions about race, about the dangerous, alien "other" that Blackness embodies in the American psyche; passions that have rent the nation in two in the past and that continue to foment divisions that grow wider and more dangerous with each such decision. □

A Response by Peter Gabel

Lillian Rubin's response to the Goetz case is exactly the kind of response by the left that leads people to vote for Ronald Reagan and that may contribute to the election of a Republican president in 1988. The reason is not that she is critical of the verdict or that her analysis of racism in American society is wrong, but that she fails to show sufficient compassion or respect for the rage felt by whites toward a world that systematically denies their most basic needs for psychological and physical safety.

One source of this rage is the partly legitimate (although partly paranoid) fear that most white people feel of being beaten up or robbed by Blacks—when riding the subway or walking down the street in many American cities. And as long as the left responds to this fear by refusing to acknowledge its partial legitimacy and blaming it, instead, solely on the racism of the people who experience it, whites will continue to be drawn to right-wing politicians who speak directly to this fear and to the anger it generates.

Progressive forces could take a very different approach to an event like the Goetz case, an approach that would win over significant segments of the population and challenge the right's claim to being the only political group responding to deep feelings of fear, frustration, and anger. Imagine a coalition of progressive whites and Blacks joining together to present a complex, coherent analysis of the way that existing social forces coalesce to produce and reinforce the racial hostility that led to the Goetz shootings. Imagine an analysis that condemned the way Black teenagers threaten whites on the subway but that also presented a sympathetic and psychologically sophisticated explanation of why Blacks act this way—describing in detail what it feels like to live inside the skin of a Black person consigned to permanent poverty and perceived as an alien and inferior "other" by a dominant white population whom you are expected to be polite to and curry favor with even though they refuse to fully recognize your humanity. And imagine that such an analysis at the same time condemned the shootings by Bernhard Goetz but presented a sympathetic and psychologically sophisticated account of the alienation and sense of profound emotional isolation and devaluation that most white people also experience in this society, describing how the pain generated by these feelings gets internalized as a chronic bitterness and resentment that is never far from the surface and that is made all the more intolerable to bear by the notion that white people are "privileged" and are therefore supposed to guiltily accept, as if they deserved it, the hatred directed at them by Blacks. Imagine an analysis, in other words, put forward by progressive Blacks and whites, that refused to get trapped in simplistic legal categories (like whether Goetz acted like a "reasonable man"), that refused to limit itself to the simplistic contours of media policy debates ("vigilantism" versus "the rule of law"), and that addressed itself to the valid emotions that Goetz's case triggered in both whites and Blacks, seeking to increase people's sense of interracial compassion while channeling their anger into opposing the true social causes of this kind of social violence. Such an analysis, of course, would have to oppose racism and sensitize people to the ways our society encourages people to repress the anger and resentment that they feel toward society and to deflect those feelings into anger at the "other": the Communists taking over the world, the Blacks, the gays, the Chicanos, the Asians, and the Jews. We all know that anyone can become the target. Yet no attempt to overcome racism will ever be successful if we do not simultaneously deal with the rational fears that sometimes get manipulated and misdirected into a racist framework. Talking this way means restraining the classic left instinct to call everyone around us "bad"—racist, sexist, or the like—in a way that forces people to deny their own experience for the sake of our version of the "correct line."

None of this is to say that Goetz should have been acquitted; from what I know of the case, he probably should have been convicted because his actions don't seem morally justified under any interpretation of the facts that I'm familiar with. But it is a mistake for people on the left to call for a conviction without at the same time putting forward an analysis of the moral context of Goetz's actions that recognizes the legitimate sense of fear and protracted humiliation that in some measure provoked his violence. So long as the left leaves the pain and injustice of Goetz's lived experience out of the moral calculus, whites are going to seek out popular leaders who will validate that experience, leaders who are opposed to progressive social change and who will try to direct white anger against Blacks instead of against a system that produces the kinds of inequalities, mass alienation, and collective paranoia of which racism is an enduring symptom. □

Peter Gabel is a professor of law at New College of California.

Lillian Rubin Responds

What a shame that Peter Gabel and I are cast as opponents when, in fact, we're on the same side. For his eloquent statement is a call for something I have already written.

He asks us to imagine a complex and multifaceted analysis that takes account of the legitimate concerns on all sides of the Goetz case. Yet it is just such an analysis that my book, *Quiet Rage: Bernie Goetz in a Time of Madness* (New York: Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 1986), offers, as even its worst critics have pointed out. Indeed, it is precisely because I presented an analysis without heroes or villains, one that raises difficult questions while providing a "sympathetic and psychologically sophisticated account" of the actors and the issues in this case, that Walter Goodman of *The New York Times* wrote with a sneer that it was "straight out of the liberal canon"; that Kirk Johnson, of the same paper, bemoaned the fact that "we are left at the end ... with more questions than we had at the beginning"; and that Patrick Owens of *Newsday* was angered by my refusal to place blame and complained, "This book is classically, quintessentially, archetypically, hopelessly, liberal." It is also because I insisted upon the very kind of intricate analysis that Mr. Gabel asks for that I have a file full of rageful letters from people around the country, some going so far as to threaten my life.

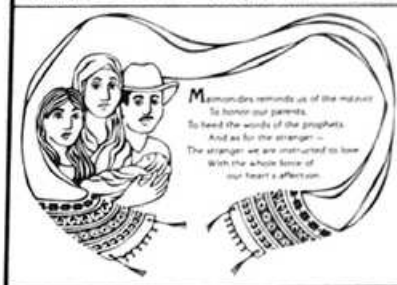
Obviously, my reflections on the Goetz verdict, solicited by this magazine, were but a postscript to two long and thoughtful years of involvement in the case. Equally obviously, the thoughts I have expressed here rest on everything I have written before. The question before us now, however, is the verdict in a *particular* criminal case, not whether the American people are justified in their anger about crime in the streets. And on this, Mr. Gabel seems as confused as those who celebrated the verdict as a victory while closing their eyes to both fact and law. For a student and professor of the law like Peter Gabel to argue that we must avoid being "trapped in simplistic legal categories like whether Goetz acted like a 'reasonable man'" is, frankly, incomprehensible to me. He certainly cannot mean to suggest by this that we ought to temper our commitment to law and reason for fear of offending those who have made common cause with the right.

Yes, the Goetz case triggered "valid emotions." But it also gave license to dangerous ones that were given legitimacy by this verdict. Indeed, it is the intensity of that emotional response that has made rational analysis and discourse about the case all but impossible. Hence my position that no serious attempt to understand the outcome, and the process by which it came to be, is possible unless we take a step away from the passions of the moment and look at the social-political-historical context within which such decisions are rendered. So I repeat: To deal with the verdict in the Goetz case without reference to the particular ways in which racism is expressed in the present era makes as much sense as trying to dismiss the fact that Sacco and Vanzetti were Italian anarchists in examining the reasons for the outcome of that trial.

In fact, I doubt that Peter Gabel would disagree with that statement, any more than I disagree with much of what he has written. We do have one serious difference, however. For him to blame me and that "kind of response by the left" (whatever that means) for the election of Ronald Reagan is not only ludicrous but dangerous and divisive. I understand and can sympathize with the desperation on the left that moves good people to try to capture some of the ground taken over by the right. Unfortunately, it means giving up the kind of "complex, coherent analysis" Mr. Gabel calls for in favor of the good guy–bad guy distinctions the right makes so easily and that help to soothe the conscience and the pain of such a large portion of the American people. To squander our precious resources in attacks upon each other is but a sign of our helplessness to deal with the real enemies of justice, equity, and progress in our land. □

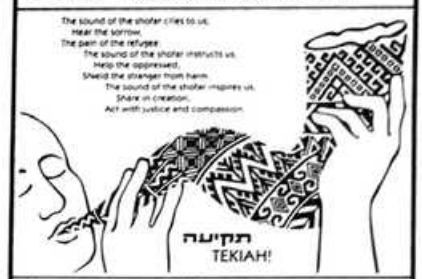
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Current Debate/Psychoanalysis

A Critique by Michael Bader: The Woolly Mammoth Fights Back

Paul Wachtel's creative attempt to exorcise the "woolly mammoth" of childhood determinism from psychoanalytic theory ultimately robs that theory of its explanatory and clinical force. As he attempts to examine the union hall, the corner bar, and the shopping center, ghosts from the nursery are quietly undermining his efforts. We can all sympathize with Wachtel's wish that psychoanalysis have a more "optimistic" view of human behavior and the possibility for social change. Unfortunately, however, we must also confront the extent to which social structures are reproduced within people's personalities, just as in the practice of therapy we must appreciate the often tenacious persistence of psychopathology in the absence of any external reinforcement. Both tasks require acknowledgment of the powerful influence of childhood development.

The psychoanalytic view that our families affect our personalities more than the union hall or the shopping center is based on the fact that the child's absolute dependence on its parents makes it willing to compromise, inhibit, or sacrifice its emotional growth and freedom in order to restore and maintain a connection with the parents. Anyone who has ever seen an abused child has been impressed with his or her loyalty to the abuser, a loyalty based on the unconscious belief that a bad parent is better than no parent at all. In all families children try to express and gratify themselves while avoiding the experiences of loss, punishment, or humiliation at the hands of parents whom they love and desperately need. This situation is, in fact, unique to childhood, and the power of psychoanalytic theory rests in the recognition and elucidation of this experience and its expression in the adult. The neurotic adult unconsciously experiences his or her choices and resources *as if* still a child, including having the vestigial and frightening unconscious belief that to give up one's symptom is to give up the parents of one's childhood.

While their focus is often on the ways that present realities are distorted by childhood beliefs, both mainstream and critical psychoanalytic theories can and do take into account the effects of adult experience in reflecting, reinforcing, and *sometimes* changing character. Psychoanalysis as a therapy would be impossible if adult experience were irrelevant. Within the psychoanalytic situation itself, a patient's connection to the analyst is not simply a continuation of unmediated childhood feelings and desires but an interactive relationship in which infantile fantasy is typically both embedded in real perceptions of the analyst and influenced by real events in the patient's current life. The ideal of the "anonymous therapist" is widely recognized today as a myth. Wachtel distorts the more complex theory of therapeutic *neutrality* by reducing it to an easily ridiculed notion of anonymity. The neutral therapist who resists the patient's invitations to take moral stands on one side or the other of an unconscious conflict in order to avoid understanding that conflict is quite different from the caricature of the anonymous and "uncontaminated" analyst at whom Wachtel takes easy potshots.

While it is axiomatic in psychoanalysis that people create external conditions which reinforce their internal psychopathology, social theorists such as Chodorow, Lasch, and Jacoby, who appropriate psychoanalytic theory, are interested in *why* we seem to reproduce the conditions of our own oppression. To merely note that a man who craves but fears love provokes rejection, or that a woman who consciously believes in equality but secretly feels inferior is drawn to misogynist men, or that a paranoid person provokes attack does not take us very far in explaining *why* people act against their own best interests. For critical social theorists these observations are only a starting place for exploring the reasons why human beings can be so resistant to both personal and social change, even in the absence of the kind of reinforcement that Wachtel describes. It shouldn't be any surprise that this exploration should lead to an examination of childhood desires, attachments, and conflicts, since it is within the family that we first learn to deny and compromise our ambitions and desires in the interest of psychological survival.

Wachtel assumes that social theorists turned to psychoanalysis out of some irrational pessimism about social change and not because they genuinely wanted to understand why fundamental change had not occurred in the 1960s. Before Chodorow's work, for instance, feminists understood gender differences and inequality by focusing on the stereotypic and reinforcing responses that males and females elicit from their social environment and that reproduce sex-typed behavior and personality traits. Wachtel's description of how men elicit responses that reinforce their defenses falls within this kind of social learning model. Chodorow recognized that this behaviorism or role-modeling theory couldn't account for the ubiquity and intransigence of gender-specific character differences that were reproduced over time even in environments that seemed to discourage them. She therefore ushered in a paradigmatic shift when she anchored these differences in patterns of internal object relations that result from being mothered exclusively by women in isolation from friends and kin. Her analysis made it clear that "practicing" different behavior in order to change basic and problematic gender asymmetries was inadequate without also transforming the underlying experience of self and other that had persisted from childhood. The only way to alter this on a mass scale, she argued, was through fundamental changes in the family and the social institutions that support it.

Michael Bader is director of the Graduate Psychology Program at the New College of California in San Francisco.

It appears as if Wachtel is discouraged by this and all other psychoanalytically based approaches. He wants a psychological theory or therapy to provide more fast-acting, optimistic grounds for effecting social and therapeutic change. But the fact that psychoanalysis steadfastly refuses to yield such easy or quick solutions is not a basis for abject despair but for an honest and clear-headed appreciation of the reasons why individuals and social groups may appear at times to be "stuck." This appreciation goes deeper and is more empathic than Wachtel's model in that psychoanalysis sympathizes with a patient's or a group's deeply secret fears of change and consequent need to distort reality. Wachtel seems to simplify this empathic stance and tends to criticize any psychological theory or therapy that can't quickly raise our spirits about the prospects for social change or immediate therapeutic "cures." Unfortunately, these changes *are* slow and are often seen as threatening by the very people they're supposed to help. The kind of long, hard work in psychotherapy or the complex political, economic, and psychological strategies necessary for social change can't be circumvented by the kind of learning theory reflected in "cyclical psychodynamics."

Wachtel confuses psychotherapy and social change and the theories that guide them. He accuses psychoanalysis-as-therapy of manipulating its patients to want to "stand alone" in the culture of Ronald Reagan, and he urges therapists to focus more on the same institutions that a radical social movement should target, namely, the factory, the union hall, television, etc. Wachtel is thus implying that the aims of psychotherapy should be the same as the aims of a social movement. Is it his idea that with the help of "cyclical psychodynamics" patients can be "cured" into liberal or radical politics? Does he think that we can change social institutions by helping patients in psychotherapy "learn the lesson of mutuality?" When his male patient learns to trust women and to better integrate his dependent longings, does Wachtel think he will automatically support the overtly political aims of feminism? Wachtel is obviously dissatisfied if a patient takes too long to cure his or her symptoms in psychotherapy, feeling more autonomous *and* interdependent, but still resisting broader social action. It may be that those of us committed to social change will have to accept the limits of psychotherapeutic change and be content with its capacity to cure psychic suffering without requiring it to support what are primarily political efforts to change social institutions. In this political struggle, we can use the insights of psychoanalytic theory to analyze the psychological ties that bind people to the social order and motivate them to reproduce it, without expecting its therapeutic mission to be the transcendence of that order. □

What's the Word? The Contest for Our Readers Continues

In our July/August issue, we invited our readers to suggest good alternatives to the words "liberal," "progressive," "left," "New Left," "radical," and to the other tired old catchwords that have been employed for so long to describe us and the movements of social transformation that we represent. We've received an enthusiastic response from Gloucester to Eugene and Chicago to New Orleans—reverent, pragmatic, scholarly, poetic, remarkably diverse. We continue to welcome our readers' entries. Submit a better term or a brief argument for rehabilitating a word dismissed above. We'll publish the best suggestions in the November/December 1987 issue, and the winner will receive a lifetime subscription to *Tikkun*.

Paul Wachtel Responds to Michael Bader

Michael Bader seems to think we disagree more than we do, and as a consequence the points of *real* disagreement—the implications of which are quite crucial—are obscured. The importance of early experiences, of our childhood dependency and rooting in the family, even of our tendency throughout life to experience new situations as if we were still small children dealing with father and mother, were not in dispute in my article. What was in dispute was the way most psychoanalysts tend to account for why these influences persist. I tried to show the limitations introduced, both for therapy and for social theory, when it is assumed that early experiences are influential because they are locked in and impervious to further environmental input, and I indicated how the role of early experiences can be accounted for in a different way—one that does not treat all of life after age five or six as but the epilogue to a drama of which the main outlines are by then already completed. It is quite beside the point for Bader to recite the importance of the nursery, since my own theory is itself rooted in the very observations he cites. But it is indeed relevant that he dismissively puts aside the union hall, the corner bar, and the shopping center, for those are the kinds of influences (along with the more private and personal transactions of adult life) which the cyclical psychodynamic theory described in my article attempts to integrate into a more comprehensive psychodynamic framework.

Bader argues that we must go beyond mere description of self-defeating behavior and explore *why* people reproduce the conditions of their own oppression and act against their own best interests. I couldn't agree more. Bader's approach to how to do this, however, does not seem to me very promising. The mainstream psychoanalytic approach to the question of why reminds me of the old joke in which a patient visits a doctor and describes a

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bewildering array of symptoms. The doctor, undaunted, asks, "Have you ever had this before?" When the patient answers "Yes," the doctor pronounces, in a tone of great significance, "Well, you've got it again." The aspect of psychoanalytic thought I criticize in my article, taking the detailing of what happened early in life to be tantamount to an explanation of why the person behaves or feels as he does today, seems to draw its inspiration from the same good doctor.

In the cyclical psychodynamic approach outlined in my article, one is still concerned with what happened long ago that started the person on his or her life course; but one is equally concerned with what *keeps* the person persisting in this way. Bader claims that he and other traditional analysts are concerned with this, too, and, of course, to some degree they are. But a number of revealing phrases that slip into his comments suggest that rather different habits of thought are more basic. Early in his commentary, for example, he refers to the "often tenacious persistence of psychopathology in the absence of *any* external reinforcement [italics added]." Later, in discussing the kinds of questions asked by (Freudian) critical social theorists, he again refers to behavior persisting in the absence of any reinforcement. And in discussing Chodorow, he refers to the persistence of gender-specific character differences "even in environments that seemed to discourage them."

But an appreciation of the highly subjective and idiosyncratic nature of our perceptions does not require the positing of a separate inner world impervious to ongoing events. Piaget, for example, conceptualized psychological structures called schemas through which we comprehend and act upon the world. Schemas are always responsive to actual events, but they are by no means characterized by a literal registration of events "as they really are." Each of us constructs an image of reality that is highly personal and based on our previous experiences and expectations. But each of us is also constantly accommodating and reordering those expectations in terms of subsequent experiences. Recasting analysts' observations along these lines enables us to reconcile attention to the powerful irrational and conflictual aspects of our psychological functioning that they highlight with an equally keen appreciation of the crucial role of the social world in which we are immersed.

It is not possible in this brief reply to respond satisfactorily to Bader's comments regarding anonymity and neutrality. This is a touchy issue for analysts, for it is at the heart of their rationale for the unique value of psychoanalysis as a therapeutic method. In recent years, analysts have been under increasing pressure from newer approaches which challenge their assumptions and point out that claims that analysis yields deeper and more lasting changes than any other method simply have not been backed up by evidence. Theoretical discussions of the concept of neutrality are couched with sufficient ambiguity that it would require considerable citing of long passages to demonstrate that I have not misrepresented the concept as Bader claims. Perhaps some indication of the defensiveness of this contention is revealed by Bader's including among the "caricatures" at which I take potshots the term "contamination." In fact, I did not discuss that notion at all. It appeared in my article only as a quote from Ralph Greenson, the author of one of the most authoritative texts on psychoanalytic technique. My own attitude regarding the issue of therapist neutrality is best summarized in the title of one of the chapters in my most recent book, *Action and Insight*. The chapter title "You Can't Go Far in Neutral" conveys my position as well as can be done in a few words.

Finally, I have no idea where Bader gets the idea that I believe the aims of psychotherapy should be the same as the aims of a social movement. I see nothing in my article that suggests that. What I do believe is that both should be based on a sound understanding of human psychology and that both are hampered by the pseudosophistication that derides any questioning of the limiting assumptions of mainstream psychoanalytic theory as superficial optimism or the desire for a quick fix. Although I have been critical of many aspects of psychoanalytic theory and practice, my own work continues to be largely rooted in the broadly conceived psychoanalytic tradition. One can, however, be nourished by Freud's thought without swallowing him whole. □

Love Poem

Alan Shapiro

Our first warm morning,
and all over the yard
small insects had hatched
invisibly and were swarming
up from the grass, innumerable,
in a blurred light of wings,
dizzying helix's of rising
through leaf-shadow and sun,
and all so slowly, each one
hovering now or dipping
down before it fanned out
higher and wider, as if
to dawdle in that first
moment of their being
suddenly in air, half-
resisting their own urge
upward so as to feel
the pull of it more keenly.

Imagine at the appointed hour
what it would be like:
earth's old bonds broken,
all the nations of all time
whirling up in a dense haze,
and you and I lost
to each other in that
joyously forgetful going;
our flesh, the juryrigged
and sweat-stained ark
we danced before, danced
hard as we could, in sun
and leaf-shadow, scoured
to mere radiance! Odd,
and not comforting at all,
to think that even to wonder
where you were in that dizzying
multitude, to want to
loiter there a little while
among the shadows would be
too great a gravity
ever to rise against.

Alan Shapiro is a professor of English at Northwestern University. His latest book of poems is Happy Hour *(University of Chicago Press, 1987).*

(Continued from p. 5)

LETTERS

economic and social injustices, we are not in for major social changes very soon—and, indeed, we do seem to have such dependence, and we do not see major social changes.

Steve Rosenberg
Syracuse, New York

GAYS

To the Editor:

I have been wanting to write this letter for some time, and have held off doing so because there is a part of me that wants to avoid confrontation. Now my subscription has run out, and I must make a choice. Should I continue to subscribe to a publication that indeed offers a welcome alternative to what is otherwise available, or shall I refuse to support a publication that has failed to address adequately one sole issue—support for the rights of gay people, especially for the rights of gay and lesbian Jews to be welcome members of their Jewish communities?

You may not be aware that there are problems, other than that of AIDS. But most of today's problems are the same as yesterday's: legal harassment, physical harassment, loss of opportunity, lack of security, and invisibility. Twenty-five states and the District of Columbia have laws against homosexual behavior. Even where they are not enforced, they are often used as manipulative devices to force homosexual persons not to act in ways that might expose their "criminality": testifying in court, challenging wills, living together, etc. These laws serve to legitimate bigotry on the part of society and should no longer be overlooked.

In terms of severity, however, the worst problem facing lesbians and gay men is the physical threat to their persons, which the judicial system too infrequently moves to allay. Killers of homosexuals are not pursued; if they are caught, they are not tried. If they are tried, they often win acquittal by claiming "homosexual panic"—"He propositioned me, and I had no choice but to kill him." Lastly, a killer who is convicted may still be let off with an absurdly light sentence.

As a result of the legal and physical threats to their persons, gay people frequently choose life situations on the basis of minimum risk instead of striving for increased satisfaction in their lives. They choose jobs, homes, partners that will allow them to lead openly gay lives but do not allow them the integration or career that they might otherwise have. Or, more often, they strive to fulfill career ambitions at the expense of more personal needs: They may marry an unsuspecting spouse, sometimes as a "cure," but be unable to derive the continued satisfaction that allows marriage partners a basis on which to construct a lasting relationship. As a result, the marriage is unhappy for all. Or they may attempt a long-term homosexual relationship but be stopped by one partner's insistence on an unattainable level of "straight" appearance. Or they may give up trying for a real relationship and settle instead for short, sexually based encounters.

Forget for a moment the immorality of oppression and consider instead that if you want other people to change their behavior, then you must make it at least as safe for them to do what you want as it is to do what they now do. But this society, as stated above, rewards homosexuals for having quick impersonal sex, rewards them by not noticing them, not discriminating against them, not killing them. No such reward awaits those who take monogamous lovers. If America really wants to fight AIDS, it will encourage gay people to take faithful lovers, and it will reward these lovers with the same recognition that nongay marriages receive. It will also make it illegal, *de facto* as well as *de jure*, to do things to gay men or lesbians that might spill blood; even Cain received this benefit! America will not do this anytime soon. But will you? If you will not stand up for us for our sakes, will you stand up for us for your own sakes?

Gabriel Lampert
Las Cruces, New Mexico

FEMINISM

To the Editor:

A strange thing happened to the women's movement on the way to the academy, as witnessed in the roundtable discussion in the July/August issue. Like other social and political issues that the academy has embraced, it has been disciplined to death—psychologized, philosophized, politicized, and sociologized, cut up, parceled out to the departments, cross-disciplined, if you will—and what remains behind those ivied walls is nothing that I recognize as feminism but something that must bring joy to the likes of Midge Decter and Phyllis Schafly.

What we once considered basic feminist issues—heart, core, and foundation issues—are now, if you would believe the academics, not only forgotten but, in some cases, reversed. Ann Lewis notes that "the majority of people in this country are glad we have the military ... they think it is essential for their protection and the lives of their children." And she doesn't think we should burden a woman candidate for president with the expectation that she will challenge this belief.

Once upon a time the idea was that women are less aggressive—peace-loving, caring, nurturing, mothering, nonviolent, right-brain-oriented, possessing all those things that would make this world a better place and, if empowered, would bring us an era of peace. Not so, say Catharine Stimpson and Sara Ruddick: One can be a feminist and militaristic, too, which at one time I would have said was the ultimate contradiction.

If peace was the first pillar of feminism, abortion rights was the second. Yet the only mention of this at the roundtable was Jean Elshtain's disapproval that sex selection was being used as a reason for abortion.

That old peacenik Dan Berrigan, who was spilling blood on draft board files long before most of the roundtable participants had filled out their first financial aid forms, spoke at Mt. Holyoke College last winter. I think he was on target when he looked around the auditorium and referred to the college as "this gilded Sahara." The sterility of the academy, as illustrated by the roundtable, is discouraging. Despite Ms. Stimpson's vision that she's placing her hopes in science fiction.

William Gold
Northampton, Massachusetts

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(Continued from p. 31)

JEWISH PHILANTHROPY

represent anything other than cosmetic changes and good intentions.

And while Mr. Dulzin may soon be leaving the senior post at the Jewish Agency because of pressure by fundraisers (heightened by Dulzin's "hear-no-evil, see-no-evil, do-no-evil" stance concerning the Bank Leumi-Ernest Japhet uproar), the Diaspora leaders are now waiting to see which new Israeli political party appointee will follow him as the Agency Head.

The Jewish Agency should be getting out of the business of providing social services. It should have been disbanded after the establishment of the State in 1948, or in 1967, when the government and indigenous nonprofit agencies should have taken over the functions of its various departments. Unfortunately, social planning and service delivery are *not* the most relevant variables when evaluating the raison d'être of the Jewish Agency. Israeli political and economic interests firmly control Diaspora charity. This is coupled with the stubborn insistence of Diaspora leaders to cling to the Agency as "the principal link between Israel and the Diaspora communities." The combination has kept the Agency alive. For the Diaspora leaderships, the Agency is the next best thing to a Jewish international "parliament," and it allows them personal and political involvement in Israeli affairs.

Modern principles of philanthropy, welfare planning, and even elementary business management would never permit the present situation to continue. Everyone involved knows these facts, yet no one is willing to rock the boat, especially in America. Let there be no mistake: The Jewish Agency is primarily the product of American Jewish donor leadership, which maintains it in the name of philanthropy for Israel but needs it as a manifestation of its own status hierarchy. It serves American-Jewish sociopolitical needs which aren't served by any comparable institution. Unfortunately, the bulk of UJA donors have no insight into this labyrinth, were never asked how they wanted their funds used, and never ask what alternative options could help Israel. The lack of information about current problems of Diaspora philanthropy in Israel is tragic, and no change is in sight.

My personal view favors abandonment, but donors could try to separate the WZO *entirely* from the Jewish Agency. There is no justification whatsoever for any political party involvement in the governing of charitable funds raised by the Federation abroad. The WZO and the Israeli political leaders should leave these funds alone and allow qualified laymen and professionals in the health, education, welfare, and housing fields in both Israel and America to distribute them as they see fit, together with donor (elected?) representatives.

Since the current lay and professional CJF leadership are apparently captives committed to the WZO partnership, it is best to call for abandonment of the Agency and to seek more innovative, efficient vehicles for the distribution of Diaspora philanthropy in Israel. The sad truth is that serious reorganization of the charity effort cannot take place by appeasing and patching. It may require an educational effort of a decade or more, but I believe that truly significant changes will eventually take place.

Direct Private Funding

Disenchantment with the Jewish Agency and the UJA has caused many individuals to give directly and privately to charitable organizations in Israel, completely bypassing both the Federations and the Jewish Agency. Federations, too, are seeing increased interest in donor-designated funds to specific Israeli organizations. Private foundations that channel tax-deductible money to Israel have sprung up. For example, the New Israel Fund is rapidly growing, partly because of the Federations' inability to see the need for more diversified philanthropic work in Israel.

Originally, the NIF was established to provide start-up grants for a wide range of struggling grassroots Israeli citizens' organizations. A subsidiary of the New Israel Fund, *Shatil,* was created to help fledgling grassroots organizations to fundraise and organize. Also, some New Israel Fund projects have actually succeeded in affecting government social policy in some areas, for example, services to battered women.

The PEF Israel Endowments Fund and the Ziv Tzedaka Fund also send private donations directly to Israeli nonprofit welfare organizations without the hassle, politics, and overhead of the Jewish Agency. Every cent given to PEF gets to the recipient organization within one month, with no overhead. Danny Siegal, the Jewish poet and preacher of Tzedaka among the Conservative Movement's youth, has increased his Ziv Tzedaka Fund's income manyfold, because he tells exactly where the money goes and has a skill for discovering nonconventional, grassroots organizations and *tzadikim* in need of funds for their charitable work in Israel.

A New Foundation?

Massive funds for welfare work in Israel might be attracted to a new, nonpolitical world "Jewish Foundation" that would award grants as many charitable foundations do in America and elsewhere. Anyone could submit a project proposal, budget request, and timetable for judgment. I know a dozen Israeli and American lawyers who could easily and quickly establish such a

new nonprofit foundation in Israel to award and administer grants and pursue accountability with none of the huge overhead and unnecessary politics of the Jewish Agency, the UIA, or the WZO.

It would be easy to hire a director for the Foundation and to establish an international board of nonpartisan Israelis and Diaspora Jews who would volunteer their time or accept modest pay. Advisers and part-time consultants chosen for their skills could review requests for grants. Grants would be strictly for social services. Every Jewish Federation could send several representatives, lay and professional, to an annual meeting where, on health, education, housing, and social service committees, they could review and vote on allocations recommended by the board. Feedback on the progress of previous grants would be given to each committee and recommendations for changes could be discussed and decided upon.

Such a large financial enterprise would certainly command the respect and attention of the Israeli government and its leaders, simply because of the scope of the Foundation's investments and influence on Israeli social services. It could become a new world meeting ground for Diaspora leaders, without any involvement by the Israeli political parties or their counterparts abroad. Above all, the Foundation would not be a service-delivery organization, as the Jewish Agency is today, but a funding source to service providers, developers, and innovators.

This model is neither naive nor overly complicated. Universities, foundations, and federations use it frequently. There would be no need to accommodate any past arrangements or trade-offs. It could be an exciting new enterprise, significant in helping to advance Israeli social welfare. The goal would be to serve as *catalyst*, not to take over government services but to experiment with new services and programs in Israel and then to pass them over to government and private agencies. The Foundation could help private effort take off and fund time-limited special projects. The possibilities are unlimited.

Perhaps imagination has been the missing ingredient in Israel-Diaspora philanthropy. Maybe donors have been too busy contemplating the navel of the Jewish Agency for so long that they have not looked up to see that there are better ways to spend their time and money. Private philanthropy has a very important role to play in Israel, and it is now quietly in search of more appropriate, innovative forms to do the job better than ever before. □

(Continued from p. 35)

GORBACHEV AND SOVIET HISTORY

understanding of the complex interaction of state decrees and patterns of social resistance and accommodation.

Whereas state policy, for example, was directed against overt expressions of ethnic nationalism, minorities developed their own national cultures within the pseudofederal political system and effectively resisted Russifying pressures from the central bureaucracy. Heller and Nekrich document the repression by the centralizing bureaucracy but completely ignore Lenin's policy of "nativization" (*korenizatsiia*) directed at encouraging ethnic cultures and native cadres in national regions. The 1920s, in fact, were marked by the revival of Ukranian literature and culture, the regrouping of scattered Armenian victims of genocide in their own republic, and the state-sponsored expansion of Yiddish-language schooling, as well as the creation of alphabets for small nationalities that had never had them. For Heller and Nekrich the revival of ethnic nationalisms in the post-Stalin period is simply explained as the inevitable resistance to repression. More difficult to explain are the differences of responses to the Soviet system among various nationalities—the Lithuanian opposition based in Catholicism, the pragmatic collaboration of the Armenians, the passive acceptance of the Soviet system by many Muslims. To understand the diversity of responses, the benefits received by certain less developed peoples in education and the building of cultural institutions must be weighed against the better-known ethnocidal policies practiced against a number of small nationalities during the Stalinist years. Along with political repression, the Soviet experience has been one of nation building which for each nationality has distinct political loyalties and cultural strategies.

Another example of popular intervention in the complex interplay of society and state policy can be seen in the field of labor relations. A young Japanese scholar, Hiroaki Kuromiya, has shown how harsh factory regimes could be undermined by workers who were able to take their skills, so desired by managers, to another job site. The bosses, caught between state demands for higher productivity and the need to satisfy, however minimally, their own workers, bent the harsh official rules in order to attract workers to their enterprise. In the 1930s millions of newly recruited peasant workers were forced to accept authoritarian regimes in the factories and to meet impossible targets of production, yet at the bench they managed to circumvent despotic managers and excessive demands and to preserve limited spheres of worker autonomy. In another study soon to be published, Lewis Siegelbaum provides a subtle reinterpretation of the famous Stakhanovite

movement of the mid-1930s. Instead of looking at the campaign for high productivity as a cynical manipulation of workers by higher-ups or as a romantic interlude of spontaneous worker enthusiasm, Siegelbaum shows that some leaders hoped to push managers into greater activity with pressure from below and that others hoped to create a new elite of shock workers who with their bicycles, wristwatches, and newly acquired manners would be exemplars of the new Soviet culture. This is not the arid model of state monopoly of initiative but the complex texture that one finds in real life and good history. Workers certainly suffered from crowding in new settlements, the fall in real wages, and the destruction of autonomous labor unions, but at the same time they possessed desperately needed skills that the factory managers had to bargain for. With chronic shortages of labor in the 1930s, the regime granted Soviet workers nearly absolute job security in order to reduce high turnover and avoid labor conflicts. This particular "victory" of the Soviet working class has proven to be one of the most costly to the regime.

The relationship of the upper and middle strata of Soviet society to the state has also been the subject of recent historical analysis. Vera Dunham, one of the most insightful and sensitive readers of Soviet literature, has shown how the Soviet "middle class" was eventually able to "make a deal" with the state which guaranteed them a privileged position within the rigid confines of Soviet society. In his work on the technical intelligentsia Kendall Bailes demonstrates that the relations between the Soviet state and badly needed technicians and engineers were complex and uneven. After Lenin's initial efforts to attract "bourgeois specialists" to work for his new order, the Stalinist leadership launched a brutal campaign against non-Marxist intellectuals and technicians in the "Cultural Revolution" of 1928–31. A few years later these victims of the regime found themselves favored by Stalin, who now was prepared to reward skill and end the egalitarian wage policy of the First Five-Year Plan. Stalinism proved to be a period in which the more radical favoritism toward workers and a proletarian class culture was supplanted by the re-creation of strict social hierarchies and the official sanction of a conservative culture surprisingly similar to the "bourgeois" culture of an earlier age. The conservative reaction in family policy in the mid-1930s abolished the extraordinarily free access to divorce, birth control, and abortion of the 1920s. The socialist feminist experiments of NEP were abandoned, probably as part of the Stalinist program to increase the labor supply. Some writers suggest, however, that the turn to traditional patterns of male-female relationships may also have reflected the real discontent felt by mothers and wives who had suffered from the promiscuity of "liberated" men.

Throughout Soviet society resistance to repeated interventions by the state took the form of passivity, low productivity, and occasionally (as Heller and Nekrich show) open resistance. The Stalinist state, which to many historians has appeared to have been all-powerful, is now seen by some scholars to have been remarkably ineffective in implementing many of its policies. The resort to terror in the late 1930s has variously been reinterpreted as a symptom of the state's inability to command compliance and conformity (Gabor Rittersporn), a struggle of the central political authority against the periphery (J. Arch Getty), the need to renew cadres (A. L. Unger, T. H. Rigby, Sheila Fitzpatrick), and—most suggestively of all, in my view—as the product of Stalin's determination not to allow the bureaucracy to stabilize (as it would after his death) and thereby limit his personal, arbitrary, autocratic power (Moshe Lewin). Though we still know little about it, there appears to have been much sentiment within higher Party circles for an end to high tempos in industry, the harsh treatment of the peasantry, and the use of violence against political opponents. Rather than capitulate to these moderate tendencies, Stalin unleashed his police against the Party, crushing the slightest resistance to his monopoly of power.

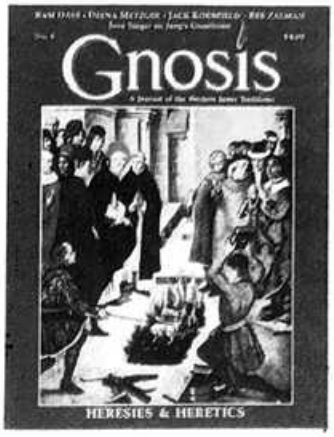
No topic has engendered more controversy recently than the Great Purges, and bitter exchanges have taken place even within the ranks of the social historians reinterpreting the Stalin period. After decades of treating the Soviet Union as a pariah, post–Cold War writers are attempting to restrain the normative impulses of the past that led to wholesale condemnation of any Soviet initiative or phenomenon. But the reluctance of many Westerners to repeat the standard condemnations of an earlier time has exposed them to the accusation that they are attempting to rehabilitate Stalinism. While that indictment seems to be extreme, it is certainly true that as revisionism has moved into new areas of research, some of its practitioners have been less sensitive than they might have been to the human toll that Stalinism took. Moralizing, on the other hand, is an integral part of the emigré effort to come to grips with their Soviet experience, and it too often colors, even distorts, the examination of the past. "Doing" Soviet history, of course, is not the same as doing Danish history, and the scale of atrocities, particularly in the Stalinist decades, means that empirical reconstruction will always involve evaluation and judgment. Some cooling of ardor short of complacency or callousness will have to be brought to these most painful issues. While all agree that the Great Terror was catastrophic in human terms, at the moment no new synthesis has been adopted as a paradigmatic explanation of the Purges. But unlike the earlier work of the totalitarian

school (most notably Zbigniew Brzezinski's *Permanent Purge*), recent writings have tended to view the Purges as an aberrant and contingent phenomenon rather than as a systematic constant.

Even as the Terror reached its horrific height in 1936–38, genuine enthusiasm for the project of building socialism brought much needed social support to the government. As Sheila Fitzpatrick has shown in her work, upward social mobility for displaced peasants who migrated to new towns and building sites and former factory workers who became the managers, technicians, and bureaucrats in the Stalinist industrial revolution created for hundreds of thousands of people a hard-won stake in the new Soviet order. In a forthcoming book Lynn Viola writes about the authentic commitment of the famous "25,000ers," workers who marched into the countryside to help the state collectivize the resistant peasantry.

Certainly the peasant majority was the principal victim of Stalinism. The Leninist *symchka*, the alliance of peasants and workers symbolized in the sickle and hammer of the Soviet flag, was decisively broken in the collectivization of the early 1930s. The destruction of independent family farming brought in its wake famine, deportations, and bloody resistance. The consequences of the war on the peasantry were felt throughout Soviet society. "Violence applied to millions of peasants year after year," writes Moshe Lewin, "was a training ground for institutions and methods which could later be applied to other groups. With the treatment of peasants in the first five-year plan as background, the gloomiest years of the subsequent purges of cadres, however bloody, look like a re-edition on a smaller scale." By the middle of the decade the regime was once again forced to compromise—to allow collective farm markets to open and to ease the brutal collections of grain. The peasants were not easily reconciled to state-run agriculture; their active protests subsided into passive ones, and the present low productivity of the rural economy is testimony to their effect.

Yet the later sacrifices of peasant and worker soldiers in the Second World War cannot be explained solely by their Russian nationalism. Younger peasants who had moved from country to town had benefited from the new work and educational opportunities of the industrialization drive. Hope of realizing a better life, combined with the glorifying propaganda of the state, bound hundreds of thousands to the Stalinist enterprise. Collectivization and the forced extraction of grain remained a source of discontent, but peasants were not particularly affected by the political purges and may even have harbored a private pleasure during the bloodletting of their "betters." While the regime used the patriotism and religiosity of the peasant popu-



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lation to steel soldiers for battle, tens of thousands died at the front shouting, "For the Motherland, for Stalin" (*Za rodinu, za Stalina*).

Perhaps the most frightening aspect of the Soviet state for the West has been its seemingly irresistible urge to expand. Whether one attributes Soviet imperialism to an atavistic "urge to the sea," the nature of totalitarianism, the personality of the dictator, or an imperative built into the Leninist doctrine of inevitable conflict between socialism and capitalism, the most potent image of the USSR is that of a menace to its neighbors. But Soviet foreign policy, just like domestic development, can be analyzed and shown to have been determined less by ideology or the actions of evil individuals than by particular strategic interests not unlike those of other great powers.

At the time when the Soviet leadership was most influenced by the hope for supportive revolutions in Europe, in the first years of their regime, they were materially and militarily unable to do much to assist that possibility. Lenin's enthusiasm for a campaign against Pilsudski's Poland (which had invaded Soviet territory) was short-lived, but revolutionary rhetoric was abundant in Moscow in the 1920s, and the Comintern appeared to established governments to be much more a real threat than it actually proved to be. Not a single successful revolutionary overthrow was ever accomplished in the interwar years by a party affiliated with the Communist International.

Under Stalinism the Soviet Union turned inward, and its suspicions of the Western capitalist nations eventually hardened into Cold War paranoia. Stalin's own explorations for closer cooperation with the West, first expressed in the Litvinov strategy of collective security in the mid-1930s and later in the last years of World War II and the immediate postwar period, foundered on his own determination to opt for immediate, close-range gains and territorial security. In the Nazi-Soviet Pact a cold-blooded calculation was made that Britain and France were unreliable military allies and that immediate advantages, time and territory, could be gained in an arrangement with Hitler. As Nekrich in his earlier work showed, whatever the wisdom or necessity of concluding the Pact, Stalin's government did little to use the opportunity it provided to build the defense of the country. The collapse of the Nazi-Soviet alliance resulted in the bloodiest struggle between two nations in human history, and the Soviet Union emerged from the war a hollow victor—occupying half of Europe, but with twenty million dead, thousands of villages and towns destroyed, and in desperate need of assistance from the West. For three decades it would be militarily weaker than its principal opponent, the United States, and much of its foreign policy was determined by the sense of that inferiority.

In stark contrast to conventional Cold War orthodoxy, which views Stalin as expansionist and motivated by the Leninist goal of international revolution, Stalin quite consistently pursued a cautious, conservative, and antirevolutionary foreign policy, except for brief episodes. His strategy at the end of the Second World War was limited in scope, given his economic weakness, and traditionalist in approach—the establishment of a Soviet sphere of influence in East Central Europe, consultation among the Great Powers to settle major differences, and the pursuit of Western aid for the restoration of the USSR's devastated economy. The two major elements of his foreign policy—cooperation with the West while dominating the small states of Eastern Europe—proved incompatible. The West balked at the Soviet hegemony over East Central Europe, interpreting it as the first step in an expansion into Western Europe, and reacted with policies of containment and anti-Communist military alliances. Certainly no complete history of the Cold War can explain Soviet behavior without appreciating its relative weakness vis-à-vis the West and the bold and forceful policies of the United States as it sought to make this the "American Century." By 1947–48 Stalin reacted to the renewed hostility (which he had done much to engender) by ending the interlude of coalition governments and relatively free elections and imposing Soviet-style regimes in the states along his western borders. The most sinister images that each side in the bipolar world had of the other were cruelly confirmed in the sterile years of the Cold War.

With Stalin's death and the rise of Khrushchev, Soviet society began a long process of deep, though glacially paced, change that has continued to the present. Dominance of the police over the Party was brought to an end with the arrest and execution of Lavrenti Beria. Political reforms, though far from full liberalization, established a degree of legality and predictability in public affairs. Here Heller and Nekrich share a peculiar Western myopia, looking for dramatic shifts in the political system, particularly in the area of democratization and the expansion of human rights, and are understandably disappointed. By focusing so exclusively on the political sphere, they have overlooked significant transformations taking place at the societal level. The effects of Stalin's "revolution" have been felt everywhere. By 1961, for the first time, more than half the Soviet population lived in cities and towns. A gigantic peasant country had been transformed into a largely urban and industrial nation. Adult literacy was among the highest in the world. Hundreds of millions of people took for granted their access to free education and medicine, the

extraordinarily low rents available to all, and guaranteed employment. However one might estimate the effectiveness of state power before 1953 in creating a "totalitarian" monolith and destroying the autonomy of society, in the post-Stalin period civil society reemerged, progressively loosening itself from the restraints of political authority. Its manifestations were varied and unexpected: a broader and significantly freer public discussion of political issues, ethnic nationalisms, the revival of religious observance, interest in Western fashions, rock music, even yoga and bodybuilding, as well as the formation of new political groupings on the left and the right. The struggle between state and society has been uneven, with the government alternating between extending the bounds of permissible expression and restraining the bolder articulation of deviant ideas.

The dissident movement in the 1960s and the 1970s was evidence not only that limits remained on free expression in the USSR but that courageous men and women were prepared to risk testing those limits. No dissidents remained alive and free for long while Stalin lived in the Kremlin, but under Khrushchev, Brezhnev, and their successors the modes of artistic and even political expression proliferated. Considerable danger remained for a writer or activist who engaged in oppositional literary or political activity—the loss of work, "treatment" in psychiatric wards, or imprisonment or exile—but new access to Western media, the ingenuity of *samizdat* and *tamizdat*, and the indecision of the state about what ought to be allowed encouraged bold individuals to expand the space for public expression. Privately in apartments, in university dormitories, over drinks, and at parties, friends and relatives shared views on current events and recent history. Intense discussions, some of which this writer witnessed as a graduate student at Moscow University in the mid-1960s, erupted whenever one was with people one could trust.

Even as exile abroad replaced for many the dreaded internment in the Gulag, the discourse about the need for reform in the USSR broadened, both in the Party and in the press, until the pressure for change became nearly irresistible. The long years of the Brezhnev regime, when a geriatric leadership appeared to epitomize the loss of energy and innovation of the whole of Soviet society, did not stop the current that first flowed under Khrushchev nor prevent the eventual emergence of a new generation of leaders and citizens—better educated, raised in the post-Stalin period, and vitally interested in modernizing their society. By the mid-1980s popular perceptions in Europe and America changed, so that the Soviet leaders are now seen as young and energetic, innovative

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