LIBRARY COPYRIGHT NOTICE

www.huc.edu/libraries

Regulated Warning

See Code of Federal Regulations, Title 37, Volume 1, Section 201.14:

The copyright law of the United States (title 17, United States Code) governs the making of photocopies or other reproductions of copyrighted material.

Under certain conditions specified in the law, libraries and archives are authorized to furnish a photocopy or other reproduction. One of these specific conditions is that the photocopy or reproduction is not to be “used for any purpose other than private study, scholarship, or research.” If a user makes a request for, or later uses, a photocopy or reproduction for purposes in excess of “fair use,” that user may be liable for copyright infringement.

This institution reserves the right to refuse to accept a copying order if, in its judgment, fulfillment of the order would involve violation of copyright law.

INSTRUCTIONS TO LIBRARY FOR THESES AND PRIZE ESSAYS

Statement by Referee

(Not Necessary for Ph.D. Thesis)

AUTHOR Brian L. Lurie

TITLE "The Mirror: The Image of Israel in Anglo-American Fiction"

TYPE OF THESIS: Ph.D. [ ] D.H.L. [ ] Rabbinic [x]
Master's [ ] Prize Essay [ ]

1) May (with revisions) be considered for Publication
(✓) yes ( ) no

2) May circulate [✓]

3) Is restricted [ ]

7 Dec. 1969
Date

Stanley V. Elmer
Signature of Referee

Statement by Author

(Please consult with Librarian if copyright protection is desired.)

I understand that the Library may make a photocopy of my thesis for security purposes.

The Library may sell photocopies of my thesis. ( ) yes (✓) no

March 24 1969
Date

Brian L. Lurie
Signature of Author

Library Record

Microfilmed 7/11/69
Date

Moira Steiner
Signature of Library Staff Member

"THE MIRROR: THE IMAGE OF ISRAEL IN ANGLO-AMERICAN FICTION"

Brian L. Lurie

Thesis submitted in partial fulfillment
of the requirements for the degree of
Master of Arts in Hebrew Letters
and Ordination

June 7, 1969

Referee, Professor Stanley Chyet

DIGEST

This thesis attempts to capture the image of Israel as it is reflected in fictional works by Anglo-American writers. This does not mean that its contents will be a glorified travelogue, but rather that it will focus on the way people are pictured acting out their lives, both publicly and privately, institutionally and individually in the State of Israel. The author has not set out to prove or disprove any established concepts, beliefs or biases, To be sure, he has his biases, but nevertheless has faithfully struggled to reproduce the image that he found and not the image that he had hoped to find. At times this process was painful--such as his findings in the section entitled "The Image of America and Americans" and "The Arab-Israeli Relations"--but the words and ideas of the writers have been recorded.

This work makes no attempt at literary criticism and tries only to present the images constructed by the various writers, varied though they may be, in a unified, cohesive whole.

Why, one might ask, has the author of this thesis chosen to pursue the image of Israel in fiction rather than in non-fictional works which document their facts with hard, seemingly irrefutable statistics? The answer can be found in the precedent whereby Aggada was included with Halacha in the Talmud. Bialik suggests that the Halacha

is the form, the mind, of rabbinical literature, but that the Aggada is the soul, the element of warmth, and the vitalizing influence in reporting the times in which that literature was written. The author of this thesis was not interested in a factual study or an accurate historical chronology of events. Rather, he was interested in the feelings and emotions of Israelis as Anglo-American writers perceive them. The facts, non-fictional material, only present the skeleton of the man; the fictional material sets out to paint the whole man with his strengths and weaknesses, prejudices and appetites in a fully integrated, though often paradoxical, whole.

The problem of selection was not difficult. All books which were originally written in English by writers other than Israelis and which dealt extensively with any facet of the State of Israel or Israeli life were included. Also, pre-State books such as Arthur Koestler's Thieves in the Night and Meyer Levin's Yehuda were examined because of the invaluable background material they provide with regard to the Palestinian Jews and the ideals which provided the foundation for the Jewish state.

Israeli writers were excluded because the primary goal of this thesis was to see what type of image Israel conveys to outsiders, non-Israelis. The works of non-Jewish writers and non-Americans were included to supplement the dearth of works on the subject and to help throw a somewhat more cosmopolitan perspective on the image.

The material which has been extracted from the various novels has been divided into three main sections. A glance through the Table of Contents will quickly reveal the manner of its organization. The first section deals with the individual, the Israeli as a personality. Two types of Israelis are presented, the survivor of the Nazi holocaust and the native-born Sabra. Their personalities and needs vary, and thus social conflict does occur. However, in the face of war, the common external threat welds them together into one more or less responsive and cohesive whole.

In the second chapter there is a movement from the individual to the institutional needs of the society. The image of the economy and its basis is projected through the microcosm of the kibbutz. The political image is investigated to discern whether Israel is seen as just another state among the nations. As a corollary to politics, what Anglo-American novelists take to be the Israeli attitude toward the State's most benevolent ally, America and her Jewish population, is recorded. Finally, the key political and social question of the possibilities of Arab-Jewish rapprochement is discussed.

The third and last chapter attempts to capture the spiritual image of the Israeli. It opens with a presentation of the idealism which is present among the populace. It concludes with the religious nature of these people. General conclusions and an annotated bibliography follow the third chapter.

Though each of these various sections has its own unique nature, there is an overriding direction towards the principle of unity, first the individual then the society and finally that which unites and yet transcends society. Moreover, the various sections also have a certain overlapping. For example, it is impossible to completely separate the Israeli economic image from the political image. Therefore, it is necessary to have an overview of the total presentation and not to attempt a strict compartmentalization in one's final judgment of the material. The author only uses these specific areas as a methodological device around which to organize and present the images in the various novels.

In conclusion, the author wishes to give special thanks to his thesis advisor, Dr. Stanley Chyet, whose help and unselfish giving of time is reflected in this thesis. Finally, the author expresses a special note of gratitude to his wife, Miriam, for her constant help and advice in the preparation of this thesis and for the patience she displayed during its creation.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION

Israel, image and reality, grew from an idea, an idea which took shape in the mind and heart of Theodore Herzl. His book, The Jewish State, was "an attempt at a solution of the Jewish Question." As Louis Lipsky says in the introduction to The Jewish State,

> Theodore Herzl was the first Jew who projected the Jewish question as an international problem. "The Jewish State," written fifty years ago, was the first public expression, in a modern language, by a modern Jew, of a dynamic conception of how the solution of the problem could be accelerated and the ancient Jewish hope, slumbering in Jewish memory for two thousand years, could be fulfilled. (p. 11.)

Herzl's The Jewish State was a visionary work, but some of its projected plans and goals never materialized. The reconstituted Jewish State, Herzl expected, would emulate the marvelous efficiency of the German Kaiserreich. Its founding would be carefully planned, its development meticulously controlled. It was Herzl's belief that this procedure would insure the success of the state. (Ibid., pp. 142-143.)

Herzl was willing to disregard the Hebrew language. He pointed out,

> Who amongst us has a sufficient acquaintance with Hebrew to ask for a railway ticket in that language? Such a thing cannot be done. Yet the difficulty is very easily circumvented. Every man can preserve the language in which his thoughts are at home. Switzerland affords a conclusive proof of the possibility of a federation of tongues. (pp. 145-146.)

Perhaps the most grievous error of his prophetic book was his confidence that once Israel had her own homeland, the Jew would have no more enemies. But the visionary is never completely right, and Herzl was no exception. The Jewish state, when it came into being, was very different from what Herzl had anticipated. The very thing he most wanted for unwanted Jews--a safe and peaceful home--has not yet been achieved. However, the meaning and significance of this state for all of modern mankind are realizable if only men make the effort needed to secure them. For Herzl's concluding words in The Jewish State are clear,

> The world will be freed by our liberty enriched by our wealth, magnified by our greatness.
>
> And whatever we attempt there to accomplish for our own welfare, will react powerfully and beneficially for the good of humanity. (p. 157.)

The truth of this statement will be explored in the course of this thesis.

WHAT IS THE IMAGE OF ISRAEL?

> Once upon a time the most perfect product of creation were the fish. They were swimming happily the seven seas, and apart from the occasional accident of being eaten by the bigger ones, all was well with them.
>
> Then came the time when some force drove some fish to creep ashore and become amphibious. Those who did had a terrible time of it. Instead of drifting with streamlined grace through the water, they had to waddle and wobble painfully on their bellies through swamp and muck, and gasp piteously for air with a new and imperfect contraption specially evolved for this purpose. It took ages until these new, ugly, awkward creatures began to appreciate the compensations for their debasement and sufferings: the sun, sound and form, copulation, hot rocks and cool winds.

The Arabs are the fish. They are happy. they have tradition and beauty and self-sufficiency and lead a timeless, care-free, lackadaisical life. Compared to them we are the graceless amphibians. That's one of the reasons why the English love them for the lost paradise--a kind of eternal week-end---and their detestation of the 8:35 (train) to the City. For behold, we are the force that drives the fishes ashore, the nervous whip of evolution. (Koestler, Thieves in the Night, pp. 347-48.)

On the beach couples huddled, strolled arm in arm, ran along the sand. It could be Miami Beach on a winter night, he thought. But there was not the tranquillity, the sense of never-ending time of Miami Beach on a winter night. Here you felt that time was moving, changing, and you had to move just a little faster to even keep up. (Livingston, The Coasts of the Earth, p. 47.)

Nothing was permanent in the world anymore, particularly not in Israel. There was no certainty one could cling to, neither the continued existence of one's country nor that of one's individual life. No one could say how many tomorrowsthere could be for any of them. (Hempstone, In the Midst of Lions, p. 205.)

The wailing Jews of Mea Shearim and the burning refinery. The aggressive Sabras of Tel Aviv and the farmers of the Jezreel. The old and the new jammed together. There were paradoxes and contradictions at every turn. (Uris, Exodus, p. 348.)

Israel appeared to me to be a bundle of nerves and ulcers and calluses developed in each day's course of hard work. (Gourse, With Gall and Honey, p. 135.)

Strangely too, almost sardonically, the land fomented the jealousies and nurtured the hates, because the history of ancient vendettas was scored into the living rock. This was the threshing floor that David brought from the Jebusite, where Solomon built his temple and where now the Moslem kneels but never the Jew. Here the Romans crucified Christ at the plea of the Sanhedrin, and Christians have squabbled for centuries under the shadow of the everlasting mercy. Here at

> Yad Vashem we commemorate, with haunting austerity, the memory of six million dead. There, beyond the barbed wire are the hovels of the expatriates who pay the debt on which Europe defaulted. There is the museum which we have built to show how man, in this chosen corner, groped upwards from the Stone Age to the rocket ship. Down there, in the desert, is the atomic reactor which may one day make the warheads to annihilate him. ... All there. All written on the map, so harsh and palpable that Baratz was tempted to brush his hand across the surface to feel the sand and the flint and the living pulp that grew out of it and crawled upon it. (West, The Tower of Babel, pp. 344-345.)

CHAPTER I

To form an image of Israel, one must begin with an image of the Israeli. There are two basic types of Israelis. The first is the memory-stricken European. The second is the Sabra. To be sure, there are Israelis who fall into other categories, but these two types are those most clearly portrayed by Anglo-American novelists. It is through these types that novelists have sought to capture the image of Israel.

THE MEMORY-STRICKEN EUROPEAN

> Their faces were darker, narrower, keener; already they bore the stigma of the things to forget. It was there in the sharper bend of the nasal bone, the bitter sensuousness of fleshier lips, the knowing look in his moister eyes. They looked nervous and overstrung amidst the phlegmatic and sturdy Sabras; more enthusiastic and less reliable. (Koestler, Thieves in the Night, p. 10.)

These survivors of Nazism were haunted by memories and sought to forget the past. It was easy to see the difference between such immigrants from Europe and the Sabra. Matthews, an American correspondent in Thieves in the Night, despises the memory-plagued Jews. He takes them to be weak, and their weakness only fed his anger. "They stink of ghetto" (p. 221), he says, dismissing them. He has come to admire only those who have "quit being Jews and become Hebrews." (Ibid.)

But to "quit being Jews" is not easy for the sufferers of Hitler's atrocities. When the fact that you are a Jew has caused you to endure years of imprisonment in a concentration camp, and to experience horrors of unspeakable mag-

nitude, to forget is impossible. Your remembering makes you different. It has to make you different. Hitler wanted you to be different, and you are different. The remnant of the camps and the Nazi horror are unique.

Levi Abramovich, a character in Potok's The Dark Place Inside, had experienced the cruelty of the Nazi sickness:

> They had smashed his face in the hunting and bayoneted him in the killing so that his blood had run in dark pools alongside the clods of dung. But the killing had been poorly accomplished; the peasant's herbs had sealed the wounds. They had been skillful with the face, though: his brown eyes bulged, his cheeks were white-scarred, pinched, sunken. The line of mouth ran crookedly upward from left to right with an opening at the left corner of the lips where the mouth had been torn. His neck was pole-thin, ridged with ruptured flesh. He had been fairly handsome once. Now he wore perpetually the look of a surprised wet bird.
>
> He never thought of his face. It was part of the dark place inside. (Dimensions, Fall 1967, p. 35.)

Levi had become an Israeli citizen and had remarried. He was employed by the Israeli government. Every day but the Sabbath he went to the government office on his motor scooter. Every day he fought to repress the memory of his first wife and their four children. They had been slaughtered by the Nazis; he had escaped. The memory was too strong to have it out in the open. The depraved nature of the reality was too much to accept. It had to remain a "dark place inside."

There are many men like Levi in Israel. They have

suffered too much to be considered normal, well-adjusted individuals. As one Israeli says to another in Viertel's The Last Temptation,

> "You cannot lose your entire family in a gas chamber and remain calm and normal. ... We are not detached or academic. I have many friends who are mentally disturbed. You probably do too. So have we all." (p. 292.)

Hannah, a character in West's The Tower of Babel, is to be numbered among those who are mentally disturbed. Her husband Jakov thought about his wife as she lay in a mental hospital in Jerusalem.

> Hannah was gone from him, probably for ever. The door had cracked and split and she was drawn back into the Bluebeard chamber of horrors, which was her childhood in the time of the holocausts. (p. 38.)

To those who have suffered so much, Israel becomes more than another home; it becomes the home. Without it there can be no chance of survival in this alien hostile world. The Marmoreks in Viertel's The Last Temptation had been chased out of Vienna and Prague by the Nazi onslaught. They had fled to Italy and there for the duration of the war had masqueraded as Catholics. Now, with the allied victory, they were going home, to the Land of Israel. Debbie Marmorek says to her small son David: "Tonight Daddy and Mommy and David are all going home together. ... And home is a place that is very, very warm, because the sun shines." (p. 92.)

There are many refugees going home after the War, people who were part of the ingathering of the dispersion.

> A million had to be brought home: a million not of those who had inherited the earth and could bring wealth to this new land, but a million of the most abject, poverty-ridden diseased wretches, sick in mind and body." (p. 303.)

No one else would take them, but even if other places had been open to them, many still would have chosen the Land of Israel. They came because it was the home for the Jew. "The dispersed, the exiles, the unwanted came to that one little corner of the earth where the word Jew was not a slander." (Uris' Exodus, p. 596.) Eretz Yisrael was the only place in the world where a Jew could do more than live on the surface. It was the one place where he could sink his roots and find that his rootedness gave him a stability he had never had before.

For little David Halevi in Levin's My Father's House, there was only one imperative--that was, to find his family. He had been separated from them when he was taken to Buchenwald. From the time of his release from Buchenwald to his arrival in Palestine, he was obsessed with the imminent reunion. Once in Palestine, he traveled from the Galilee to the Dead Sea, from Tel-Aviv to Jerusalem, looking for his father. Even when the authorities told him that his family had been killed in the concentration camps his mind refused to accept the reality of their deaths. Eretz Yisrael was where his father had said that he would meet him. This was their promised land; David continued his search. At last, in a barren part of the Negev which was

the site of a new kibbutz, David found his "father."

> David knelt and touched the stone. He traced out the letters--Ha-le-vi.
>
> "That was the name of my real father," David said.
>
> He was safe now, Miriam knew. He would not go back. He had found all of his fathers in their place.
>
> "We'll build our house on this stone," Avram said.
>
> "The house of Halevi," Miriam said to David. David put his hands on the stone. "The house of my father, Yisroel." (p. 192.)

David, the sufferer, had found his home. So many of the sufferers had found their home.

THE SABRA

> . . . these stumpy, dumpy girls with their rather coarse features, retarded, over-ripe and immature at the same time; and these raw, arm-slapping youngsters, callow, dumb and heavy, with their aggressive laughter and unmodulated voices, without traditions, manners, form, style . . .
>
> Their parents were the most cosmopolitan race of the earth--they are provincial and chauvinistic. Their parents were sensitive bundles of nerves with awkward bodies--their nerves are whip-cords and their bodies those of a horde of Hebrew Tarzans roaming in the hills of Galilee. Their parents were intense, intent, over-strung, over-spiced--they are tasteless, spiceless, unleavened and tough. . . .
>
> In other words, they have ceased to be Jews and become Hebrew peasants. (Thieves in the Night, pp. 152-153.)

Arthur Koestler's description of the Sabra cannot be accepted as definitive, but neither can it be disregarded. To be sure, negative attributes are present in the make-up

of the Sabra, a type of Jew that had not existed on Palestinian soil or, for that matter, anywhere else in the world in almost two thousand years. The Sabra has to go back to the revolts of 67 C.E. or 132 C.E.--or even earlier, to Maccabean times--to find his historical ancestors. Not since the days of Bar Giora and Bar Kochba had a Jew been born in his own Jewish state. But the Sabra is not the Jew of Roman times any more than he is the Jew of the Nazi Holocaust. As contemporary fictionists see him, he is something both very new and very old, and the extremes of his nature and its lack of exact definition make him rough, no heir to subtleties.

Jacobson in The Beginners describes the type in the light of his own South African experience:

> Joel had lived long enough in Israel to know that the talk of the sabras as "Hebrew Tarzan" was nonsense; yet it was true that one rarely found among them any lightness, softness or openness of response. They were rather dour, neurotic provincials, more like the Afrikaners than any other group he had ever met. But their hardness was less of a shell, more of a muscle, than that of the Afrikaners, who had had things too easy in an easy country. (p. 263.)

Though Jacobson's observation is at some variance with what Koestler had said, the Sabra is still described in rather unflattering terms.

In public life, this Sabra presents himself as pushy and physical. In Gourse's With Gall and Honey, Andrea Mornatnai can only draw on her New York subway experience

for a referent to her Jerusalem bus ride:

> When the bus pulled up, Israelis rushed in through the rear door, pushed Luis and me up the steps and separated us. We shoved our way to the large rear windows. The crowd pressed us together. People poured into the bus, murmuring, "Pardon me," and thrusting each other aside with both hands. I whispered to Luis, "The only thing worse than the humanity in the New York subways is the one in the Jerusalem buses." (p. 72.)

In private, the Israeli gives off a sense of urgency and seriousness. Even the young are caught up in the drama of real, raw life. Becker, an American flyer in The Coasts of the Earth, has just asked a sixteen-year-old Israeli girl if she would not like to live in New York. Through an interpreter, the girl answers.

She says she does not believe she would be happy in New York because

> she thinks she would not like to be only a pretty girl who wears nice dresses and goes to parties. She says she is much happier here, in her kibbutz, because she is doing useful things. (p. 118.)

It is because of this precocious seriousness that the Sabra is often thought of as lacking a sense of humor and that he appears to outsiders a social bore.

Perhaps it is what writers take to be the Sabra's pride which comes in for the strongest criticism and misunderstanding. "Years of tension and struggle had built a thick skin on the sabras. Their pride was fierce beyond comprehension." (Exodus, p. 567.) They had become

so involved with their own country and its preservation that self-centeredness was a natural outgrowth of their personalities. Livingston has an Israeli in The Coasts of the Earth say, "We think only of ourselves. ... We want to talk only of ourselves and our new country." (p. 45.)

The Sabra is seen as inextricably bound to his country--its present and its future. He is almost oblivious of the outside world of the Goy and the anti-Semite. Gideon, a Sabra in Spicehandler's Burnt Offering, has "never understood the anger, the bitterness, and the suspicion that (non-Sabra) men like Yankeleh, or milder men like Gershon and his father, held for the outside world." (p. 223.) The non-Sabra, those Israelis born outside of Israel, knew from firsthand experience the hate of the outside world for the Jew, at times subtle, at times blatant, but always there.

The Sabra cares little for the outside world in general; he wants only to be left alone. A sympathetic non-Jew like Michener understands that the Sabra's statement to the entire world would go something like this: "Now we've won our own land and we're going to keep it. And what you or Vilspronck or the Pope or General de Gaulle thinks about it is of no concern to me. ... Not one little bit." (The Source, p. 1044.)

The Sabra has many characteristics; often he is pictured as a bright, intellectual type. Sometimes his in-

tellectualism is appreciated; sometimes it is not. For some writers, the Sabras "had to show off all the time with their bookishness and the languages they knew and what clever-clever fellows they were..." (Thieves in the Night (p. 44.) Other novelists recognize the cleverness of the Israelis and take it as a positive part of their total personality, though at times the compliment seems grudgingly given: "They're kind, the Israelis, and hard-working, and accommodating, and conscientious; all these things... Also frigging bright." (The Menoreh Men, p. 40.) At other times, their ability and pleasantness are noted with sincere appreciation. Cullinane, in Michener's The Source, has nothing but praise and admiration for Dr. Vered Bar-El, Israel's top expert in dating pottery sherds. "She was a small woman, beautiful, bright-eyed, a pleasure to have at any dig. She was also one of the first major experts who had been trained wholly in Israel." (p. 13.)

In Muriel Spark's The Mandelbaum Gate, Miss Vaughan describes all Israelis first in terms of their Jewishness. She, like so many Britons, cannot easily accommodate herself to the fact that "Jews" have become "Israelis," or that the Sabras constitute something of a new breed. Miss Vaughan was spending some time visiting Israel; her guide in Jerusalem was Dr. Ephraim of the Hebrew University. At first glance, he impressed Miss Vaughan as "a tall, intellectual-looking Jew (p. 8.), but for her he had "turned out to be amiable in the surprising way of the Israeli in-

tellectuals; it took one by surprise because she did not expect a violin with its strings taut and tuned for immediate performance to be suddenly amiable." (Ibid. p. 1.)

As novelists present him, the Sabra is many things, some good and some of necessity undelectable. They are children of a land born anew. "They are good, brave children, our Sabras. They die for their land. Also, they survive for it. They last because of their chutzpah." (With Gall and Honey, p. 160.) The writer is testifying to the quality of hardness which Jacobson alludes to in his book, The Beginners. It is a hardness which brings them to an iron resolve of defiance, determination and will to survive. Thus in a sense the writers are posing these questions. Who would not be serious if his life was constantly on the threshold of death or destruction? Who would not be somewhat humorless if the whole world had gone mad around him? Gentility is a quality which only those who are not harassed and singled out for annihilation can afford. Subtleties are for those people who do not have the multifarious surface and obvious problems of Israeli society.

SEX AND THE SABRA

The Sabra, as novelists tend to perceive him, exhibits a physical aspect and appetite which can best be explored by viewing the image of sex.

Some of the writers depict Israel as a hedonistic society. This notion comes in part from their sense of the Sabra as a sex symbol,--strong, powerful, virile. Yaakov Yeshivat in Hirschfeld's Behold Zion personifies these qualities of manliness. He is a sort of Cincinnatus--a farmer by choice, but a soldier through necessity. His battlefield exploits are matched only by his prowess on another field:

> Yaakov Yeshivat stretched his thick arms, making a small masculine sound of satisfaction in the back of his throat. He sat up quickly and lit a cigaret.
>
> Leah watched him lazily, and appreciated what she saw. A big man, the muscles thick and swelling, the torso bony and lean, heavy with power.
>
> She yearned to embrace him, let him know how very much he pleased her. That she loved him. She said nothing. Yeshivat was for love-making not love-talk. Not love. (p. 13.)

Yaakov Yeshivat has his counterpart in Ari Ben Canaan of Exodus fame. Ari is also a superb Apollo-like figure of sexual invincibility. His virility temporarily wipes away the American Christian Kitty Fremont's defences:

> She ran into his arms and held him tightly, trembling with desire. His kisses fell over her mouth and cheeks and neck and she exchanged kiss for kiss, touch for touch, with an abandon she had never known. Ari swept her up in his arms and carried her to the bed and placed her on it and knelt beside her. Kitty felt faint. She gripped the sheets and sobbed and writhed. (p. 410.)

For the writers, there is an openness about sex, a candor about its practice and meaning, that pervades the Israeli society. Perhaps this attitude finds its founda-

tion in the kibbutzim, where boys and girls grow up living in common quarters until the age of eighteen. For the archeologist Cullinane, in Michener's The Source, this was incredible. His Israeli friend Reich assured him that

> The results of our system are striking. No juvenile delinquency. A minimum of sexual aberration. Of course we have our share of adultery and backbiting, but our success in marriage is far above normal. (p. 72.)

At times there are abuses in sexual relationships, but even in these cases, the novelists predicate an honesty that is rather striking, though perhaps misunderstood. In Smith Hempstone's In the Midst of Lions, Mota Saphir displays this type of frankness. In thinking back on his relationship with Rachel Lev,

> He was sorry about the way things had worked out. He had not meant to hurt Rachel, but marriage never entered his head, and he'd been genuinely surprised to discover she was thinking in such terms. Sure, they had been sleeping together, when the opportunity presented itself, for nearly a year. But that was not unusual among Israelis. Sex was something to be enjoyed where you found it, not whispered about like something shameful, as it seemed to be with the older generation. Yes, he'd told her he loved her and, for that matter, he still did. She was good fun, beautiful and had a wonderful body. Maybe one day they would get married, but not now, ... (p. 123.)

Outsiders are often represented as misunderstanding the sexual psyche of the Sabras. Such a person was Kitty Fremont in Uris' Exodus:

> Kitty regarded him steadily for a moment. "Maybe because I don't live by your simple, uncluttered standards of I-like-you, and-you-like-me-so-let's-go-to-bed.... I'm not so advanced in my thinking as (the Israeli) Jordana." (p. 462.)

Uris means to convey by this Kitty's failure to comprehend that things in Israel have little sense of permanence. As Ari says in response to Kitty, "Jordana has loved only one man in her life. Is it wrong to give her love when she does not know if either of them will be alive at the end of the week?" (Ibid.)

As writers see it, there is little hypocrisy in relationships between the sexes in Israel. The world around this island of pulsating activity may have the time for coyness and sexual fantasies, but Israel cannot permit herself such luxuries. Here, as in other areas of the Sabra's life, subtleties are lacking; the modus vivendi is one of straightforwardness and openness.

TENSION

When the two basic types of Israelis--the memory-stricken European and the Sabra--clash together with the various other peoples that have come to make up the melting pot of Israel, tension and conflict naturally result, and are reflected in the fiction under consideration in this paper.

The time that Israel has had to cement these various peoples into one will has been short indeed. The strain has at times been almost too great. In Hirschfeld's Behold Zion, Levi had a blind hatred for the Yemenites. When he saw a Yemenite, his hate would express itself in a hot rage.

> "Go back," he ordered. "Black men can't walk this way." But they did not stop. "Levi cursed and sent his fist crashing into the exposed side of the man's jaw. The Yemeni staggered and turned as if to fight. Before he could respond, Levi was at him, both hands swinging, choked sounds, moist and unintelligible on his lips. (p. 78.)

In Michener's The Source, Tabari, an Arab Israeli, tells Cullinane the Catholic American, that Israelis don't like to talk about the problem of the Sephardim.

> They hope it's a problem that will go away if nobody ventilates it too much...the Sephardim constitute more than half the population of Israel but hold less than five per cent of the good jobs. (p. 473.)

Their birthrate, much higher than among the Ashkenazim, is alluded to by one Israeli in a disparaging way: "They've lived too long among Arabs. These Sephardic Jews breed like rabbits." (In the Midst of Lions, p. 239.)

But the lines of animosity are not drawn only between the Ashkenazim and the Sephardim. At times the Sabra mocks all those who are refugees from other lands. They are the young and tough who never grew up looking over their shoulders. " . . . don't know why these new people can't tend to business, . . . " said the Israeli Captain to Tony, an American flier, in Livingston's The Coasts of the Earth. "Our problem is that we have to take in the scum of Europe. . . . The Nazis killed off the cream. All they let live were the scum." (p. 185.)

But war and fighting for one's country have a way of overriding such prejudices. The Sabra is aware that Isra-

elis who were born in many countries gave their lives for Israel. It was Luis, the South American, in Gourse's With Gall and Honey, who died for Israel in the Sinai War. In Spicehandler's Burnt Offering, it was Zaki, the Iraqi Jew, and Davey, the American Jew, who died trying to blow up the monastery of Stella Montis in 1948. It is, the novelists seem to be saying, the gift of life for Israel which breaks down the social barriers among her people.

WAR AND THE ISRAELI

Perhaps only in war, the struggle for life and death, can outsiders really come to know the Israeli. The fiction under examination in this paper bears this out. It is because of the continuing state of war that the Israeli finds himself "in a process of self-discovery." (Burnt Offering, p. 207.) For the Israelis, their army is not something impersonal and remote. It is part of their everyday lives, it belongs to the people, for the people are the army. As an Israeli says in Leslie Gourse's With Gall and Honey, "Our young people in the army, they are proud of it. Each one comes to feel it is his own army, it exists for and belongs to him. ..." (p. 113.)

Anglo-American writers dwell on the tremendous sense of accomplishment Jews feel when they see their army. Perhaps it is because

> for two thousand years whenever (we) Jews saw a soldier, it could only mean bad news.

> Because the soldier couldn't be Jewish. He had to be an enemy. It's no small thing to see a soldier, standing on his own soil, protecting Jews...not persecuting them. (The Source, p. 68.)

In the war effort, there can be no such thing as a neutral observer. All citizens of Israel are part of the strategic defense of the state. This was what Andrea Mornatnai discovered in Miss Gourse's With Gall and Honey. Just before the Sinai Campaign,

> The largest textile works in the country had postponed its strike. Men were working overtime at regular salaries. The banks were staying open, at least in the morning, during the blackout. Israelis were rallying unbelievably well. (pp. 298-299.)

As Koestler put it, Israelis know better than any other people that "a nation of conscientious objectors can't survive." (Thieves in the Night, p. 299.)

It is through the combination of pride in achievement and necessity that the men of the Army of Israel take on an epic dimension. Thus Kitty Fremont in Uris' Exodus can say,

> This was no army of mortals.
> These were the ancient Hebrews. These were the faces of Dan and Reuben and Judah and Ephraim. These were Samsons and Deborahs and Joabs and Sauls.
> It was the Army of Israel, and no force on earth could stop them for the power of God was within them. (p. 371.)

Uris' statement might take for its proof-text the Israeli victories in the ongoing war with the Arabs. The bravery of the Israeli soldier is constantly adverted to by Uris and his fellow-novelists. In Leslie Gourse's With

Gall and Honey, a wounded soldier talks with Andrea about what he has heard and seen in the war:

> The Egyptians were on both sides of the pass, and our men were shot in the back from across the pass. There was a fellow--I knew him well, he wasn't a kid, and he had been dishonored for something in his past. A mission he was once on. And his rank was broken. After that he was considered a coward. ... The army was his whole life. Ever since that time I think he was trying to live down his past. In the morning, after we had finally taken the pass during the night, I heard that they found him lying in a cave with four or five Egyptians. They were all dead. What could you call that? Bravery? And there were many men like that. Can so many men be brave? ... We knew what we were fighting for. (pp. 310-311.)

A comparable feat is described in Burt Hirschfeld's Behold Zion. Yaakov recounts his actions to Amos on the night that he found that his father had been slain by Arabs:

> I went out to the Arab village, which wasn't far away, that same night. There were guards out, eight in all. I circled the village and killed each one of them with my hands. Not one man made a sound. Then I went into the village, to the house of the sheikh, Ibn Amer. A man of Allah. A Hajj. A man who three times made the pilgrimage to Mecca. I woke him up and told him who I was and then cut off his head and placed it on the gatepost where they would all see it in the morning and understand. (p. 108.)

The underlying note of virtually superhuman courage and bravery is adumbrated even in the giving of an order.

As Shoshana explained to Dr. Laing in Lionel Davidson's The Menorah Men,

> "In your army, I think," she said, "the officer gives the order Advance. It's so in every army of the world. In the army of Israel he must order Follow Me." (p. 90.)

Dr. Laing also noticed the gutsiness of the Israeli:

> It's only twenty minutes by bomber from Cairo, and there was a fair amount of khaki in the street; and with it some less definable but very Israeli quality, a certain human pugnacity. Toughness, self-reliance, qualities greatly prized here, had also struck an echo in the girls. There was a mischievous, tomboyish look about many of them as they passed, army hats cocked modishly over one eye, eggbrown arms round the necks of male and female comrades; a strong impression of matey solidarity. (pp. 140-141.)

Writers do not fail to note that the women of Israel also have a place in the war effort. They, too, display the courage of necessity. In Michener's The Source, this is emphatically stated by Vered Bar-El to Cullinane:

> When I was seventeen I took that same pledge. We felt then as Aviva feels now. Israel needed women who were ready to bear arms... to die at the battlefront if necessary. Lipstick and salon dancing were for the effete women of France and America. (p. 24.)

The quality of courage is also found in an Israeli refugee bartender named Hank in Livingston's The Coasts of the Earth. An American flyer named Tony asks Hank why he and the others do not go down to the bomb shelter when the Egyptians begin their attack...

> "Aren't you people afraid at all?" Tony said. "Those bombs hit something, you know."
> Hank put the cocktail glass down. He nudged it with his finger until it was

> in line with a row of other glasses. He pursed his lips, then moved half a dozen of the glasses to form a new row. He hobbled to the end of the bar and picked up a tray of dirty glasses. He hobbled back.
>
> "Mr. Nevin, we have been afraid all our lives," he said. "I think now we are tired of being afraid." (p. 55.)

However, there is another side to war and those who participate in it--a side that is brutal in the manner in which it wipes aside the strength, courage and goodness of men. All war is a form of insanity, even a war of survival. War is man's return to his infancy, to his primitive beginnings. If you are one who searches for heroes in time of war, it is best to remember the words put into Joseph's mouth in Koestler's Thieves in the Night: " . . . heroes should be looked at through the telescope, not through the microscope." (p. 82.) For, if you look too closely, you see men that are sick at heart and afraid. Mike, an American reporter in Hempstone's In the Midst of Lions, got a close look:

> The Israeli assault units were huddled in groves of eucalyptus trees bordering the meadows near the River Jordan, ...talking quietly in small groups, smoking, playing cards, scribbling letters to their families. The soldiers were young, but very tough-looking in their ragged uniforms and five-day beards. But you could tell from the way they clustered together, seeking the comfort of each other, and from the whiteness of their knuckles when they gripped their rifles, that they were as nervous as cats. They had fought in Jordan and knew what it was all about. They sensed that the war was almost over, that their assault on the Syrian fortifications almost certainly would be the last major action of the war. So they all had hope of living, and that meant that almost everyone knew the fear of dying. When a war was just beginning, no man had the

> right to hope or expect that he might live. But when soldiers knew it was almost over, then life became very sweet.
>
> A week ago, the assault troops had been kids fretting about their examinations or proud of their first jobs. They were young no longer, and nothing would ever be the same again for those who had survived. In the passing of a few days, each of them had acquired that oldness which comes with fear and killing, and with seeing one's friends smashed by the wheel of war, a collective, subtle aging of an entire generation, born of the whir of flying shrapnel, the sickly sweet smell of burning flesh, the sight of obscenely torn bodies. Many of them...would grow old peacefully and talk proudly of their days at war. But at times the memory of how it had really been would come back to them, and they would say no more. (pp. 285-286.)

This fiction tends to emphasize, no exultation or wild celebrating of victory for those Israelis who have truly tasted war. In action the Israeli is seen as brave, but in reaction to what he has encountered, he is seen as sober and very sad. There is little glory in war. It is in Gourse's With Gall and Honey that we come upon what we are given to believe is a typical[1] Israeli kibbutznick's response to war. Aaron, in referring to his head, says,

> "Nothing. There is nothing in there now. Many of my friends were killed. Some of the officers. How can there be anything in there? There's no desire for revenge in me." He paused and thumped the bed with his fist once. "When I found pictures in the pockets of the Egyptians--you know, pictures of a wife, a child--I thought, What have I got against them? Nothing. It's over. Quickly. The way it had to be. I asked a prisoner, not an officer, "Why did you surrender so soon?" He said to me, "That's the way the war is." He didn't want to fight me either." Aaron shrugged his shoulders again. "It's not easy for the ones from the kibbutzim. It's

---

1 אברהם שפירא (עורך), שיח לוחמים (תל-אביב: קבוצת חברים צעירים מהתנועה הקיבוצית [בסיוע המרכז לתרבות ולחינוך של ההסתדרות, 1968)

> not easy for anyone, but it is the least easy for the farmers. It's against our grain. You understand? We have a feeling of revulsion for all of it. ... We leave the kibbutz. We carry out the attacks, but we question our right to do so. All I can feel is relief. Because this had to be done. Otherwise we would have waited to see our own people killed. (pp. 320-321.)

The truth is raw and there are few niceties. Moreover the fact behind the superhuman Israeli warrior is that, as the novelists depict him, he is a human being who does not relish war. To be sure, he is brave, but this is a bravery that finds its roots in necessity. He is not fighting for himself alone, but for every man, woman, and child in Israel. His defeat would not be only a personal annihilation, but even more the enemy's first step to genocide. Novelists are aware that to attach pleasure to his exploits is to misunderstand his motivation.. He fights only because he has to fight. He is brave only because he has to be brave. He wins only because he has to win.

CHAPTER II

ECONOMICS AND THE ISRAELI

Perhaps in this age of materialism, one is well advised to begin with the central concern of every state: the economy and its ramifications. The direction of man in his relationship to the material world has a very interesting course in Israel. Many of the novelists see the development of the modern Israeli economic system as having no equal in the history of nation-states. Only in Israel has labor secured its rightful place in the hierarchy of basic economic necessities. Such labor ideals as respect and equality for all people speak to writers as the credo of the new state. The writers are aware of the utopian idealism of the Second Aliyah. These utopians were believers in Marx, and the seed of socialism took root and new life in Palestinian soil. The kibbutz became the first and most powerful expression of the dynamic and organic concept of the labor elite. Joseph, in Koestler's Thieves in the Night, says this about the kibbutz:

> This was right and good and made sense. Here something broken was being made whole again: men were recovering their lost integrity. (p. 353.)

Michener, speaking through Cullinane, the Catholic archaeologist, in his book The Source contends that "the salvation of Israel probably rested in the idealism and dedication generated by the kibbutz." (p. 69.)

Almost all of the novels mention the kibbutz and its impact on Israeli society. Therefore, it is with their image of the kibbutz that we will begin.

The Russian Jewish settlers that made their way to Palestine at the end of the nineteenth century found the Jews established in "the Holy Land" mostly old pietists who had come there to die. Palestinian city life, such as it was, provided little room for self-expression. It was in the fields where such men as Yeshivat, a character in Hirschfeld's Behold Zion, could find freedom from Czarist tyranny, on the one hand, and from Palestine's small, but harsh, cities, on the other. He turned to the northeastern slopes of Mount Tabor in the lower Galilee and there he began Kfar Akiba. It was there that Yeshivat uttered his belief to all those who joined him in this collective endeavor. "We will have good crops and good lives but we must earn both." (p. 180.) A simple straightforward statement. However, for those people it was not just a statement but a dream on the order of Herzl's dream of the Jewish State. Yeshivat and his friends fought and died for their kibbutz, but their idea lived on and found meaning for thousands of new immigrants. The Jews must return to the land for "good lives". For Yeshivat, as Hirschfeld portrays him, the collective unit was not a matter of theory; it was a necessity. Without it one could not hold on to what one had gained. The collective community was necessary to ward off the outer

threat of Arabs and the inner threat of the Jews' incompetence in working with the land.

For Joseph, the central figure in Koestler's Thieves in the Night, the kibbutz, or more properly stated in his language, the "commune," was the social and political ideal. Joseph is presented as much younger than Yeshivat, and the commune which he helped found was Ezra's Tower. Already by Joseph's time, the communes were not a dream but a reality. The Communes of Judaea, Samaria, the Valley of Jezreel, and Upper Galilee helped new settlers in their attempt to start new communes. Thus, by the thirties, the dream had come to fruition. The communes had already become prosperous with all the luxuries of middle class life, swimming-pools, amphitheatres, private dwellings. As Joseph said,

> The revolutionary thing about the Commune is that it makes farming possible on an eight-hour basis and turns it into a civilized occupation. From 5 P.M. onward my time is my own. And when all is said, what is the final aim of socialism if not the conquest of leisure? (p. 91.)

Joseph, aware of the varied ideologies that were to be found in the different communes, says in a joking way,

> but the real fun only starts when the Hebrew prophetic streak cross-breeds with socialist sectarianism. Then dots on I's and crosses on T's become a matter of life and death and deviations from the party line are castigated with all the wrath of Amos and Isaiah. (p. 91.)

No matter what the ideology, Joseph knew that commune life was hard and laborious for many of its members.

> For, when all is said, ours is a hard and drab existence, and one has to do a lot of sales-talk to oneself to stick to it. Even so there are days...
>
> However, they are only days. Remember Joseph, remember. Hast thou forgotten Pharaoh's hosts? (p. 90.)

The writers do not see the kibbutz as only dour, there are also times of joy to be felt in the meetings of the kibbutzim's government of pure democracy. The kibbutz meetings over the economic needs of the community provide a free-swinging night's entertainment. Such a meeting is depicted in Levin's Yehuda:

> Feldman's voice rose above all the others, charging against the "German." "Chabibi. Who doesn't agree that a new motor is better than an old one. Certainly, it would be fine to have a new tractor too, and a new incubator, and a new truck for that matter--but money, comrades, money--that's the question. The funds are low--"
>
> "Was there ever a time when the funds weren't low," said David; and preened in the following laughter.
>
> The whole thing began all over again. Herschl and Schiller and Rambam storming for the new motor, and Feldman and after him Maccabee and Shimshon and Plotnick clamouring, growling, burbling there was no money, and Malka complaining, and Chaneh Chrapojnikoff swearing, and Dvoraleh... (p. 149.)

Of course, only the kibbutz member can be expected to exult in such an exchange. To an outsider, it may well appear to be only a form of bickering and quarreling.

Many an outsider sees the kibbutz as an ugly place. To Mike, the American correspondent in Hempstone's In the

Midst of Lions, kibbutz Tel Katsir seems unimpressive:

> The houses were small, plain and sturdy, built of concrete with corrugated-iron roofs... Each had a small porch surrounded by a waist-high concrete wall which could be used as a firing position... sprinklers played upon the thick nap of grass coaxed from the rocky soil and there were a few beds of red and blue flowers. (p. 8.)

When Mike looked at the communal dining hall, he only saw a "square, functionally ugly, stucco building." For Mike the outsider, who only saw the appearance of things, the kibbutz was a mighty depressing place.

In Jacobson's The Beginners, we receive a different perspective from Joel. For Joel, the insider, the kibbutznick, the kibbutz was not to be judged only by its appearance. He knew what the kibbutz had come from.

> When they had come to the hillside after six weeks on a border kibbutz in the Galilee, there had been nothing on it but grass and rock; in those days they had slept under canvas and had had their water brought up to them by tender each day. They had put up every building that could be seen on the crown of the hill; they had laid the pipes that had brought their water to them; they had cleared the rocks from the fields round about, which were now real fields instead of so many tracts of wasteland: they had planted the little trees, still swathed in sacking and tied to stakes, that would one day shade all the paths on the meshek. To an outsider it might have looked like an ugly collection of hutments, sheds, vehicles and heaps of building materials; but, though he tried to do so, Joel could not see it as an outsider. It occurred to him that perhaps never again would his work produce such tangible and effective results as it had done here. (pp. 340-341.)

For the kibbutznick, the kibbutz becomes a world unto

itself. Joseph in Koestler's Thieves in the Night sees the kibbutznicks as being so absorbed in their problems that they lose contact with reality. (p. 109.) The writers picture the collective ego of the kibbutz as one which makes the outside world almost disappear. Thus, as the kibbutzim grow toward economic viability, they become more removed from the outside world.

At times the kibbutz world might be broken by echoes of the life which is lived beyond its confines or by hidden desires held by the kibbutznicks themselves. Yehuda, the main character in Levin's book Yehuda, was a loyal kibbutznick who happened to be an outstanding violinist. He came to his kibbutz out of dedication to the land. His hands were not the hands of a farmer but of an artist. His gift to the world might have been his creative musical expression. But, instead, he chose to act upon his intellectual idealization of the land.

Through the well-meaning efforts of an American, Yussuf Brenner, a great violinist, was brought to Yehuda's kibbutz. Yehuda wanted to play for this man in order to be discovered. When his chance came, he conquered his desire to play for Brenner. His gift was only for his fellow kibbutznicks. He would play for no one else. "I play only for my comrades." (p. 372.)

On occasion, the kibbutz does open itself to the outside world. It opened itself in order to swallow

hundreds of thousands of immigrants during the forties, and Meyer Levin's novel, My Father's House, depicts this process of immigrant absorption. When ships such as "Hannah Szenesch" ran the British blockade, the illegal immigrants were taken by trucks to various inland kibbutzim which were never searched by the British. These scarred wretches of Europe are seen as beginning in a matter of weeks to function as useful citizens of the embryo state. Moreover, their numbers give rise to new kibbutzim. The cities of Palestine also attracted the new immigrants, but even before the creation of the State of Israel, the kibbutznicks had recognized the danger of the cities. The characters in Levin's Yehuda declare:

> We have made our choice for land-settlement, binding it up with other ideals in which we believe. Look at this village Cvar Shemesh; what have you there but a factory town that might have been transported from Poland or Lithuania or any other cursed outland. Already a few storekeepers becoming bourgeois, and a lot of thin, worried workmen, owing them money.... Go down to Tel Aviv and you will see what the whole thing leads to. Our Jews are building a little Paris in Tel Aviv. Paper houses that melt in the rain. (pp. 196-197.)

With the coming of the state in 1948, the economic horizons of the laborer are greatly expanded and the rush of the cities is further accentuated. Even so, the novelists sense, the lesson of the kibbutz--that the worker is of highest import--has not been forgotten by the young state. Hirschfeld, in his Behold Zion, relates the power of Israel to her labor force. Histadrut,

symbolic of organized labor, under such men as Yaakov and Lahav, two characters in Hirschfeld's novel, rule the country politically and economically. A threat to the union is a threat to the security of the whole nation. One type of threat to Histadrut comes from within; that is, its own members endorse and actively foster different labor ideologies. When a violent wild cat strike occurred at the Haifa docks, Yaakov responds to this unauthorized strike by confronting the militant strikers:

> I represent Histadrut,... And the Government... It is my job to get this ship, and all others, back to sea. It will be done. Should you turn us back, kill us all--and killing will be necessary in order to turn us away--even then it will be done. (p. 169.)

With these words, Yaakov is able to break the strike.

But threats from the outside are not so easily solved by the leaders of Histadrut. Amos Landau, another character in Hirschfeld's Behold Zion, was a successful business man. His small dress shop has expanded into many shops and a large textile factory. When a local Histadrut union demands an unreasonable raise for the factory workers, Amos closes down his plant. Then he pleads his case of labor malpractice in the Israeli newspapers. The end result is a victory for Amos and capitalism. The quasi-governmental Histadrut sees that a prolonged strike would disrupt the economy and endanger Israel's chances of getting badly needed foreign investment. (p. 320.) Thus the short run preeminence of the laborer has to be compromised because of the over-riding

factors which are necessary for the development of fiscal stability.

It is debatable, a novelist like Hirschfeld is suggesting, whether Histadrut can maintain the kibbutz ideal of labor elite in the general society. Whether the political and economic necessities of a twentieth-century nation-state will make this goal impossible remains an unanswered question. Israel, the image, as well as Israel the reality, is clearly in a state of transition.

POLITICS AND THE ISRAELI

In the area of politics, the authors of these novels present a dynamic and volatile image of Israel. They understand how natural it is that a country brought into existence so dramatically and suddenly should manifest a high degree of political instability. Leaders that were revolutionaries such as Baratz in West's The Tower of Babel are represented as clearly seeing the turnabout of roles and goals. Baratz says, "We were the adventurers once--the plotters, the saboteurs, the gunlayers and the commandos... Now we're the Establishment." (p. 75.) Nevertheless, people can change roles without necessarily creating instability. Perhaps we have to look to another area to find the roots of instability as portrayed by the writers.

When there are a multiplicity of opinions, there is often a lack of solidarity of action and direction. At an early point in her life Israel had internal dissension. Livingston's The Coasts of the Earth shows this tension rising to the breaking point when the Irgun tries to bring

in a shipment of arms in defiance of the government-controlled Haganah.

> On any street corner men would stop and say "Shalom," and then: "Where is the ship today? And this would lead into a discussion and the discussion into an argument; for the partisans of each side were very definite in their views and the arguments were very bitter, and in some instances ended in fist fights.
>
> Men who once shared a single gun in the same foxhole fought each other. In some instances, too, it was brother versus brother. In all instances, it was Jew versus Jew. (p. 79.)

The government finally neutralized the Irgun, but the effects of inner conflict remained. At this point in her young life, Israel could not afford to alienate people from her struggle. Strong leaders in the area of government were needed for there was a conspicuous dearth of leadership and direction. Many of

> its leaders came from the small towns of Poland and Tsarist Russia, where authority was represented by a corrupt police sergeant, usually drunk and where the only way to deal with authority was to bribe or cringe. They could argue and protest and write brilliant memoranda to the League of Nations; when it came to action the ghetto in their blood began to tell, and they were helpless.... (Thieves in the Night, p. 331.)

The first official leaders of the State of Israel did not conform to the normal image of state leaders. Debbie in Viertel's The Last Temptation cannot believe that the men before her were the leaders of the new state.

> So this was the Parliament of the new state! Debbie could scarcely tell whether to laugh or cry. Many wore no coats. Few were handsome, and some scarcely presentable. But

> this was Parliament. This was Reichstag, Congress, Knesset. Here in this room were the people of Israel. (pp. 276-277.)

Because of its newness and the mentality of the people, the new government developed an overwhelming bureaucracy. This bureaucracy is evident to all who have any dealings with Israel's various governmental departments and is not ignored by the novelists. In Jacobson's The Beginners, a young kibbutznick relates to his friend Joel the frustration of dealing with the government.

> "The worst of it all," he said, in his small, irritated voice, "is that no one here really sees anything wrong with this fantastic load of paperwork you have to go through to get anything done. It's the Eastern European mentality, I suppose--they're just used to carrying around piles and piles of dokumenti. And then nobody trusts anybody else an inch, which also means that everything must be written down and stamped and counterstamped and signed and countersigned until you think you're going out of your mind. And the crowds waiting in every office. And the shouting and arguing--Christ." (pp. 253-254.)

As the country grows toward the twentieth anniversary of its founding, the young are shown becoming impatient with their elders. New political leadership becomes the rallying point of the young. The Establishment "resented the young bulls who challenged their authority and their policies. Some of them were bitter enough to make family scandals in full view of a hostile world." (Tower of Babel, p. 33.)

The novelists are aware of another ingredient which gives rise to constant grievance among the young. The

religious party in Israel is seen wielding an excessive amount of power.

> They (the religious parties) played with political power as ruthlessly as they imposed the rituals of purification; and because of them, Israel still had no constitution and her social legislation was a tangle of anomalies and small abrasive injustices. (Ibid., p. 32.)

Through the eyes of the novelists, Israel is not so unlike any other young nation-state. It shares the governmental faults of any establishment. The illusions of a country of perfect harmony have vanished with the fulfillment of the dream of statehood. Now, as Israel grows in maturation, pettiness and governmental inequalities and insanities develop. As Baratz says in West's The Tower of Babel,

> I hear the bitter debates in the Knesset. I see men who plotted and fought together to found Israel, gibing at each other before the world. I watch the power play and the scrabble in the money market and I wonder if this is truly what we fought for. (Ibid., p. 139.)

Inconsistencies are noted in fictional works--sometimes quite vividly. Michener's The Source, for instance, pictures the Israeli government as very careful and precise when it comes to archaeology. Cullinane, the American archaeologist in Michener's novel, is well aware of the government's policy:

> Normally the Israeli government would have rejected a trench proposal like Cullinane's but the Irish scholar had established such a good reputation, he was known to be so well trained in archaeological matters, that in his case permission was granted; nevertheless,

> Dr. Eliav had been detached from his important desk job to be sure that the valuable tell was not mutilated. (p. 21.)

However, as the writers do not fail to note, this meticulous care vanishes when the government is dealing with the most valuable of all its resources, immigrants. As Viertel shows in his book, The Last Temptation, immigrants were promised apartments and jobs; instead they found themselves in tent camps. As one man says,

> "One day two men came to see me in my flat. Come to Palestine, they begged. Come to Palestine, and you shan't have to worry any more because you're a Jew. We'll get you an apartment. We'll find you a job. They begged me. ... Why I came I don't know. He glowered at his wife. Ha! Three months I've been rotting here. I could be back in Alexandria with a good job." (p. 296.)

Israel, the searcher for souls, promises its immigrants much, but the novels testify that the words of government officials are often hard to fulfill.

Israel is, of course, unlike other nation-states because she is surrounded by hostile Arab states. Anglo-American fictionists are alive to this fact. In the Tower of Babel, West clearly defines the utilitarian use to which Arab politicians see fit to put Israel. As the Palestinian terrorist Idris Jarrah says in the Tower of Babel,

> So far as the Arab world was concerned the State of Israel was like God. If you did not have it, you would have to invent it as a focus of discontent and as a rallying point for the sorely divided Moslem world. ... Without the Jew, how could you find a common cause for the wealthy Lebanese, the Kuwaitis and the Bedouin tribesmen and the Hashemite king and the Marxist Syrian and the Egyptian fellah

> fighting a meaningless war in the Yemen? Arab unity can only express itself in the negative: destroy the Jews. (p. 26.)

But West then goes on to ask if the political leaders of the State of Israel act differently--sometimes at least--than their Arab counterparts do. He represents the Israeli Defence Minister confronting the fact that Israel, too, needs a scapegoat:

> We're in bigger trouble than anyone wants to admit just now. In Cabinet yesterday, the Prime Minister presented us with a figure that shocked us all. Inside four months we're going to have eighty thousand unemployed...possibly more. Our shipping line's in trouble. At least one bank is going to go broke and the Government, to stave off a panic, will have to guarantee the depositors. If the unemployment goes on too long we're going to start losing just what we can't afford to lose--people! Now that adds up to high tension inside the community...a sense of frustration, insecurity, lack of confidence in public institutions. If you add another fear--that we can't or won't keep our frontiers safe--then we're up to our necks in bother. It's a brutal thing to say; but, for home consumption, we need a little war right now! (Ibid., p. 73.)

Thus the reprisal raids are seen as serving a political end. Also, they are executed for internal political reasons rather than to bolster security by exacting strict retribution. Israel, at times, the writers suggest, is like all other nation-states. However, they are also inclined to agree that Israel's anxiety is justified, for her existence is always precariously mounted on a high precipice, waiting for the final push that will send it crashing down to oblivion.

With such neighbors as she has, the writers understand, Israel is in need of a particular type of daring. For example, the political necessity has created a new type of Israeli, the espionage agent who lives in Arab lands like an Arab. Adom Ronen in West's The Tower of Babel is such a man. He will

> have to live a solitary life, in a hostile environment. He will have to risk his life for information which many times will appear trivial. He will be separated from our community life. In fact he will know the worst part of it because he will read only what is presented by our enemies.... He will not see and he will not profit from the results of his work. If he fails, he will have neither compassion nor a second chance. We'll regret him and write him into the Book of the Dead. (Ibid., p. 116.)

There is another set of historical circumstances that makes Israel unlike any other nation-state. Stebel, in his book, The Collaborator, dwells on the Holocaust and the part its lasting awful memory also plays on the Israeli political scene. In Stebel's novel, the Israeli government is about to embark on a trade mission to the Germans. A majority of the Knesset approves such an undertaking, for the mission could be of great economic benefit to all of Israel. Still, there is great opposition from within the Knesset:

> "What a hell of a mess," the Foreign Secretary said. "And whose fault is that?" the Interior Minister demanded. "It is your people who said it was time for a rapprochement with the Germans. Twenty years, you say, is long enough for hate. I say twenty years is just a beginning."

> "There is another generation now," Hortsky interrupted.
> "It is we who have suffered," the Interior Minister cried. (pp. 10-11.)

The trade mission, while in Germany, discovers that one of its members has helped the Nazis in Germany during the Second World War. The political repercussions in Israel threaten to be staggering, as Stebel presents them:

> There had been an uproar in the Cabinet, as Auerbach had predicted.... Hortsky, who had been called by the Foreign Secretary after that extraordinary Cabinet session, had immediately summoned Auerbach to his suite; now he filled the other man in while he bustled about, getting his bags packed.
>
> "I have to go back at once," he said, his voice pitched high in his excitement. "The Knesset meets tomorrow; I must be there for the debate. The Interior Minister is planning some dramatic move; perhaps even a resignation. If that happens, his party will withdraw from the coalition. I don't think, under the circumstances, that the Prime Minister can win a vote of confidence. A new government may have to be formed." (Ibid., pp. 294-295.)

But perhaps the most telling difference between Israel and the other nation-states of the world is underlined in Viertel's The Last Temptation. The difference revolves around the concept of justice. In the War of 1948, the Jew Victor Marmorek was executed for his alleged collaboration with the Arab-British enemy. His wife Debbie contends that he was unjustly executed. She, who has fled from Hitler in Europe to her home in Israel, wants to clear his name so that she and her son might live without abuse in their adopted homeland. Such an inquiry would have to be commissioned by the Knesset. Many people think that the

Knesset will decline to review the case, for many members of the Knesset's right wing were involved. Political expedience dictates allowing the situation to be forgotten. Aronowitz, a member of the Knesset, confronted his colleagues with the dilemma. The right of the individual Victor Marmorek to have justice done to his name and his family versus the cohesion of a united Knesset.

> "Are we doomed to follow the same path, or can our country escape this historic trap? Can we not even tolerate a decent memory of him? Can we have unpopular justice and esprit de corps, or in the name of unity must we commit the same crimes against ourselves and our own souls which have lately been committed against us by the Mandatory Regime and before that were committed by the Force of Darkness which had its heart in Berlin? It is something we must give thought to."
>
> "My motion may appear to be an insignificant one. It calls for investigation. But the issue is written large. Are we afraid in the name of unity to seek justice?"
>
> Aronowitz turned to the gallery for a moment, and caught Debbie's eye.
>
> "I beseech the members to support the motion. Then the world will know we not only offer pity and generosity for our millions wherever they may be on this earth, but also that we offer justice for every man, woman and child among us. And far more than the world's knowing it, we will know it ourselves. Each of us. I will know it, you will know it, and the man in the street will know it. The lady sitting behind me in the gallery will know it, and a young lad who is now scarcely old enough to read will know it. For him that will be something worth knowing. (p. 283.)

The Knesset votes overwhelmingly for the investigation which eventually finds Marmorek innocent.

The political image of Israel, as Anglo-American fictionists reflect on it, is not without its negative

side, its dirt and slime. But what country, the novelists ask, has a more complex and difficult role assigned to its politicians? At times the Israeli politicians conspire and pontificate, but who can deny a group that, as a writer like Viertel conceives it, has striven for justice for the individual from its very beginning?

THE IMAGE OF AMERICA AND AMERICANS

The authors picture Israel accurately enough as a small nation state surrounded by thirteen hostile Arab countries with a total population of some one hundred million Arabs. These states rarely agree on anything--except that Israel must be destroyed. Thus Israel must concern herself with making what friends she can throughout the world. Her resources and manpower need outside sources of support in order to equalize the Arab threat. Quite naturally she has turned and still does turn to America for the bulk of her necessary foreign aid. Therefore, America and her six million Jews become all-important to Israel's survival. Semi-dependence breeds many reactions and various images of America and her Jewish populace. These images help us form a more complete picture of Israel. Perhaps as a corollary this section will also reveal our own image as diaspora Jews relating to Israel.

America is seen by the writers as a country of great abundance; a place where every Israeli has a rich relative. In Levin's My Father's House, an Israeli waiter is tell-

ing David, a young refugee from Europe, about ice cream. "The waiter explained that ice cream was an American invention... 'Surely, like all of us in Palestine,' he said to David, 'you have a rich uncle in America? Well, he makes ice cream.'" (pp. 94-95.)

The people in America live in beautiful homes and inhabit skyscrapers. But they must pay a price for their luxuries. As Paley, an American, says to the kibbutznik Yehuda in Levin's Yehuda,

> I can see that you fellows have the idea like everyone else that life in America is a pretty soft proposition and that all of us Americans are rolling in money that we just picked up off the street. Well the truth is we have to work for our money as hard as anyone anywhere else. Why, I worked day and night to get my start and I'll tell you I had to miss a lot of things. Maybe I missed some of the important things of life altogether. (p. 94.)

According to Paley, America is in a hurry and time cannot be wasted. Therefore, when asked if he would like to play chess, he says, "I've always wanted to play, but in America we don't have time for games like that, chess is an awfully slow game, heh." (Ibid., p. 300.)

America, the melting pot, has a way of changing all those who come into her borders. This includes the American Jew. In Hempstone's In the Midst of Lions, Yael sees this change from her vantage point in Israel.

> As for the American Jews, they waved their Israeli flags so hard and gave so much money to the Zionist cause at least partially to assuage their own bad consciences for not committing themselves wholeheartedly to Israel by immigrating.... They made a place for

> themselves in America through their own efforts and, in the process, become something else, something new. They really weren't Jews anymore, not in any meaningful sense. They came to Israel on a holiday, stayed at the Hilton, planted a pine tree in the Yad Kennedy near Jerusalem, and made a big show of sticking to the dietary laws. But most of them couldn't wait to get back to their golf matches and bridge games, bacon with their eggs and winter vacations in Miami. They'd become Americans first and Jews second.... (pp. 202-203.)

But the Jews are seen as not completely accepted into the mainstream of American society. In Livingston's The Coasts of the Earth, Norman Becker knows too well that he is not accepted. This persona non grata status accosts him again and again: when he was in the Boy Scouts and the Star of David was maligned; when he was excluded from all but Jewish fraternities in college; when he was in the army and the Jew was the subject of pejorative jokes told by his fellow soldiers, Norman knew that Jews were not accepted or acceptable Americans; that is why he went to fight for Israel. (Chapter 1.)

Israelis were quick to see this for they had read the annals of Jewish history. For many Israelis, America is just another place of potentially gross anti-Semitism. In Spicehandler's Burnt Offering, Davey, an American, has a conversation with a kibbutz driver. The driver says,

> "You wait too long. What matters your businesses and your cars? Someday it will be taken away from you."
> "Why?"
> "He asks the questions all Jews ask. You think that by you in America it is dif-

> ferent. The German Jews, too, thought they were different."
>
> "All Jews are different," said Davey.
>
> "To each other," said the kibbutz driver. "That is the Jewish sickness. But not to the goyim."
>
> "You think you are immune?" asked the bus driver.
>
> "Immune? From what?" asked Davey.
>
> "From Hitler, from goyim." (p. 195.)

In every case the American Jew is still seen as a Jew to some degree. As Mr. Paley in Levin's Yehuda expresses it,

> America is supposed to be a great big melting pot where they throw in all the nations and they all form a big stew and after they stew a long time they come out all the same—Americans. But that proposition never worked with us Jews, because after twenty-seven years of stewing I still got something in me that won't come out. (p. 95.)

This "something... that won't come out" caused the American Jew to look toward Israel, the Jewish homeland. It finds its positive manifestation in the American Jew taking an active role to help the Israeli establish and preserve his new-found homeland.

In the war of '48, the Americans proved to be good fighters. They fought alongside the Palmachnicks and gained their admiration. Others helped smuggle in illegal refugees. In Uris' Exodus, Bill Fry, an American, is caught by the British. While in internment, he explains why he is involving himself.

> "Everybody is trying to make something noble out of me." He patted his pockets and pulled out some cigars. They were ruined by the water. "The Aliyah bet came around and

> saw me. They said they needed sailors. I'm a sailor... been one all my life. Worked my way up from cabin boy to first mate. That's all there is to it. I get paid for this."
>
> "Bill..."
>
> "Yeah..."
>
> "I don't believe you."
>
> Bill Fry didn't seem to be convincing himself either. He stood up. "It's hard to explain, Karen. I love America. I wouldn't trade what I've got over there for fifty Palestines. ... We're Americans but we're a different kind of Americans. Maybe we make ourselves different... maybe other people make me different... I'm not smart enough to figure those things out. All my life I've heard I'm supposed to be a coward because I'm a Jew. Let me tell you, kid. Every time the Palmach blows up a British depot or knocks the hell out of some Arabs he's winning respect for me. He's making a liar out of everyone who tells me Jews are yellow. These guys over here are fighting my battle for respect.... (pp. 99-100.)

In Spicehandler's Burnt Offering, we find another American who has cast his lot in with the Palmach. Colonel Schuyler Bruckner was a professional soldier and an expert on explosives. He had come to Jerusalem, Israel uninvited and unannounced to help win the war. "Schuyler Bruckner had decided to fight his last war among friends." (p. 19.)

But neither one of these men, Uris' Bill Fry or Spicehandler's Colonel Schuyler, had come to Israel to make himself over into an Israeli. They had come as Americans who were planning on returning to America after the war was over. For the American Jew is understood to be a man of choices. For him it is not Isra-

el or nothing. America had been good to the Jew; perhaps better than any country ever before in Jewish history. Bill Fry and Colonel Schuyler accepted their lot in Israel without complaint. They had come to do their part, and that was enough. But the novels create other American Jews who felt that because they had a choice, because they came voluntarily, they were deserving of more.

In Livingston's The Coasts of the Earth, Norman Becker is meant to represent many of the American flyers that came over to fight for Israel in the War of Independence. He comes to his immediate superior, Tony, a non-Jewish American, to complain about the Israelis. Tony has heard Becker's complaints before, and his response to Becker shows that he is fed up with his belly-aching.

> For that matter I'm sick of the whole bunch of you. You all make me sick to my stomach with your whining and sniveling. 'Why did we come here?' 'The Israelis don't appreciate us.' 'The Israelis are screwing us.' Bullshit! Bullshit! Bullshit!
>
> You run around here like a bunch of chickens with their heads cut off. The second somebody steps on your toes you start whining. For Christ's sake, you guys think they started this war just so you could have a party. Big heroes, all you Jewish boys.
>
> I know what you want. You want to have your ass kissed for being the great saviour. Well, I can tell you right now nobody will kiss your ass! (p. 151.)

Since the Israelis deny Becker the credit he wants, his creator Livingston allows him to give it to himself.

This is in traditional American fashion, thinks the non-Jew Tony, for it had also occurred after the Second World War.

> The Yankees liberated the countries and then ran around flexing their muscles telling everybody how good they were and that if it weren't for them the people would still be in concentration camps. And they could prove it, too. They could wave their arms in any direction and show you how everything was American. (Ibid., p. 147.)

The same thing was now happening in Israel. "And now it was starting in this little country not six months old. It was getting so that mixing Israelis with Americans was like tossing a match in an empty gasoline tank." (Ibid.)

The novels present another type of American Jew who participates in Israel's fight. But this type doesn't have the courage of a Bill Fry or a Colonel Schuyler. Nor does he have the guts and compassion of a courageous, though big-mouthed, Norman Becker. When the hawks in Israel try to stir up new and greater, but essentially needless wars, they "get no popularity prizes except from a few hot-blooded American Jews living in Hollywood, those fearless pioneers." (The Last Temptation, pp. 288-289.) When a war of necessity does come, American Jews of this character show their mettle in another way. Mike Shannon, an American reporter in Hempstone's In the Midst of Lions, sees these Americans on their way out of Israel just before the Six Day War.

> The embassy had advised all Americans to leave the country and few of them needed to be told twice. Although all the airlines had put on extra flights, the tourists were

> having a hell of a time finding seats on planes out of the country to any destination. When he'd come in on his virtually empty Air France flight from Paris, Mike had noticed great crowds behind the barriers at Lod Airport and men jostling each other in a struggle to get to the check-in desk. None of them was prepared to admit, of course, that they were leaving Israel for fear of a war.
>
> "Wish we could stay on," one fat New Yorker had confided to him at Lod, "but we're overdue in Athens as it is. I'd like nothing better than to get an Arab in my sights."
>
> His lip curled as he remembered the incident. Fifth Avenue warriors. (p. 28.)

The Israelis despise this type of American. Unfortunately, the large majority of American Jews are assigned the role of "Fifth Avenue warriors." Thus American Zionists and their efforts are often seen as too little, too late and of little significance. This is how Levin, in his Yehuda, treats a group of Cincinnatians trying to help out a kibbutz:

> Once an American society of Jews had taken upon itself the resolution to supply agricultural tools to the settlers of Palestine. "Let us do something practical," the Jews of the society in Cincinnati had said. "Let us help our brothers who are giving their lives in order to turn a desert into a land flowing with milk and honey." So they had filled a whole ship with job-lots of agricultural implements, and sent it off to Palestine. To the comrades of the Carmel commune had fallen a crate of currycombs, an infinite number of long-handled rakes (not used by the chalutzim of Carmel), and a second-hand threshing machine of which some parts seem to be missing, but these were compensated for by a huge brass plate on the side of the machine, on which were inscribed in scores the names of all the members of the Palestine aid committee of the Jews of Cincinnati! (pp. 37-38.)

The Israeli, then, is shown to consider the American an outsider--to be sure, one that tries to help in some cases, and does help in others but never becomes part of the society. The American remains the stranger, the alien, the one that never wholly integrates himself into this new Jewish community. The American Jew is laden with the warmth and security of his parental society. He is never able to overcome its goodness toward him. Therefore he cannot accept, and cannot be accepted by, the Israeli. If the American were prepared to make himself as vulnerable as the Israeli, if he were to strip himself of his American citizenship, then he would be accepted. The American, suggests a novelist like Levin, does not realize it, but only in a state of vulnerability can he become part of the Zionist dream.

THE ARAB-ISRAELI RELATIONS

It is difficult to talk of the relationship between Israelis and the Arabs who live outside of Israel because of their meager and unhappy contact, but the Arabs that live within the State of Israel present a different set of circumstances. They often interact with the Jews of Israel. Today, approximately one million and a half Arabs live within Israel's boundaries. The impact of these Arabs is considerable. A fifth-column threat is always a possibility, and yet a modus vivendi must be established with this large minority group. The thoughts and actions of the Israelis toward these Arabs, as described by the writers, give us yet another perspective of the Israeli.

Many Israelis are pictured as having the unique ability to see things from two perspectives. In Koestler's Thieves in the Night, Bauman, the hardened freedom fighter, accuses Joseph, the philosopher, of the ability to see more than one position as correct.

> "Oh, go to hell," Bauman said abruptly. "You've got that intellectual squint which makes you see both sides of the medal at the same time. You are more Jewish in spirit than that Talmud student with his love-locks..."
>
> He got up and began pacing up and down the room.
>
> "To see both sides is a luxury we can no longer afford. We have to build our Eskimo huts and national fires, or perish..." (p. 300.)

There come to life in the novels Israelis whose consciences will not yield to political expediency. The Afrikaners can treat the blacks as slaves, the Egyptians can hold their Jewish citizens as prisoners, but these Israelis strive to be fair with potentially hostile Arabs. They are able to see "both sides of the medal," and know that the Arabs have been mistreated. In Hirschfeld's Behold Zion, Rothenberg is just such a man. Rothenberg tries to reason with the Arab Mejjid, who has lost much of his land and is trying to get it back.

> Rothenberg hesitated before speaking. From Mejjid's point of view, injustice had been done. But there was another point of view and it continued to prevail.
>
> "Perhaps," he said softly, "it might be wise for you to accept things as they are."
>
> "I will not! The Land is mine. It has been in my family for three hundred years. I want what is mine! I will have it!"

> Rothenberg settled back. Mejjid was not alone in his attitude. Others were in the same position and arbitrary decisions were made affecting the fate of such people. Rothenberg and a handful of his colleagues in the Knesset had made speeches, appealed to the national conscience to repair the damage, correct a cruel situation. It had done no good. Very little had been accomplished. (p. 223.)

Why do such people as Rothenberg take the side of the Arab? Perhaps one could look to the sense of justice of the Israeli as a possible answer. But one would be wrong to conclude his inquiry with this abstract ideal. Only when we truly understand the make-up of the Arab can we understand the Rothenbergs of Israel.

The Israeli named Zev in Levin's My Father's House knows the Arab. As he travels with a group of new immigrants, Zev reflects on the immigrants' fear of the Arabs.

> ... they would learn not to think of the Arab as a wild savage hiding by the roadside with a knife in his teeth, but as a poor bondsman, working his bit of land, superstitious, full of guile, and yet often of true honor, but easily misled. (p. 26.)

Ari in Uris' Exodus also has had intimate relationships with his Arab neighbors. He says of them,

> "I've known the people in Abu Yesha since I was old enough to walk and talk... We've celebrated weddings together. We've gone to funerals together. We built their houses and they gave us land to make Gan Dafna... they aren't enemies. They're just plain decent farmers who want nothing more in life than to be left alone. (p. 554.)

The Jews and Arabs lived side by side and they developed a friendship that in some cases has survived through three

wars and many hardships. It could be sustained through acts of friendship such as Jamal's kindness toward his Jewish neighbors in Levin's My Father's House.

> Jamal came also, with Mustafa, on this important day. They brought with them a sheep and a ram, and the small donkey, Balaam.
>
> To Abba, Jamal presented the sheep and the ram. "With the blessings of Allah," Jamal said, "for your new house."
>
> "Live for a hundred years, Jamal," said Abba. "For as our father Solomon said, 'A neighbor near is better than a brother far off.'"
>
> It was sad that the new people had to go away from this place to take land in the desert, Jamal said, while good soil lay by the river, untended and barren. (p. 190.)

In Michener's The Source this understanding and mutual respect of Arab and Jew is seen again.

> Cullinane was impressed with the easy manner in which Tabari and Eliav worked together, showing none of the area's traditional antagonism between Arab and Jew. They had co-operated on several previous digs and each respected the competence of the other. (pp. 21-22.)

There is another level on which one could view the concern of some Israelis for the Arab. It is the desire to love the Arabs and to attempt to help them change themselves. This was the hope of two kibbutznicks named Max and Sarah in Koestler's Thieves in the Night.

> The four of us were left alone at our table, Only Max and Sarah from our extreme Arab-liberating anti-imperialist wing kept casting loving glances at Mukhtar and son, itching to explain to them that Allah is opium for the people and that their women should use birth control; fortunately they can't talk Arabic. (p. 84.)

But these people who strive for justice, understanding and care for the Arabs of Israel have a counterpart. This group has taken the advice of Koestler's Bauman. They believe with Bauman that "to see both sides is a luxury we can no longer afford." For these people the Arab must be kept in his place. He is the enemy and he must always be treated as such. This was the case at Kibbutz Carmel in Levin's Yehuda.

> Now as they were eating an Arab came riding towards them; he rode a quick strong horse, lean in the nostrils, big in the chest; ...
> "Saida," said the Arab; and everyone went on eating, paying no attention to him.
> He got off his horse, and stood for a while looking at them with deepening hurt. He looked at the machine, at the loaded wagons, at the filled sacks, and there grew in his eyes a peculiar regard that was neither hatred nor envy, but that was heavy with resentment.
> He spoke, and Chayim-Trask, understanding some Arabic, said: "He says they ask that our wagons shouldn't turn on their fields, trampling their grain."
> Feldman shrugged. The others looked with mild scorn at the Arab. An excuse to come spying. What would our wagons want turning on their fields?
> The Arab stood a little while longer. Finally eyeing the great jar of cooled water, he asked for a drink.
> "Tell him there is water in the barrel," said Feldman.
> The Arab went to the barrel, found a cup, and dipped it; the water was warm and slightly tainted. This was the water for the mules. But he was very thirsty, and he drank.
> He came nearer them again and stood for a while watching them eat. At last he jumped on his horse and rode off very fast. (pp. 229-230.)

The bitter Israeli often does not interpret the results of such actions. He is too caught up in the struggle

for survival and its corollary of hate for the Arabs. The outsider can better see this relationship of scorn and abuse. Mike, the American reporter in Hempstone's The Midst of Lions, chastises his Sabra girl friend Rachel with regard to her position on the Israeli Arabs.

> "It's so nice here, Mike. Couldn't we stay awhile?"
>
> "Are you kidding? In an Arab town? They'd have you for breakfast given half a chance," he said jokingly.
>
> "Oh, our Arabs are all right. They appreciate what we've done for them. They're good, simple folk who'd be quite content if it weren't for outside agitators."
>
> "Yassum, Miz Rachel, yassum," Mike mocked. "In a minute you're going to tell me about the wonderful rhythm of Arab pickaninnies dancing barefoot on the levee."
>
> "Oh, shut up."
>
> "It's true. The Israeli attitude toward your Uncle Tom Arabs is darned close to the pre-Stokely image so many white Southerners nurtured about what they liked to call 'our niggrahs.' The truth is that the Israeli Arabs hate your guts and I don't blame them." (p. 59.)

Thus the Israeli myth of Arab satisfaction is questioned; Arab satisfaction is shown wearing a thin mask. It disappears altogether in Mejjid's confrontation with an Israeli government worker in Hirschfeld's Behold Zion. Mejjid the Arab says,

> "I will not tolerate this! I am being robbed. I have rights. I will go to my friends, Jews in high places. They will protect me, see that what is mine remains mine. I do not have to endure such treatment."
>
> The little man half rose out of his chair, eyes glazed but steady, mouth quivering. "Your house will be returned to you so that you will have a place for your fam-

> ily. As for the rest, you can go to hell. Straight to hell!"
>
> Every fiber in Mejjid's body trembled with hatred for the plump little man. He ached to drive his fist into his face, to destroy him. He turned without a word and left. (pp. 30-31.)

Where does the cure lie for this hate that has been stirred up between these two peoples? Do the novelists see an answer that will allow them to bury their hostility for the common good of Israel? Two novelists present possible answers. One is set forth by Michener through the mouth of Eliav in The Source. For Michener the answer lies in a Jewish-Arab federation in which the Arabs will have full equality and equal opportunity. As Eliav says, "It's about time we Jews and Arabs made some real gestures of conciliation, ... Looks like we're going to share this part of the world for quite a long time." (p. 1077.) Thus, as Michener sees it, Israel can only reach its true fruition in the union of Jew with Arab for the common good of the state.

There is another answer, utopian and perhaps of another time and of another world. It is presented by Muriel Spark in The Mandelbaum Gate. In that novel, we find Mendel Ephraim, the Jew, and Abdul Ramdez, the Arab, presented as friends who transcend the lot of their birthright. Mendel and Abdul form the nucleus of a small group of Arabs and Jews who care more about the brotherhood of man than the fires of nationalism.

> Mendel Ephraim was as indifferent to the social mystique as he was to religion. He had worked on a border kibbutz and been

> caught, nearly shot, while attempting to cross into no-man's land, heaving a spare part of a tractor, which he explained was urgently needed by the Arab farmer on the other side. He had been closely interrogated about those communications with the farmer which had led up to the jaunt, but all he would admit was, 'I could see he was in trouble with his tractor... You could see. Anyone could see.' (p. 123.)

Together Mendel and Abdul sing the song of human equality and dignity in their small, abused, and misguided corner of the world.

> 'It's all a long time ago. Great is the God of Israel! Mighty is Allah! We dance and sing and make love with each other, it is better than all that religion and hatred all the day long.'
>
> 'The Arabs have been neglected by history.'
>
> 'The Jews have been rejected by history. Write it down. You might forget it.'
>
> 'We want Freedom.'
>
> 'Self-government is better than good government. Write that down too.' (Ibid., p. 130.)

Smoking their hashish, these youths dream a dream of a world where Arab and Jew become Mendel and Abdul; two names, two human beings, two brothers warmed by a common sun.

CHAPTER III

IDEALISM AND THE ISRAELI

Idealism along with religion forms the spiritual dimension of the Israeli. Perhaps nowhere else in the world is idealism such an integral ingredient in the make-up of a state. Everyone of our authors is aware of its role in the life-style of the Israelis. For the writers, this working toward or for the ideal is seen as something extraordinary. Livingston, in his book The Coasts of the Earth, indicates the baffling nature of working toward an ideal.

> How the dynamism he had seen in Israel was confusing him because he always believed a man was a fool to work for an ideal in a world ready to blow itself to pieces. (p. 84.)

The authors attempt to determine the components of an idealist. What causes a person to rise above self? For the British official, Mr. Newton, in Koestler's Thieves in the Night, it was "sentimental fanaticism" which moved people on to do the impossible. (p. 43.) Or is it the mystical nature of an individual which pushes him forward against impossible odds? (p. 280.) Perhaps what makes an idealist is the ingredient of eternal hope and the thought that "it is better to hope, and be wrong, than to have no hope at all." (My Father's House, p. 81.) But whatever the case, it is putting the ideal above the self that marks the true idealist. The ideal for the Israeli is what makes the "sentimental fanaticism," the mysticism,

and the eternal hope possible. Thus we must turn our attention to the ideal, the land, Eretz Yisroel, and the State of Israel, to examine the meaning the idealistic Israeli has for Anglo-American novelists who have addressed themselves to a recreation of Israeli life.

The land itself is depicted as containing the mystique that makes its mark on those who become involved with it. As Karl says in Viertel's The Last Temptation:

> And I'm not going off to Palestine, I'm going back--back home--where the land will be me, and I'll be the land. (p. 28.)

Yehuda, in Levin's Yehuda, senses the uniqueness of the Land of Israel.

> Now as he walked crossing this ground he saw the dryness of the earth, for the summer was rising, and he saw how the earth had become seamed and cracked and broken with crumbly gashes. It was indeed like the dried and furrowed skin of a great-grandmother's face, Yehuda thought, and he felt sure in that moment that it was literally true that this small bit of the world had been made before all the rest of the world, and that this spot was much much older than any other place on earth. (pp. 167-168.)

This earth begged for hands to form it and people to nourish it. Joshua, in Hirschfeld's Behold Zion, embodies this need to respond to the land. In talking with his father, he says,

> I'm leaving next week. It's a new kibbutz, near Kinneret. We're starting from the beginning, which is what I want, to truly build something....
> I've never been totally sure about anything, papa. But this--... "I have a

> driving need to create something vital for Israel, to give myself wholly to it. To work in the open and make things grow, to build things, to work with my hands. (pp. 67-68.)

In Uris' Exodus, we have another person who is longing to return to the land. Ari is a leader of men and a great soldier, but his only lasting fulfillment comes in his relating to the land. Kitty Fremont is well aware of this.

> Ari put his foot up on the rail and looked out over the fields of the moshav. The water sprinklers were whirling a cooling spray and the orchard trembled lightly in the evening breeze... Kitty watched Ari as he looked out at his land. For the first time since she had known Ari Ben Canaan he seemed to be at peace. (p. 350.)

Ari wanted to tell Kitty of his feeling for the land.

> He wanted to talk about how much he longed to be able to come home and work on his land. He wanted to beg her to understand what it was for his people to own land like this. (Ibid.)

Another example of this mystique of the land is offered by Michener in The Source:

> "There were Jews on this land four thousand years ago," Ilana often said, "and I am proud to be a part of that chain. When I'm gone more Jews will live on the land, for another four thousand years. It's the land that counts." (pp. 946-947.)

Besides the idealization of the land, there is the idealization of the State of Israel. The Israeli becomes totally committed to the state, and all other concerns are forgotten or disregarded. In Uris' Exodus, Dr. Ernest Lieberman discusses with Kitty Fremont the devotion of

an Israeli for Israel.

> Americans take so many things about America for granted. Here, a person wakes up every morning in doubt and tension--not knowing if all he has slaved for will be taken from him. Their country is with them twenty-four hours a day. It is the focal point of their lives, the very meaning of their existence. (p. 341.)

This dedication and placement of state over self is further expounded by Vered in Michener's The Source. When asked by Cullinane why she never remarried after her husband died in the Sinai Campaign, she says,

> I have been married to Israel,... An outsider cannot imagine how hard we fought to gain a state here. It absorbed all our energies. (p. 44.)

But perhaps the ideal of the state is not enough to maintain all Israelis in their times of anguish and distress. For the same Vered, who declares herself "married to Israel" ultimately leaves Israel behind for a new life in America. Her reason has nothing to do with material comforts, but rather with mental fatigue. She says,

> "I've done my part for Judaism," she said without bravado. "I risked my life in more than a dozen battles, lost my husband, lost most of my friends, and I really do believe that I am entitled to say, 'Rachel, from now on you be the Jewess. Little Vered is just too damned tired.'" (Ibid., p. 1051.)

Thus the ideal can fade, but what then can sustain the Israeli? Perhaps religion, not the religion that says Judaism is equivalent to the State of Israel, but rather a Judaism which is something much more--Judaism that in-

cludes the mystical nature of the land of Israel, the Torah, and maybe a miracle or two.

RELIGION AND THE ISRAELI

Religion and the Holy Land have been inextricably bound together for many thousands of years. What was true in the past is no less true today, if one takes seriously the novels under examination in this thesis. In Michener's The Source, the first sights that greeted Cullinane as his boat approached the Haifa harbor were

> to the left the white Muslim mosque of Akko, in the center the golden dome of the Bahai temple, and to the right, high on a hill, the brown battlements of the Catholic Carmelites. (p. 11.)

Not only are religious institutions to be found in Israel, but also religion itself. In Uris' Exodus, Kitty the Christian and Jordana the Jew talk of the upcoming escape of their charges and the danger that such an escape entails.

> "I have been telling myself over and over that they are going to come through all right. Then I begin thinking of the thousands of things that can go wrong."
> "It is impossible not to think about it," Jordana said, "but it is in the hands of God now."
> "God? Yes, He does special things here," Kitty said.
> "If you don't get religion in Palestine, I doubt that you'll get it anywhere," Jordana said. (p. 518.)

But what of the religious image of Israel as a totality? Is religion seen by Anglo-American novelists as having any effect on the majority of the Israelis? In order to answer

these questions, one must turn to the various components of Israeli society.

When one looks at the avowedly religious section of the Israeli populace, the adukim or Orthodox, there can be little doubt that religion plays a powerful role in their lives. In West's The Tower of Babel, Jakov relates his encounter with the adukim.

> You know, one day a couple of weeks ago I was in Jerusalem. I called in to the museum to get some information on a piece of Nabatean pottery I had bought from the Bedouin in the Negev. One of the guides brought in a group of old people from Safad. They were the real adukim. You know them. I don't have to tell you. I don't know why; but I followed them round. They were mildly interested in the antiquities, more interested in themselves and their outing. But when they came to that big room where the old Torah and sacred vessels and the vestments are displayed, suddenly and quite strangely, they came alive. I saw men and women kiss their fingers and lay them against the glass cases. Some of them stood in a kind of ecstasy, eyes closed, their lips moving in prayer. I was so envious of them that I almost wept. For me it was simple history and tradition--a binding thing, yes, but not enough. Not half enough. It was the loving that escaped me. The loving that made the God of the Fathers real to them and permanently present. (p. 140.)

The Roman Catholic, Cullinane, in Michener's The Source, is represented as equally moved by the religious fervor and dedication of the Sephardim, the Jews from Moslem lands. He joins their celebration on its way to Elijah's Cave on top of Mt. Carmel:

> At the end of the old man's harangue the beadle and his helpers took from the holy place four scrolls of the Torah, encased in handsome wooden boxes ornamented

> with silver horns, and the procession to Elijah's Cave formed up, with women crying, men shouting, the idiot dancing and the old men in beards walking solemnly through the classic streets of Akko, leading a chant which in time became hypnotic. "Who are the people who serve God?" a man cried. "Israel!" shouted the crowd, "Israel, Israel, Israel," came the cry, a hundred times, a thousand. (p. 477.)

Yes, these novelists do not forget that there are traditionally pious Jews in Israel, and they recognize that these Jews cling to their religion as the core of their existence. But they understand, too, that some of these pietists have a way of antagonizing fellow citizens who do not share their professions. Hirschfeld's Behold Zion depicts an unhappy encounter between the secularist Amos and two pietist rabbis.

> "Rabbis," he said. "I seek the military hospital which I was informed was in this section. Now I am lost. Can you direct me?"
>
> The taller of the two men tugged at his earlocks and muttered under his breath: "Another Messiah with a uniform."
>
> "A shame," said the other.
>
> "Rabbis, please. The hospital. My son has been wounded. I am going to visit him." ...
>
> "Heresy," the taller man said, staring at Amos as if able to penetrate to the back of his skull. "Only when the Messiah appears will the true Jewish nation be restored. To force the end is unthinkable."
>
> "That uniform--an obscenity."
>
> "If a man dresses like a Jew, a man acts like a Jew."
>
> Amos turned away. (p. 17.)

In consequence, many Israelis say they have no use for religion. Ilana, a character in Michener's The Source, refers to the rituals of traditional Jews as

"that Mickey Mouse crap." (p. 946.)

The Orthodox come in for more castigation from Yeshivat in Hirschfeld's Behold Zion.

> Yeshivat stared at his son for a moment. "Yes, but I want to warn you about those Orthodox money-grabbers, those tefillin swindlers who come around begging charity when they should be doing hard work. You will never learn to be a man from such as them. Only men can teach you that." (p. 198.)

For many of these non-religious Israelis, the God of the Fathers had ceased with the holocaust. For Jakov in West's The Tower of Babel, there was no other way to view the holocaust.

> ... he did not believe in magic any more than he believed in the God of the Fathers, who could sit removed in his heaven while six million of his chosen ones perished in a monstrous hecatomb. (p. 6.)

Some of the authors detect a middle ground, a liberalized orthodoxy which is followed by some Israelis. These Israelis reject the totality of tradition as binding. They prefer to abstract from the tradition that which has meaning and is applicable to them. In Levin's My Father's House, Yehuda explains his family's religious ways to David.

> "Yes," his uncle said, "the Sabbath was part of the religion of the Jews. We in this house are not very religious, David," he said. "You see I am smoking, and if I were very religious, I would stop smoking when the Sabbath comes, because that is forbidden. And we are supposed to wear our hats," he said, "like my father did. For in those days people believed more in the outward signs of religion, such as covering

> their heads before God."
>
> "But the candles are a sign of religion too," David said.
>
> "Yes. Some of the signs we keep," his uncle said. "The important ones." (p. 133.)

David in Jacobson's The Beginners also states that he has deviated from traditional Judaism, but that he is still very much a believer.

> He had long since given up the attempt to make an orthodox Jew of himself. He rode in taxis on the Sabbath, he worked on some of the feasts and fasts, he did not care if his meat was kosher or not. But he remained a believer, and, on his own terms, a believing Jew. These terms were defined for him in a text from Deuteronomy to which, having undergone in his own body and mind again and again what they spoke of, he gave total, unconditional assent. When he had read the verses for the first time he had trembled in his chair, overwhelmed by the sense he had of being seen and recognized by the words, rather than of recognizing them:
>
> It is not hidden from thee, neither is it far off.
>
> It is not in heaven that thou shouldest say, Who shall go up for us to heaven, and bring it unto us, that we may hear and do it?
>
> Neither is it beyond the sea, that thou shouldest say, Who shall go over the sea for us, and bring it unto us, that we may hear it, and do it?
>
> But the word is very nigh unto thee, in thy mouth and in thy heart, that thou mayest do it. (pp. 440-441.)

Perhaps this quote from The Beginners is the key to understanding the image of religion in Israel. Their religion is very close to them, as the novelists see it, and it is that part of them that is intimate and of direct bearing on the lives. As Eliav says in Michener's The Source.

> Judaism can be understood, it seems to me, only if it is seen as a fundamental philos-

> ophy directed to the greatest of all problems: how can men live together in an organized society?" (p. 822.)

One of the essences of Judaism which speaks to the above question is the tradition of Jewish law, Torah. In West's Tower of Babel, Jakov Baratz is instructed by one of his secret agents to effect a divorce for him. Jakov takes this request to a learned rabbi who is an expert on matrimonial law. After Jakov relates all the involved details of the case, the rabbi says,

> "Even allowing for the most liberal interpretations, General, we may reach a point where we have a clear choice between the integrity of the law and public expediency."
> "Or more bluntly, between the integrity of the law and the life of a secret agent?"
> "True."
> "And how would you choose, Rabbi?"
> "There is no choice. Destroy the law and we are back to chaos."
> "But if the law depends on the whim of a woman?"
> "It does not so depend, General Baratz; and you know it. If two rights conflict, the law must decide which shall prevail. But it cannot deny that a right exists in each case." (p. 119.)

Thus, West suggests, to maintain a just and enduring society, the law, or if you prefer Law, must take precedence over political expediency. Such a fairmindedness allows a people to live a long life together. Perhaps they will not maintain political autonomy, but a sense of higher and constant autonomy will prevail in such a time.

In the eyes of this rabbi and in the eyes of Eliav in Michener's The Source, this is not a static law, but a law which must be humanized and brought up to date.

> Eliav felt sure that were Akiba alive today he would long since have simplified it, adjusting it to modern life as he had once adjusted it to Roman.
>
> But the law would continue, for only it could keep Israel alive. Where were the Chaldeans and the Moabites, the Phoenicians and the Assyrians, the Hurrians and the Hittites? Each had been more powerful than the Jews, yet each had perished and the Jews remained. Where was Marduk, great god of the Babylonians, and Dagan of the Philistines; and Moloch of the Phoenicians? They had been mighty gods who struck terror in the hearts of men, but they had vanished and it was the conciliatory, sometimes awkward God of the Jews Who not only persisted but Who also vitalized two derivative religions. And God exercised His power through the law.
>
> It was no mean thing to be a Jew and the custodian of God's law; for if His law was exacting it was also ennobling. It demanded respect if not blind obedience. There could be no larger task, Eliav thought, than devising procedures whereby the Jews of Israel and their more numerous cousins in America could share this vital law and the responsibility for keeping it vital. (p. 1087.)

The demand for social justice which is in the Law is also seen as influencing the young Sabras of the various kibbutzim. As Michener says in The Source,

> they had surrendered formal religion, they had found a substitute equally demanding: they were dedicated to the creation of a Jewish state that should be called Israel and should be founded in social justice. (p. 946.)

Finally, another religious component of Judaism recorded by the authors is the modern-day occurrence of miracles affecting the Jewish people and the Land of Israel. For David in Uris' Exodus,

> "Our very existence is a miracle. We outlived the Romans and the Greeks and even Hitler. We have outlived every oppressor and we will outlive the British Empire. That is a miracle, Ari." (p. 26.)

Again in Exodus, Bruce Sutherland and Kitty Fremont discuss the miraculous happenings in the land of Israel. Kitty says,

> "Isn't it strange, Bruce? One night when I was up on Mount Tabor with those young Palmach people I had the feeling that they were invincible...the soldiers of God. Firelight and moonlight does things to me."
>
> "It does to me too, Kitty. Everything I've ever learned in the service tells me that the Jews cannot win. Yet when you see what they have done with this land you are not a realist if you do not believe in miracles. (p. 465.)

Though most of Amos' friends in Hirschfeld's Behold Zion believe that Israel's victory in the Six Day War was due to Israel's army with its great determination and its ability to improvise, Amos is made to express another thought.

> "We won the war," Amos said lightly. "That has to be one of God's miracles. By all logic, comparison of armies and numbers, we should have been annihilated. Still we won. A miracle, I say." (pp. 440-441.)

So what, then, is the image of religion in Israel? There is a spirit of concern for one's fellowman; there is the belief that Israel is more than just another state among nations; that it has a mystique and is governed by a law that transcends political expediency. Finally, our novelists seem inclined to concede that, though God might be dead and buried in the human ashes of Auschwitz, Dachau, Treblinka or Bergen-Belsen, miracles do still occur in this land and to this people that trace their ancestors back some 4000 years. Israel, in short, is seen as the most religious people on the face of the earth.

GENERAL CONCLUSION

I want to make a personal statement here. My conclusions reflect my total reaction to Israel as a result of my readings both in non-fictional and fictional sources and, more importantly, my personal encounter with Israel and Israelis over the past three years. Moreover, my having been in Israel during the period before the war of 1967, during the war itself, and part of the aftermath, gives me, I feel, a certain perspective that would otherwise have been lacking. Since I am dealing with the human variables of Israeli life, perhaps this personal statement is the only type of comment that can be genuinely significant. I respond as one human being viewing the many different images that are struggling to become the reality or at least a reality. Of course my conclusions cannot be considered the reality, but rather what is real to me.

It is my belief that the image of Israel presented in the body of this thesis truly reflects the reality of Israel. That is, these various novels constitute more than an artistic reality. In fact, as I see it, they capture the very essence of the dynamic Israeli and his society. The various authors show a remarkable insight into the Israel's complex personality. This should not be too surprising, for after all, these writers did choose Israel as the subject matter of their books. Their choice bespeaks a meas-

ure of familiarity with and even devotion to Israel. Authors write about what they know and care about. Almost all of the authors have spent a substantial amount of time in Israel in order to gather material and insights for their works. In some cases--Meyer Levin and Lionel Davidson are examples--Israel has become a focal point of their lives. All of these sensitive artists have been able to reach out and uncover what is most precious and true about the society and people subsequently recreated in their novels. This does not mean that the authors have been able to expel their own prejudices from their works. A brilliant intellectual like Koestler mirrored what could have been taken ~~place~~ as an abnormal concern for narrow nationalism and particularism, when he wrote Thieves in the Night during the 1940's. A religiously oriented writer like the non-Jew Michener sees religion as the core of Israel, but he defines religion in American terms rather than in the terms of its own unique configuration among the Israelis. For Michener, religion is edifice, law, and tradition. For most Israelis, it is something quite different. But this is where my job as redactor comes into play.

I have tried to present all of the various images refracted in the work of these writers, but the key to their relative significance and import in the overall presentation is where and how they are presented. The juxtaposing of one thought to another helps to put the reality as I know it into its proper perspective. My particular arrangement of quotes is intended to give the thesis a certain type

of movement. The movement of the body of the thesis becomes something which requires attention, for the Israeli is enigmatic; he is many things: Sabra, European, intellectual, farmer, capitalist, communist, universalist, particularist. But the movement of individuals toward a common spiritual goal is, it seems to me, what ultimately distinguishes Israelis from the citizens of other countries.

The arrangement of this thesis is an attempt at depicting the Israeli's constant struggle to achieve unity. In the first chapter, we see several diverse Israeli types. They are unique because of their own experiences and tastes, but they come together in the face of adversity. War and threat of annihilation cause them to strive for a unity that might otherwise take centuries to shape. Thus, in chapter one, it is an outer force which compels these diverse types to struggle toward unity.

In chapter two, there is an inner motivation which moves the Israeli toward unity. The idealism of the kibbutz and the egalitarian principles which it sets forth have left a lasting impact on the society. This social ideal has not lost its force in political life and in Israel's espousal of the concept of a higher justice and what Israelis believe are irrefutable ethical principles. The chapter concludes with the idealistic attempt at a lasting unity between Arab and Jew, based on a common understanding of the humanity of both peoples and their right to exist.

Chapter three concludes the three-part movement. In chapter one, we began with the individual and his external need for unity. In chapter two, we moved to an inner unity based on internalized ideals that find expression in social, economic, and political institutions. Finally in chapter three, we have the spiritual nuance which ties the three chapters together. This insight gives the reader a clearer perspective of the direction of the first two chapters. The Israeli must struggle to gain the spiritual, the union of land and self, and the message of religion. It is not an easy struggle; on the contrary, it is man's most difficult. Spirituality has had to contend with apparently insurmountable odds: almost two thousand years of exile, religious massacres, pogroms, the Nazi Holocaust. But it perseveres. Some Israelis deny spirituality; however, it remains in their midst as the principle of their daily existence. Though they deny it, though they negate it, they work around this unifying principle in multifarious ways. The kibbutz, the labor elite, the uplifting of the Arabs, the social ideal, the equality of all men under Israeli law are some of the concrete forms that this spiritual unity takes.

Israel has realized a dream that rarely has been achieved in the history of mankind. Twentieth-century man can now say that spirituality is possible, that human dignity is attainable; Israel has proven it possible.

> The world will be freed by our liberty, enriched by our wealth, magnified by our greatness.

And whatever we attempt there to accomplish for our own welfare, will react powerfully and beneficially for the good of humanity. (The Jewish State, p. 157.)

ANNOTATED BIBLIOGRAPHY

Davidson, Lionel, The Menorah Men, New York: Dell Publishing Co., 1967.
This book satirizes all the characters, institutions, and events it describes. Most of the story takes place in Israel before the Six-Day War, and the story line centers around the search for the hidden (non-historical) ancient menorah of the Second Temple.

Gourse, R. Leslie, With Gall and Honey, New York: Doubleday and Company, Inc., 1961.
This is a romantic novel written by a young girl. It relates the story of an American girl's love for a South American in Israel before and during the Sinai Campaign. It has some interesting and sensitive insights into American and Israeli personalities.

Hempstone, Smith, In the Midst of Lions, New York: Harper and Row, 1968.
This story is based on the events of the Six-Day War. The story line revolves around an American reporter and his activities during the period of the war, but other perspectives are woven into the novel. It is very realistic with little time spent on romanticization.

Hirschfeld, Burt, Behold Zion, New York: Avon Books, 1968.
This book attempts to give the whole panorama of events and types of personalities that went into the creation and unfolding of the State of Israel. Though its literary merits are minimal, it is useful for its romanticist view of Israel.

Jacobson, Dan, The Beginners, New York: The Macmillan Company, 1966.
A well-written novel about South African Jews and their various relationships to Israel and Judaism. There are many insights into the problems and thoughts of a serious diaspora Jew, that is, a Jew questioning the significance of his Jewishness in light of the creation of a Jewish state.

Koestler, Arthur, Thieves in the Night, New York: The Macmillan Company, 1946.
It portrays a man torn between his love of Israel and his love of all mankind. It is the fictional form of the Jewish tension between the particular and the universal. It is all told through the life of a man on a kibbutz before the War of Independence.

Levin, Meyer, Yehuda, New York: Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith, 1931.
The story of a kibbutznick's love and dedication to the land of Israel and the ideals of an egalitarian society in pre-World War II Mandatory Palestine.

Livingstone, Harold E., The Coasts of the Earth, Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1954.
The book deals with the war of 1948 and the part that American fliers played in that war. The friction between Israeli and American and the general attitude of the American Jew toward Israel are finely depicted in this story. It is well written and displays an in-depth appreciation of its subject matter.

Michener, James A., The Source, Greenwich: Fawcett Publications, Inc., 1965.
Michener has written a historical novel that tells the stories of the countless generations that have lived at Makor, a fictional tell in northern Israel. Michener, perhaps more than any other Anglo-American author, has attempted to understand and portray the religious aspect of Israeli society.

Potok, Chaim, "The Dark Place Inside," Dimensions, Volume II, No. 1, Fall, 1967.
This short story paints a vivid picture of one type of Israeli citizen who, marred and transformed by the Nazi Holocaust, will never be whole again.

Spark, Muriel, The Mandelbaum Gate, New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1965.
An interesting mystery story that presents a very English attitude toward Israel and Jordan. The strength of the book does not lie in the excitement it generates as a mystery, for this is minimal, but rather in the fine character sketches and the novel attitude it presents in regard to Arab-Jewish relations.

Spicehandler, Daniel, Burnt Offering, New York: The Macmillan Company, 1961.
The story centers around the fight for Stella Montis, a fictional monastery which was the key to opening the road to Jerusalem in the war of 1948. Again the American Jew and his relationship to Israel are called into question.

Stebel, S. L., The Collaborator, New York: Random House, 1968.
An A-number one thriller which should have been at the top of the best sellers list. This does not mean that it does not have great quality, for it is a well-written book with suspense that can rival, if not outdo, Le Carre. The plot centers around the attempt by Israel and Germany to establish closer economic ties. The major insight for my paper is the large role of the past--that is, the Nazi Holocaust--still plays in Israeli politics.

Uris, Leon, Exodus, Garden City: Doubleday and Company, Inc., 1958.
This romantic novel is not notable for its literary merits. The book is superficial, but enjoyable. It can

give insights into the Israeli mentality, but no final conclusions should be drawn from it.

Viertel, Joseph, The Last Temptation, New York: Simon and Schuster, 1955.

This book is a little known gem. It is well written, beautiful, compelling and provocative. The theme of the story is a Jew's search for justice. It centers around the Marmorek family who had fled from Europe to Israel after the Second World War. Subsequently Victor Marmorek is executed as a traitor to Israel and his wife, though stricken with grief and disbelief, tries to clear her dead husband from the guilt of this heinous crime. We receive a complete view of the young, struggling Jewish state.

West, Morris L., The Tower of Babel, New York: William Morrow and Company, Inc.,

This is a diverse novel for much of it takes place outside of Israel in Arab countries. Thus the Arab view toward Israel is explored. Moreover, the book presents some fine political insights into the Israeli character.