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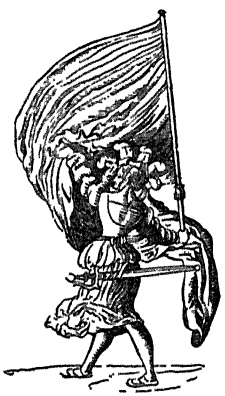
Theodor Herzl

Theodor Herzl

The Jew and the Man

A Portrait by

OSCAR BENJAMIN FRANKL



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TO THE OLDEST PEOPLE
WITH THE YOUNGEST STATE

INTRODUCTION

The course of history is determined by great ideas embodied in great men. Their number is small. Through them the peoples of the world transcend their finite isolation and prove themselves constituent elements of mankind as a whole.

It is in this sense that Theodor Herzl was a great man . . . not merely for the Jewish people and the Jewish nation. What we see in him, and wish to show in him, is the coincidence of the best Jewish qualities with the highest humanity; of the ideal with the real; of the idea with the deed.

Herzl did bring about the formulation in tangible outline and concrete shape of a plan which had been but the inspiring vision and often the haunting dream of millions of persecuted people for close to two thousand years, a plan which had to wait for almost another half century until finally—after the blood of millions of martyred lives, Jewish and non-Jewish, had been shed—a later generation translated it into an established fact for all the world to see. Yet this achievement reflects only one side of Herzl's life and longing. The

other, of which he was clearly aware from the very beginning, was still more far-reaching and concerned the ultimate expansion of his service in the cause of Zion into a service for all of mankind. This, if nothing else, distinguishes Herzl from among the great figures of other national emancipators and assigns to him and his ideal the importance of a turning point in the history of our time. In Herzl's prophecy the establishment of a Jewish State was tantamount to a renaissance of the ideals of humaneness and humanity.

Hence the aim of this book is not at all to add another biography, another description of Herzl's life, to those we already have, and to justify its publication by little more than its handy format. What this book does want to achieve is much rather a transplantation as it were of Herzl's ideal and idealism from the past in which they grew and bore fruit to our disturbed and disturbing present which seems most desperately in need of them and their like.

The Jewish State which Herzl visualized, for which he fought, to which he dedicated and sacrificed his life, was in the minds of his contemporaries—especially of those whose responsibilities as statesmen and leaders of their peoples made of them molders of current and future history—a dubious dream or an absolute impossibility. Today it is a fact.

There is another dubious dream and absolute impossibility for which the peoples of the earth must be prepared by a great teacher of Herzl's format. It too must some day turn into fact. It is the dream of peace among nations fed and fostered by the truth which Herzl taught and lived that the highest national ideals transcend the limits of nationhood and work in the service of the human race.

On the arduous way ahead which will lead us toward the realization of a true brotherhood of nations, the oldest people with the youngest state may well be called upon to play the part of mediator and model. Thus Herzl's ultimate dream, the dream of Israel's mission, its *duties* toward God and men, may be fulfilled.

I

THE STAGE

The ideal too needs ever to be born anew; and there are rebirths which transcend our understanding.

HERZL, *Old New Land*

On May 2, 1950, nine decades have passed since Herzl was born, one of the greatest Jews, one of the greatest men. Half this span of time went by since his death on July 3, 1904.

These twice forty-five years—viewed against the background of the relative calm of the preceding centuries—mark in the history of mankind and civilization a deterioration from pessimism to despair and collapse (of empires and nations, of ideas and peoples) which now finally seems to be making room, slowly and painfully, for a new development that may benefit each one and all.

With all this the fate of the Jewish people is closely connected. Yet at no time throughout this epoch have the Jews accepted the doctrine of their decline although they were among the peoples of this earth by far the most sorely afflicted. On the contrary. Despite persecution their will to live persevered. Their faith in the advent of better times remained unshakable and strong. And their anthem, whose origin and adoption fall in those years, bears the title of "Hope."

The molder of their fate, the preacher who called the dispersed, the leader blazing their trail, the man who bore on

his shoulders for an arduous decade—the last of his life—the burden of prophet and fighter, was . . . Theodor Herzl.

There is a mystic symbolism in his name. *Theodor,* that is a 'divine gift' in the language of the Greeks, the people whose greatest dramatist had his heroine proclaim, "We were not born to help in hatred but in love," and whose share in Greco-Christian-Hebrew thought (by which we live) cannot be equaled or displaced.—And *Herzl,* that is in German 'the heart,' life-giving organ and symbol of spirit, soul, and courage; with a diminutive 'l' expressive of kindness and human warmth.

And thus Herzl was constituted. An oft-quoted Goethe quatrain may be applied to him: his quick keen mind was a legacy from his father and so was his sense of obligation, his serious outlook on life. But from his mother, whom he adored, he had inherited his kindliness, his devotion and faith, his ability to dream, his power of vision, and also his joyousness and delight in creative expression.

Herzl studied law at the University of Vienna, yet the other side of his nature sought an outlet in the production of plays and essays all testifying to his excellent sense of observation and leading up to the masterly articles, exemplary in form and contents, of his later Zionist period. For Herzl was at home in all facets of Western culture: a true European. When he was thirty-two, the Viennese *Neue Freie Presse,* at the time the most respected newspaper in Austrian-German lands, sent him to Paris as its French correspondent. It was at this time that he began reading books like Eugen Dühring's *The Jewish Question* and Édouard Drumont's *The Jews in France.* It was then too that he wrote his first

didactic play, *The New Ghetto,* which describes the tragic dilemma of an educated Jew, his courageous rebellion for which, in the end, he has to pay with his life.

In a way this drama could still be taken as merely an interesting treatment of a contemporary social problem. But a few years later, the distressing fate of the Jews, the hatred and persecution they had to endure as individuals as also as a people, drove him to write his basic essay, *The Jewish State.*

The Jewish State was not a poet's dream. It was a great man's vision of the future and hence a deed. It was a promise and a task. And the remaining nine years of Herzl's life came to be devoted to the translation of his initial deed into tangible realities. Those nine years are history by now. They made history too. And not merely Jewish history. For Herzl never lost sight of the fact that the solution of the Jewish problem represented one of the most urgent needs of all of mankind, a prerequisite for peace and civilized advance, for faith in lieu of pessimism, hope in lieu of despair, planning and building in lieu of collapse.

"Of late years," wrote Henry Adams on December 12, 1894, "the tone of European thought has been distinctly despondent among the classes which were formerly most hopeful . . . If a science of history were established today on the lines of its recent development, I greatly fear it would take its tone from the pessimism of Paris, Berlin, and St. Petersburg." It is hard to think of a more striking or keener char-

acterization of European (and American) thought at the turn of the century.

Hardly two hundred years had gone by since the German philosopher, scientist, diplomat, and theologian, Gottfried Wilhelm von Leibnitz, "the last polyhistor," had viewed this world as consisting of monads interlinked in pre-established harmony and judged it to be "the best of all possible worlds." What had become of this optimistic doctrine? Gone and forgotten. Forgotten too was Leibnitz' attempt to find common ground for the several Christian faiths as long before him Nicholas of Cusa had done and likewise John Amos Comenius, the last bishop of the Unitas Fratrum or Bohemian Brethren. In a still dimmer past lay the joyous promises of a new dawn of life, the Renaissance, with its revival of artistic enjoyment in the spirit of Greece, its awakening of a secular world-conscious personality, and the humanist's proudly asserted and proudly consummated *homo sum.*

Surely, the central idea of such humanism had been kept alive down through the ages for all the civilized peoples of the West by their leading spirits in art and thought. The classic principles of universal form and individual freedom with the implication of humanistic humaneness had aroused the devoted enthusiasm of the greatest minds in England and France, Germany, Russia, and America and had made of them in a sense the tragic heralds and prophets of a world-wide brotherhood of men. In Germany—to mention but a few—there were Kant, Goethe, Lessing, Herder, Beethoven . . . ; in France, Montesquieu, Diderot, Voltaire, Rousseau . . . ; in Russia, Pushkin, Tolstoi, Dostoevski . . . ; in England, very early, Francis Bacon, the champion of human liberty who sought a new Isle of the Blessed from where friendship and light should spread throughout the world,

and Herbert Spencer, the great peacemaker and hater of war . . . ; and in America, finally, Penn, Franklin, Emerson . . .

Sublime and lonely in their midst, a king of kings in the realm of thought, stands Baruch Spinoza. In him the joy of understanding attains the ultimate fullness of life; he professes and reveres the majestic law of God and nature; for him intellect and ethics form a harmonious unity; happy is he whom modesty has taught to love his fellows; and hatred is proof of both inferiority and fear. Minds are conquered not by arms but by greatness of soul. Only the good can attain true peace of mind, for they will not covet what they do not desire for all.

Thus he wrote: "Since fear of solitude exists in all men, because no one in solitude is strong enough to defend himself and procure the necessaries of life, it follows that men by nature tend towards social organization." But just as he visualized a union and reunion of social classes, so likewise of races and creeds. About the Jews he wrote: "They have survived chiefly because of Christian hatred of them; persecutions gave them the unity and solidarity necessary for continued racial existence; without persecution they might have mingled and married with the people of Europe and been engulfed in the majorities with which they were everywhere surrounded. But there is no reason why the philosophic Jew and the philosophic Christian, when all nonsense is discarded, should not agree sufficiently in creed to live in peace and cooperation."

The grandeur of Spinoza's philosophic system converges in the identity of God and nature; in it man's quest for knowledge attains the status of true religion, the *amor dei,* love of

God. The greatest minds of all civilized nations have acknowledged their indebtedness to the Portuguese-Dutch grinder of lenses, the ghetto's gift to all mankind. When the Spinoza monument in the Hague was unveiled in 1882, the Frenchman Ernest Renan concluded his address with these words: "Woe to him who in passing should hurl an insult at this gentle and pensive head. He would be punished, as all vulgar souls are punished, by his very vulgarity, and by his incapacity to conceive what is divine. This man, from his granite pedestal, will point out to all men the way of blessedness which he found; and ages hence, the cultivated traveler, passing by this spot, will say in his heart, 'The truest vision ever had of God came, perhaps, here.' "

When these words were spoken, the intellectual climate of Europe was not of a kind to allow them much echo. They were untimely. More so, albeit in a different sense, than Nietzsche's *Untimely Reflections* which had just appeared. These were fashioned as weapons for the war their author waged against German lack of culture. The humanitarian program of the French Revolution had been lost sight of in the ensuing turmoil; the great ideas of freedom and brotherhood had been stifled through the reaction of Metternich's brand; and the German come-back, finally staged through the Prussian victories of 1864, '66, and '71, had, in Nietzsche's eyes, definitely jeopardized the country's development as a civilized nation. Yet in the third of his *Reflections,* which was entitled *Schopenhauer the Pedagogue,* he indirectly and unwittingly paid tribute to the fact that of all the tenets of Schopenhauer's philosophy it was his pessimism that exerted the strongest influence on the closing decades of the Nineteenth Century.

By the turn of the century, however, even this type of critical approach to the problems of the times had receded on the

whole to the academic intimacy of lecture hall and seminar. Outside, among students, workers, and the entire middle-class intelligentsia, there raged instead the hatefully destructive feuds of party, class, and race. It was the heyday of isms, war cries and standards of hatred and opposition. A deafening and chaotic clamor of nationalism, Pan-Germanism, militant Catholicism, ultramontanism, Protestantism, capitalism, liberalism, materialism, industrialism, communism, socialism, militarism, mysticism, monism . . . ; and the same disintegration rampant or underway in the world of art and literature with its ephemeral schools of naturalism, futurism, cubism, Dadaism, what-not-ism. But above, underneath, and throughout all of them—constantly spreading—almost the only common bond—anti-Semitism in all its forms and phases: reared at first by religious and superstitious prejudice but soon to be used and abused as a welcome diversion and outlet for pent-up unrest and passions.

The technological advance not only ushered in a marvelous train of labor-saving inventions; it also killed the craftsman's pride; it declassed him and depersonalized his work. It brought about an enormous growth of the industrial proletariat for whom the ideals of human rights and personal liberty assumed once again the status of distant future goals. Meanwhile the humanities, the *artes liberales,* came to be the prerogative of select circles of the middle classes whose cultural significance seemed equally doomed whether their representatives joined the struggle for freedom of thought or allowed themselves to be duped and doped by the empty rhetoric and pageantry of nationalistic celebrations.

Grillparzer's incredibly pregnant prophecy, "From Humanity via Nationality to Bestiality," was forgotten. It was in vain that Langbehn published his brilliant manifesto, *Rem-*

brandt the Pedagogue, simply and poignantly over the signature of "a German." Surely, the book was distributed in hundreds of thousands of copies. Its anti-materialism, its call to arms for the ideals of humanism, of art and humanity as symbolized by the name of Rembrandt, were widely discussed and represented for a time the most fashionable topic of polite conversation, but basically the times refused to be guided by such pastimes which after all remained as harmless as the curiously rich crop of literary societies—Comenius, Goethe, Shakespeare, or just plain Literary Societies—that were founded during the final decades of the Nineteenth Century.

Too much discord and dissatisfaction had accumulated in Europe's cultural life in all its phases: national, economic, political, and spiritual as well.—In France it was the defeat of 1871 with its subsequent economic crises, exploited and aggravated by a picturesque bunch of chevaliers of industry set adrift in the wreckage of army and aristocracy, that had initiated the process of ever-increasing tension bound to find release in a sudden display of violence.—In Germany, the Second Empire, brilliantly erected as though by magic in a sweeping delirium of victory, brought to the fore those elements that were ready to celebrate veritable orgies of devotion at the altar of military megalomania. Nietzsche's critique, his revaluation of all values, and especially a misunderstood version of his doctrine of the superman were haunting mature and immature minds. And all the while the spirit of true research was driven to hell by pedantic positivism.—The venerable Danubian monarchy of Austria-Hungary, offering the sad spectacle of a great power progressively reduced to little more than a dormant partner in Bismarck's organization, shook in its foundations in consequence of the more and more openly rebellious demeanor

of its many national and lingusitic minorities. The most successful parades, the most wonderful operas, the most charming waltzes could not enforce the illusion—not even in Vienna, not even at court—that they were more significant than the pessimism of a Vaihinger, the pseudo-science of a Houston Stewart Chamberlain, or the rabble-rousing anti-Semitism of Messrs. Lueger and Schönerer.—In St. Petersburg, the hub of the slow-moving relentless Slavic wheel, the knout of the Czar's Cossacks protected the great Russian people against the germs of enlightenment, and where it failed, there was still Siberia or a welcome diversion in the form of a minor or major pogrom.

There were, here and there, East and West, courageous but isolated individuals trying to stem the rising tide. There was, among the Czechs, the westernmost Slavonic people, the professor of philosophy, Tomas Masaryk, who took a manly stand against a misled mob when tales of bloody rituals threatened to spell persecution and murder for innocent Jewish groups, for this professor believed in what he taught about the fundamental goodness of man and the ideals of humaneness and humanity. There were warning seers, fighting prophets, in France as well, in Paris, the seat of European civilization. Émile Zola was one. Rather would he flee his country than desist in his defense of the Jewish army officer Dreyfus, the innocent victim of a flagrant case of miscarried caste justice. It was the same Zola many of whose novels meant positive encouragement and constructive relief to millions of readers in numerous languages. But it cannot be said too emphatically that the image of men like Masaryk, Zola, and others stands out so brilliantly because of their isolation and the contrasting milieu.

The ultimate truth seemed to be that this is the worst of all possible worlds, and the ultimate problem, how can we some-

how put up with it? The Russian Konstantin Leontiev spoke of equalitarian democracy as a stage of decay, philistinism, artificial simplicity. The Englishman, Charles Henry Pearson, talked about the rising tide of color which meant the doom of the white race. In America, Thorstein Veblen was bitterly critical of many established social and economic institutions. Brooks Adams, in his *Law of Civilization and Decay,* evolved a pessimistic theory of cycles of the kind expanded by Oswald Spengler into a complete and comprehensive system. In France, Gustave Le Bon arose as a prophet of doom, and Georges Sorel discussed the *Ruin of the Ancient World* before expounding his *Illusion of Progress.* In a letter to Ch. M. Gaskell, Henry Adams wrote the abysmal lines: "The other day I thought I saw myself, but run mad and howling. I took a book without noticing its title particularly and read a few pages. Then vertigo seized me, for I thought I must be inventing a book in a dream. It was Nordau's *Degeneracy.*" This is the same Nordau whose name had first become widely known through the publication of his satire, *Conventional Lies of Civilization.*

About the middle of the Nineteenth Century, there arose in France a man who represented the strangest mixture of liberal humanism and conservative reaction, of aristocratic tradition and autodidactic learning. He was Count Joseph Arthur de Gobineau. If he had lived at the time of the Revolution, he might—like the noble Marquis de Condorcet—have become a fighter for the rights of man. As it was, he became engrossed in his studies of the Renaissance which

he portrayed in poetically vivid historical scenes. As a diplomat he spent some time in the Balkans, Persia, and South America. His views on mankind he summarized in an essay *On the Inequality of the Human Races.* It postulated the superiority of the dolicocephalic Aryan race. This little study—for that was all it was meant to represent—was salvaged from oblivion through a visit of Richard Wagner in Paris. The nationalistically inspired tone poet with his cabinet of Eddic marionettes considered the Frenchman's views a revelation of acute timeliness. The notion of race turned into a standard, a criterion, a war cry. If the Aryan race was the best, the Germans had to build it anew. They must be made to grow aware of their racial heritage and must be taught to preserve and purify it. Their blood was superior. By virtue of their mental and spiritual characteristics they were predestined to assume the leadership before all others.

It mattered little that scientists like Virchow, Boas, Herz rejected the postulate of a pure (especially a purely German) race and branded the claim to absolute superiority on the part of one as impossible, unscientific, ahistorical, and antisocial. The widespread admiration for Gobineau and Wagner merged with college-rowdyism and juvenile muscle pride to engender a form of megalomania which started out innocuously enough by finding an outlet in speech-making and demonstrations but proceeded to erect all sorts of social, economic, and intellectual barriers until it had gathered sufficient respectability to appear in the garb of a scientific standard work, strangely enough, again the work of a non-German, *The Foundations of the Nineteenth Century,* written in German by the Englishman, Houston Stewart Chamberlain. *Fin de siècle!* The times were ripe both for the worst and a new start.

But wasn't there still the shining light of hope in the land of the free beyond the ocean? America had suffered acutely from a racial problem of its own. Abraham Lincoln had freed the Negroes and paid for it with his life. Surely, the Civil War had not solved all problems over night, but from its smoldering fires the states of North America had arisen as the nation of the United States. Important discoveries and inventions made it a land of wealth and well-being. There were on the one hand enormous accumulations of capital in the hands of industrial dynasties and corporations. But the workers, on the other hand, were never reduced to the misery of a laboring proletariat. They represented a wholesome counterweight against the might of the employers' millions, and it was but natural that they should be jealously intent upon guarding their rights and achievements against all comers.

Against all comers! In Eastern Europe and Asia the message and myth of America, the land of unlimited possibilities, had been heard. A new wave of repressed and desperate emigrants began to move to America in search for soil and homes and peace and work. Jewish refugees, persecuted in Russia, Poland, Rumania, arrived and kept arriving in great numbers and exerted a competitive pressure on the labor market. As a result there grew up in the land of the free a hostile attitude toward Orientals and Eastern Jews. An Anti-Immigration-League sprang up and did its best to make life unpleasant for the unwelcome guests.

Where then was there a solution? Where was there hope? Where a future for the repressed, the outcast, the persecuted?

II

THE ACTION

Branches of the Jewish people
may perish. Its tree will live.
HERZL, *The Jewish State*

Herzl in Paris. It is the year 1895. It is the Paris of the Dreyfus affair, with shouts of the populace reverberating: "Down with the traitor Dreyfus! Down with the Jews! Throw those dirty criminals into the Seine!"

Nowhere a protest! Nowhere, impassioned or calm, a voice that rises in defense of justice. The time for Zola's *"J'accuse"* has not yet arrived. As Herzl listens to the howling mob, ineffable sadness takes hold of him. Sadness and determination.

Are these the men and women whose grandparents were the first to proclaim for all the peoples and races: *liberté, égalité, fraternité*? Is this the voice of a new France? Persecution instead of liberty; repression for equality; hatred in lieu of love and brotherhood! Hatred whipped up by irresponsible rats, not just against a hounded individual victim whose innocence before the forum of reason is evident, but hatred against the entire people . . . The Jews, all Jews are to be destroyed . . . They want the doom of Jerusalem. A sinister omen here in the land of the Rights of Man.

Herzl in the circle of his most intimate friends. They have not seen him for ever so long. They have been worried about him. What has he been doing? Has he written a new play? Again a play for the New York stage? Or possibly one to be produced at the *Burg* in Vienna? No one is prepared for what Herzl has to say.

"My friends," he begins, "I have asked you here because I want to read to you a manuscript on which I have been hard at work for all these many days and nights . . ."

He pauses. All those present listen intently. Never before have they seen him so solemn, so proud, so strong.

And now his voice again: "It depends on the Jews themselves whether this document of state is going to remain merely the novel of a state. If this generation is too dull and narrow, I know there is going to be another, a better, more inspired one. The Jews—if they so will—shall have their state and deserve it . . ."

As he reads on, his friends get ever more engrossed in the dreamlike vision he seems to unfold to their inner eyes . . . A thrilled and captivated silence lingers on as he reaches the end of his essay.

He himself has to break the spell: "Now tell me, my friends, what do you think of it? I have called it *The Jewish State.*"

They think it great, they think it marvelous. They consider it a remarkable product of their friend's creative imagination. It is a utopia in the grand tradition of Thomas More. It reminds them of this book and that, of things like Edward Bellamy's fantastic novel, *Looking Backward.*

"Don't be stubborn, Herzl. Can't you see what a success it is bound to become if you will only change the title . . . Call it *The Dream of the Temple,* and shift the presentation. Give it a warm and human story and you will have the most fascinating romance of the decade."

But Herzl remains adamant: "No, a thousand times no! It is no fantasy and was not ever meant to be one. No pleasant dream in a world of nightmarish suffering. It must turn into day and deed. The Jewish state is a world necessity. And so it *will* arise."

A few months later in Vienna. *The Jewish State,* a slender volume in yellow paper binding, has been published. At the University there have been anti-Semitic riots. Wherever Jewish students foregather, at the fraternity houses of the Libanonia, Unitas, Kadimah, Maccabaea, and Ivria, everywhere it is the same story.

"They beat me up till I bled."

"Twenty of them, a whole mob with sticks and canes, would not let me enter the lecture hall."

"Some of them I thought were my friends, but they threw me out of the seminar."

"I was in the auditorium when they began howling, 'Oust the Jews!' There was a tall fellow there, the worst of them all. I handed him my card . . . He tore it up: 'A Jew can't fight a duel.' "

"What are we going to do? There are two thousand of them, two thousand against our two hundred. Alone they are cowards. But they will always sneak up on us in crowds . . ."

"The University is helpless . . . or wants to be!"

Then the news: Lueger, the rabid anti-Semite, has been elected Mayor of Vienna. Lueger in City Hall! Everyone knows what that means.—And all about town you have to listen to Schönerer's ditty which he quoted openly in Parliament:

> A Jew turned Christian stays the same.
> The dirt is in his race, I claim.

Yet always at such gatherings, one of those present will arise —one of the older, maturer ones or again a newcomer, a mere boy full of faith and youthful enthusiasm—will arise and open that slender volume in yellow paper binding:

"And yet, my friends, there is a way out of this ghetto. There is a road that leads away from hatred and persecution to a new home for all of us. A free homeland. A state of our own. The Jewish State. Listen to this: 'Branches of the Jewish people may perish. Its tree will live . . . The Jews will enter their new country under the sign of work . . . Throughout the night of their history the Jews have not ceased to dream this royal dream . . . Now we must show that the dream of a night can turn into an idea bright as day . . .' "

And each and all—in the silence of their hearts or breaking forth in enthusiastic exclamations—repeat the vow: "A free homeland . . . The tree shall live . . ."

Or at the same time in Eastern Galicia. Any one of those numerous small localities with a predominantly Jewish population and an orthodox atmosphere. Let it be evening. We enter at random one of the houses. The table is set. There are candles. It is the night of Seder. The family are commemorating the liberation and Exodus from Egypt. Yet the mood is depressed, for they all remember the last pogrom and fear the next. The father opens the Haggada and reads with a singing voice:

"But we cried unto the Eternal, the God of our ancestors, and the Eternal heard our voice and looked on our affliction, our labor, and our oppression."

"Amen!" confirm the voices of all the members of the family, and the father continues: "God brought us out of Egypt, that He might bring us in to give us the land which he had sworn to our ancestors."

"Bring back our captives, o Lord, as streams to a dry land. They that sow in tears, reap in joy . . ."

And now the father arises and his voice is solemn as though an echo were ringing in it from above: "Today in bondage, tomorrow in Jerusalem."

And again one of those present gets up—the oldest son perhaps, a young man of twenty or so who has come home for the holidays from Vienna where he studies at the University:

"Yes, father! And mother, brothers, and sisters! Yes, it is true! The promise of the Lord—blessed be His name—is at hand. We witness the fulfillment in our day. A man has arisen among the Jews who knows and speaks of a land that is ours. A land in which we live as free men. Hundreds of students at Vienna are among his followers. In a few weeks there will be thousands. In a few months we shall be tens of thousands."

And he holds in his hands that same slender volume in yellow paper binding and reads from it: "We want to give the Jews a new home. We do not want to tear them up from their lowly state; we want to lift them up carefully with all their roots and transplant them to a better soil . . ."

The father takes the little book into his trembling hands. His voice reflects a world of fear and doubt and triumphant conviction:

"That is the Messiah. The Lord has sent him. In the hour of need a new prophet has come. We must follow him. We want to see his face and hear his voice. He will set us free . . ."

For Herzl, *The Jewish State* is not a literary feat but a program and hence a task. He cannot delight in its success but must work for its fulfillment. In one of the most fashionable hotels of Paris he is received by the famous philanthropist Baron Maurice de Hirsch.

"Before coming here," he says, "I sent you a memorandum which explained in detail the purpose of my visit. I hope you can allow me at least a full hour of your time. If not, it might be better to postpone this meeting."

The Baron nods and Herzl continues: "I want to show you that there is a better use for your millions than to disburse and disperse them in all the various worthy charities with which your name has become associated. There is a way of using those millions for the entire Jewish people, for all the Jews that are oppressed and persecuted."

The Baron looks up: "Well? Go on!"

"What is needed is the acquisition of a land that is their own; of a country in which the persecuted can build their homes in freedom and safety; where they can live not only as Jews but as human beings."

Baron de Hirsch interrupts: "You mean to say that they are to have their own state? You want to bring them together from the four corners of the world and settle them as a Jewish nation?"

"Precisely.—And you, Baron de Hirsch, must help me, must help us with your money. It will be a blessing, it will be a deed for all humanity and all times."

The Baron cannot help thinking of his Jewish Colonization Association which he organized "to assist and promote the emigration of Jews from any part of Europe or Asia to any part of the world," and also of the Baron de Hirsch Fund, incorporated in New York but a few years ago for the purpose of assisting Jewish immigrants in the United States to find new homes and steady employment.

"You know," he says, "I am not completely inexperienced in this field. But what I have learned in the course of my attempts to settle Jewish emigrants in distant lands does not look so very promising. It is not easy to deal with those Jews from the East. Time and again I have had occasion to be shocked by their utter lack of discipline . . ."

"Indeed, indeed," Herzl interrupts, for to his mind the Baron's last words are utterly beside the point. "They are indeed! But only because there is no idea, no ideal for them. They need something to arouse them and inspire them with a common enthusiasm. They need a standard, a new flag. Do not say that a pole with a rag attached to it cannot feed the hungry masses. A flag is more than that. A flag leads men wherever they need to be led and be it back to the Promised Land. Believe me, the fate of a nation—and especially of one that lives dispersed in the four corners of the world—is ultimately dependent on imponderables from a higher realm—high above, amid the stars."

Herzl's enthusiasm has not failed to impress Baron de Hirsch but he is not the man to be carried away so spontaneously. "There is," he admits, "a good deal of truth in what you say, my dear Herzl. I am not prepared to call your plan a wild product of your imagination, but it certainly is fantastic. At any rate, I suggest that you leave your pamphlet with me. I shall read and study it with all the care it deserves. I have your address, and you will hear from me in due time."

"Please, Baron de Hirsch, do not forget that the misery of the Jews has run its course and cannot wait much longer. Give your millions without a people to the people without millions."

Herzl returns to Vienna. Hundreds of people—mostly students—welcome him at the station. His mother is there—a slender woman of refined looks—and also his eldest daughter Pauline. From afar some of Herzl's old acquaintances recognize him by the characteristic elasticity of his gait. There are shouts of "Welcome!" "Welcome to our Leader!" The shouts grow louder and louder and merge into a thunderous chorus. "Leader and Liberator! Show us the way! We shall follow!"

When Herzl has finally conquered his profound emotion, only those nearest him hear his calm and solemn words: "I have come to you because you called me. I shall do everything in my power. I rely on you, the young. I trust you and I thank you."

The shouts of "Herzl, Leader and Liberator!" continue unabated.

Herzl's Viennese home is in the suburb of Döbling, 29 Haitzinger Street. Here we find him surrounded by his family. His father and mother are there and his three children, Pauline, Hans, and Trude. Also his wife. For each one he finds a few cordial words. A note of happiness and an undertone of pride ring in his voice as he speaks to his mother. There is worry and warm affection in the words he addresses to his little boy. He speaks to his wife with hesitation and a slight admixture of disappointment . . .

Of a sudden the doorbell rings. There are muffled voices outside in the hall. The door opens. A group of older men is shown in. Their spokesman walks up to Herzl:

"The news of your arrival, Dr. Herzl, has been received in our midst with unquenchable joy. As yet we are but a small community. But we want you to know how warmly each one of us welcomes you in Vienna, our city, your city. Please accept us as your first, albeit weak, yet willing collaborators. We are eager to do whatever you may expect of us . . ."

Meanwhile a delegation of Jewish students from the University of Vienna has arrived. One of them addresses Herzl while the others listen attentively:

"Great man, you have given us a new ideal. You have given us something to live for, something to live by. You have given us hope and future. We beg you, stay with us and be our guide."

A few moments of intense silence follow. Herzl's features mirror the struggle that goes on within him. More and more people have crowded into the spacious room. The voice of one of the students breaks the suspense:

"You cannot fail us! Give us your answer!"

And Herzl does give his answer: "Forgive me, my friends, but all this finds me completely unprepared. Yet let me assure you, I know what my duty is toward you, toward the Jews, toward all of mankind." All those present feel the binding spell of Herzl's virile personality as he raises his voice in

climactic solemnity: "From this moment till the end, my life —my every breath and every thought is yours."

The general enthusiasm remains subdued as everyone present is aware of the greatness of the moment. Slowly the guests depart. Slowly Herzl comes to as though from a trance. He sees his wife near a window in the background where she seems to have withdrawn to avoid the crowd of the callers. It is she to whom Herzl speaks first. "Please, try not to blame me for having spoken as I did. I had to. I cannot help it. It is my destiny."

But it is his mother, not his wife, who finds the right words to answer him: "My boy, it *is* your destiny. I believe in you."

And Herzl reiterates his vow: "From today on I renounce a life of my own. It is no longer my life. It belongs to my fellows, to the suffering thousands and tens of thousands of Jews. O mother, I know you understand me and I cannot express my joy and gratitude."

At the first meeting of the committee of his collaborators convened in Vienna at number 9, Türken Street, Herzl charts a course for the immediate future:

"Gentlemen, I believe we cannot afford to waste much time on elaborate speech-making. Our task is much too urgent. We must not only succeed: We must succeed in time. Our first obligation is to keep the public informed. Not only

through lectures and debates but also through books and articles and first and foremost through a newspaper of our own. There is nothing we want to keep a secret from the world. Indeed, it is the world we wish to speak to, and *The World* shall be the name of our paper.

"Our second obligation is the convocation of representatives of Jewish groups from all over the globe: A Jewish World Congress. For this purpose we must enlist the support of all the leading Jews of this day and age, as well of individual men and women as also of groups and organizations. Let us divide the work and let us begin."

Herzl goes to see the Chief Rabbi of Vienna. Dr. Güdemann —a man as though predestined for the cure of souls—reflects in his demeanor a sympathetic sensitivity and refined personal culture. He is square-built. His large eyes are vivid, intelligent, and kind. His full beard has turned gray. He seems to have been apprized of what his visitor has on his mind and listens attentively as Herzl comes directly to the point.

"You are the first, Sir, whom I approach officially here in Vienna. I have not come as a private individual. I speak to you in the name of numberless Jews who have faith in my program and share my ardent wish that you may join and support us. Help us in your capacity as Chief Rabbi of Vienna. Help us by interpreting our idea to the hundreds of thousands of Viennese Jews . . ."

"Your idea . . . yes, indeed, Dr. Herzl. I have read your essay on *The Jewish State,* and I must admit that I find it an

impressive program for a charitable organization on a grand scale . . ."

A charitable organization? It is not the first time that Herzl hears this term, and he hastens to correct the erroneous implication. "I think it is more than that," he says. "To be sure, my first idea did not go much farther. You know how this plan grew on me. Today, at any rate, it is a fact and a deed. Our goal is the hope of the young; it is the hope of many mature and elder men too. Especially in the East. And every day our following grows in number. Their demand grows ever clearer and louder: 'A land, any land, is no longer enough! It must be Palestine.' Of course, in a few months the Congress will convene. And then a final decision will be formulated. Meanwhile you, Sir, with your profound knowledge of Jewish history, you understand from the depth of your kind Jewish heart what it is that fills the masses of our people with fear and hope. Down there, on the shores of the Mediterranean, lies their old homeland. It is a land ideally suited to our needs: of varying climate and rich in potential resources which others would try in vain to exploit because they cannot lead there the unending stream of immigrants who long to obey the Zionist call. There lies the Zion of the poor, of the young, of the pious."

There is no further need for Herzl to refer again to the ominous term of charity. From the Chief Rabbi's reply it is clear that he has come to see Herzl's endeavor in its true dimensions. "When it is a question," he says, "of helping our suffering Jewish brethren, when it is a question of Zion, I personally shall always be at your disposal. That is what I wish to impress upon you today."

The purpose of Herzl's visit is accomplished. "Thank you, Sir," he says in conclusion. "That is all I hoped to hear from

you. I am happy to be allowed to count you among our friends. We shall keep you informed of all further developments."

The Reverend Hechler is the Chaplain of the British Embassy at Vienna. In his earlier years he was tutor to the children of the Grand Duke of Baden. He is a devoted Christian and clings with passionate fervor to his conviction that man's final redemption through Christ must be preceded by the return of the Jews to their old homeland. Wherever he goes he carries with him a copy of the Bible in which he has entered innumerable annotations pertaining to his doctrine. His home is filled with books, and everywhere the visitor sees crosses and other signs and symbols.

Herzl has come to thank Hechler for the lively interest he takes in the Zionist cause. But the Chaplain rejects the suggestion that he is doing more than his most elementary duty as a convinced Christian. "You, Dr. Herzl, are called upon by God to reunite the dispersed tribes of Israel and to lead them back. A commandment from on high was spoken to you, and you have heard it. So I revere in you more than a mortal and fellow-man. I see in you a bearer of God's message. You must not thank me. But I shall always thank God for his having allowed me to make your acquaintance and to receive you here in my humble home."

Herzl endeavors to turn the conversation toward matters of more immediate interest and importance.

"You, Reverend Sir, are eminently equipped to be of assistance to us in our work. May we count on you? Will you help us?"

"Indeed I will. And in doing so I shall merely obey the strongest urge in my own soul."

"I understand," Herzl takes up the lead, "that you have been closely associated with the family of the Grand Duke of Baden. If you could introduce me to His Highness, I feel sure that extremely important results of practical implications will ensue."

"I shall be happy to do what I can. You may rely on me, Dr. Herzl."

Hechler has kept his word. He has come to Karlsruhe to arrange for a meeting of Herzl with the Grand Duke of Baden. The Grand Duke is an elderly gentleman of calm demeanor and distinguished speech. He receives Herzl in the presence of Hechler. His words of welcome are spoken in a way that reveals them to be much more than polite platitudes.

"I am delighted to meet the man of whom our mutual friend has told me so many remarkable things."

Herzl, as is his wont, comes straight to the point that is uppermost in his mind. "Your Royal Highness, permit me to address you in the interest of a great cause. You are the first among the mighty of this earth to whom I have the honor

to speak as the representative of a renascent Judaism. You know about the central idea of our movement. It is our endeavor to give a new home to those Jews who feel repressed in Europe, or, if you wish, to return their old homeland to them."

The Grand Duke's reply shows clearly that he has given the matter more than passing thought. "My dear Dr. Herzl, I fully appreciate the significance of your plan. What it endeavors to achieve in the interest of the Jewish people may prove to be of great importance for all of us. I should be pleased to be of service to you with all the means at my disposal. But there is one aspect of the matter that gives me considerable concern. Might it not seem to the Jews in my country that I am against them? Might it not seem to them that I wish to be rid of them? You see, I simply cannot and will not run the risk of such a misconception. It would be ungrateful and very unwise. I am too clearly aware of how much my country owes to its Jewish citizens in matters of prosperity and education."

Herzl is visibly pleased that such should be the Duke's most serious worry. "Indeed, Sir, we wish nothing of the kind. Jews who feel at ease, who have homes and feel at home should stay where they are. We merely expect their friendship and help. We expect it in their own interest and for the sake of millions and millions of our less fortunate fellows. Yet all the help we can enlist among the Jews themselves will not suffice if it is not seconded by the good will of princes, kings, and leading statesmen. This, Sir, is our most crying need. In this your sympathy and understanding might see a chance to intervene for us and our plan."

Herzl pauses. The Duke encourages him to go on: "Intervene? How so?"

"First and foremost by winning the Emperor to our cause. He listens to your advice and not only because you played such a decisive role in the founding of the Empire."

"He listens to my advice, quite true. But in the end he proceeds as he pleases.—I should think that Bülow and Eulenburg must be briefed. They could do a great deal to prepare the ground. At any rate, I shall be glad to send the Emperor a copy of *The Jewish State*. If I enclose a few personal remarks, the matter will at least come to his attention."

The Duke's attitude seems to correspond entirely to Hechler's optimistic predictions, and Herzl feels safe to venture another step ahead. "We are deeply obliged to you, Sir," he says. "I now feel encouraged to ask you another favor of equal importance. If our British collaborators could be assured that Your Royal Highness would not object to being referred to as a man actively interested in our cause, I feel certain they would know how to make use of such a permission in their endeavor to get a sympathetic hearing in certain influential quarters."

"No indeed," is the Duke's reply. "I should see nothing wrong in that. Except, of course, as I said before, that I do not want the Jewish citizens of my country and the world at large to have the slightest basis for misinterpreting my position as dictated by anti-Jewish sentiments. This is what makes me hesitate. I even wonder whether it would not be wiser to postpone the items on your program that are concerned with the Jewish State as a political entity. Why not start out by the transfer of a few hundred thousand Jews to Palestine on a more or less private basis. The political repercussions would make themselves felt soon enough."

"Permit me to disagree," says Herzl. "I have been against proposals of this sort because we cannot afford a policy of devious infiltration. We must work in the open and always within the limits of absolute legality."

On this note the audience closes. The Grand Duke shakes hands with both Herzl and Hechler. "Thank you, gentlemen. I trust you will keep me informed of the progress of your movement. I wish you the best of luck. What you intend to do will prove a blessing for innumerable men and women."

For months Herzl must bend all efforts on refuting the attacks of the Jewish opposition. It draws its staunchest fighters from the ranks of the Jewish liberals such as the Viennese Union of Israel and the protesting rabbis inside Germany. However, on August 25, 1897, the first Zionist World Congress is finally ready to take up its work in the Swiss frontier city of Basel. Numerous private and public buildings are decorated with Swiss and Jewish flags to bid the delegates welcome. The blue and white colors of Zion harmonize festively with the white Swiss cross in a field of brilliant red.

The opening session of the Congress is attended by four hundred and fifty delegates and thousands of guests. The mood is one of expectant solemnity. It reaches a climax of silent tension as Herzl appears surrounded by the staff of his most intimate collaborators. There is a sudden outburst of indescribable jubilation. To a man the audience rises.

The opening address is delivered by Herzl himself. His pale features reveal at least to his friends that his apparent calm

and perfect mastery of the situation go hand in hand with a great nervous strain. Time and again he is interrupted by resounding applause.

"The modern cultured and ghetto-emancipated Jewry has been stabbed to the heart. We can say this today without incurring the suspicion of wanting to appeal to our enemies . . ." Loud applause echoes the enthusiastic approval of the audience.

And Herzl continues: "A complete exodus from any place is naturally not to be thought of. Those who can or wish to assimilate themselves will remain and become absorbed . . . Zionism is a return to Jewry even before it is a return to the land of the Jews . . ." For minutes the applause of the audience prevents Herzl from proceeding.

Now he sums up the essence of the movement in the succinct statement: "The aim of Zionism is to create for our people a home in Palestine secured by public law . . ."

A home in Palestine secured by public law.

Max Nordau speaks. Both in appearance and manner he contrasts sharply with his friend Herzl. He is square-built. His hair and beard are almost white. His intelligent eyes, keen and almost piercing, look from a round and surprisingly expressive face.

"The emancipated Jew in Western Europe has lost his ghetto-home, but the land of his birth has been denied him as his home. His fellow-countrymen repel him . . . Of no community is he a full member. This is the moral Jewish misery which is more bitter than the physical, because it befalls

men who are differently situated, prouder and more sensitive . . ."

Ussishkin speaks. He is tall and strong. He has the neck of a steer. A man of Russian-Jewish extraction, one might be inclined to take him for a typical Russian rather than a typical Jew. In his fundamental views he is an opponent of Herzl's policies. He is the leader of the Choveve Zion ("Lovers of Zion") whose plans for Jewish colonization in Palestine have anticipated Herzl's movement and differ from it in their cool and quiet method of unobtrusive perseverance.

"We Eastern Jews, the masses of Russian and Polish Jews, have adhered to the idea of Erez Israel since time immemorial. Our great organization sees its most urgent task in the transfer of the greatest possible number of Jews—in groups or as individuals—to their original home in Palestine. The organization disposes of the necessary means to carry out its program of colonization in a practical way. I and my fellows do welcome the collaboration of the West; and yet—however much we should like to do justice to Herzl's organizational work, we cannot help fearing that the political, the international and universal keynote of his Zionist movement might interfere with our less sweeping but patiently practical endeavors. For this reason we cannot—at least for the time being—agree with Herzl's extreme formulation of the Zionist goal."

In the ensuing debate Max Nordau voices the views of the majority of the delegates: "The time for a policy of wait and see, a policy of opportunism, has passed. The miserable lot of our brethren is no secret to the rest of mankind. Hence the need for a clearly formulated program not to be kept a secret either."

The Congress proceeds. When finally the vote is taken, the Herzl program is adopted with great enthusiasm and very few abstentions.

In a letter to his mother Herzl writes these words which the hero of a great tragedy might suitably utter toward the end of the first act: "Everything has been and still is so wonderful. It could not be grander. Our idea has assumed clear outlines. I find myself filled with a festive mood of trust and optimism. I am surrounded by veneration and love . . ."

When the final session convenes, Herzl stands erect, great, and majestic, the figure of an Assyrian king, dominating the assembly with eyes that ponder and glow. His concluding words, "We have just finished the constitution of the Zionist movement. The Jewish State exists!" release an outburst of ecstatic joy. The delegates and their guests arise. Their clamorous joy surges up to their revered hero Herzl. They fall into each other's arms; they shout and applaud. And finally the joyous strain does find an outlet in the singing of the Jewish song in which the delegates all join:

There where the cedars kiss the clouds on high,
There where the Jordan's rapid stream flows by,
There where the graves are of our hallowed dead,
There where the blood of the Maccabees was shed
Yon sweet lovely land,
By the deep blue ocean strand,
That is our ancient fatherland.

And though the foe has driven us from our home,
Though in lands of exile wearily we roam,
Yet do our hearts long for Zion all our days,
And toward the Eastland our tear-dimmed eyes e'er gaze;

And we raise our voice to the hill,
Where the stones of the Temple stand:
O God, return us to our fatherland.

When the delegates of the first Congress finally disperse after the last session, the first dim rays of a new day are mingling with the receding darkness of night. Herzl has fled the exuberant turmoil. He cannot now return to the narrow walls of his hotel room. All by himself he has walked along the Rhine, and as he comes to the bridge, he stops halfway across. He looks out into the twilight hovering over the majestic river, and slowly composure and calm return to his excited thoughts which settle down into a solemn reckoning with past and future.

Alone in solitude! Alone with his soul! These last few days have been too rich in new impressions. They have brought a veritable flood of plans, ideas, programs, people . . . Now all that has passed. But again: has it really? Is this lonely man here on the Rhine bridge at Basel once more the man he was before? Is he the same man that two years ago began to ponder his conception of the Jewish State? Then on the Seine as now here on the Rhine he often let the murmur of monotonous waves lend rhythm and order to his searching thoughts. But then he was filled with the spirit of the West. A European among Europeans: that was his ideal and also his attainment. In the storehouse of his mind he carried the best ideas of the civilized world. That seemed to be the purpose and the essence of his life.

And now? How his life and his world have changed! The quietude of his past has made room for struggle and action. He has returned to the community of his fathers. He belongs to them through blood and destiny and never again can there be a parting of the ways.

Are these the waters of proud Father Rhine, the symbol of Germany's greatness and honor? The great river of which in his youth he sang with the others: "Fest steht und treu die Wacht am Rhein!" What is all that to him now? No, it is a different, an alien people that reveres in song and poetry this legendary, mysterious, beautiful river. Not his people, not the Jewish people.

Yet it was a Jew—Heinrich Heine, one of "them" in thought and striving until for him too the days of doubt began—a Jew it was who sang the lure and beauty of the Rhenish Lorelei:

I know not what it preságes:
My heart is sad and sore.
A tale of ancient ages
Keeps haunting me evermore . . .

(Ich weiss nicht, was soll es bedeuten,
Dass ich so traurig bin.
Ein Märchen aus uralten Zeiten,
Das will mir nicht aus dem Sinn . . .)

A tale of ancient ages . . . That it was. But now a present of new realities has come for him and in him. A new dream, a new tale . . . And yet it is a much more ancient tale that has been kept alive down through the ages in the hearts of the poor, the suffering, the hunted, from generation to gen-

eration . . . And in him they all see the man destined to fulfill the promise of the tale of hope and longing.

In the rising sun the waves of the Rhine are red as blood. Herzl, Herzl! You are the hope of thousands. This is the ocean of blood which you must cross with them as their leader, as Moses led them through the Red Sea to save them and show them the way to the land that was promised them. Herzl, you are a second Moses. You have grown up in an alien land, a Jewish foundling destined to take up the struggle against a new generation of Egyptians for the sake of your brothers . . . For the sake of your brothers you must prevail and lead them from danger to safety . . . For forty years like Moses! For forty years?—O God of our fathers, give him strength to lead them with a strong hand to safety ere it is too late.

And as Herzl looks up and sees the fiery ball of the sun freed now from the darkening bonds of the horizon, he dedicates himself anew—his life and his death—to the cause of his people: "There in the East, where we had our home, where the light of law and love arose for all mankind, there lies our destiny. The sun calls us back. To freedom and peace."

There where the cedars kiss the clouds on high,
There where the Jordan's rapid stream flows by,
By the deep blue ocean strand,
That is our ancient fatherland.

The Grand Duke of Baden has kept his word. Through him Emperor William II has received a copy of Herzl's *Jewish State* together with a cordial note of personal recommendation. But when the Grand Duke remarked, "Indeed, the Emperor listens to my advice, yet in the end he proceeds as he pleases," he knew only too well what he was saying. William's first reaction was exceedingly cool and even hostile. Then of a sudden he saw the matter in a different light and surprised both the Grand Duke and his Chancellor von Bülow with warmly sympathetic expressions of an enthusiastically pro-Zionist attitude.

In retrospect it is not so very hard to find a number of valid reasons for this change of mind. William was essentially a romantic at heart. And think of it: the German Emperor in the role of protector of the Jews in Palestine! William as a crusader in reverse, a modern Barbarossa with all the glory and splendor attaching to the idea of a peaceful entry into Jerusalem! And all of this fitted in quite nicely with political considerations in regard to the British cousins and competitors, and finally, was it not a wonderful opportunity to get rid of some of his Jews on whom he wasted little or no love?

Shortly after his arrival in Constantinople William granted Theodor Herzl a first preparatory interview. The results

seemed most encouraging, and the Emperor suggested that the talks be continued in Palestine. Meanwhile, however, William has had an opportunity to discuss the matter with the Sultan and his attitude has switched back to reserve and suspicion.

The second interview, on Palestinian soil, would not be free from a farcical element if the point at issue were not so tragically important. The Emperor on horseback makes every effort to show his entourage and Chancellor von Bülow in particular that he considers this man Herzl an awful bore. Every minute or so he nods absent-mindedly and throws out an "I see" or "Yes indeed," while Herzl—on foot of course and accompanied by four of his collaborators, all wearing the rather absurd combination of khaki hats and dress coats —reads from a prepared manuscript in a tone of voice that reflects more and more clearly his abysmal disappointment.

"Your Majesty . . . We are here in the name of innumerable Jews whose ardent desire it is to return to Palestine, the ancient home of their people . . . Hundreds of thousands of our brothers and sisters in Central and Eastern Europe are condemned to the existence of an uprooted proletariat. They clamor for land, for a soil they can cultivate . . . Through the devoted labor of these Jewish brethren of ours this country here might well and quickly be turned into a gateway to Asia for commerce and civilization . . ."

Herzl pauses for a moment. He knows he has touched upon one of William's pet ideas. But even this provokes no more than the half-hearted assent: "Asia, indeed, the land of the future . . ."

And Herzl is left to plow on: "Asia is the major diplomatic problem with which the coming decades will have to cope

. . . Our goal implies great advantages for the peoples of Europe and Asia. Our ideas collide with no one's rights and privileges. The Jewish people's ideal is peace and reconciliation, and never can our attitude be one of interference with the religious sensibilities of others . . . As mankind progresses, as human civilization unfolds, the basic humanity of those ideas and ideals grows more and more apparent . . . We ask Your Majesty to grant us help and protection in the pursuit of our people's historical goal . . ."

The Chancellor clears his throat to draw the Emperor's attention to the fact that Herzl has finished. A minute of painful silence has passed. William remembers his duties as a benevolent monarch and concludes the audience magnificently:

"Gentlemen, I thank you. Your report has interested me and will continue to do so in the future. The matter requires careful study and prolonged discussion. There is room on this earth for all. What this country needs above all is water and shade. The work of the colonists can be of the greatest importance in that it teaches the native population the enlightened methods of the West. Gentlemen, I wish you a pleasant journey home, and once again: I thank you."

And that is that. The Emperor's horse has grown restive.

Herzl and his companions hasten back to Haifa. There is a great deal they can *think*. There is very little they can *say*.

"If that is all we can show for the whole long journey . . ."

"But why then did he promise he would help us, back there in Constantinople? Why did he ask us to meet him again in Jerusalem?"

"Don't forget who he is. Maybe that is just *his* idea of a German promise. But still, it's rather von Bülow's fault than anyone else's."

"Or possibly the Sultan is behind it. He may have felt it all to be an insult to his sovereign rights."

"At any rate, we now had better get out of here. For all we know the Sultan's agents may be on our heels . . ."

Yet Herzl cannot share his companions' gloom. He cannot abandon his faith, his hope, and his optimism. "True, gentlemen, the Emperor has failed to keep his promise. But let us not exaggerate the impact of this failure. And after all, we did get him to receive us and to listen to our proposals. That is the silver lining to this cloud. And as the leader of our movement I shall continue to maintain that it was another step in the right direction . . ."

Back in Vienna Herzl finds himself confronted with new and different troubles and worries. His trip to the Middle East, his meetings with the Emperor, and—previous to that—his work for the congress at Basel have made of him a public figure whose opponents are by no means less numerous than

his followers. It seems but natural that the opposition should be particularly keen on the part of certain groups among his fellow-Jews, those groups precisely that represent a considerable percentage of the readers of the Viennese *Neue Freie Presse,* the paper for which Herzl works as an editor and to which he owes his subsistence and that of his family.

It is not difficult to imagine the mood and the reaction of Benedikt, the publisher of Herzl's journal. From the point of view of the paper and consequently the German-liberal platform which it upholds, he must have grave misgivings about the fact that a prominent member of his staff should dedicate himself so wholeheartedly to a cause which is diametrically opposed to the principles with which he and his publication are identified. Actually there are numerous complaints from readers of the *Neue Freie Presse,* and with every mail new ones keep pouring in, all agreed in the demand that the owners and managers of the paper should put a stop to Herzl's political activities. Furthermore there is the point that with all due respect for Herzl's talents and intellectual vigor it must be admitted that his frequent trips and the numberless local calls on his time and energy result in a situation which allows him at best to divide his interests equally between his ideals and his professional duties. The dilemma looks totally insoluble if one considers the Turkish problem. For general political reasons and specifically on account of Turkey's backwardness in all spheres of modern civilization, the *Neue Freie Presse* cannot possibly sympathize with the attitude of Herzl who obviously must seek to establish cordial relations with the Sultan and the country over which his rule is absolute. It is indeed an expression of personal respect if the owners and managers of the paper are willing to interpret Herzl's Zionism as an idealist's excusable dream, but it seems a perfectly fair request if Herzl is asked to abstain from an

activity that is quite incompatible with the interests of his employers.

What reply can Herzl make to such demands? What defense has he to offer? Time and again the selfsame assertion, the selfsame stubborn conviction: The Zionist movement is not inspired by an idle dream. It is dedicated to a humane cause. In striving to regain the ancient home of the Jewish people it is working for the highest goals of civilized humanity. The whole problem is not a restrictedly Jewish concern. It is a problem of humanity, a problem for mankind. Time and again the assertion first formulated at the Congress of Basel: "The Jewish State exists." It is no dream, it is no fantasy. "It is a reality that has its claims on all of us. If there are many today who have nothing but scorn for our trust, five years from now there will be fewer of them. And in fifty years everyone will have recognized that we are right. The facts will prove the truth."

At his home, too, he finds but worry and care. His boy Hans is seriously ill. The physicians have no clear diagnosis. The worst fears of the parents will not prove justified. The little fellow, now six years old, is going to recover, but it is this illness to which his later melancholy must be ascribed, that characteristic lack of inner equilibrium which is to manifest itself so tragically in his more mature future.

During the critical stages of the illness, Herzl has been away. The boy has been calling for his father, always his father,

and the doctors believe that the fulfillment of this longing will prove more beneficial than all the treatments and medicines they can administer.

As Herzl bends down over his boy's feverish face, Hans senses the presence of his father and slowly opens his eyes: "Father dear, oh, I have been dreaming about you. Where have you been all this time?"

But he is happy to know that his father is back. And as Herzl offers him to eat and to drink, the boy takes it willingly, and his earlier revulsion against all nourishment seems to have disappeared completely.

Then he sinks back into the pillows and clinging to his father's hand he begs, "Now, Father, you must sing me a song, the way you used to when I was very small."

And Herzl, the great Herzl, stands there at the bedside of his sick little boy, and trying to repress his confused emotions, he sings with a faltering voice:

> There where the cedars kiss the clouds on high,
> There where the Jordan's rapid stream flows by,
> There where the graves are of our hallowed dead,
> There where the blood of the Maccabees was shed,
> Yon sweet lovely land,
> By the deep blue ocean strand,
> That is our ancient fatherland.

Hans has fallen asleep. Quietly Herzl leaves the room and walks across the hall into his study. Deep in thought he sits down at his desk. Again the mail has brought him the usual medley of news about the state of the movement in all parts

of the world: encouraging news for the most part, but full of urgent implications too and no dearth of reports of ever more systematic opposition in the ranks of his own people.

For a while Herzl's mind refuses to concentrate. His thoughts keep revolving about the problems within his own family. He is thinking about his children and particularly about his boy and why he had to be away when his Hans needed him most. "Are not," he muses, "the early years of our children like music that is carried away on the wind and is passed ere we realize how sweet it has been?"

And then, with firm resolve, he takes up his pen and answers in hard-won finality not only the doubts and hesitations in his own soul but also the attacks and reproaches that are leveled at him from without.

"Once upon a time," he writes, "there was a man. Deep down in his soul he had felt the plight of being a Jew . . . He was a man of wide culture, and his mind was imbibed with the best thoughts of all peoples . . . Yet out of them all there arose for him one clear and central idea. When he had conceived it, he had to utter it aloud, over and over again, so that all might hear him. And it was this: that there is but one way out of the misery of the Jews; and it is the way that leads back to Jewry . . . Now his heart rejoiced as though he had received the gladdest of tidings. Before his mind's eyes he saw again his father and his mother and the home of his childhood where Jewish customs had been honored. In the center of his vision he recognized the wide-armed candelabrum, both monitor and protector of the home, the eight-candled Menorah. From it he saw spread out a great light that was mirrored in the shining eyes of the children . . . And then of a sudden the man understood

that his vision was a parable in which the light stood for the enlightenment of the whole people: as in the case of the Menorah whose light of liberation increases from day to day: a single candle at first; it is still dim and its loneliness emanates sadness. Then it finds a companion, and another, and still another . . . Darkness must recede. It begins with the young and the poor. But the others follow, all those who love justice and truth, progress, humanity, beauty . . . When all the candles are aflame, our hearts are filled with wonder and joy, for the work is accomplished. And no office harbors greater happiness than that of a servant of light."

Herzl must try once again to establish direct contact with the Sultan. His hopes to reach his goal through the mediation of the German Emperor have proved to be futile. Now the Orientalist Ármin Vámbéry has succeeded in overcoming Abdul-Hamid's initial reluctance, and Herzl has come to Constantinople where he is granted an interview at Yildiz Kiosk.

As Herzl is ushered in, the Sultan is seated with one of his intimate advisors next to him. Abdul-Hamid opens the audience encouragingly: "Salaam aleikum. Please approach!"

Herzl, as is his wont, comes straight to the point. "You know, Sultan, what we endeavor to achieve. We are intent upon obtaining from you a charter that would assure our oppressed and persecuted brethren unmolested immigration in Palestine."

The Sultan is obviously impressed with Herzl's candor and directness. "I am a friend of the Jews," he replies. "If you entertain any doubts on that count, the Chief Rabbi of Constantinople can give you ample proof. Yet Palestine and Jerusalem in particular are sacred precincts for the Moslem faithful."

For a fraction of a second Herzl hesitates. Would it be good tactics to let the Sultan direct the sequence of arguments? Then he decides against it. He knows where Abdul-Hamid's position is most vulnerable. "What this country needs," he says leaving the Sultan's objection apparently unanswered, "is the peace-loving industry and productiveness of our people."

The Sultan is by no means averse to exploiting this hint somewhat further. "Indeed," he says, "yes indeed. I may take it for granted, I assume, that you are quite aware of the economic difficulties with which, as the ruler of this country, I find myself forced to contend. After all, I am told your own publication in Vienna specializes in unfriendly accounts of what it is pleased to call the corruptness and backwardness of our administration."

This is the cue for Herzl to play his trump. "But is it not true that all the troubles belaboring this great country have their origin in your burden of public debt? If that could be removed, I am completely certain that Turkey would prove to the world that it has never really lost its traditional vitality. Permit me to be frank with you. I have come to you with a detailed financial proposal. Of course I shall have to ask you to keep this matter a secret. Otherwise the great powers which are interested in keeping Turkey down would doubtless try to disrupt our operations. They are in a position to do so, especially at the London Exchange."

The Sultan nods interestedly. "Proceed if you please. The proposal you wish to make shall remain your and my secret."

"The plan," Herzl proceeds, "is simplicity itself. We intend to have a group of friends buy up quietly all the Turkish government bonds which are now changing hands at a fraction of their original value. Then we shall manage to bring them up to par and place them at your disposal in terms of several million British pounds."

"And you mean to imply that you have the necessary resources?"

"Not yet," Herzl has to admit. "Not yet, but in less than a year we shall be able to raise the full amount."

The Sultan's indifference has given way to the keenest interest. "I shall see you again, I hope. May peace be upon you. And keep me informed of the result of your efforts."

Back again in Vienna. As always when Herzl's carriage stops in front of the Zionist headquarters and editorial offices of *The World*, at number 9, Türken Street, a crowd of thirty, forty, fifty people is waiting for him in front of the building. They are mostly Eastern Jews, and most of them have not come with petitions and requests . . . All they want is to see Herzl, to touch his hand or kiss the hem of his coat. In the waiting room there is the usual congregation of young men and women, reporters and representatives of various groups and factions. They all arise in respectful silence as

Herzl passes through the room on his way into the main office.

Inside, his most intimate collaborators have been expecting him. Dr. Schalit, the executive secretary, proceeds immediately with the day's agenda: "There is a letter from our friends in London. Colonel Greenberg is writing himself this time. He does not sound too happy. The plans for our Trust Company don't seem to progress as we had hoped. The wealthy Jews are apparently resolved to maintain their detached aloofness."

Herzl shrugs his shoulders: "There is nothing particularly surprising in that. But does it apply to the Montefiores and Rothschilds too? Has Greenberg established contact with them?"

"It seems not. At least he does not mention it. But he does report that the Turkish government bonds have climbed a few points on the London exchange. It is no pronounced trend as yet, but Greenberg says he does not quite know what to make of it. At any rate, there is nothing we can do about it now. We also received a letter from Constantinople. Our friends there have kept in touch with the Yildiz Kiosk. They have been asked, it seems, to ascertain whether and when we might be able to raise a first million British pounds."

Herzl's dispositions are brief and succinct: "The report from London is quite a blow. Greenberg should be instructed to watch the development and keep us informed. As for the Sultan and his million pounds, I fear, it is still too early for that. But Wolffsohn can give you all the particulars."

Proceeding with the day's business Schalit hands Herzl a sheaf of papers: "Here is what you asked for. I think you will

be especially interested in the text of the resolution on a setup for systematic cultural Jewish propaganda which was presented to the last Congress by our friend Motzkin together with that new man, Dr. Chaim Weizmann. You will remember, you asked me to make inquiries about him, and Buber tells me that Weizmann is quite well known in England. It seems he is a doctor of chemistry—theoretical chemistry, I believe. At any rate, he has published a number of very important papers in his field."

The name of Weizmann attracts Herzl's eager attention. It obviously brings back the memory of a striking impression. "Weizmann," he asys, "of course I recall him. He was that young man with an unusually high forehead and very intelligent eyes. I think he is one of those whose importance lies precisely in the fact that they don't come out right away with everything they have. I might have known that he was a scientist. Everything he said was so clear and precise. If he develops as much levelheadedness in practical diplomacy as I thought he displayed in theoretical discussions, I shall not be surprised if in the end he and his kind will be of great significance in the future of our work. Let us not lose sight of him. This matter of cultural propaganda is a difficult item. I have always maintained—when the point came up in our discussions—that we cannot be careful enough lest we hurt the sensibilities of one group or another, especially of our religious friends, the Mizrachim. But we shall see."

Now Dr. Werner, editor-in-chief of *The World,* takes his turn. He points out that the Zionist movement has become the target of renewed and ever more concentrated attacks on the part of the Israelite Union. "What," he inquires, "can we do about these attacks? They are doubtless provoked by the successful work of our enthusiastic following among

the young people in all segments of the Viennese Jewish community. Our boys speak up wherever they have an opportunity to do so.—If one attends a meeting of any group of liberal Jews these days, one can be certain to find a young Zionist among the speakers or at least among those who raise questions from the floor. It seems but natural that all this should irk 'the others' who would prefer not to be disturbed in their comfortable slumber. If I might make a suggestion, what is called for, it seems to me, is a clear and decisive statement in the form of an article of the kind only you, Dr. Herzl, can write."

"Something of the sort had occurred to me too," replies Herzl and smiles pleasantly as he takes a few folded sheets from his coat pocket handing them over to Dr. Werner. "I have actually made a draft of the sort you suggest. If you don't mind, have a quick look. I do not know whether some passages are not possibly too bold in view of our hope to keep or enlist the friendship of the wealthy Jews in Britain."

Werner has begun reading the manuscript. Of a sudden he laughs out loud, half bitter and half amused: "Marvelous, simply marvelous. Here you sum it up, that whole dreadfully sad story. 'Mouchey has made his peace with the anti-Semites. What?, there are Jews who worry about their *honor*? Mouchey shrugs his shoulders. Honor? What is that? What do we need honor for? As long as business is good, as long as we have enough to eat and are healthy, the rest is quite all right . . .'"

Herzl meanwhile has stepped across the room to Dr. Werner's desk. He has picked up a few of the edited manuscripts which are lying there in a basket marked with his name. "The Essence of Judaism."—"Marmorek in Paris."—"Ideals

of Humanism."—Now Herzl looks up and half to himself, half to the group of his friends and collaborators, he repeats: "Ideals of Humanism, the new book by Tomas Masaryk . . . That is the professor of philosophy at the Czech university in Prague who caused such a sensation through his intervention in the Polna case. He is a great friend of the Jews. I would like very much to meet him some day . . ."

Dr. Schalit looks at his watch. "I fear the time runs short. Our colleagues from the Action Committee are ready. And right after the session we still have a group of deputies from Hungary, Galicia, and Russian Poland as well as the representatives of the Jewish workers of Vienna."

Getting ready to leave Herzl turns once again to Dr. Schalit: "Please remember to ask Greenberg in London if and when he needs me there. It may be quite important in connection with our Turkish discussions. And tell Greenberg that I would like to meet young Weizmann."

Herzl's wish to meet the author of *Ideals of Humanism* has come true. Professor Masaryk, a tall man of elastic gait with both the appearance and the mind of a scholar in the finest sense of the word, has been introduced to the apostle of the *Jewish State* at the latter's office in the building of the *Neue Freie Presse* in Vienna.

Herzl welcomes his guest: "I cannot tell you how pleased I am to meet the man who has done so much to relieve the misery of our tormented Jewish brethren. I cannot put into

words my gratitude for what you endeavored to do and actually succeeded in doing in the now famous and infamous Hilsner case in which the old horror tale of ritual murders was once again brought up. Indeed, the Czech people, the most advanced and enlightened among the Slavonic tribes, *can* be guided and *is* willing to listen to the voice of reason that will rid it of the influence of its scattered malevolent or misled members."

Masaryk lifts up his right hand as though he were trying to ward off an undeserved or exaggerated compliment. "The Czech people . . . You use that term so lightly, so freely . . . Surely, I understand. You have become accustomed to speak in such accents of the Jewish people. But do not forget the great and grave difference. You have aroused the Jewish masses, however scattered they may be. You have aroused and awakened them. You have welded them together and thus you have fulfilled the first prerequisite for everything else. But the Czech people, if I may permit myself to use that term, the Czech people has not reached that stage. It too has its ideals—like yours—, has its songs and dreams—like yours—, but till we are in truth a people again —after six centuries of foreign rule and influence—we shall have to travel a long and arduous course. Among our intellectuals—*especially* among our intellectuals—the new idea, the new ideal of freedom and independence cannot as yet be said to find much favor and sympathy. We have absorbed too potent a dose of German culture and influence . . ."

"But in your person, Professor Masaryk, the Czechs do have one man who is both a scholar and a fighter. Your work on the *Ideals of Humanism* is a great confession and a greater profession . . . and altogether worthy of your magnificent precursor Comenius. But as for the Jewish people, do not

overrate the little headway we have been able to make. The Jews too will have to undergo a slow process of emancipation from other cultures, especially the German, before they can really think of rebuilding their own. You must never forget that we Jews are not now held together by the bond of a common language, and the struggle to obtain again the possession of a country of our own will be still harder."

"In that respect too the Czechs are not much better off. We did possess a land of our own . . . and did exist as a state and nation . . . We still live, it is true, in the same land . . . But we are not its masters. We are not our own masters. The road ahead looms arduous indeed. There will be, I fear, much violence and bloodshed . . ."

For a few moments the two men gaze at each other in pensive silence. Then Herzl, as though his guest's last remarks were still lingering in his mind, takes up the thread, slowly, almost solemnly:

"And if we Jews do not soon attain our goal . . ."

It is Masaryk who finishes the sentence: ". . . there will likewise be much violence and bloodshed. But the tenacity of your people is unequaled, and its resilience, its power of resistance, grows as the pressure increases under which others would be crushed. You are an old people. You are the oldest to have preserved its history and its ideals. In every Jew there is a drop of the oil of your prophets and of their spirit."

"A beautiful word. To hear you utter it does fill my heart with joy and pride. But let us not stop there. It is but another aspect of what you have in mind that every Jew who has ac-

quired a particular skill or special knowledge thinks of himself as a detached and sovereign personality."

"I am glad you mention this point yourself. I fear I must agree with you. Self-assurance to a fault (or shall we be frank and call it stubbornness?), that is the essence and the cause of everything I do at times feel ready to hold against the Jews. It does link up with a certain lack of self-criticism and even self-discipline both of which are particularly dangerous when they appear together with that typically Jewish hypersensitiveness which may be the product of centuries of ghetto pressure. Thus we get the whole gamut of unpleasant frustrations from false pride to self-destructive nihilism. But all of that cannot prevent me as a humanist and philosopher from taking a happy delight in the truth of Nietzsche's passage in his maturest work, *Thus Spake Zarathustra,* where he reminds us that the Jews have given the world three towering values, the kindest of men, the wisest of men, and the most profound book, which is to say, Christ, Spinoza, and the Bible."

There is an undertone of sadness, almost of bitterness, in Herzl's voice as he replies: "Indeed, indeed. But you will be the last to blame me if at times I cannot help asking somewhat impatiently, 'And to what avail?'—Why is it then that we Jews still meet with obstruction and ill will on all sides in our longing for emancipation and independence? Why is it that the world and all the powers of the world seem determined to make things particularly difficult for us Jews?"

"Perhaps," says Masaryk, "perhaps they are afraid of you. Your tenacity frightens them. Also your smartness, your everrestive busyness—especially when concerned with matters of money . . ."

"Smartness in money matters," Herzl repeats. "The old old story." And as he goes on, he does have to repress a certain impatience. "Our friend Zangwill summed it all up at the last Congress when he accused the world of seeing only the handful of millionaire Jews and of overlooking completely the others, the large body of our people who are so desperately poor.—That you refuse to see. But it is true, on the other hand, we are in need of the money of our wealthy Jews, for if we wish to attain our goal we must buy the support of the Great Powers."

The term 'Great Powers' affords Masaryk a chance to turn the conversation to more constructive topics. "I suppose," he says, "you refer among others to Germany and Austria. In my considered opinion, you shouldn't. As great powers in a political sense both are destined to disappear sooner or later. Thus there remain three great power constellations on our globe. The first one is Great Britain. I am not telling you anything new, but Great Britain will always be concerned with maintaining or even expanding its colonial realm—by diplomacy or brute force. The colonies are Britain's strength. But I will admit, I do admire the mentality of the British. It is intelligent, often smart and clever, and in many ways truly superior. And I do not feel that way only because the universality of the British spirit has produced—in addition to great pioneers and conquerors—men like Shakespeare, Newton, Hume, Darwin. I think we must not forget that it was in England that parliamentary representation and the political freedom of the individual were developed or at least were redeveloped and preserved against great peril and stress."

"But now the other two, Professor Masaryk. If England is the first of the three great powers you mention . . ."

"If England is the first, America is the second. We Czechs and you Jews cannot and must not fail, in planning our struggle for ultimate national independence, to take into consideration not only Great Britain but also the United States of America. What have you done so far in this direction?"

"I fear the Zionist cause has been slow in gaining a foothold in America. But now things are taking a turn for the better. We have there an extremely active and reliable helper in the person of Jacob de Haas. And then there is a young rabbi, a wonderful man, who has the rare gift of being able to impart his own enthusiasm to others. He comes from Budapest as I do. His name is Stephen Wise . . ."

"Oh, Stephen Wise, I know him. He was the speaker for a committee set up to welcome me when I had my first lecture engagements in America some time ago. I shall never forget the cordial directness of his remarks. He may come from Budapest, but somehow he impressed me as a true representative of his new country. In America, you know, public opinion is everything. What counts there from our point of view is the friendship and good will of the people much rather than the support of the government. Young America is still able to rise in enthusiastic defense of its liberties and hence to understand and further the struggle for freedom in which other peoples are engaged. I know all this from intimate experience—and not only because my wife is an American, although I do owe to that fact some of the very personal ties which link me to the wonderful republic across the Atlantic. The Jewish voice has a powerful echo over there. The American Jews can help you a great deal—and us too."

After a brief pause Herzl takes up the thread thoughtfully: "Our American friends have invited me to visit them. I in-

tend to go in a year or two. Yet for the present my real work must be done in Europe. Right here in Europe. The rest will have to be done by others. But let us not lose sight of your argument. You spoke of three great powers. The first two did not surprise me. As for the third, however, . . ."

"I know, I know. The third of the powers I have in mind will more than surprise you. It is—Russia."

"Russia? Russia? The greatest enemy of the Jews? The greatest enemy of progress?"

"No, no. Such accusations are correct only if you are thinking of the leading figures in present-day Russia and not at all in reference to the great Russian people. The people is potentially an embodiment of the best Slavonic spirit. I have confidence in its future. Come what may, I shall maintain my confidence in its ultimate future. It has not awakened yet. It is repressed. It is oppressed worse than your people and mine. It is kept in ignorance and darkness. And believe me, the pogroms in Russia too are carefully and systematically arranged by those who welcome them as a much-needed safety valve . . ."

"The world is not ready to share your trust. And we Jews have to bear the brunt of it."

"That may be so. Yet in all your plans you will have to think of what part you expect Russia to play. I for one devote much of my time and energy to Russian studies. Some day I intend to present my findings in a book I should like to call *Russia and Europa.* And I have no doubt but what a later student of similar questions will follow me with a volume on *Russia and the World.* I happen to know the Russian minister of

finance, Count Witte, and several other collaborators of the all-powerful Vyacheslav Konstantinovich Pleve. As for Witte, you may find it useful to learn that he is secretly in rather close and continuous contact with Jewish financiers."

Herzl is greatly impressed with Masaryk's concise, yet carefully considered way of stating his views. As though he intended to summarize the results of their meeting, Herzl says slowly and weighing every word: "Britain, America, Russia. Indeed, why should I not think of a trip East as soon as our discussions in England are somewhat further advanced. At any rate, Professor Masaryk, I sense more keenly than ever how much your people and mine could help each other, how much their dolorous ways have in common. Yet there remains one tremendous difference. Your people is settled in the land of its fathers, and the passage of years and even decades can well be tolerated. But our cause cannot bear much delay. We are homeless and hunted—or may be so tomorrow."

Herzl's visit in London has been a great success—first of all socially. He has been swamped with invitations to meetings, banquets, and parties. But he knows full well—and the fact is painful and bitter to him—that his person is more popular than his cause, that the active support he finds is not equal to the applause with which his words are welcomed.

He is the guest of honor at a banquet of the Maccabaean Society, the most exclusive Jewish club of London. Some of the best-known Jewish families are significantly absent, among

them the Rothschilds. But Herzl refuses to be discouraged. The greater the difficulties, the stronger his determination.

"We can," he says, "obtain Palestine, and it is our will to obtain it. Believe me, it is exclusively a question of funds, a question of paying the price. For you, ladies and gentlemen, for the wealthy Jews of England, the problem is not difficult to solve. You can help us in the organization of our bank. In a very short time you can raise the few million pounds we need. We do not ask for alms and gifts. Once Zion has been rebuilt, your money will be returned to you with bonus and interest. For your loan will be used to change what is today a land of deserts into a new garden of Eden on earth. Thriving industries will be developed, railroads will be built, oil wells will be drilled; and all this as well as the cedar and citrus plantations that will grow up on the hillsides and in the valleys will feed and supply not only Palestine itself and all of Turkey. There will be a surplus for export which in turn will stimulate trade relations throughout the entire Orient. And English Jews will have been instrumental in bringing about such splendid results. The gratitude of all Jews within and without the British Empire will be your reward . . ."

The applause is resounding. If Herzl could be certain of correspondingly enthusiastic help . . .

But if Herzl has come to London in order to appeal to the rich, he cannot forget that his message and mission are much more concerned with the poor. And he goes to speak to the Jewish masses living in wretched misery in East London.

Ten thousand men and women have foregathered to hear him speak and pledge their faith in his leadership.

Among those who find an opportunity to address him in their own name or in the name of their fellows, there is a simple workman back for a brief visit from Erez Israel; there is also the poet of the Jewish ghetto, Israel Zangwill, and Colonel Greenberg, the organizer and chairman of the meeting.

The first to speak is Greenberg: "Doctor Herzl, we welcome you here in this assembly of London Jews who have come to this city from all parts of Europe but especially the East in the hope of finding here the possibility of building a new existence, however humble it may be. For us you are the great man who embodies the awakening of the Jews, their present and their future."

The second is Israel Zangwill: "I am in a sense a newcomer in your midst. I confess I have been slow to make up my mind. But now Herzl's work and word have taught and convinced me. Theodor Herzl, I welcome in you the greatest Jew of our time, the greatest who has lived since the days of Moses. Your memory will outlast the coming centuries as did the memory of our first emancipator and law-giver."

The workman from Erez Israel says: "Theodor Herzl, I bring you greetings from the halutzim in Palestine. Our thoughts are with you while we are at work to make our land again a land where milk and honey flow. You were in our midst and saw what we have begun. Now finish our work! Finish it so that we may exchange the trowel for the sickle. Finish our work and make our land free and whole and wholly ours before the eyes of the world."

Herzl himself speaks: "My friends, I could not permit my first visit to this metropolis of Europe to pass without coming to see you who are my brothers. I believe I may say that we are heading in the right direction. The Sultan has been informed of all our steps. The wealthy Jews of England have been aroused, and that is a splendid omen for a smooth and speedy advance toward the realization of our common goal. But this goal belongs to you. It is deeply rooted in each one of you. You and your brothers constitute the great Jewish following—today hundreds of thousands strong, tomorrow perhaps millions—who must supply the impact of our movement and give us courage and strength to continue our work. I do not know whether I shall live to see our most ardent wish come true. But if I am permitted to be still present, I shall in retrospect relive the wonderful event of the first Congress at Basel in 1897. For that was the first proof of the impending renaissance of our seemingly dead Jewish people."

Back in Vienna. Herzl has written two journalistic sketches under the titles of *Trudele's Tear* and *The Story of the Right and the Left Bell.* Their publication in the *Neue Freie Presse* has elicited considerable and most flattering comment among the Viennese intellectuals. As a result his employers have become more or less reconciled to his repeated and prolonged journeys as well as to his uncommon popularity with social groups not exactly catered to by their paper. As a matter of fact, they actually begin to take a certain pride in 'their' Herzl. Secretly, yet with keen interest they watch the progress of his Zionist activities.

Another plenary session of the Action Committee. Present are Herzl, Wolffsohn, Nordau, Sokolow, and others.

As chairman of the Committee, Herzl reports: "As for the major events of the past year, I may first of all refer to my interview with the Sultan and my subsequent efforts in London. We can rely on the Sultan's interest. He is absolutely willing to deal with us on a basis of equality. When he gave me one of his highest Turkish orders I had the ironical feeling that he was trying to remove the onus of my racial inferiority. Yet the net result of our discussion—and a discussion it was—can best be summed up in the words of our representative, Professor Vámbéry: 'The Sultan wants gold and power. Everything else is rubbish to him.' So there we are. The Sultan and the wealthy Jews are the two horns of our dilemma. Our new friend Rhodes in London put it very neatly. All you need, he says, to get the charter from the Sultan is money. Very simple! For all you need to get the money from the wealthy Jews is just the charter. A vicious circle if ever there was one. At any rate, we need money, first of all money, then secondly money, and thirdly money again. We need it for the conversion of the Turkish debt, we need it for a land company, and we need it for a hundred and one additional reasons."

Wolffsohn takes the floor: "Hence it is of paramount importance to submit at the next Congress plans for the organization of a Trust Company. Its task must be to raise money on a large scale for item number one, the conversion of the Turkish debt. Item number two, the acquisition of land, can re-

main the main object of our existing national fund. All our other needs will have to be covered by the yearly shekel collection.

Nordau is next. "Our friend and leader Herzl," he says, "has asked me specifically to try to exploit my connections in Paris to establish contact with the Rothschilds and Montefiores. What I have been able to do so far, I am sorry to say, has yielded no tangible results. I shall continue my efforts and mobilize all my friends and acquaintances who might possibly be of help."

The Polish representative, Nahum Sokolow, offers a vote of confidence: "We wish to empower our leaders and financial advisers to proceed in their efforts in London and Constantinople along the lines described in their various reports. We thank them for their work and wish them luck and speedy success in their projected endeavors."

After the last session of the Action Committee, Herzl has asked all its members to join him informally at his home. He is a most amiable host, but his social graces do not overshadow his and his friends' predominant concern. Everyone present expects him to use the occasion to make some sort of climactic statement. And Herzl does not disappoint his collaborators.

"Friends," he begins. "After the serious work of the last few days I have asked you to come here and spend with me a

few hours of relaxed informality. Thus we may strengthen the bonds established through our common labor and add to them the ties of cordial acquaintance and personal friendship. Yet even here and now I cannot refrain from referring in varied forms to the same questions that have occupied us during the sessions of our committee.—I have been occupied with a literary production which on the whole, I believe, is finished and ready now. This time it *is* a vision and fantasy, a novel of the future. I remember the night some five years ago in my hotel room in Paris where I read the pages of *The Jewish State* to a circle of friends. They insisted I should change the title and form of presentation; I should give it a warm and human story and make of it a pleasant romance. I rejected their plea. I could not admit that *The Jewish State* was a fantasy. I wanted it to become a deed and a fact. I knew then as I do now that the Jewish State is a world necessity. But now the situation has changed most radically. Your help and the help of thousands of other friends has caused a world movement to arise from beginnings that were like nothing. Now we do have the concrete basis on which we may be permitted to dream the dream of our future. So my new book was conceived and written as a novel. It is intended to give the reader a glance at things to come, a preview of the New Zion, though again I hope it will not run the risk of being called a mere utopia. The title is *Old New Land* and the motto, 'If you will it so, it is to be no fairy tale.' The central character is David Litwak. He, like innumerable others, has gone to the new Palestine to find a new home and begin a new life. His venerable old mother has stayed with him from his beginnings in sorrow and care through all his troubles and worries and lived to see him established in his new and comfortable position of well-being and safety. But now, as he has reached the fulfillment of his aspirations, his aged mother closes her kindly eyes forever. Then David (and

that is the end of the novel) addresses his friends foregathered at his home to tell them what his mother has meant to him. This is the passage I should like to read to you."

Herzl pauses briefly to unfold the manuscript he has taken from his pocket. All present are seated now. From the adjacent room the members of the family enter to join the audience. Herzl's aged and venerable mother comes first. She is followed by his father, his wife, and his son Hans and finally a group of editors of the Jewish *World,* among them Schalit, Werner, and Buber. The room is filled with the silence of tense expectation, and now Herzl begins with his deep and wonderfully vibrant voice which lends new substance to the feeling that he and David Litwak are one and the same.

"She was my mother.—To me she meant Love and Pain.—In her, Love and Pain were incarnate.—My eyes brimmed over when I looked at her.—

"She was my mother; but I shall not see her again.—She was house and home for us when we had neither house nor home.—

"She sustained us in affliction, for she was Love.—In better days she taught us humility, for she was Pain.—In good days and evil she was the pride, the ornament of our house.—

"When we were so poor that we lay on straw, we still were rich: for we had her.—

"She thought always of us, never of herself.—Often she seemed to me the symbol of the Jewish people in the days of its suffering . . ."

Herzl looks up. His tall figure stands erect in the center of the room. Slowly his eyes wander beyond the limits of their corporeal compass reaching out to a vision of future attainments as his voice recites from memory the concluding sentences of his novel.

"We see here a new and happy form of human society.—What created it?—'Necessity,' said the old Litwak. 'The reunited people,' said Steineck, the architect. 'Mutual toleration,' said the Reverend Mr. Hopkins. 'Self-confidence,' said Reschid Bey. 'Love and Pain,' said David Litwak. But the venerable Rabbi Samuel arose and proclaimed: 'God.' . . ."

In the early days of June, 1902, Herzl takes another trip to London. He uses the opportunity to confer with a group of Jewish bankers prominently represented by Baron Nathaniel Mayer Rothschild. The conference takes place at the London home office of the famous financial house. Lord Rothschild's brother, Leopold de Rothschild, and members of the Montefiore family are likewise present.

Herzl sums up the problem for the solution of which he hopes to rely on the help of his wealthy hosts: "Gentlemen, the problem before us is the financial backing of the Zionist program. Let me emphasize the gravity of the situation by stating that we have reached a point where the difference between dream and fact is purely and simply a matter of funds. That, in brief, is also the final result of our prolonged discussions and exchanges of notes with the Sultan and representatives of his government. Matters have come to a head through a blunt inquiry that has been dispatched to us by the Yildiz Kiosk. It states in effect that the Turkish government needs a million pounds and wants to know whether we can procure this amount without undue delay. Gentlemen, I have taken it upon myself to answer: 'Give us colonization without restriction and we shall give you a million pounds.' But that is naturally only the beginning. Our bank would require about five million pounds for the purchase of land,

and another five millions are needed for the conversion of the Turkish debt and miscellaneous overhead obligations. We have ourselves been able to raise a relatively minor amount by tapping all our available resources. I fear we shall not be able to go much farther. The rest, gentlemen, is up to you and Baron de Hirsch's Jewish Colonization Association. Permit me to say that it is your responsibility, that it is your duty not to fail the Jewish people at this critical moment."

Lord Rothschild has listened most attentively. His gray hair—he is past sixty—emphasizes the element of calm detachment in his generally distinguished appearance. He is the embodiment of a British gentleman of Jewish blood. His personal respect for Herzl is obvious. His manner of speaking is clear. His statements are succinct and his questions uninvolved and quite to the point.

"As you know, Dr. Herzl," he says, "in principle our group is not opposed to the idea of establishing a fund for the colonization of Jewish families devoid of resources of their own. The extent of the requirements would have to be discussed in considerable detail. However, there are first of all two fundamental questions which I must ask you to clarify for us. First, I understand you are going to appear before the British Alien Commission. How are you planning to formulate your request? And second, what is your attitude with regard to the suggestion that some other country might serve to replace Palestine in your calculations?" Herzl replies: "I shall ask the Alien Commission to assist us with all the means at the disposal of the British government in our efforts to obtain a colonization charter from the Sultan. If the question is brought up—and this is at the same time my reply to your second point—I shall insist that there can be

no substitute for Palestine although we might agree to a provisional assignment of some immediately adjacent territory."

Lord Rothschild's reaction is not altogether favorable. "You realize," he remarks, "that the word 'charter' will not make the most favorable impression. Furthermore, I am frank to say that I do not fully understand why you have to insist at present on Palestine with its complex entanglement in high political interests. I am informed that the Guas Ngishu plateau and various districts of Uganda have been mentioned in British circles as possible counter proposals. Why not take Uganda?"

Herzl is profoundly shocked. His reply is almost curt. "No. We cannot consider Uganda. The Sinai peninsula, Egyptian Palestine, even Cyprus would not be wholly impossible. But Uganda is!"

And as though further proof were needed to demonstrate the fundamental difference in the attitudes of these two men, neither of whom can be accused of being indifferent to the fate of the Jewish people, there follows this quick succession of statement and repartee of which Herzl determines the course.

"And furthermore," he says, "the matter will not tolerate much delay. I foresee difficult times for the Jews of Europe, and not only in Eastern Europe."

Lord Rothschild replies, "I see no reason to fear an increase of anti-Semitism in England."

"I wish your optimism were justified. If you prefer, we need not even consider Russia. But countries like Austria and Ger-

many with their much-vaunted liberal civilization are cultivating a new and very dangerous form of anti-Semitism under the slogan of race. And if I may say so, one of the prime movers in this development is precisely a man of British birth."

"Of British birth? May I ask you to be more specific?"

"Gladly, Lord Rothschild. He bears a name with which you are very familiar: Chamberlain. His full name is Houston Stewart Chamberlain. And although he has nothing whatever to do with the Chamberlains in your government, the coincidence cannot be considered a good omen."

"From where does he come and what has he done, this Chamberlain of yours?"

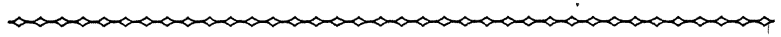
"He was born in Southsea near Portsmouth. But now he is holding forth in Vienna. He has just published a two-volume work on what he calls with high-sounding scientific airs *The Foundations of the Nineteenth Century.* We are told that Emperor William has ordered the acquisition of ten thousand sets for all the libraries of the Reich."

"I remember now. Somebody did tell me about it. But, Dr. Herzl, that is no reason to get excited. Crackpots will write. It has been that way always and everywhere. But their products vanish as quickly as they appear."

"Yet books and their possible effects must never be underrated. They have been known to influence whole peoples, in laudable as well as detrimental ways. We Jews ourselves are proud of being called the people of the Book. Let me tell you, gentlemen, if we do not solve our problem now or very

soon, the loss of time may signify the loss of our chance to bring safety and salvation to millions of our destitute Jewish brothers. If we do not exploit the opportunity which is afforded us by the present weakness of the Turks and their desperate need for money, the changing world situation may well delay the realization of our plans by forty or fifty years, and it is not likely that conditions will ever again be as favorable as now."

"If your worries should prove justified," thus Lord Rothschild sums up his final reaction of which the logic—at least from his point of view—is hard to deny, "if your worries should prove justified, Dr. Herzl, I would advise you once again to accept the protection of mighty Britain, at least for the present. At any rate, let us think the whole question over, and immediately after your statement before the Alien Commission we might meet again and come to a final conclusion."



At this time, Herzl's wish to make the personal acquaintance of young Dr. Chaim Weizmann is finally fulfilled. They meet at Herzl's hotel room.

Herzl opens the conversation. "I have asked you, Dr. Weizmann, to meet with me outside the framework of our congresses because I was greatly impressed with your vigorous way of advocating a unified Jewish cultural program. I should like to hear more about your ideas on how such plans might be implemented."

Weizmann explains: "Briefly then, my friends and myself are guided by the idea that the cultural potential of Judaism must be saved from being scattered in the diaspora. In the course of the last hundred years the cultural contributions of individual Jews have been enormous. They should have been, or at least, they should henceforth be made to serve Jewish interests, be it directly or indirectly, and in this I see one of the foremost tasks of our organization."

As Weizmann pauses as though he were waiting for a rejoinder, Herzl urges him, almost impatiently, to proceed. "Please continue. I am listening."

"Eastern Europe," Weizmann proceeds, "and to a lesser degree the major centers of the West, like London and New York, have a Jewish cultural life of considerable merit. It is most apparent in the domain of literature and of course the press. Names like Achad Haam and Morris Rosenfeld for example may suggest what I have in mind. The achievements of these men are accessible today to millions of Eastern Jews and also to those among us who have not—if I may put it that way—cut the umbilical cord connecting them with their Eastern origins. But they are almost completely unknown to the rest of the Jewish world and of course still more so to the various non-Jewish civilizations. The few exceptions to this rule merely serve to confirm it, for they consist entirely of instances in which individual Jews have chosen a westward course themselves. I think Israel Zangwill is a case in point although he himself was actually born in this country."

"And you yourself too," Herzl throws in.

"Perhaps I myself too. At any rate, we feel that all these forces and achievements must not be lost to the Jewish re-

vival. They should not be completely absorbed in the cultural life of non-Jewish environments. It is a dangerous omen that men like Disraeli in England or Marx in Germany felt quite uneasy when they were identified as Jews."

"We must not overlook though," Herzl remarks, "that in this respect things have changed and continue to change. Think of Franz Oppenheimer or of our friend Max Nordau."

"No doubt," Weizmann resumes his argument, "but these are great individuals who have found their way back as individuals. There is no system. It is no foregone conclusion that every Jew with a minor or major success to his credit—be it in the arts or the sciences; be he himself an Easterner or a Jew from the West—will sense that his achievement is *also* a Jewish achievement, or, in a word, that he is one of us; that we are one great community no matter whether we happen to be at work in the interest of this or that country or as emancipated individuals in the international field. I am convinced that only a reorientation of the kind I have tried to describe will ultimately justify our insistence on the reality of a Jewish *people*. And furthermore, I submit, if every Jew can be made to understand that he is a Jew, the result must be a greater mutual understanding among Jews. There will be a common platform on which all differences, for instance in regard to our religion, will appear less fundamental and never incompatible."

With his last observation Weizmann has intentionally given the cue for what he knows to be uppermost in Herzl's mind. There is a long pause. But finally Herzl does broach the inevitable question.

"You know, Dr. Weizmann," he says, "why I have so far tried to side-step all issues concerned with, let us say, the organization of a specifically Jewish culture. To be frank, I do not relish the idea of having to legislate on what does and does not constitute Jewish culture. And I am sure, you do not either. But how can we avoid hurting the feelings of many groups, especially the orthodox, if we proceed systematically to claim as Jewish values—I might almost say, as officially Jewish values—what has been contributed by individual Jews in various stages of assimilation? Think, for instance, of the Mizrachim. They are certainly our best pioneers. For them Zion is a national concept as it is for all of us; but it is also and perhaps primarily a religious concept. How will that jibe with the fact that many of our intellectuals are extremely liberal in their views?"

"It will *not* jibe, Dr. Herzl. We certainly do not wish to hurt anyone's feelings. But is it not true that you yourself have taught us that Jews of the most divergent background and tradition can be united in a single world organization behind a single great idea? And finally, you have yourself become accustomed to struggle and dissent outside as well as within the Jewish people. You have not taught us how to shun a fight when the future of the Jewish people is at stake."

"That is a brave answer, and wise and thoughtful. You are still very young, Dr. Weizmann . . ."

"Twenty-seven."

"Twenty-seven years! But in back of you there is the thought and wisdom of centuries of Jewish experience in Eastern Europe; there is the tradition of our sacred writings that have been studied and taught from generation to gen-

eration.—Thus you came to be what you now are. A generation of fighters; steeled and resilient through toil and terror; despised but capable of despising; mature in youth and proud of the past, proud of the torment of our people and firm in your faith in the future."

"Yes, Dr. Herzl. It is the ghetto that made us thus; and thus we shall remain in our fight for the new Zion."

"You are in touch with the Choveve Zion, are you not?—I assume you know Ussishkin quite well . . ."

"I do indeed.—I have been a delegate of the Choveve at all our congresses except the first. But my active interest in practical Zionism goes farther back. Since my early student days I have adhered to the views which you represent. That is to say, I hold that our aim of colonization in Palestine is predicated on the assumption that the Jewish people needs Jewish soil for its proper development, that it is—as it were—a plant with specific soil requirements which the diaspora simply cannot fulfill. And among the Choveve Zion, Ussishkin is the most radical. He will hear of no compromise. The Jewish masses and their age-old longing back to Zion are the one and only concern that matters to him. The wealthy Jews of the West and all the Western politicking are for the Choveve at best a means to an end which can be tolerated if they will expedite the Jewish return to Zion."

Herzl is struck by the promise of a coolly intelligent East-West synthesis which he somehow senses to be represented by his young interlocutor. "Where did you and your family come from?" he asks instinctively and almost abruptly. "Who was your father, if I may ask?" he adds, smiling about his own impetuosity.

"Our home," Weizmann replies, "was originally a small place in the White-Russian guberniya of Minsk. The Jewish population there is very badly off, mainly on account of the arbitrary rule of the henchmen of the Czar's government. My father was a man of great Hebrew learning. In his library there were the Talmud, Shulhan Aruk, Moses Maimonides, and so forth, but also textbooks of medicine and chemistry and the works of Gorki and Tolstoi. My father and we children spoke Russian, Yiddish, and Hebrew together. There were twelve of us. In course of time my father's work proved fairly successful. He was a great model for all his children. He was a man of few words, but when he did speak none could ever fail to listen. And when he arose in the Temple and spoke or sang—our Hebrew songs as he sang them, that is a memory I shall always keep . . ."

The firmness and warmth of Weizmann's tone of voice awaken in Herzl's mind the thought of his own parents and of his family back in Vienna. "That is indeed," he says, "our most precious heritage and perhaps the noblest treasure we have to give to the non-Jewish world, 'Honor father and mother.' I too have an excellent father and a kindly mother. I love them dearly and recognize in them the best of everything I know to be the substance of my being. And my children too. Perhaps you know, there are two girls and a boy. It is not always easy that I have so little time for them. But I have pledged my all to our Zionist cause. Now it is burning within me as a great flame ready to consume everything else. And often I fear the time is running short. I know I must try not to acknowledge fatigue and age. Between you and me there is a difference of barely a decade and a half. Yet it seems so much more, a whole lifetime, when I feel exhausted and approaching the end of my strength."

"No, Dr. Herzl. You must not and cannot speak of fatigue and exhaustion. You are our model. You are our ideal of strength and determination. And you—no one but you—will take us back to Zion."

"That was my hope, my most ardent wish. I can no longer feel certain of it. Of late there is a feeling in me that the time is not far off when someone else will have to take my place. . . . Someone of your generation, Dr. Weizmann . . . You understand me . . . I often think of Moses. He too was allowed to see the land from afar, no more. In the course of another fifteen years—between now and the time when you will have reached my present age—a great many things will happen, in Jewish and world history too. Think of it, Dr. Weizmann, when you are forty-two. That will be in 1917. Think of it and keep yourself ready. You are made of the stuff which Zionism needs. And let us meet again, often, I hope . . ."

As Weizmann rises and is about to leave, a bellboy enters with a telegram. He presents it to Dr. Herzl who opens it immediately. After several seconds of tense silence Herzl looks up. "From Vienna," he says with a trembling voice. " 'Father seriously ill. Come immediately.'—Tomorrow I was to appear before the Alien Commission."

Herzl with his associates, Schalit, Buber, Werner . . . , riding back to Vienna from the Döbling cemetery. This is the day of the interment of Herzl's father. It is also the tenth birthday of his boy Hans.

The problems of Zionism will not wait. These men are not merely fellow-workers. They are friends. What passed through Herzl's mind as he stood at his father's open grave staring at the coffin with an expression not only of infinite sorrow and sadness but of weariness and longing for peace? And though none has told the others, no one has failed to observe how often of late Herzl's hand clutches his heart as though it would try to repress some piercing pain. The problems of Zionism will not wait. The good work has to continue. Even now, even here in the carriage on the way back from the Döbling cemetery.

Schalit says: "There is no news from London. From the Yildiz Kiosk we have a letter that sounds very much like an ultimatum. You are urged to take our definitive proposals to Constantinople. They want exact figures."

Werner says: "There also was a letter from Vámpéry. He reports that the former French minister of finance, Rouvier, has worked out an alternate proposal. Under his setup governments and private individuals would participate in the conversion of the Turkish debt."

Buber says: "But all that seems to be superseded according to the latest cable from Constantinople. It's a still more urgent invitation for you to appear at the Yildiz Kiosk. It sounds very good. I believe it finally means that we shall get the charter."

Herzl seems absorbed in somber thoughts from which his friends' remarks have not been able to arouse him.

Of a sudden he looks up and says: "See to it that Wolffsohn gets a copy of Vámpéry's letter.—Ask Greenberg in London

to contact Lord Rothschild again and also to get us another appointment with the Alien Commission.—I should not be surprised if the charter proposal is again a matter of Mesopotamia or Anatolia. I refused last time. I shall refuse again. A charter not applying to Palestine is the same as no charter at all. But still, you might answer that I shall come as soon as feasible."

Herzl's appearance before the Alien Commission in London is no great event. Its crucial aspects are epitomized in a conversation of Lord Rothschild with Theodor Herzl. The views of these two men are greatly divergent. The British lord considers the Jewish question a matter of colonization pure and simple while Herzl's Zionism is essentially a political matter. Lord Rothschild's views are in keeping with the interests of Great Britain. Any support given to Turkey implies a weakening of the British position in the Middle East. Hence no further interest attaches to Dr. Herzl's suggestions and requests.

In London Herzl has an audience with the Colonial Secretary, Joseph Chamberlain. This influential elder statesman embodies the British tradition of diplomacy in the service of trade. He has not had to change since his Birmingham manufacturing years. Quick, resourceful, hard-driving, de-

cisive of speech, he is a gentleman through and through and at the same time every inch a man of business.

"There is no Jewish blood in my veins," he states bluntly and nonetheless cordially, "but if there were, I should be proud of it."

Herzl senses that this compliment is meant to be taken at face value, and he reacts accordingly. "I thank you, Sir, with all the sincerity I perceive in your remark. We Jews have few true friends. And our cause is greatly in need of honest friendship. The right word at the right time spoken by a sincere friend of Zion in a position of power will further our work immensely."

"I trust you consider me a friend of Zion."

"I should be only too happy to do so. If the most influential man in British politics wills it, the Jewish State is a reality."

Chamberlain's quick mind has fully sized up his interlocutor. He understands that he is confronted with someone he has to respect as his equal. There is no sense in wasting time with unessentials and so the Colonial Secretary comes straight to his point.

"Dr. Herzl, it is no exaggeration if I tell you that the Zionist idea fascinates me. I am a great admirer of it. For this reason I should like to find a suitable site for its realization somewhere on British territory. After all, neither you nor I can be unrealistic enough to suppose that el Arish, the Sinai peninsula, or even Cyprus might be available for the purpose. I do believe, however, that I have found the solution to our problem, and since my trip to South Africa I am more

convinced than ever that the district I have in mind is precisely what you need. I am referring to Uganda in East Africa . . ."

After a pregnant silence of several seconds, Herzl turns full-face toward Chamberlain and weighing each word replies with solemn firmness: "I have no reason to doubt your sincerity. But, Sir, your proposal offers no solution to our problem. I cannot and shall not submit it to our next congress and must refuse to consider it your last word."

Now Chamberlain raises his voice as though he were addressing Parliament: "Dr. Herzl, must I remind you of the gravity of the situation? Do you want to wait until it is too late? Too late for your Jewish brothers? I should assume the dreadful events that have of late occurred in Rumania, speak a sufficiently ominous language."

Yet Herzl's calm, contained pathos proves fully equal to Chamberlain's display of rhetoric. "Wait until it is too late? I do not want to wait. I know we cannot wait. Yet, Sir, I also know that a single hint coming from you would release the funds which we must obtain from Anglo-Jewish and other banking concerns to buy our charter of colonization in Palestine from Turkey."

"I fear, Dr. Herzl, you overrate my influence. You certainly overrate my influence with the Sultan. True enough, he is badly in need of money. But he is much too clever to give up anything that may mean power to him. And Palestine . . . Palestine does mean power. The Sultan knows that only too well. Yet quite apart from all this: the Arab world will not go on sleeping forever. How do you imagine would the Arabs feel about a Jewish State right in their front yard so to

speak? They would not like it much, I dare say. But look for a moment at the possible consequences if you accept Uganda from the British government. Under British protection the most diverse countries develop almost of necessity toward prosperous independence. Indeed, I do not think it risky to predict that the time may come when Turkey will approach Uganda with an offer of the kind you are now seeking to obtain, only, you understand, on much more favorable terms. And meanwhile, Dr. Herzl, you will have found at least a temporary home and temporary safety for your homeless Jewish masses."

A sudden reaction on Herzl's part induces Chamberlain to shift his emphasis as he concludes: "And indeed, a temporary solution is all I ask you to see in our proposal. At any rate, the Uganda promise stands. We are bound by it while you are free and absolutely at liberty to inspect the district before you give us your final reply."

Herzl has arisen. He paces to and fro for a few moments. Then, stopping directly in front of his opponent, he looks straight into Chamberlain's eyes and says:

"Sir, permit me to ask you a personal question.—Would you accept if today some representative of a power greater than Great Britain were to offer you let us say Paris instead of London?"

"Would I? But, Dr. Herzl, we do have London."

"And we, Sir, did have Jerusalem. We had it long before London came into existence."

"You had and left it."

"No, Sir. We did not leave it. We were driven out. We were chased away from the land of God's promise. And *that* we have not been able to forget in two thousand years. The promised land has remained the deepest longing and the highest dream of every last and miserable Jew. We took along into exile the code of ethics of our fathers. It became our gift to the peoples of this earth. In recognition they locked us up in our ghettos; they forced us into usury and then despised us for it, they pushed and kicked us, hunted us, and killed us. We kept silent for a long time. But now, today, when other peoples of lower pride and lesser gifts insist on their right, demand their freedom in a land of their own, we too lay claim to what is our due. We want to return. We want to go back to our old home. And who can blame us for it? Who can deny us what is but our right? If we do not get satisfaction now, if Zion is refused us, we or our children will fight for it without fear of bloodshed and death—until we have it . . ."

Chamberlain is visibly impressed and in his matter-of-fact way he does not conceal his admiration. "Your voice, Dr. Herzl, differs from that of the wealthy Jews I know. It is, I dare say, the voice of your suffering people for whom it enlists our warmest sympathy."

Herzl is aware of his advantage, and eager to press it he takes Chamberlain's cue: "Sympathy, you say. But sympathy alone is not what we need. It cannot solve our problem. Permit me to make a final, supreme appeal. You, Sir, are the second great man of vision whom England since the middle of the past century has had the good fortune to see at the helm of the Empire. The other was Disraeli. You are in a position to transform the dream of the Jews into a marvelous fact . . . as Disraeli did for England in the land of marvels that is

India. I implore you, I beseech you: be what you must be, the best of England, and represent for the Jews what Disraeli, the man of Jewish blood, did represent for the greatness of Britain. Through your efforts the political interests of England can yield the realization of the millennial dream of the Jews. That is my final and supreme appeal."

"Dr. Herzl, I admire in you a man for whom England might envy the Jewish people. You have not spoken to me in vain. I cannot make you any promises, but I shall ponder the matter. Perhaps I can find a way out."

"But soon, Sir, soon. You will earn the gratitude of the Jewish people and the applause of civilized mankind.—At present I wish to thank you for a conversation I shall always remember."

But Chamberlain cannot allow the conversation to end on so lofty a note. The man of practical politics wants to cover his rear and manages to place another ominous reference to his African plan in a very strategic spot.

"Whatever else," he concludes, "may or may not result from this meeting, you can always rely on our offer of Uganda."

Herzl has returned to Vienna after another visit to the Yildiz Kiosk. What he has to report to his collaborators is again the old story . . . The Sultan kept in hiding behind his ministers and these played their little game of politics trying to exploit the current Rouvier proposal of a French-sponsored

conversion setup in order to extort still more favorable conditions from the Zionists. The question of a charter for Palestine seemed to strike them as something entirely new of which they had never heard before. To keep the conversations in flux, Herzl finally went so far as to suggest that the Zionists might accept Mesopotamia (which on all previous occasions he had steadfastly refused) on condition that Haifa be added and a corridor from there to Mesopotamia. But this desperate idea failed in the end likewise.

Herzl epitomizes the whole affair in the bitter and sarcastic words: "Our departure was provided for as quickly and efficiently as our coming had been requested urgently."

The committee meeting at which this report is presented, is attended by Colonel Greenberg from London. He too has nothing concrete to contribute. He has been in touch again with various groups of Anglo-Jewish financiers, but they refuse to commit themselves in one way or the other.

As though these discouraging items were not enough for one meeting, Nordau takes the floor and says: "There are more and more urgent reports that the Jews in Russian Poland and Galicia are now at least as exposed as those in Rumania. There are several millions of them. Bessarabia begins to be restive too. The popular attitude is whipped up in all those regions by irresponsible agitators. There is no possibility of initiating any sort of counteraction by enlightening the masses and exposing the machinations of our enemies. In Russia our brothers can no longer get permission to emigrate, and Zionism has officially been prohibited . . ."

After a long pause Herzl arises, but just as he begins to speak, the door opens and in comes Dr. Schalit excitedly waving a

sheet of paper and hardly able to utter the dreadful words: "Pogrom in Kishinev . . . Forty-seven killed . . . Eight children . . ."

Pogrom in Chisinau . . . Forty-seven killed . . . —Pogrom . . . forty-seven lives wiped out . . . each one with the full tragic bestiality of all forty-seven . . . not one forty-seventh part of it . . . one life taken, ten lives, forty-seven, a thousand, a million . . . where is the end?

Herzl is the first to come to. "That is Pleve's doing.—There is but one thing we can do. Go straight to the Czar or better still to Pleve himself."

A medley of voices. "Hopeless."—"The lion's den."—"Siberia."—"Never to return."—"Who would dare to go?"—"Suicide."—

Herzl gets up. "Gentlemen, the meeting is adjourned. I have decided to go. It must be tried. There is nothing else we can do."

In Petersburg Herzl secures an audience with the all-powerful Pleve. Immediately preceding he is received by the minister of finance, Count Sergei Yulievich Witte.

Witte's main virtue is his bluntness. He looks at Herzl as though he were examining an unusually interesting specimen in a zoological garden. "Why," he exclaims, "you . . . you are a Jew? You look so civilized . . . so European, I might

say, French." He does not wait for a reply. He seems not to be particularly interested in what other people say but is obviously quite pleased with his own manner of speaking. "You must not misunderstand me," he goes on. "I personally consider myself a great friend of the Jews. But in the course of the last half century they have begun to pester Europe (and now Russia too) with their revolutionary ideas of what they call, I believe, a better and juster social order. That man Marx was a Jew. I do not understand it, but somehow his addlepated nonsense proves quite contagious. The Jews in Russia represent a very small percentage of the total population, but at least half of them are revolutionaries. I tell you, and you need not quote me on this particular detail, if it were possible to take six million Jews and throw them into the Black Sea, I should be in favor of it. Unfortunately it cannot be done, and so we must look for another solution."

At this point Herzl tries to squeeze in a few sentences of his own: "And that is why I have come. If Palestine . . ."

But Witte takes over again. "I know, I know. But we have our information. Our friends in England report that you Jews yourselves cannot see eye to eye in the matter of Palestine. O well, who has ever heard of more than one Jew seeing eye to eye in something? When it is a matter of fighting the rest of the world, perhaps. But not otherwise. That common enmity of theirs is after all the only glue that keeps the Jewish people together. Give them freedom, and it takes at best two or three generations until the whole thing has come apart again."

Now Herzl raises his voice and makes sure that Witte will not cut in again by looking straight into his eyes. "Sir," he says, "when we see land, real, tangible land, we Jews shall be

like Columbus's crew. There will be no cowards and deserters among us . . ."

Vyacheslav Konstantinovich Pleve, born in 1846 of obscure parentage; said to be partly German, partly Jewish; Russian lawyer and government administrator; director of secret police in 1881; secretary of state for Finland in 1894; minister of the interior in 1902; noted for the harsh rigor of his administration. Herzl enters and finds himself face to face alone in the room with the "all-powerful Pleve," a man past fifty yet remarkably young and energetic; his gray hair and white mustache do not add mellowness or tolerance to the keen and ruthless ambition that sparkles in his intelligent eyes.

In contrast to Witte, Pleve is fully prepared for the audience. He is going to make a statement the purport of which has been thought through and is completely predetermined. It is part of the statesman's routine that his visitor will have to speak first. The tone of his voice is by no means unfriendly as he rises and says: "Dr. Herzl, I am pleased to make your acquaintance. Please be seated. What can I do for you?"

"I come," Herzl begins, "because I regard you as a statesman of vision whose peers must be sought in the class of Palmerston and Bismarck. Your power in Russia is absolute in the sense in which Louis XIV's power was absolute in France. You alone are in a position to solve the Jewish question with one stroke of your pen, provided I can make you see that in

doing so you would solve in advance one of the questions which otherwise might prove most vexing for the entire world throughout the coming four or five decades."

The moment has come for Pleve to formulate his thoughts: "Dr. Herzl, in contrast, I suppose, to most if not all the statesmen you have been dealing with so far, I shall not conceal my real attitude toward your race. I am no friend of the Jews. Here in Russia we have tried for decades to assimilate the Jews. It was our intention to pervade them with Russian thought and culture and to let them be absorbed by the Russian people. We have given them economic freedom and the facilities of higher education. The result has been a complete failure from the point of view of our purpose. The Jews in Russia have preserved their traditions. They cling to their customs and costumes . . . In a word, our Jews—within and without—have remained and wish to remain Jews. In the early years we expected a great deal from the Zionist movement. That is why we tolerated it. Of late, however, the picture has changed most radically. The Russian Zionists talk too much about their Jewish culture instead of limiting themselves to a simple political program. However, to come to the point, your plans interest me. As a matter of fact, I am prepared to collaborate with you although of course it must be completely clear that my motives are diametrically opposed to yours. I am interested in getting rid of the Jews. That is the guiding principle in my entire Jewish policy."

Herzl interjects, "And what, if I may ask, are the practical steps you wish to take to implement your Jewish policy?"

"I shall," Pleve replies, "try my best to help you, the great Western Jew whom his people regard as little less, it seems,

than the long-awaited messiah. I shall try to help you in your endeavor to obtain a charter from Turkey. Of course I understand that your major requirement is money. To assist you in your efforts to raise the necessary funds I propose to levy a special Jewish head tax the revenue from which would be placed at your disposal."

As Herzl remains silent, Pleve adds almost impatiently, "I do not see what else you might expect me to do."

Now Herzl says: "I thank you for your offer to further our efforts. Still, you will understand that there is on my mind a more immediately urgent question. I am thinking of our Russian friends, our collaborators and followers . . ."

"For them," Pleve replies, "I shall issue a guarantee of freedom of movement and action. You may consider this promise I give you a personal achievement on your part. We have the names of all the Zionist leaders on file. Professor Mandelstam, Dr. Tshlenov, and the engineer Ussishkin would seem to be the most important. These will be answerable to us. Now, in exchange I may expect you to do something for us too. Until the Jewish question is definitely settled you must see to it that the Zionist cover will not be abused to protect anarchists and other revolutionaries. The movement should be made to follow more closely the directives issued at Vienna. You referred a few minutes ago to Louis XIV of France. In one respect I shall accept your comparison. Under my rule I can tolerate no unrest. I demand obedience which alone makes for internal and external peace. I believe we understand each other. If our conversation leads to practical results, my government will lend wholehearted support to the movement for Jewish emigration without the right of re-entry. I thank you, Dr. Herzl."

On his way back from Russia, Herzl is given a delirious welcome in Vilna, the city with the strongest Jewish community in Europe if not the entire world. Thousands and thousands of Jews, the entire Jewish population of Vilna and the surrounding territory, have congregated to pay homage to the greatest fighter for the liberation of their race.

"Hedad Herzl!"—"Long may he live!" And again and again, thousands of voices shouting, "Hedad the emissary of the Lord!"

Herzl is profoundly moved. "Tell your brethren," he says, "that I am here to reaffirm my deep conviction that of all possible means for a radical settlement of our people's destiny, the Zionist way is not only the best, most just and practical, but also the nearest."

The great Jew from the West has entered the city of Vilna coming from the East. At their temple the Jewish community honor him as one whom the Lord has sent them. Thirty rabbis in festive robes escort him bearing in their hands scrolls of the Torah. The eldest, Reb Slohmole, wearing the white garment of the Day of Atonement, steps forward and speaks:

"Blessed art Thou, o Lord, our God, King of the Universe, Who hast kept us in life and preserved us and enabled us to reach this season."

All the rabbis bow murmuring "Amen."

The eldest continues. "No longer shall we wander over the face of the earth." And turning toward Herzl, "for thou art like unto Moses and wilt lead us to the Promised Land."

All the rabbis repeat "Amen."

The eldest continues. "We give thee, whom the Lord hath sent us, our most precious and most sacred possession to take with thee on thy way. The oldest scroll of the Torah we have, written by a miraculous hand, until now our treasure and our protection, henceforth it shall be thine. May it accompany thee through life on thy arduous course, and may it be with thee in death. Amen."

The voices of the rabbis repeat "Amen" as Herzl accepts the scroll and tries to regain control over his deeply aroused emotions. Finally he says: "I thank you from the depth of my heart. This scroll will give me strength. It will fortify my faith in our fathers, my trust in our people and its ultimate rebirth."

All those present bow in silence. Reb Slohmole raises his hands, and as he places them solemnly on Herzl's head, his voice rings out in jubilant firmness: "The Lord bless thee, and keep thee; The Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee; The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace . . ."

"The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace. Amen."

From the scene at the temple in Vilna we may look forward and back over the life of Theodor Herzl and find that this is its height and climax. The refined, in a sense emancipated and liberal Jew of the West is welcomed and honored at the center of Eastern Jewish orthodoxy as a messiah sent by the Lord. He is accepted as one of them. In him and through him, East and West of the Jewish world are united again in full reconciliation.

The time for the Sixth Congress is near at hand. For days now Herzl has had to work deep into the night in order to get the material ready for all the various important sessions. At his home he enjoys the loyal assistance of a young Jewish student whom he has engaged as a tutor and companion for his boy Hans but who has shown himself eager and able to work at the same time as a sort of private secretary to his revered master.

The day's work is accomplished. Among the papers and documents piled high on the table in the center of the room there are several items of grave, not to say ominous, import.

Before dismissing his young helper, Herzl lingers for a few moments in front of the table. He looks very tired. His mind seems heavy with forebodings as he envisions the problems of the days ahead.

The Anglo-Jewish bankers have finally sent word through their spokesman, Lord Rothschild, that they cannot see their way clear to underwriting the Zionists' Turkish plans.—Pleve has kept his word. He has repeated in writing his offer to intervene with the Sultan, under certain conditions, on behalf of the Viennese Zionist organization.—But graver, much graver than everything else: the British government has sub-

mitted its fateful Uganda scheme in the form of an official and definite offer.

Herzl is aroused from his thoughts by the inarticulate moaning of his boy Hans asleep in the bedroom next door. He turns around and looks with a worried and questioning expression at his young helper. "Hans again?"

The student nods. But then, as though he had been waiting for this opportunity, he says with a sigh: "Yes, Hans again. The boy seems to be going through a difficult period. He has a great deal of trouble with his school work too. I do my very best, but it simply is not enough. I often feel that his problems are not at all what a tutor can be expected to cope with. He needs a firm hand, firm yet friendly, and not just for a few hours now and then. If I may say so, what he needs most is—his father."

"I know, I know . . ." Herzl's voice sounds very very tired. "I am grateful to you for telling me so frankly what you think. I simply must find more time for my family. I have allowed myself to neglect my children quite badly. But try to be patient for a little while. I mean, be patient with me as well as with Hans . . . But it is very late, and you have a long way home."

As Herzl is alone in his study, he walks over to the door which leads to the children's bedroom and listens. "All quiet now. Hans must have had a bad dream. But that is right, he needs more of my time . . . He needs more of my time and

yet I cannot give it to him. For there are hundreds of thousands of children, Jewish children like these, whose future is at stake . . . Here in Austria, back in Germany, and all through the Eastern countries . . . Hundreds of thousands of them. They are our people's most precious possession. They must live to see the day of freedom . . . They must see the new Zion, the Palestine of my David Litwak . . . But till then? What shall we do meanwhile? That is the great question before me, the decisive question which I shall have to answer before the Congress.

"Remember Kishinev . . . Remember Kishinev!—How can I get that awful, fateful call out of my mind? How could I brave the thought that the future may have many many more such Kishinevs in store for us? Every year of delay, every month, every day means an added burden of responsibility. How can I bear it? And how shall I answer for the lives of my brothers which all the coming Kishinevs will twist and break and drown in blood?

"There is no choice for me. I have not the strength to face the risk of more and more and still more Kishinevs. I know in my deepest soul that the uncompromising brutality of a Genghis Khan or a Napoleon would call my decision treason, guilt, and cowardice. Zion by way of Kishinev or by way of Uganda . . . May Zion forgive me: I must speak for Uganda.

"If there was still something left in me that kept on hoping against hope that a miracle would occur to save me from this dreadful choice, now I see it all in tragic clarity: I must go this difficult way, the most difficult I have ever gone. I must appear before the Congress as the spokesman of Zionist compromise and rise in favor of the detestable Uganda scheme. Rather that than appear empty-handed in the face of impending Kishinevs . . .

"I can't help thinking back to our first Congress. How young we were! How full of hope, how confident and rejoicing. Six years have gone by since then. Six brief years . . . But the road we have traveled has taken us far, very far . . . All the way to Uganda . . .

"Oh, I know, they will condemn me . . . They will turn against me. . . I must leave the verdict to history. May future generations be kind and lenient and warm-blooded and humane enough to understand and justify my decision . . ."

The Sixth Congress in 1903 is characterized by an atmosphere of tense expectation. Thanks to Herzl's intercession with Pleve, the Russians are again represented by a numerically very strong delegation. There is also a group of Americans led by Cyrus Lindauer Sulzberger, the president of the Jewish Agricultural and Industrial Aid Society in New York.

Herzl delivers the opening address. As he enters the hall in the company of his venerable old mother, he is welcomed by the usual applause, somewhat subdued though on the part of the Russian groups.

The first portion of Herzl's address is a report on his and the Action Committee's work since the time of the Fifth Congress. After a brief pause the speaker now comes to what everyone present senses to be the most crucial issue ever raised before an assembly of Zionist delegates. Herzl seems to rise in stature, and every trace of fatigue and indecision vanishes from his features and the tone of his voice as he proceeds with clear-cut vigor:

". . . What we hoped for at the time of our last Congress, has not as yet been fulfilled. I cannot as yet present Zion to you. I do, however, find myself in a position to make an announcement which will be, I believe, of extraordinary significance for our imperiled Jewish brethren. As a result of my conversations with the British Government and its responsible member, colonial secretary Chamberlain, London has signified its willingness to cede to us a territory which may serve at least as a temporary refuge for our hapless masses of emigrants. It is Uganda, a British possession in East Africa.

"The Jews would have the privilege of absolute home rule. There would be a Jewish governor, naturally under the suzerainty of the British Crown.

"I know full well—and have left no doubts about it in the secretary's mind—that this land—however generous the offer may be—is only an emergency measure and cannot ever be anything more. It is not Zion and will not be Zion. On this basis we shall not be able to give the Jewish masses the signal for a general exodus. On the contrary. Our struggle for Palestine must continue with redoubled force. My audience with Minister Pleve and the written confirmation of our agreement which I submit to the present Congress, may serve to show that we are incessantly at work although it is true that the wealthy Jews have so far refused to lend us their support.

"What we should do, and indeed, what we must do, is to send a commission to the country I have mentioned and to assign to it the task of studying the prevailing conditions with reference to all our various requirements and to report back to our next congress which I expect to be decisive in the history of our movement . . ."

The effect of Herzl's address can only be described as literally stunning. The discussion is slow in taking shape. Once it gets started it is prolonged and stubborn on both sides.

While Nordau has the floor he states for instance: ". . . We have demanded, and shall continue to demand, the restitution of our homeland, Palestine. But the money of the wealthy Jews—available for everything else, for every business deal, especially in the Orient—is not available for us. Before we attain our final and only goal, let us, if possible, make of Uganda a 'night's lodgings' for hundreds of thousands of Jews now wandering homeless from land to land, from ocean to ocean . . ."

In Israel Zangwill's remarks there occurs this striking passage: ". . . The soul is greater than the soil. The Jewish soul can create its Palestine anywhere without abandoning its aspirations toward the Holy Land . . ."

Colonel Greenberg accompanies his presentation of Joseph Chamberlain's note with the words: ". . . There is a political as well as a geographical road to Zion . . ."

Yet these are statements by Herzl's immediate associates. He was not mistaken when he anticipated strong opposition especially in the camp of the Russians and other Eastern delegates. The crisis comes when there are tumultuous shouts from the floor: "Where is Zion now?"—"What has become of our ideal?"

And then the murderous words: "Dr. Herzl, you have betrayed our idea."

Paralyzed silence goes like a tremor through the hall as Herzl rises in majestic pallor to meet the onslaught with the full strength of his uncompromising devotion: "Someone has said that I betrayed the Zionist idea.—I am no traitor.—A traitor is he who refuses to see the urgent danger which threatens the lives of our brethren. What I have done is to make a rag into a banner around which hundreds of thousands have gathered . . . the entire people, aroused to a new life . . ."

But the struggle goes on. In it the American viewpoint is of strategic importance. It is formulated by Cyrus Sulzberger who states among other things: "We represent the youngest segment of our global organization and find ourselves for that reason in a position to understand fully the conflict that has arisen between our leadership and certain delegations. We consider Zion the only land to which we can—historically and emotionally—lay a just claim. But it seems to us that the opposition should be made to understand that it will be increasingly difficult to secure American hospitality for new waves of refugees so that every chance to assure the safety of their lives in other parts must be most welcome . . ."

The debate of the Uganda issue has lasted for several days. Finally it can be put to a vote. The ballot shows two hundred and ninety votes for and one hundred and seventy-seven votes against the leadership proposition. There are a great many abstentions. There is applause and violent dissent. The Russian delegates leave the hall temporarily to signify their protest.

Herzl's closing speech is generally felt to be the strongest he has ever made. No one present foresees that it is to be his last. By way of conclusion he says: "After an arduous week of many excitements the Sabbath is drawing nigh. Let the mood of the Sabbath Day prevail as we part. Let the voice of peace and reconciliation be heard. However high the waves of our passions may have gone, let us return home and tell our brethren that we belong to them as they belong to us. Now verily I declare before you at this solemn moment, 'if I forget thee, o Jerusalem, may my right hand forget its cunning.'"

Loud shouts of "Hedad Zion!" arouse a wave of all-pervading enthusiasm. As the Zionist anthem of hope, the Hatikvah, is sung, Herzl at last can relax. The effects of the last days' ordeal are clearly marked in his noble features.

At Kharkow in the Russian Ukraine nine members of the greater Action Committee have assembled under the chairmanship of the engineer Ussishkin. A motion has been made which in fact amounts to a Russian secession from the Viennese center of the Zionist movement.

In support of the motion one of the members present advances this argument: "A storm of indignation has swept through the ranks of our Russian brethren since they were told of so basic a departure from the Zionist program. We

were active for Zion long before Herzl began his movement. We shall do nothing and spend no penny for anything else. There is but one thing for us to do. Let us address an ultimatum to the executive in Vienna and likewise to Herzl personally. 'Hands off anything that is not Palestine. The ailing body of the Jewish people is not to be used as a guinea pig regardless of who wants to try it.' They have accused us in Vienna of fomenting insurrection. Let them put it that way. We cannot and shall not keep quiet. Let us go to Vienna and put things in order. Herzl and his personal megalomania must be stopped. Let him submit or else we shall wreck the tool he abuses to flatter his vanity."

The debate is brief and by no means stormy. When the vote is taken, there are seven ayes and two nays.

On January 23, 1904, Herzl is in Rome for an audience with King Victor Emmanuel III. Three days later he is to be received by the Pope. The memory of the Sixth Congress is a festering wound. The intervening months have been no rest, at best a period of recovery. Herzl expects no immediate and tangible results from his Roman visit. What he wishes to demonstrate is the fact that in Zionist terms there need be no opposition, here Jerusalem and here Rome. If the King of Italy and the Pope are willing, the slogan may be much rather, 'Jerusalem *and* Rome.'

As always on such occasions, Herzl has devoted a great deal of thought to all possible facets of the conversations. The concrete topic of his interview with King Victor Emmanuel

is to be again the Turkish question, the need for diplomatic pressure in Constantinople in regard to the Jewish colonization charter for Palestine.

The little King, in the uniform of a general, receives Herzl with unconcealed curiosity. He is obviously no friend of ceremonious formalities and welcomes his visitor with affable warmth like an old acquaintance. He takes the lion's share of the conversation and keeps its course skilfully at a safe distance from all the pregnant points at issue.

"You know, Dr. Herzl," the King remarks, "here in Italy we do not make a difference between Jew and Gentile. Our civil service, the army, and even the diplomatic careers are freely accessible to qualified Jews. Consider for instance our Parliament. Right now, eighteen of its seats are held by Jews."

Herzl tries once again to come to the point. "Indeed, indeed. And I assure you, we Zionists are greatly appreciative of this state of affairs. But other lands and other peoples are less humane, especially in the East. It is for the persecuted Jews in all parts that we strive to recover our historic homeland of Palestine."

But the King prefers his smoother generalities. "Palestine!" he exclaims. "I know the country well. There are many Jews there. Very many. It's just a question of time. Once you have a half million Jewish settlers there, the country will fall into your lap like a ripe apple."

"But it is no solution of our problem if Jewish newcomers in Palestine depend on the fickle benevolence of non-Jewish authorities. In the long run such a course would actually lead

to new and greater dangers for our persecuted brethren. What we need is the official and formal consent of the Sultan laid down in the form of a Jewish colonization charter."

Correctly though not too helpfully the King remarks: "And the only music which makes the Sultan dance is the sound of hard cash."

"Unless," Herzl goes on, "unless it be a chorus of foreign governments encircling him with diplomatic pressure. We have tried to raise the money needed to impress the Sultan and shall naturally continue our efforts in that direction. But as you know, the dilemma is simply that our wealthy Anglo-Jewish financiers are ready to put up the funds for any other colonization project, but not for Palestine. And we cannot rebuild Zion elsewhere.—Meanwhile we can only try to enlist the active interest of the rulers and governments of Europe and ask them to intervene with the Sultan on our behalf. That is what has brought me here. We do have in our possession a note from the Russian government in which Minister Pleve pledges his wholehearted collaboration with our endeavors. Our reports from Constantinople use the term 'perplexed' to describe the Sultan's reaction to the Russian attitude. Now that was only Russia. But what, I ask you, would be the Sultan's answer if the King of Italy, his next-door neighbor, were to come out with a similar endorsement of the Zionist aspirations?"

"Well," says the King, "that is a matter I shall have to take up with my Foreign Minister. Due democratic procedure, you know. At any rate, it would not be fair, Dr. Herzl, if I were to make you a promise which I cannot keep later on. I think much too highly of you.—But speaking of Zionism, my ancestors, you know, were not at all unfamiliar with the mes-

sianic movement among the Jewish people. Back in the Seventeenth Century, one of them actually corresponded with Sabbatai Zebi. But I suppose the religious factor is no longer essential in your movement."

"No, Your Majesty," Herzl agrees. "We have not come to foment discord by religious crusading. It is a national reawakening we witness and promote among our people. And that is the standpoint from which we ask for the return of our country."

"I am pleased to hear that," the King takes over again. "To my mind, there is nothing quite as unpleasant as a Jew who is ashamed of his people. Once in a while I have Jewish visitors who get quite nervous when the word 'Jew' is uttered. I do not like that. And just to spite them I talk to them about Jews and Jews and nothing but. It's really quite amusing . . . No, no. I much prefer the way my General Ottolenghi goes about it. He is a Jew one has to respect just because he makes no bones about being a Jew at all. He is quite religious too. The other day in Naples he was desperately trying to get the ten men together that are required for a prayer meeting, I understand. He could not, he just could not. I never laughed so much in my life."

It is very hard for Herzl to find a transition back to the topic he really wants to discuss. In the end he has to dispense with a transition. "Your Majesty," he says somewhat abruptly, "it would be a great thing for millions of Jews, and, I predict, a blessing for the whole civilized world, if you could decide to appeal to the Sultan in the interest of the Zionist movement. I cannot help feeling that the matter might also prove greatly to your advantage in terms of your Dodecanese aspirations. We all know that sooner or later Turkey will fall apart. In

that event your claims will be much stronger if a Jewish State exists mindful of its indebtedness to Italian help."

The King looks somewhat amazed finding himself of a sudden in the midst of a very delicate political conversation. But he extricates himself valiantly. "Surely," he says. "I quite agree with you. But it may take a very long time. The Sultan is not at the end of his tether, not yet. But I always say, a people like the Jews can wait. What are a hundred years in a history like yours? The Jews are strong and wise . . . Of course, a hundred years hence neither you nor I will be very much alive. But what can we do about it? . . ."

The Pope, Pius X, has reached the mature age of sixty-nine years (exactly twice that of King Victor Emmanuel). His ascension to the Apostolic See goes back by hardly a year, but if there were people who entertained any doubts on that count, it is already perfectly clear that his administration is not designed to deal leniently with "modernistic" trends within and without the Church.

The Pope's reputation lends substance to a seemingly minor problem with which Herzl must deal during his visit at the Vatican. Since the Thirteenth Century, a token of the Pope's position on earth has been the Fisherman's ring which every visitor—Christian or otherwise—is expected to kiss. Herzl's personal urbanity would not have seen an obstacle in this convention which, he held, the faith of the believer can fill with significance while the non-believer may well comply with it as a matter of courtesy and form. But he remembers

the ado that followed his audience with Pleve. And if it was held against him that he, the Zionist, went to see the Jew-baiter Pleve, who can foresee to what extent the scandal-mongers and even some hypersensitive well-wishers are going to exert their imagination if now the same Zionist stoops to kiss the symbol of the Pope's absolute sovereignty over the Spiritual life of all men?

The Pope is ready for the audience. Although Herzl has arrived ten minutes ahead of time he is admitted without delay. The Pope extends his hand to welcome his visitor. Herzl takes it but does not bend down and does not kiss it.

"Your Holiness," Herzl begins, "I thank you for the great honor you have shown me by granting me this audience."

The Pope observes that Herzl is wearing the ribbon of the Turkish Medjidie order and addresses him accordingly. "Commendatore," he says, "we are aware of the work you pursue and likewise of the fact that your visit is prompted by your desire to submit a request to the Church."

"Through me as their spokesman, the Jews of the Zionist movement request Your Holiness to issue an encyclical evincing a benevolent and favorable attitude on the part of the Church with respect to our cause and our aims. Our future state is fully prepared to guarantee and safeguard the exterritoriality of the localities within Palestine that are sacred to the Christian religion."

The Pope's reply is firm, almost severe. "We cannot," he says, "prevent Jewish travelers from visiting Jerusalem. But the soil of Jerusalem is consecrated through the life and passion of our Lord Jesus Christ who was persecuted by the forefathers

of those who now wish to return to desecrate the same soil by the establishment of a new state. As long as the Jews refuse to recognize our Lord, we cannot but refuse to recognize the Jews as a people."

"Your Holiness, I appeal to your Christian sense of human responsibility. This is no contest of a new political power with the old-established power of the Church of Rome. It is quite humbly a question of the innocent misery of millions of persecuted Jews. The responsibility of the world, the guilt of the world is a heavy burden. In a few years, in a few decades it will increase to unbearable dimensions. Is the Church with its sublime doctrine of love and redemption prepared to shoulder its share of that responsibility, of that guilt? We Jews want to return to our old home because we long for peace, for ourselves and for the rest of mankind. And peace we can find in the land of our fathers which was also the home of him whom you call the Prince of Peace and your Lord."

"Commendatore, the Zionist movement is a worldly movement and aspires to establish a new worldly state. The doctrine of our Lord is not compatible with your program. He came without power. He was poor and lived in misery. He persecuted no one. It was he who was persecuted. If the Zionists strive for peace, let me remind you that it was our Lord who not only preached peace but suffered the pain of death for it. It took his divine idea three hundred years to gain a strong foothold among men. And in those three hundred years the Jews would have had time to recognize his doctrine as a doctrine of peace. No, Commendatore, the return of the Jews to Palestine will not spell peace. If you are honest in your profession, go and build your Zion elsewhere. There are other parts of the globe where a state dedicated

to the cause of peace can thrive. Jerusalem and Palestine are the realm of Christian peace. We shall welcome the Jews who are ready to come to us, and our churches and priests—in Palestine and elsewhere—will be ready to administer to them the holy sacrament of baptism.—We cannot comply with your request. *Non possumus. Non possumus.*"

On his return trip to Vienna, Herzl feels strangely relieved, almost elated. The result—or more clearly: the failure—of his audiences with King Victor Emmanuel and Pope Pius X cannot disappoint him. He never expected anything else. The purpose of the journey to Rome has been attained. The atmosphere has been cleared, the positions clarified. As Herzl thinks of the Pope's reaction to his Medjidie ribbon, which his Italian friends had strongly urged him to wear, he could almost smile, but then the harsh rigor of those final words, *non possumus,* resounds in his ears, and the failure of his mission assumes the import of a solemn yet tragic triumph. *Non possumus.*

As the train approaches the Austrian capital, Herzl falls into a light sleep. He hears a voice repeating with the rhythm of the moving railroad carriage, *non possumus, non possumus* . . . It seems to be the voice of the Pope . . . But then he recognizes Ussishkin's voice which keeps repeating, *non possumus.*

Back in Vienna, at the Zionist headquarters, the representatives of various Jewish groups have assembled to reaffirm their faith in Theodor Herzl's leadership. Their spontaneous utterances impart to an informal gathering the character of a solemn manifestation of loyalty and allegiance.

Rabbi Berlin speaks in the name of the orthodox Mizrachim: "We have come here not only to thank you for the great work you have accomplished in arousing the masses of our Jewish brethren to take an active interest in the cause of Erez Israel, but also to tell you that we shall follow you wherever you may guide us, for we know that you will finally take us to Zion no matter how far afield the devious ways of the world may force you to chart our course. Your profound understanding coupled with the highest diplomatic skill has succeeded in dealing with the problems of a reawakening cultural consciousness within the ranks of the Jewish people in such a way that our sacred doctrine went unharmed at all times and in all places. We, the orthodox, know that you will never tolerate what might hurt our feelings which are conditioned by our faith in the letter of the sacred writings."

A representative of the workers in Palestine steps forward: "We condemn the attitude of all those who did not hesitate to drag our sacred cause through the mire of personal insinuations. We, the working men of Zion, who have cleared the land and tilled the soil and built the settlements in the sweat of our brows, we know as you do that our attainments remain insecure, that the prosperous development of our industries must needs be in doubt as long as we do not enjoy the sanction, recognition, and hence the protection of the major powers of the world. The day when all the oppressed and persecuted among our brethren are reunited in Zion will come. Sooner or later it will come. And you, Theodor Herzl,

must continue your efforts to obtain the charter which will enable us to live again as equals among equals."

The spokesman of a group of Zionist men and women from Central and Western Europe takes the floor: "Theodor Herzl, we have been your loyal followers from the day when you first called us. That was at a time when the majority of our Jewish brethren had become resigned to the notion that there was no solution of our problems except by way of complete assimilation. In the course of these seven years our group has grown from a few hundred to many thousands who have faith in you and the idea that guides all your actions. At the last congress we voted in favor of your motion that a commission be sent to Uganda to study the possibilities of Jewish colonization there. Many a one cast his vote with a heavy heart. But we could not desert you for we knew that your decision had cost you many a sleepless night."

The president of the united Jewish student organizations of Austria, Hungary, and the Balkans addresses Herzl in these words: "More than once you have called us your 'boys.' We have tried to be worthy of that name. Because of it our lives have become fuller and richer. We have come to express our gratitude to you, for you have awakened us. Before you came, we Jewish students were a wretched crowd of third and fourth-class also-rans pushed around and admitted on sufferance at best. You have taught us to remember our past, to know who we are. You have aroused in us the courage of the Maccabees, the courage to defend our honor and our people's honor with our blood and our lives. We are no longer afraid of being referred to with a sneer as 'Jewish fellows,' for we have learned to be proud of feeling ourselves as 'fellow-Jews.'

"At a time when a faction of the Zionist movement—guided by ill will or misled by false prophets—seems intent upon fomenting revolt against your tried leadership we feel the urge to renew our oath of allegiance in the name of all Jewish students of this and doubtless all coming generations. In everything we do, in all our future aspirations, you will be our glorious ideal. Your spirit will always guide us.

> We see the goal which thou hast marked before us.
> And if the struggle lasts through somber hours,
> We shall remember what thy call did for us
> And shall not waver till the day is ours."

Herzl is profoundly touched. Yet his is too sensitive a soul not to be keenly aware of the tragic fact that not so long ago no manifestation of loyalty to his person could have been accompanied by such overtones of sympathy, almost condolence. He arises and says simply: "My brothers and sisters, I thank you for this expression of confidence. It hurts to find that the sincerity of my intentions is not beyond doubt in the minds of some of our fellow-Zionists. It is not going to be easy to find here a basis for future collaboration. I thank you again. Let me repeat what I said in the early days of our movement. 'Till the end—my life, my every breath and every thought is yours.'—And for my boys, for you, the future banner-bearers of our idea, I wish to add this: You will live to see the realization of our dream on the soil of Palestine. You will tell your children and grandchildren of the golden age of Zionism when you and I were allowed to work together in harmony. Do not yield, come what may. Your work in the service of the Jewish people will prove to have been performed in the service of all humankind."

In April, 1904, there is a meeting of the plenary Action Committee. Some thirty members are present. The Russian group is led by Ussishkin.

Herzl presents his report by way of opening the meeting. In conclusion he touches upon his efforts in Rome: ". . . My audience with the Italian King bore out the impression we had that this monarch is warmly interested in our movement. My conversation with Pope Pius yielded no result because, I believe, we have not as yet succeeded in convincing the top hierarchy of the Church that the establishment of a Jewish State in Palestine would neither threaten nor curtail the Catholic privileges in Jerusalem. Some new contacts in the secretariat of the Cardinals may help us to bring about a wholesome change in this matter. The reports from the danger zone in Eastern Europe grow more and more threatening. We shall have to think of ways and means to avert an impending catastrophe. Very encouraging, on the other hand, are the reports of our growing numerical strength in all parts of the world, especially in the United States, as Stephen Wise, whom we have with us here today, will tell us in greater detail a little later on."

Throughout Herzl's report, Ussishkin has been preoccupied with his notes. He now takes the floor and sees no reason to refer in any way to Herzl's preceding remarks. He says: "In the name of an overwhelming majority of the Russian Zionists, in the name of seven of Russia's nine members of the Action Committee, and, I have reason to assume, in the name of a large portion of the Zionists throughout the other countries of Eastern Europe, I move that all further reports

and discussions be suspended until we have obtained from Dr. Herzl and hence from the executive Action Committee the unqualified assurance that henceforth the Action Committee will not feel free to take up matters concerned with anything but Palestine. That is all I wish to say at this time."

All eyes look at Herzl. His right hand is pressed against his heart. He removes it with abrupt suddenness as though he were both afraid and ashamed of its involuntary admission of weakness. Then he rises and says with a barely noticeable tremor in his voice: "The Kharkov ultimatum is a declaration of war. It caps the attempt to maneuver the leaders of our organization into an attitude of seeming opposition to its membership. Such machinations are unthinkable among men fighting professedly for a common idea. The Kharkov rebels have discredited our cause. While they deliberated on ways and means of strengthening their opposition to the Congress and my person, we have been at work and have redoubled our efforts in the service of our cause. You have dared to doubt the sincerity of my Zionist endeavors, you have dared to defile my name as a Jewish fighter. Do not blame me if I can no longer refrain from saying out loud what so far I have tried to bury and forget. Your ugly calumnies are unworthy of militant Zionists. What do you want from me? I know, I know. You want to keep *your* idea unadulterated and prevent me from interfering with it by what you call my anti-Zionist compromises. What is that idea of yours that is not mine as well? I came to you with my hard-won faith in a Jewish State and gave my all to the Zionist cause. In this city of Vienna I disregarded the rightful claims of family and friends to dedicate myself to what I held to be the higher call. Thus I faced and defied the world not heeding the fact that I had to begin alone, as a single individual. And now . . . You . . . You . . ."

The clash is bitter. And it is tragic. Hard words are flung back and forth. Herzl was right when he predicted that it would not be easy to find here a basis of peaceful collaboration. This violent outbreak, these painful charges and counterattacks begin to blur the essential fact that the question has ceased long since to be a simple matter of right and wrong. For who could here be recognized as an impartial judge? Who has a claim to superior wisdom of the kind that both Ussishkin and Herzl with their loyal followers could trust and have confidence in?

And if there were such a judge, would he not have to conclude that the motives on either side are basically irreproachable? Ussishkin's militant bluntness, his abhorrence of diplomatic maneuvers, his fanatical reliance on the principle that the straight course is the shortest and best, make of him a splendid Marshal Forward of Zionism. Would Herzl be prepared to impugn the bluntly stubborn devotion of his adversary to the future of the Jewish nation? And is it not true that Ussishkin's voice is that of his, Herzl's, own conscience which only the unbearable dread of Kishinev enabled him to silence?

One of the American representatives, Rabbi Stephen Wise, is among the few members of the Committee who have not allowed the heat of the argument to blind their vision of the ultimate ideal. When the storm has spent its violence, this Stephen Wise—youthful, energetic, refined, elastic, and doing full honor to the promise of his name—arises and says: "My brothers . . . I insist on calling you so, both you, Ussishkin, and you, Theodor Herzl. In the course of the past

months you have faced each other as hostile brothers . . . Hostile and yet brothers. For above and beyond all decisions and accusations, there is one single goal which holds you together, you and all the rest of us too. And that goal must bring back harmony to our group. However different the views may be in regard to the ways and means best suited to implement our strategy, we must fight together so that we may conquer together. We American Zionists are a conglomerate of Jews from all parts of the world and understand therefore the absolute necessity of peace and concord within the ranks of the Jewish revival. We must reaffirm our stand behind our Viennese leadership. Unless and until we are reunited in loyal adherence to our leader, Dr. Theodor Herzl, this session of our Committee cannot be adjourned. I move therefore that each one of us forget the heated and hence irresponsible accusations to which he has been subjected or which he has flung out himself. There must be no further personal attacks. The question of Uganda shall be tabled and brought up before the Seventh Congress. It may of course be freely discussed in all its aspects. But none of us has the right to doubt the sincerity and honest devotion of any of the others."

The ensuing silence contrasts strangely with the foregoing tumultuous excitement. The Russians are the first to bring themselves to their bearings in this utterly transformed situation. They exchange a few whispered remarks; then Ussishkin rises and states briefly: "We have no reason to ask for more. We accept."

Now it is Herzl's turn. Again his hand clutches his heart, but this time he makes no effort to conceal his pain. Gathering all his strength he gets up and leaning heavily on the back of a

chair he says, unable to control the tremor in his voice: "For the sake of reconciliation and peace, I submit."

The 'hostile brothers' shake hands. Herzl has to sit down and recline.

Despite the physician's warnings, Herzl continues to work with feverish concentration. The condition of his heart grows steadily worse. Finally he agrees to a sojourn at Franzensbad. During these days he enjoys for the first time an exchange of cordial letters with his wife. The cure at Franzensbad brings no relief. The physicians decide to take the patient to Edlach in the Semmering Alps. The attacks grow more and more frequent. His condition is critical.

On July 1, 1904, his mother arrives. She is allowed to see him for a few moments. While she is holding his hand, Herzl opens his eyes and says: "You look well, mother. I am glad." —Then, forcing himself to smile: "Not I, though. But that will change soon."

On July 3, Herzl's wife and his three children are at his bedside. "O Juliane," he says. "Let me take your hand. Forgive me. I know you have not been happy and it has been my fault. I could not do otherwise. Forgive me."

He turns his head anxiously looking for something. His wife senses that he wants to see the children. She motions to them to come closer. As Herzl sees them he smiles and says: "O

my dear children. Pauli, Trudl, and you my boy, Hans. Now you will soon be thirteen, and by our Jewish laws you will have to answer for yourself. Be a good boy, and think of your father . . . always." Then he sinks back.

Once again he opens his eyes . . . What is it he sees far, far away . . . far in the future and the past? A vision of Zion?—Prospering colonies, a healthy and happy people . . . the Sultan, Ussishkin, Lord Rothschild, the Pope, Pleve, Masaryk, Chaim Weizmann, King Victor Emmanuel, Chamberlain. . . . Paris, London, Basel, Constantinople, Rome, Vilna?—No one will ever know.—And his voice, barely audible, utters the words, "Bury me in the soil of Zion . . . my Zion."

The end has come. It is Sunday, July 3, 1904; Tammuz 20, 5664.

III

THE MESSAGE

If you will it, it will be no fairy tale.

HERZL, *Old New Land*

Farewell, o Prince, farewell o sorely-tried.
You dreamed a dream and you have paid the cost:
To save a people leaders must be lost,
By friends and foes alike be crucified.

Yet 'tis your body only that has died.
The noblest soul in Judah is not dust
But fire that works in every vein—and must
Re-shape our life, re-kindling Israel's pride.

So we behold the captain of our strife:
Triumphant in this moment of eclipse;
Death has but fixed him in immortal life,
His flag upheld, the trumpet at his lips.

And while we, weeping, rend our garments' hem,
'Next year,' we cry, 'next year Jerusalem!'

In these lines, Israel Zangwill, the British poet and novelist, one of Herzl's best friends and most loyal brothers-in-arms, tried to express his sorrow when the news of the great Zionist leader's death reached him a day later, on July 4, 1904.

There was great mourning and sadness in the smallest hut and the greatest palace, in all countries, wherever Jews were

living. Also among those who had not or had not yet accepted him as their leader. In Western and Eastern Europe, throughout the vast realm of the Russian Czars, in Africa, in England and the British Dominions, and everywhere in America. A cruel fate had robbed the Jews of their hope, their pride, their Messiah, had robbed them and many non-Jews too of a shining model of human greatness.

Weep, my people, weep.—Never since the Fall of the Temple had such lament been justified. Ten thousand mourners followed the simple coffin in which the mortal remains of Herzl were taken to his resting place. . . . They had come from far and wide: Zionists and non-Zionists, caftaned Jews and emancipated assimilees, from the East and from the West . . . ; diplomats, official delegations; and ministers of all creeds and confessions. Hundreds of thousands lined the streets to the cemetery where the coffin—covered with the banner of Zion and the old Torah, the gift of the Jews of Vilna—was lowered into the earth. Never before had Vienna witnessed such a funeral procession in honor of a man who had borne neither crown nor other insignia of power. But the people in the streets whispered to each other: 'They are burying the King of the Jews.'

At the grave—such had been Herzl's request—there were no addresses. As Hans, the son of the deceased, spoke the Hebrew Kaddish with his thin little voice, there were few among those present who succeeded in holding back their tears.

The same mass of mourners—ten thousand or more—assembled again the following Sunday in Vienna's largest hall to hear the great man's closest collaborators pay him their last respects. They had come from all parts of Europe and spoke

in many tongues as though they meant to symbolize the dispersion of the Jewish people whom Herzl had gathered again around a central faith. Schemarja Levin and Nahum Sokolow spoke Hebrew and Yiddish; Klee spoke German, Pasteur-Marmorek French, Stand Polish, Major Cohen English; and Ussishkin Russian . . . Ussishkin, the bitter opponent, who yet had done more than anyone else to demonstrate the real scope of the Zionist problem, thus forcing Herzl to grow to a commensurate stature, and who—in his blunt fairness—could never cease to acknowledge the leader's achievements.

Then came the delegates of workers' and students' organizations. The latter reiterated their oath of allegiance to the memory of him who had always liked to call them affectionately 'his boys.'

"He has led us back to his, to our people. That we no longer court the favor of those who despise us, we owe it to him; that we no longer bend our heads in abject cowardice but know how to defend ourselves and our honor, we owe it to him; that we no longer fear the insult, 'Jewish fellow,' since we have turned it into the proud awareness of belonging together as 'fellow-Jews,' we owe it to him."

And so a spirit of confidence and hope emerged from the mournful occasion. It was the spirit of Herzl attesting its power over the present and future of the world-wide movement he had inspired. In Zangwill's beautiful words, "It was his body only that had died." His soul lived on and proved its strength like "fire that worked in every vein."

If the pledge of the students roused the mood of sadness pervading the congregation to something only to be described as a great wave of solemn enthusiasm, the reason for

so amazing a transmutation could only be that everyone present was profoundly aware that the great deceased had not abandoned his life to death but had given it to the cause of life. His sacrifice would tolerate no wailing and discouraged lamentation. From it his followers could but derive a new and stronger obligation to stand united and determined in the common struggle.

The height of Herzl's life had been attained when the Jews of Vilna hailed him, the Westerner entering their city from the East, as a messiah whom God had sent to reaffirm the unity of all the dispersed groups of His people. And it was no accident that it was a Jew from the East and further, that it was Ussishkin, the man who had been the most relentless opponent of Herzl's throughout his last years, it was no accident but a great symbolic demonstration that it was the Russian Jew Ussishkin who found the words which summed up Herzl's achievement and the duty implied in his heritage.

"He has given us unity and courage. He was the first to reunite East and West of the Jewish world. He set the model we must emulate. Let us be and remain united. Let us preserve our national courage."

The divergence, not to say contrast, of East and West in the Jewish world, which played so great and tragic a part in Herzl's life and work and death, had developed in the course of the preceding one hundred or perhaps one hundred and fifty years. In the decades immediately before the appearance of the great founder of modern Zionism it had become

so accentuated that a tenuous link of common customs—increasingly weakened by extreme differentiation of faith and creed—was all that remained to attest to the original homogeneity of the Jewish race.

The Jews themselves seemed about to give the lie to what had been and still was the one aspect of their turbulent history which friend and foe alike admired as a symptom of their perennial strength, a token of God's trust in the ultimate valor of His chosen people. They seemed about to give the lie to the fact or the myth of their distinct rôle as one people which human might was equal to disperse but never to break up.

This surely is not the place to attempt a survey of the history of the Jewish people, but a few brief reminders of what had been its major phases would seem to be indispensable for a full appreciation of the threatening East-West dichotomy which Herzl's toil did so much to avert.

The founder of the Hebrew race, the progenitor of the chosen people, is Abraham, the first of the great Biblical patriarchs, equally revered by Jews, Christians, and Mohammedans. His name is taken to mean "father of multitudes." With his tribe of herdsmen and their cattle he came to Mesopotamia, the river plain between the Tigris and the Euphrates, where Adam together with Eve his wife were sent forth from the garden of Eden because they had eaten of the fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil, and where the most varied tribes and races had intermingled in the first great 'melt-

ing pot' of human history. But when Abraham and his people wished to stay and settle there for the sake of peace and quiet, a host of armed men forced him to move on, away from the plains of the Euphrates. As he journeyed west he regretted the land he had to leave behind, and he did not know that it was all to the good. For the road ahead molded the character of his people and their descendants. It made of them, as the poet Goethe has phrased it, "for all times a great nation that kept its identity in all the vicissitudes of its fortune and despite all changes of its environment." In the course of his wanderings, Abraham and his shepherds reached the Jordan and settled in Palestine, "the physical center of those movements of history from which the world has grown." This fertile region was not uninhabited, but in the valleys and on the hills there were free pastures enough for all. But Abraham defended the land against warlike tribes, and the inhabitants made him their king so that he and his tribe came to be recognized as the rightful masters of the region from Dan to Beersheba.

Abraham, his son Isaac, and his grandson Jacob (who bore also the name of Israel, that is, "the Lord strives" or "the Lord rules") are the three patriarchs, the founders and augmenters of their people. They lived and died in the land which the eldest among them had rightfully acquired and were buried in their own soil. In Jacob's courting of Rachel, in his married partnership with her, we see—again in Goethe's words—the first chapters of the story of a glorious fulfillment of God's promise that Abraham's progeny should be as numerous as "the stars in the sky" and "the sand on the sea shore" and that He, God, would love and guide—and try them as His very own, His chosen people.

The Bible goes on to relate how this people in the course of its changing fortunes reached the Nile. There they were re-

ceived at first with respect. But then they were forced into labor camps. They had to build roads for the Pharaohs and helped to raise the Egyptian pyramids, the first of the great man-made wonders of the world. Until Moses, the Jewish foundling, went out into the desert in search of the secret of the patriarch's strength. And he found the answer to his quest in their virtues of humility and simplicity. Upon his return he killed an Egyptian whom he had "spied smiting an Hebrew, one of his brethren," and he demanded from the Pharaoh a free withdrawal for his people and himself.

The road back through the desert was long and arduous. It took the people into the last depths of corruption; they worshipped before the altar of the molten calf which they had fashioned from the golden rings in the ears of their wives; they offered burnt offerings to it and sat down to eat and to drink, and they rose up to play. But the road was also a supreme test from which they emerged chastened and purified. For Moses gave them, in the name of the One God with whom he communed in the solitude of Mount Sinai, the Ten Commandments which are the wisest and ethically most elevated law and were destined to become "the torch that illuminated the world."

They returned to the land of their fathers which was Palestine. The Lord let Moses see it from the top of a mountain, but He said to him: "This is the land which I swore unto Abraham, unto Isaac, and unto Jacob, saying, I will give it unto thy seed: I have caused thee to see it with thine eyes, but thou shalt not go over thither." And Moses died at the gates of the promised land.

But his people entered. They remembered the word which Moses the servant of the Lord had commanded them, saying,

"The Lord your God hath given you rest, and hath given you this land." They worked on the land and made it rich and fertile and famed for its fruits and delights far beyond its borders. They profited by the rest which the Lord had granted them. Their kings were wise and their poets immortal. The *Song of Solomon,* as Goethe asserted, is the subtlest and most inimitable expression of passion and tender love to be found in the literature of any people. The *Book of Ruth* with its laudable purpose to provide a king of Israel with a respectable and yet interesting line of ancestors turned out to be the most lovely and charming little epic or idyl that has come down to us. The "stronghold of Zion" was built, the sacred city of peace Yerushalayim; the Psalms were sung and written down for us to admire and enjoy; the prophets raised their warning voices inspired by the noblest ideals of ethical humaneness; the Lord's promise had come true.

The last chapter of the first book of Jewish history was written when the heroic Maccabees delivered the land and the people from the bloody persecutions of the Syrian king Antiochus Epiphanes and established a dynasty of priest-kings which lasted for more than a century until the great power of Rome intervened and touched off the series of events that led ultimately to the dispersion of the Jewish people to the far corners of the world.

In the year 132 of the Christian calendar, the Roman emperor Hadrian was instrumental in bringing the transitional period of unstable Jewish-Roman relations to a dramatic end. There had been periods of comparative calm and collabora-

tion which alternated with others marked by friction and armed albeit sporadic revolts. Hadrian proscribed Judaism outright. For three years the Jews of Palestine waged a desperate and heroic struggle against great odds. Then they succumbed. Jerusalem fell and was henceforth prohibited to the Jews. They were homeless.

Thus began the great Odyssey of a people that could neither be proud in its gratitude for friendship and hospitality nor bold in its resistance against persecution, for both such pride and such boldness presuppose that there be a "country back home" prepared to reciprocate or to retaliate. And for the Jews there was no "back home."

As a matter of fact the Diaspora had begun long before the destruction of Jerusalem. Jewish merchants and traders had traveled far and wide in keeping with the privileges they enjoyed as citizens of the Roman realm. They had settled in distant provinces, and their numbers were swelled by countless prisoners whom the Romans had made in their protracted guerrilla warfare in Palestine and whom they distributed freely as slaves—as was their wont—all over the Empire.

By the time of the decline of Rome, Jews were present in all the larger cities of Europe. The constitution of Caracalla (of the year 212) actually had assigned to them a privileged position in comparison with that of other minority religions. Their presence facilitated the subsequent spread of Christianity to a considerable extent. Just as the New Testament may be termed a continuation and missionary expansion of the Old, so Christian apostles, in their effort to preach the Gospel of the Church in heathen lands, could profit greatly from the fact that the non-proselytizing Syna-

gogue with its related ethical principles had blazed out the way.

As the Roman empire and the products of its disintegration were completely christianized, the Jewish people entered upon a new phase of their varied history. The Papacy, it is true, established and adhered to a tradition of alternately figuring as the protector of the Jews and as an agency duty-bound by God to curtail their "infamous pride." It is worthy of note that Rome is the only city in the Western world where a Jewish community has survived intact from the earliest times to our days. Discrimination and oppression directed against the Jewish people was predominantly the responsibility of the secular powers. It began in the Byzantine empire and spread quickly all over Europe where the principle of Jewish inferiority came more and more to be generally accepted and enacted by law.

Neither the tragedy nor the distinctive grandeur of the Jewish destiny should be sought in the fact that they were cast out from their home in Palestine and forced to seek refuge in all parts of the world. The same fate was suffered by numerous tribes and peoples both during the formative and the declining centuries of the Roman Empire. When Goethe said, referring to the Jewish people, "it was, it is, and it will be so that the name of Jehovah may be glorified," he summarized in one succinct phrase the miracle of this people whose religion gave it permanence and who remained a people for the sake of the permanence of its religion.

The Jewish greatness as well as the cause of all Jewish suffering is simply that the Jews remained Jews. In the Diaspora their refusal to submit to assimilation made it difficult for them to settle as agriculturalists in keeping with the early

tradition of their race. Their allegiance to the faith of their fathers excluded them from the feudal system. Wherever they were they remained strangers enjoying the charitable hospitality of their hosts or suffering the contempt of their masters.

The story of how the medieval Jews, excluded from the guilds, forbidden to hold fiefs or land of their own, came to concentrate their efforts in the sphere of commerce and finance, a development which was further promoted by canonical rulings which made "usury" an offense for every Christian, this story has often been told. Its most important implication is obviously that the Jews were assured at least a modicum of safety and protection as long as their function in the social apparatus was both indispensable and not transferrable. From the Twelfth and Thirteenth Centuries on this state of affairs underwent an essential change. The financial activities of the Lombards undermined the last stronghold of the Jews and drove them into the meaner and unrespected calling of pawnbroking. At about the same time the Lateran councils (1179-1215) renewed and strengthened the Christian rules and regulations against the infidels, a term which naturally was almost synonymous with Jewish except for the Mohammedans in restricted Southern areas whom it was likewise designed to cover. The Jews were to be distinguished by a special badge. The faithful were forbidden to dwell among them. In a word, the stage was set for persecution and pogrom, the ghetto system and all the other ghastly features through which the Jewish history of the following centuries was turned into a mass crucifixion.

The last country of Western Europe to be settled by the Jews was England. It was also the first to expel them. They had come in the wake of the Norman conquest. They were

exiled by Edward I in 1290. The Jewish communities in France suffered the same fate less than twenty years later.

The Jews of the Iberian peninsula had had a somewhat distinct history. Due in part to the existence of a citadel of Moorish culture in the South of Christian Spain, the Jewish population was not completely excluded from the crafts and agriculture as was the case in the rest of Europe. As a result, the Jews of Spain felt less like strangers and more inclined to acquire the right to stay in what they had come to regard as their real home by paying at least lip service to the Christian creed. After the fall of Granada in 1492, when the Christian rulers of Spain were finally relieved of the threat of a Moorish power on their Southern borders, the Inquisition began to take up the problem of the Jewish pseudo-converts, the so-called Marranos, and Ferdinand and Isabella issued the edict of expulsion which started the mass migration of Jewish Spaniards (for that is what they were rather than Spanish Jews) to the Northern countries of France, Holland, England (whose earlier Jewish settlements had been exiled some two hundred years before), and especially to Turkey and other Muslim countries of the Eastern Mediterranean.

It is one of the ironies of history that throughout all these centuries—as well during the earlier period which we may refer to as that of the Anglo-French expulsion of the Jews as also later on when the Iberian countries expelled their Jewish population—there was but one major country in Europe from which the Jews were never barred by summary government action, and that country was Germany. This meant indeed that the Jews that were exiled from the countries farther to the West sought and found refuge on German soil.

But it did not mean that Germany was necessarily something less than hell for them.

This paradox is explained by the peculiar political conditions prevailing in Germany. Here there was no central authority that would either have cared or been strong enough to enforce a general anti-Jewish decree. So the matter rested in the hands of regional authorities, the princes, free cities, or even the members of the lesser nobility with purely local powers of jurisdiction, with the result that the fate of local Jewish groups, their privileged safety in some instances as well as their ruthless extermination in others, depended on the highminded humaneness or narrow fanaticism of individuals whose attitude, of course, was not inheritable and could be completely reversed in either direction by their successors in office.

Germany became the classical land both of Jewish martyrdom and of Jewish emancipation, and both—it is important to note—sporadically and unreliably. The Jewish exodus from Germany was both a desperate flight—partly across the Alps into Italy but mainly toward the East into Poland —and a movement which never affected the country as a whole. The eastward movement was encouraged by such wise and far-seeing princes as Casimir the Great of Poland (1333-1370). In their new environment these masses of Jewish refugees met and mingled with groups of earlier settlers of their race, but they were numerically so much stronger that they could impose upon them their German vernacular, the basis of what is today known as the Yiddish language. In the course of the ensuing centuries the Slavonic environment affected the speech of the Jewish communities in all the Eastern countries, but in so far as its basis was a German dialect, it did not undergo the changes which became charac-

teristic of the German language in Germany, the language of the Germans and hence of those Jews whose ancestors had remained in German lands.

As the language of the major Jewish groups in the East and West (or center) of Europe came to be more and more differentiated, so also an ever more striking difference, not to say contrast, between the people themselves arose in slow but steady evolution. At its climax—if we may revert to a phrasing used once before—it was so marked that a tenuous link of common customs—increasingly weakened by diverging conceptions of faith and creed—was all that remained to attest to the original homogeneity of the Jewish race.

If the question were raised as to whether it was the East or the West that moved away most radically from the originally common norm, the answer would clearly have to be, "the West." This is due to the fact that the conditions under which the Jews in Eastern Europe were forced to live remained comparatively stable. In the West they underwent incisive changes.

Little by little, especially from the middle of the Eighteenth Century on forward, the Jews of Central and Western Europe were allowed and invited—or even expected—to participate in the cultural life of the countries in which they lived. At first as it were on the receiving end as learners and apprentices, but before long as teachers and masters as well. From among their ranks individuals and whole families emerged who not only proved themselves capable of making

rich contributions to the religious and communal life of their Jewish brethren but who also distinguished themselves through promoting the economic well-being or the scientific and cultural life of the peoples with whom they resided.

Essentially this emancipation of the Jews in Central and Western Europe must be regarded as a fruit of eighteenth-century rationalism and enlightenment. Its first important legal precipitates are the *Code Napoléon*, a direct result of the French Revolution, and—roughly a quarter of a century before—the "Edict of Tolerance" promulgated by Emperor Joseph II in 1781.

Joseph's enlightened policies were not continued by his successors, but his edict remains a milestone in the history of Jewish emancipation. In accordance with its terms, Jews were permitted to learn handicrafts, arts and sciences, and to devote themselves to agriculture. They were admitted to the universities and academies. Various special imposts that had been levied from the Jews were abolished. Jewish wholesale merchants, notables, and their sons were allowed to wear swords. In a special ordinance the emperor enjoined that the Jews were everywhere considered fellow-men, and all excesses against them were to be avoided.

More important, however, than all the laws in the world is the attitude of the people who are expected to abide by them. Emperor Joseph's "Edict of Tolerance" has jocularly been referred to as the Jews' ticket of admission to European society. When it was partially revoked, the emancipation of the Jews progressed anyway as long as the spirit of humaneness and humanity from which it had sprung lived on in the hearts, not only on the lips, of men.

The most mature expression of modern humanism is doubtless Goethe's drama, *Iphigenia on Tauris.* It preceded Emperor Joseph's Edict by two years and likewise the important though rarely quoted study by Christian Wilhelm Dohm on *The Civic Improvement of the Jews.* Much more significant, however, is the fact that the date of Goethe's *Iphigenia* coincides with that of Lessing's dramatized song of songs of tolerance, *Nathan the Wise.* It is quite true that Lessing owed the immediate impulse to write this play to his personal friendship with the Jewish philosopher Moses Mendelssohn whom he had first met as a partner at chess. But how far it reflected the spirit of the age can best be appreciated if we observe that none of Lessing's great contemporaries showed the slightest interest in criticizing its obvious literary foibles. Instead the churchman, poet, and humanist Johann Gottfried Herder, for instance, summed up his reaction in the words addressed to the author of *Nathan the Wise,* "You have indeed performed a manly deed." And Goethe greeted the first performance of Lessing's play with a sort of proclamation to the German people in which he expressed his ardent desire, "May the spirit of humanity find its home among you."

Moses Mendelssohn, the prototype of Lessing's Nathan, died in 1786, mourned by all as the "German Socrates." In a sense he was the father of a distinguished line of German-Jewish students of Judaism who welded his heritage into a strong buttress of modern Jewish thought. On the other hand, his tolerant pragmatism in matters of creed and dogma served first to promote the conception that there can be no absolutely true religion and hence to strengthen the trend toward complete assimilation which induced his own grandchildren (among them the famous musician, Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy) as well as Heine, Börne, and many others to embrace Christianity.

Moses Mendelssohn's daughter Henriette, generally known under her married name as Henriette Herz, was one of those Jewish women whose salons dominated the literary and intellectual life of Berlin throughout the romantic period. They studied and admired the works of Schiller, Goethe, and Kant. They were great lovers of music, intelligent critics of the theater, and proudly professed their faith in the greatness of German culture.

Their faith was a faith in German and hence European and hence universal humanism. It was a faith in those principles of universal form and individual freedom which had aroused and was to continue to arouse the enthusiasm of the greatest minds of the civilized world distinguishing them in a sense as the tragic heralds and prophets of a world-wide brotherhood of men.

We have tried to identify this faith and these principles by referring to names like Kant, Goethe, Lessing, Herder, Beethoven; like Montesquieu, Diderot, Voltaire, Rousseau; like Pushkin, Tolstoi, Dostoevski; like Bacon and Spencer; or finally like Penn, Franklin, and Emerson.

From the beginning of the Nineteenth Century on, the history of the humanist tradition—and also the history of its decay—cannot be written without constant reference to Jewish names. The Jews of Western and Central Europe were now, finally, in the main stream of things. The story of their contributions in the arts, the sciences, in literature, economics, in history and philosophy has been told by others. Here it would turn of necessity into a bare list of hundreds of names. No one has doubted the disproportionate share they took in the cultural life of the world they lived in. They represented, for instance, roughly one per cent of the Ger-

man population while among the names of German citizens who were honored by the Nobel Prize, fifteen per cent were Jewish names.

Yet, however great the Jewish contribution may have been, it did not suffice to arrest the progressive deterioration of the humanist ideals which experienced—as we have shown —their great and specifically Jewish rebirth in the life, the work, and the destiny of Theodor Herzl.

The Jews of the West and Center of Europe had paid for the privilege of being accepted as full partners in the further growth *and the decline* of the great Western tradition by a weakening of their national consciousness. It is characteristic that in the formulation of the Zionist program the phrase, "for the Jewish people," was not generally approved, that many Jews—and among them good Zionists too—preferred the weaker compromise, "for those Jews who cannot or do not wish to accept assimilation."

As a matter of fact, the cultural "despondency" of which Henry Adams wrote in 1894, "the pessimism of Paris, Berlin, and St. Petersburg," was not generally appreciated by the Jewish intellectuals of Europe in its true and dreadful implications for their own future. They were inclined to regard any tendency to revive by law or otherwise the time-honored practices of anti-Jewish discrimination as mere vestiges of a bygone era of unenlightened bigotry. Where we might judge in retrospect that the signs of the times were unmistakable—where Jews remained or were again excluded from the

higher ranks in civil service, the army, and the university careers—they were supported in their inveterate optimism by the perennial heritage of their race: an indomitable will to live, an exuberant delight in productive work, and—even though many of them had discarded the religious dogma of their fathers—a mystic trust in the ultimate mission of their race. Neither the ominous Dreyfus affair nor the popularity of Spengler's and Spengler-like historiographical constructions or finally the brutality of symptoms like the murder of Rathenau succeeded in disrupting their congenital reliance on the fundamental goodness of man and the final glory of the future.

In this situation we see one of the reasons which prevented so many Jews in Western Europe from taking an active interest in the work of Theodor Herzl and in Zionism in general. It explains for instance why the Anglo-Jewish financiers whom Herzl endeavored to arouse to practical participation in his plans refused to support anything transcending a colonization program designed to resettle oppressed and needy Jews within the existing colonial and political pattern.

Among the Jewish luminaries of European science, Albert Einstein would have had all the excuses in the world if he had allowed his inborn Jewish optimism to cause him to assume an attitude of laissez-faire disinterestedness in regard to practical politics, Jewish or otherwise.

He had begun his career as a humble examiner of patents at the patent office at Berne, Switzerland. The importance

of his first papers on physical subjects brought him an appointment as extraordinary professor of theoretical physics at the University of Zurich. He held a similar position at the University of Prague. He was elected a member of the Royal Prussian Academy of Sciences; for him the position of director of the Kaiser-Wilhelm Physical Institute was created at Berlin; a stipend was given to him sufficient to enable him to devote all his time to research without any restrictions or routine duties; and all this marked only the beginning of the most astounding career of any twentieth-century scientist.

And yet, this man was not among those who either disregarded or misinterpreted the ominous signs in the Jewish sky. In his personal development he did find his way to the ideals of neo-Jewish nationalism and hence the Zionism of Theodor Herzl.

In 1921, Albert Einstein, celebrated throughout the world as one of the greatest scientists of all time, undertook a journey to the United States to enlist the support of the American Jews for the foundation of a Hebrew University at Jerusalem as a sanctuary of the Jewish genius.

What made this memorable journey still more memorable was the fact that Einstein undertook it as the friend and companion of Dr. Chaim Weizmann. The Jew from the West and the Jew from the East . . . On American soil the distinction had lost its tragic significance. Symbolically the two men worked together for a common Jewish cause.

The spirit of enlightenment and rationalism, which bore in Europe the movement of Jewish emancipation as one of its

proud(;t fruits, may well be considered the moving power in the secession and reorganization as an independent republic of most of the British colonies on the North American continent.

In the year ot the French Revolution an American playwright praised his country as "a resting spot for man, if he can stand firm in his place, while Europe howls around him . . . One land on earth, free from the extremes of poverty and riches; where never a scepter'd tyrant should be known, or tyrant lordling, curses of creation."

The question here is not how far the American realities could and did depart from the ideal. What matters is rather that it remained the ideal, at least the professed ideal, of the central power in the New World. The Statue of Liberty, a gift of France to the American people, has been since its erection in 1886 a shining symbol of the perennial vitality of America's faith in freedom and humanity. As Emma Lazarus, the American-Jewish poetess, sang in somewhat awkward but certainly honest strains:

> Give me your tired, your poor,
> Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,
> The wretched refuse of your teeming shore.
> Send those, the homeless, tempest-tost to me,
> I lift my lamp beside the golden door.

The earliest Jewish settlers in North America are found in the first half of the Seventeenth Century. In the War of Independence they took a prominent part on both sides. So they did in the Civil War where 7,038 have been counted in the two armies.

Throughout the first half of the Nineteenth Century they came in comparatively small groups, especially from Germany, Bohemia, Moravia, but also from Galicia and Poland. By the middle of the century there were about twenty-five thousand of them enjoying the privilege of absolute emancipation implied for them in the American constitution.

As early as 1843, the Jews of New York, under the leadership of Henry Jones and eleven other far-sighted men, founded the fraternal organization of the "Sons of the Covenant," better known under its Hebrew name of "B'nai B'rith." From the start its program was world-wide and all-embracing. Its stated object is the promotion of a high level of morality among Jews based on standards of charity and brotherly love without reference to questions of dogma and ceremonial tradition. Political and religious discussions were outlawed from the beginning. In course of time hundreds of B'nai B'rith lodges with thousands and tens of thousands of members sprang up all over the United States and also throughout the rest of the civilized world.

If the first wave of Jewish immigration into the United States was predominantly Western and German, the ranks of American Jewry were swelled to unforeseen and unforeseeable strength by the influx of refugees from the East, especially during the last quarter of the Nineteenth Century.

Actually, the eastward movement of the European Jews—first from England and France into the countries of the Empire, in a later period from the Iberian peninsula to France, England, Holland, Greece, and Turkey, and all the while from Germany to Poland—began to be superseded by a second westerly movement from the time of the dreadful Chmielnicki massacres of 1648 and 1649. It began sporadi-

cally. With the absorption of most of Eastern Poland by Russia things took a turn for the worse. In 1791 the ignominious "pale of settlement," a sort of super-ghetto, was instituted. In the eighties of the Nineteenth Century the flight from Russia had turned into a frantic mass movement. The laws of 1892, far from easing the lot of the Russian Jews, denied them free movement and excluded them from the general rights of citizens. A fierce pogrom occurred in 1882 in Nijni-Novgorod. It was followed by a series of others elsewhere in Russia. The one in Kishinev in 1903 owes its notoriety less to its fierceness—that it shared with most of the others—than to the part it played in the life story of Theodor Herzl.

The Jewish exodus from Russia did not, in the main, come to a halt in either Central or Western Europe. Its goal was America, the land of the free, and Eastern European Jews continued to emigrate to the United States until there too, though for different reasons—they found the doors all but barred and bolted.

They brought with them their century-old tradition. They were firm in their faith, strong in their loyalty to their people and its customs. Through them Jewish learning, Hebrew and Yiddish literature and journalism received a new impulse in the United States. The ghetto from which most of them had never before been released, beyond whose confines only the lucky few had found their way to the fonts of general learning, the ghetto with its bloody memories, in which—as Nietzsche put it—they had lived "despised but never despicable lives," had not been able to crush them, but from it they emerged tougher, more resistant, steeled and healthy in body, mind, and soul.

The Eastern Jewish immigrants in the United States were hard workers. They labored in industry, agriculture, com-

merce . . . They raised their children in the faith of their fathers and let them enjoy the fullest possible use of all the available educational facilities the like of which had been denied to most of them in their own youth. And the children proved their mettle. They, the descendants from East European ghetto Jews, grew up as free men and women who stood, finally, in the main stream of things. The story of their contributions in the arts, the sciences, in literature, economics, in history and philosophy is an integral part of the history of contemporary American civilization. Here it would of necessity turn into a bare list of hundreds of names.

But whatever their achievements, they did not forget the misery their fathers had had to endure. It was embedded for them in the form of valid poetry by Morris Rosenfeld, the Russian-born Jew, who had come to New York in 1886 at the age of twenty-four to eke out a living as a tailor and to write of the miseries of the poor and oppressed in verse a collection of which was translated into English under the title of *Songs from the Ghetto.*

They did not forget the ghetto. They remembered it when the next wave of European Jewish refugees—those whom the hell of Oswiecim had failed to suck in—arrived in the United States. They received them prepared to help wherever help was needed. The difference of East and West was forgotten. Hitler had not respected it either.

The westward trend which characterized the—God willing—last phase of the Jewish Odyssee before its ultimate return

to the *Old New Land* of Palestine, to the *Jewish State* of Israel, was not without its effects upon the Zionist Organization itself.

Herzl had already toyed with the idea of moving the Zionist headquarters from Vienna to London, the nerve center of the British colonial empire, which had not accidentally become likewise the home of the most important Anglo-Jewish financial interests. After Herzl's death the leadership of Zionism passed into the hands of his tried collaborator, David Wolffsohn, a banker of Cologne, but in practical terms the fulcrum of the movement must henceforth be sought in the realm of Anglo-Saxon Jewry, that is, in Britain and still more the United States.

The Seventh Congress of 1905 abandoned officially the Uganda project, but it must be noted that Israel Zangwill organized the dissenting Jewish Territorial Organization which continued to explore the possibilities of Chamberlain's offer. Wolffsohn's pursuit of Herzl's plan to "create for the Jewish people—as the official Zionist program worded it—a home in Palestine secured by public law" through renewed negotiations with the Turkish government came to nought with the revolution in 1908 and 1909 of the Young Turks whose Ottoman nationalism or even Pan-Islamism could not favor the bestowal of special privileges on a non-Islamic minority.

The practical work of the Zionists continued throughout this entire period. By 1914 there were some 90,000 Jews in Palestine and almost half of them were first-generation immigrants. Beyond this, on the other hand, Zionism remained restricted in the main—at least for the time being—to auxiliary efforts concerned with the revival of a Hebrew culture

in Palestine. The Eleventh Congress of 1913 resolved that steps be taken to establish a Hebrew University in Jerusalem. The idea was not new. It had first been put forward by Dr. Schapira in 1882, it had been an essential part of Herzl's plan; but although the Congress of 1913 set up an authorized committee which purchased a suitable site on Mount Scopus in 1914, another four years went by until the cornerstone could finally be laid in July, 1918, by Dr. Chaim Weizmann. The university was formally and solemnly opened by Earl Balfour on April 1, 1925.

The first World War disrupted all direct communications of the Western Zionists with Palestine which lay—as did the rest of the Turkish realm—within the orbit of the Central Powers. But the War did not disrupt the Zionist efforts themselves.

There were some three million Jews in the United States. Not all of them were Zionists, but neither was Zionist sympathy limited to Jews. For if anywhere then it was in the United States that Herzl's expansion of the Zionist ideal into a humane and humanistic cause had been understood and promoted. The one name which may be singled out to represent this state of affairs both symbolically and in terms of practical achievements is that of Stephen Samuel Wise. In 1907 he had founded the Free Synagogue in New York City. As its rabbi he soon attained the status of a respected civic leader whose human sympathies and active interests were not confined to his congregation, not either to his race, and finally not even to the country of which his father's emigration from Hungary to the United States (in 1874, the year of Stephen Samuel's birth) had made him a citizen. It was he who founded the first section of the Federation of

American Zionists and also the Zionist Organization of America.

Very soon after the fateful pistol shot at Serajewo, the American Zionists set up a "Provisional Executive Committee for General Zionist Affairs." Under the chairmanship of Louis Dembitz Brandeis, the famous American jurist and subsequently associate justice of the United States Supreme Court, it played a prominent part throughout the war years and collaborated closely with another provisional Zionist bureau which was organized toward the end of 1914 on neutral soil at Copenhagen in Denmark.

As the war progressed it became increasingly clear that whatever its outcome, it would of necessity entail radical changes in the prevailing Middle Eastern setup. The Ottoman Empire would not survive intact. As for its Diadochi, Great Britain with its interest in the Suez Canal would certainly be greatly concerned lest their policies and attitudes be a threat to the Mediterranean lifeline to India at its most vulnerable spot. Was not here an unprecedented opportunity for "political" Zionism to obtain the much-discussed charter for Palestine "secured by public law," now principally by the grace of Britain and paid for very naturally by nothing more than a natural sense of obligation toward Britain as its prime promotor and guarantor?

To exploit this extraordinarily favorable situation nothing was needed but the genius of a real statesman. Not just a skillful politician but, in a word, a personage qualified to wear the mantle of Herzl. And now such a statesman did appear in the person of Dr. Chaim Weizmann, professor of chemistry at Manchester University. The formula which he

and his group of British Zionists worked out to cover their new approach to the old problem urged that Britain should make it one of its avowed peace aims to establish in Palestine a national home for the Jews.

A very important result of the current shifts on the political scene was the fact that the Weizmann group could enlist the enthusiastic support and wholehearted collaboration of the younger Lord Rothschild who had no longer reason to fear a possible conflict between his British and Jewish loyalties.

Zionist initiative induced the British government to broach the question of Palestine in an exchange of notes with the other Allied Powers. As a result, the British foreign secretary, Arthur James 1st Earl of Balfour, wrote to Lord Rothschild on November 2, 1917:

"Dear Lord Rothschild—I have much pleasure in conveying to you on behalf of His Majesty's Government the following declaration of sympathy with Jewish Zionist aspirations, which has been submitted to and approved by the Cabinet: 'His Majesty's Government view with favour the establishment in Palestine of a national home for the Jewish people, and will use their best endeavours to facilitate the achievement of this object, it being clearly understood that nothing shall be done which may prejudice the civil and religious rights of existing non-Jewish communities in Palestine or the rights and political status enjoyed by Jews in any other country.' I should be grateful if you would bring this Declaration to the knowledge of the Zionist Federation."

This is the famous Balfour Declaration which future historians will regard as marking the practical beginnings of the

realization of Herzl's plan and vision of a Jewish State in Palestine. Its full consummation did not come about for another thirty years, but while it proved possible to evade the practical implications of the declaration for a considerable length of time, its spirit and promise could not be changed by any trick of exegetic acrobatics.

As a result of the peace settlements after the first World War, Palestine was placed under a British mandate which came into operation on September 29, 1923. In its final formulation, it includes the Balfour Declaration as part of the preamble, but a short while before, a British government statement had made it quite clear that it would be taken to mean "not the imposition of a Jewish nationality upon the inhabitants of Palestine as a whole, but the further development of the existing Jewish community, in order that it may become a centre in which the Jewish people, as a whole, may take, on grounds of religion and race, an interest and pride."

Such were the facts, not the ideal. At any rate, under the terms of the mandate, Herzl's creation, the Zionist Organization, was finally recognized by the powers that constituted the Council of the League of Nations as the responsible and authorized Jewish agency for Palestine. Now it was no longer a dream but an obligation that it should constitute itself not simply as *a* Jewish organization but as *the* representative of the Jewish people. Corresponding negotiations with other Jewish bodies were initiated as early as 1923; the Fourteenth Congress in 1925 was principally concerned with the reorganization of the Zionist body on a comprehensive basis; in 1927 the Joint Palestine Survey Commission was set up; and in 1929 the new *Jewish Agency* had its first plenary session with Jews from all lands and of all schools of thought participating and ready "to sink their differences,"

as Leonard Stein has put it most succinctly, "in a concerted effort to further the development of Palestine and the establishment of the Jewish national home."

The rest was not easy, but it was no longer in doubt. "The organization and binding together of the whole of Jewry" had gone through many stages and was accomplished. Chaim Weizmann, the president of the Zionist Organization from 1920 to 1931 and of the Jewish Agency from 1929 to 1931 and again from 1935 on, was not the master of docile masses but the foremost leader of the oldest, the youngest people of free men and women. He too, like Herzl before him, had to contend with ill will, honest opposition, and lack of understanding . . . He too, like Herzl before him, remained true to his ideals, undaunted by all the Kishinevs, by all the Oswiecims in the world.

On May 14, 1948, after the termination of the British Palestine mandate, the Jewish National Council in Palestine proclaimed the *Jewish State* of Israel. A government was established and Chaim Weizmann was named president. The first president of the new Jewish State of Israel crowning the work of Theodor Herzl who had died a generation and a half ago after the Lord had said to him, "This is the land . . . I have caused thee to see it with thine eyes, but thou shalt not go over thither," and of whom, while his earthly remains were escorted through the streets of Vienna, the overawed crowds had whispered, "Look, they are burying the King of the Jews."

Herzl's last words had been: "Bury me in the soil of Zion . . . my Zion." In the year 1949, forty-five years after his tragic death, his last wish finally came true. To offer a true measure of the intervening span of time, we may remember that it was in December, 1903, little more than half a year before Herzl's death, that Orville Wright made the first successful flight in a power-driven airplane at Kitty Hawk in North Carolina. When Herzl's remains had been exhumed in Vienna, they were taken to Israel by a majestic air cruiser of the Israeli army.

Now the great prophet of the new state of Israel has found his final resting place on Mount Herzl west of Jerusalem. His grave is a symbol of unity and peace in Israel.

The soil of Zion in which his body was re-interred, was brought together from four hundred and fifty Jewish settlements throughout Palestine. A symbol of unity and peace, not only for Israel but for all the world. "You must build the realm of Israel," he had said, "in such a way that the stranger will feel at home among you."

And indeed, the ceremonies attending the transfer of Herzl's body from Vienna to Jerusalem transcended in their significance the concerns of a single people and fixed the memory of the immortal saint or *saddik* above the realm of dissent and turmoil for all of mankind to behold.

Chaim Weizmann, the president of Israel, said: "He and he alone was worthy and called upon to lead us to our state. Fortunate, indeed, is the people to which it is granted to realize the dream of its leader and to fulfill his legacy . . ."

Joseph Sprinzak, the president of Knesseth, said: "The song of your life has grown until it was a hymn of new life which awoke in the land of your fathers. Jerusalem, thanking you for your truth, will call out to you: 'I shall remember thee, my faithful son, consoler of the people; as long as the people of the Hebrews lives, as long as I remain Jerusalem, the eternal city of the Hebrew people, thou shalt be remembered.' And we shall count the name of the prophet of the freedom of Israel among the names of the saintly and great who built and created the eternity of the people."

Ben Gurion, the president of the cabinet of ministers of Israel, said: "Only two men in the history of Israel—both sons of fathers who bore the name of Jacob—have been so privileged that their liberated people took back their remains to the country of the patriarchs. The first was Joseph, the son of Jacob, and his remains Moses carried with him; but the second is Benjamin Seew (i.e., Theodor), the son of Jacob Herzl. —He had a great heart in which he felt the sorrow of the people like no one beside him. And his soul was filled with a deep faith in Zion and its fulfillment. That he could rouse the masses, raise the people, organize it, unite it, make of it a political force and an international factor, that was not all; but he also had faith in the liberating force of suffering, in the dignity of man, and in the eternity of the people."

May the people have faith in him as he had faith in the people. In July, 1949, Dr. Chaim Weizmann received a letter from a Viennese woman, a Christian, the daughter of the nurse who had taken care of Herzl during his last days. As a girl of fifteen, she writes, her mother took her to Herzl's bedside. Afterwards she asked, "Is he a saint?" and her mother replied, "I have never seen a nobler man. The like of him can come but once in a thousand years."

The inner circle of Herzl's thinking and aspirations encompassed the Jewish people. The wider and more comprehensive circle—though in all senses but an expansion of the first—embraced the idea and the concerns of mankind.

In a sense one might postulate that the structure of Herzl's thought and hence of his life's work was erected on two axioms, both of them stated and restated throughout his writings but formulated most strikingly in the early pages of *The Jewish State.*

The first expresses his confidence in the capacities and consequently the mission of the Jewish people. "Indeed," he wrote, "we do possess the force to build a state and a model state too; we do have all the human and material resources needed."—In the second axiom he started again with a reference to his people but expanding it universally he stated simply: "The Jewish question is a problem of and for the world and mankind."

The question, so often raised, as to whether or not Herzl was intrinsically an optimist, is not very meaningful. Herzl was a Jew. Hence his unshakable faith in the final success of his mission, in the virility of his people, and ultimately a coming era in which his endeavor would not exceed the understanding of all men.

In a lighter mood he once asked referring to his great ideal, "Is it not madness or, if you prefer, plain stupidity? Is it not perhaps the foolery of a jokester who wants to give the world a hearty laugh?"—But if he never refused to admit that his

vision might very well be called a dream, he also insisted that "dream and reality are often not as far apart as one might suppose." For a dream can be a deeper insight into the essential reality of events and things and people. "A generation of wonderful Jewish people will spring from the earth. The Maccabees will rise to life again," he said, for he had experienced in his own life what the inner rebirth of a man's loyalty to his people can do to him. He admired the Russian Jews and looked straight through the outer shell of misery, squalor, and at times anachronistic quaintness of external appearance which misled so many of his contemporaries to view the Eastern fighters for Zion with a mixture of pity and supercilious arrogance. And what he saw made him say as early as 1897: "They are on the right track. Their Jewish nationalism cannot in any way alienate them from the blessings of modern civilization. They are possessed of so strong a sense of continuity that neither conflict nor resentment will result for them from a fusion of Jewish and human ideals."

There is but one element in Herzl's character which at times seems to pervade his whole being as an admixture of gloom. It comes to the fore when he happens to perceive in one glance both the magnitude of his undertaking and the limitation of his physical energies. There is at such moments a haunting fear in him that his forces may prove wanting, that his attainments may prove too small or too tardy.

But then again this same haunting fear resulted in his utter inability ever to be satisfied, ever to rest, ever to agree that the next step might as well be left untried.

"In Herzl's life pulsate the waves of past millennia and in his words slumber the myths of coming generations." These words from Finkelstein's *Conquerors of the Ghetto* explain most beautifully why it would be both wrong and absurd to try to reduce Herzl's world of thought to a philosophical or sociological system. Such a venture might be entertaining but the resulting schema—however well documented—would have little if anything to do with the greatness of Herzl as a Jew or with his greatness as a human being.

For this man was a leader of men, a prophet, a seer, by virtue of his being at heart an artist and a poet. His wisdom is better to be seen and sensed than reasoned out. One experiences it as a light that begins to shine, dimly and small . . . but keeps on growing in strength and splendor until it fills our hearts, the temple, and the world.

Perhaps we may reread Herzl's beautiful parable of the eight-armed candelabrum, the Jewish Menorah, and allow ourselves to identify each one of its lights—somewhat more explicitly than he himself began doing—as the symbol of one of his guiding ideals.

By way of background, we may briefly refer to the history of the Menorah which goes back to the building of the tabernacle after Moses' return from Mount Sinai with the tables of testimony. At that time "Moses gathered all the congregation of the children of Israel together and said unto them, These are the words which the Lord hath commanded, that

ye shall do them. Six days shall work be done, but on the seventh day there shall be to you an holy day." Then Moses proceeded to enumerate the things which the Lord wanted him to have the children of Israel make. Among these things there was "the candlestick also for the light, and his furniture, and his lamps, with the oil for the light." And when Bezaleel came to this part of his work, "he made the candlestick of pure gold: of beaten work made he the candlestick; his shaft, and his branch, his bowls, his knops, and his flowers, were of the same: And six branches going out of the sides thereof; three branches of the candlestick out of the one side thereof, and three branches of the candlestick out of the other side thereof: Three bowls made after the fashion of almonds in one branch, a knop and a flower; and three bowls made like almonds in another branch, a knop and a flower; so throughout the six branches going out of the candlestick. And in the candlestick were four bowls made like almonds, his knops, and his flowers: And a knop under two branches of the same, and a knop under two branches of the same, and a knop under two branches of the same, according to the six branches going out of it. Their knops and their branches were of the same: all of it was one beaten work of pure gold. And he made his seven lamps, and his snuffers, and his snuffdishes, of pure gold."

The peculiar shape of the Menorah suggests its derivation from the tree of life. It remained at all times an important cosmological and political symbol. Its seven branches represented the days of the week, the continents, the planets. It stood in the Temple of Solomon and was likewise an important appurtenance of the second Temple. At the time of the revolt of the Maccabees it was an essential item in the Jewish religious and national ideology.

In the diaspora the Menorah with seven or eight branches came to be a focal point in every temple and also in every household. Every night it was lighted, branch upon branch, in commemoration of the victory of the Maccabees. For when the Maccabees—so the story goes, and it is a story which is known and dear to every Jew throughout the world—when the Maccabees purified the Temple which had been defiled by the enemy, they found the Menorah desecrated too. But in a corner of the Temple they discovered a tiny flask of olive oil. They used its contents to relight the Menorah, and lo, its light shone for fully seven days, for eight days even, and every day its brilliance increased until no darkness was left in the Temple anywhere.

With this in mind Herzl began his story. "Once upon a time," he wrote in the style of a fairy tale, "there was a man. Deep down in his soul he had felt the plight of being a Jew. He lived under conditions which were by no means displeasing. He had a comfortable income which allowed him to work to his heart's inclination. You must know, the man was an artist."

The man is of course Herzl himself, the sensitive artist or poet, "a man of wide culture whose mind was imbibed with the best thoughts of all peoples," but who did not have it in his soul to understand why the malice of the world should make it a sorry plight for a man to be a Jew. As he struggled with this dilemma and found to his dismay that "the best thoughts of all peoples" were not in themselves enough to show him a way out, he began—instinctively at first but ever more consciously as time went by—to scrutinize in himself and in all those who shared his fate that strange something which went under the name of "being a Jew." And he

began to love it with great fervor and tenderness as one will love one's ailing child. So there arose for him—and that again is Herzl as well as the man in his story—"one clear and central idea. When he had conceived it, he had to utter it aloud, over and over again, so that all might hear him. And it was this: that there is but one way out of the misery of the Jews; and it is the way that leads back to Jewry."

When Herzl and the man in his story had reached this wonderful conclusion, their hearts filled with happiness and a great burden was taken off their souls. As they thought back of their childhood in a true Jewish home, they were struck by the luminous vision of the Menorah. They understood of a sudden its beautiful lessons, and in their nostalgia a deep regret crystalized as they considered that their own children would have no memories like these, of a true Jewish home with the Menorah in its center.

So Herzl sent his man to go and acquire a Menorah for the sake of his children and that his home might again be a true home. "Then," the story continues, "the first candle was lighted; and as it shone, the man related to his children what the origin of this custom had been, the wondrous story of the little lamp that lived for so unexpectedly long a time, and also the story of the return of the Jews from exile, and the second Temple and the Maccabees. Our friend told his children all he remembered. It was not exactly much but for them it was enough.—And when they lighted the second candle the children retold all the stories to their father . . ."

And so Herzl's parable went on. "Every day—for the sake of his children and with them—the father saw greater beauties and truths in all the little flames." He also understood that what was happening to him and his family would have to

happen to his entire people. "The light of liberation must increase from day to day: a single candle at first; it is still dim and its loneliness emanates sadness. Then it finds a companion, and another, and still another . . . Darkness must recede. It begins with the young and the poor. But the others follow, all those who love justice and truth, progress, humanity, beauty . . . When all the candles are aflame, our hearts are filled with wonder and joy, for the work is accomplished. And no office harbors greater happiness than that of a servant of light."

Let the first light be called Unity.—Unity is the mainspring of Herzl's endeavor, the mainstay of his achievement. His first great victory was won when he replaced in his own life the multifarious interests of a highly gifted emancipated intellectual (of Jewish provenance) by the unity, though by no means singleness, of purpose of a conscious and proud representative of his people's rebirth in the spirit of Europe's forgotten humanism. When Herzl replaced the manuscript title of his Zionist manifesto, *The Promised Land,* by the final version, *The Jewish State,* he signified—perhaps unwittingly —that he had recognized the inescapable identity of his own development with that of his people. The vaguely inherited feeling of a pending promise was proudly replaced by the assertion, "I am a Jew" and "We are a people, ready to build our state."

Once this formula was achieved there could be no deviation from it. The tragic death of Herzl was no doubt accelerated by what seemed to be an impending disruption of the

unity of East and West in the Jewish world which had been his great achievement and was the basis of all his plans and projects. It was likewise accelerated by Herzl's haunting fear lest his forced participation in the diplomatic chess game of the British Uganda project might become indistinguishable from an actual compromise with his loyalty to the one and only possible Zion.

Some day a great tragic poet will arise and recognize in Herzl's life "the stuff immortal plays are made of." He may find it possible to represent Herzl's death as the price that had to be paid for the reaffirmation of the unity of his idea, the unity of the Jewish people.

Let the second light be called Respect and Courage.—Respect and courage combine to form the essence of character and personality. It does not take courage to despise one's fellows, and cowardly submission to another's whims is no sign of respect. You cannot despise your equal and yet maintain your respect for yourself. But once you have found the basis for respecting yourself, you will also respect your equal and have the courage to defend yourself and your people.

These are the ideas which Herzl never tired of emphasizing in talking to the Viennese Jewish students who idolized him. His influence on them, individually and as a group, is something which can only be fully appreciated by those who had the good fortune of knowing him personally. He was fond of calling the students "his boys," and in his felicitous play on words, "not *Judenjunge* but *junger Jude*," he actually gave

them a slogan which had for them the joyous appeal of a battle cry and still encompassed the full scope of his ethical principles.

At the occasion of the fifth anniversary of the publication of *The Jewish State*, Herzl had to listen to a variety of congratulatory addresses. The final item on the very impressive program was an address by the representative of the Jewish student organizations. It turned out to be a solemn renewal of the students' oath of allegiance to Herzl's Zionist leadership.

The great man's reply has not been preserved verbatim, but those who were present cannot have forgotten any of its essential parts. "You are," he said, "my beloved standard bearers [the word he used was *Edelknappe*]. There are two words which I want to impress upon you as lodestars on your Jewish way through life. They are, 'Respect,' and 'Courage.' Do always respect and revere the greatness and burden of Jewish life, respect and revere the achievement of every individual and of the people as a whole.—We Jews are often chided for our lack of self-respect, of reverence for the human soul within us. We are supposed to be too critical, too mocking and negative in our relations with one another and prone to transfer this destructive trait to our relations with others. Show them that such an accusation is unfair to the individual as well as to the Jews in general.—But connected with this there is another and still more dangerous reproach: the Jews are cowards! This is a lie, and we must prove it: we Zionists and you students. Show your mettle. Accept no insult leveled at you because you are Jews. Steel your bodies, and if necessary learn how to use a saber. You and your descendants will show the world that we know how to handle the trowel and the sword, we men of the galuth and of Zion. Today and

fifty years hence! Be our Maccabees and change the insult, 'Jewish fellow,' into a term of honor, 'Fellow Jew.' "

Let the third light be called Well-Being.—According to Nietzsche, the highest ethical law is embedded in the words of the Decalogue, "Honour thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long and that it may go well with thee, in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." Again according to Nietzsche, the ultimate reason for the perennial and seemingly indestructible force of the Jewish people lies in the fact that this very commandment has at all times and everywhere been placed by the Jews above and before every other rule of conduct.

Herzl was deeply and perhaps tragically aware of the fundamental unity of the sequence of generations. His love for his mother and his reverence for his father were not, for him, the result of a law he had to heed but nothing but simple and natural human reactions. The same holds true in regard to Herzl's attitude toward his and other people's children. "Our lives are conditioned by our children," he said once and repeated the same thought in his *Philosophical Tales*, "Our children are our teachers." It was his keen suffering with the fact that he could not always be the father he would have liked to be that gave a peculiar note of tenderness to the passage in which he wrote, "the early years of our children are like music which passes and is gone before we have found time to notice that it was something ineffably sweet."

Yet the more striking aspect of the commandment which exhorts men to honor their fathers and mothers, is the reward

it promises to those who will heed it. This point has often been misunderstood by outsiders who failed to see that well-being and long life are not really promised as a consequence but are rather described as another natural characteristic of a family in which the continuity from generation to generation is honored.

The Jewish sense of "tribal happiness," as it has been called, may be a by-product of the Jewish conception of the value of life as an immanent and in no way transcendental good. But whatever it is, the important point remains that the ethically responsible Jew will always develop a high sense of social obligation. This holds eminently true in the case of Herzl.

A few months before his death he wrote very characteristically, "The fact that I happen to be in a position to eat cake does not give me the right to reject the crust of dry bread which is offered to my needy brethren . . ." And similar thoughts appear again and again in his writings although they are naturally overshadowed by the fact that his Zionism was first of all national and political and only secondarily social and ethical.

"The hungry have a claim to the world," is a passage in *Old New Land,* and in his diaries he wrote: "There must be no more suicides caused by hunger."

At the same time Herzl saw clearly that a man's urge to improve his social station makes of him a contributor to the cultural concerns of his people. "Is it not true," he asked for instance in his diaries, "that in the course of history all conquests of new realms have been effected by the hungry? The satisfied have no reason to advance the limits of civilization." And in the *Jewish State* he coupled a related observation

with a very cogent and very refreshing repudiation of the old accusation that the Jewish interest in life on earth is hardly more than a usurer's interest in money.

"Another false assertion," the passage reads, "is the one which attributes to the Jews an inordinate delight in trade. Now it is a well-known fact that we relinquish trade quite hurriedly as soon as we are given an opportunity to participate in an upward movement of the classes. Most Jewish merchants give their sons a higher education which, after all, explains the so-called 'Jewification' of the professions. And in the economically less potent groups our delight in trade is not as great either as is often supposed. In the Eastern countries of Europe there are large masses of Jews who are by no means afraid of hard physical labor."

In a sense then, the free deployment of the Jewish urge to exploit and enjoy the rich potentialities of life on earth would manifest itself almost of necessity in an advance to higher forms of civilization. "The return to Palestine," Herzl said, "is simultaneously an upward movement of the classes."

Let the fourth light be called Spirit.—Let Spirit be the name of the fourth light because it shines in the center of the Menorah.

"A new flowering of the Jewish genius in the old country is what we are striving for."

"There is, today and tomorrow, but one duty for the intellectual . . . , to work to the limit of his powers and his insights for the elevation of the human race."

"It would be immoral if we were to exclude a man—no matter whence he may come or what his race or creed may be—from participation in our achievements."

"In our schools there must be no differences, neither in clothing nor anything else—except in talent and industry. In our new society we shall not favor a general equalization. Each one according to his merits. We shall not suppress competition. But the conditions must be the same, just as they are in a race. At the start all should be equal, not at the end. In the old society it could happen that a single stroke of luck in business would enable a man to give his children and grandchildren all the benefits of a higher education as well as a life without worries forever after. On the other hand, the descendants were punished not only for the sins of their fathers but also for their bad luck in business . . . In our society the children will neither reap rewards nor suffer punishment for their fathers' good or bad fortune."

"We live under future conditions; for today is the future of yesterday."

Let the fifth light be called Friendship.—"We have studied together when we were most alert; that brings people close to one another." This was written by Herzl in his early *Book of Foolishness;* it is very characteristic of him in that it speaks

of the intellectual community of interests as the strongest bond between men. In his later years this attitude of his underwent little or no change.

But when he had found his basic idea, his mission in life, he accepted the curse of solitude which goes invariably with greatness. Where he would have liked to say "friend," he now had to say, "fellow worker." His chosen duty was more important to him than his personal self. To it he sacrificed everything—wealth, health, family, friendship . . . But he remained the most loyal of men. This is no contradiction, for he had chosen to give all his devotion to a great cause and henceforth its friends alone could be his. Of these he had many. In the course of his labors he met thousands of people, and his amazing memory enabled him to remember them all, each one in relation to the vision of his life.

Indeed, how could a man give all his energy and all his life to a great human and humane cause without being a great friend of men? But the last grandeur of all this is contained for us in the recognition that Theodor Herzl extended his most loyal friendship to us and beyond that to all coming generations. "I believe," he once professed, "in man's ability to attain ever higher levels of civilization." And in another context, he remarked with reference to Schopenhauer: "Even this great pessimist addressed himself to his coming community. So he too believed in the future as a power transcending his negation. The future is the only thing that cannot disappoint us."

May the future prove worthy of Herzl's friendship. May the friendship of this and coming days be extended to Herzl and men like him.

Let the sixth light be called Justice and Freedom.—Herzl's trust in justice was not a naive faith in the goodness of untutored masses. Once he noted down—though it must be pointed out that this was before his Zionist awakening: "I know as well as anyone else that it is the high goal of democracy to destroy the excellence of the individual." In his *Book of Foolishness* there is the passage: "If we want to wait till the common run of men matures into mellowness, our lives and the lives of our sons, grandsons, and great-grandsons may have to be spent in waiting."

No, Herzl's trust in justice was rather his confidence in the strength of men who were ready to fight and live for it. He himself did not *ask* for justice, he *demanded* it and felt that being a Zionist should mean and meant to be a man demanding justice. "We Zionists," he wrote, "are not afraid of casting our lot with beggars when our goal is justice. Perhaps we shall thus uncover social ills and cure them for the good of the burdened and suffering of other peoples. Only then shall we be true Israelites." In matters of justice as elsewhere he believed in the educational responsibility of the individual. Speaking of the time after the realization of his vision, he said: "Then we shall vie with all men of good will in justice, love of neighbor and human dignity. We shall be active in all fields of honor; we shall advance in the arts and sciences so that the splendor of our achievements may illumine the lowliest of our people."

Let the seventh light be called Peace.—The greeting of the Jews is *shalom.* The word means 'peace.' And the city of Jerusalem is the city of peace. The essence of peace is justice and mutual respect among peoples. It is a truism that no people can enjoy peace unless it be ready to grant peace to others. And the granting of peace is tantamount to demanding and defending it—for others as for oneself.

In 1902, in his novel of the future, *Old New Land,* Herzl had one of his characters speak: "All men must have a home of their own. Then we shall be kindly to one another. Then men will love and understand one another . . . There remains another unsolved question of a people's misery which only a Jew can appreciate in all its sorrowful depth. That is the Negro question. Human beings are hated and despised because their skin is of a different color. I am not ashamed to say so, even though you may smile at me: after I have lived to see the return of the Jews, I should like to help prepare the return of the Negroes."

Let the eighth light be called Humaneness and Humanity.—For if the eighth light was not represented in the old candelabrum of the tabernacle, if it is so to speak an outgrowth of the first seven, so are humaneness and humanity an outgrowth of the Spirit of Peace and Unity, Justice and Respect, Friendship and Well-Being.

In Herzl's vision the Jews would struggle and labor as Jews to achieve the rebuilding of Zion; but after the establishment of their state, the Jewish people would conceive of itself as a

member in the community of mankind. Thus he wrote the concluding sentences in his prophetic program, *The Jewish State:*

"We shall live at last as free men on our own soil, and die peacefully in our own homes.

"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."

In the year 1900, the German poet, Börries Freiherr von Münchhausen, published a volume of Biblical ballads under the title of *Juda.* Several years later he brought out his *Ritterliches Liederbuch,* and it was here, among his songs of knighthood, that Münchhausen saw fit to allocate his poem, "Theodor Herzl."

Waters of life from hearts hardened to rock smote thy hand.
Thou ledst thy people back: home to their fatherland.
From mountains afar thou sawst but the sacred door
Which the Lord thy God to the seed of Abraham swore.
Thou, Moses of days when the longing of Israel rose,
Thou, Moses today, may God guide thy fight to its close.

(Wasser des Lebens aus steinernen Herzen schlug Deine Hand,
Du führtest Dein Volk aus der Fremde ins Vaterland,
Und sahst doch nur von den Bergen die heilige Flur,
Die der ewige Gott der Väter dem Samen Abrahams schwur,
Du Mose der Zeit, da das Heimweh in Israel stieg,
Du Mose unserer Tage, Gott gebe Deiner Sache den Sieg.)

Juda was in a large measure an expression of Münchhausen's admiration and friendship for Herzl and his cause. The volume was illustrated by the Jewish artist Ephraim Moses Lil-

ien who hailed from the town of Drohobycz in Galicia and is generally remembered as the man who took the famous photograph of "Herzl on the Rhine bridge at Basel." He became a well-known illustrator of books, principally of Jewish themes. Both in his work for Münchhausen's *Juda* and Morris Rosenfeld's *Ghetto Songs,* the figure of Herzl is a frequently recurring motive. Lilien's greatest work, however, was a stained-glass window, produced for the B'nai B'rith Lodge at Hamburg. It represented a majestic figure of Moses, over his head the star of David, at his feet an eagle deprived of its freedom, under his arm the tables of the Covenant, to his left and right yawning abysses . . . The beautifully stylized head, the eyes, the nose, the beard . . . the entire Moses figure was a representation of Theodor Herzl.

CONCLUSION

I dedicate this book to the oldest people with the youngest state. In doing so I am prompted by various considerations and emotions. In part these are personal. But in part, I believe, they rather transcend the subjective sphere.

I want my book to stand as a token of our renewed dedication to Herzl's vision of the Jewish State. He would have been the last to claim that the constitution—and subsequent recognition on the part of the powers of the world—of an Israeli Republic on the soil of Palestine would represent the ultimate fulfillment of the Zionist endeavor. Herzl's Zionism was, is, and will be a living task and simultaneously a never failing source of strength. That is why the grave on Mount Herzl cannot turn into a symbolic figurehead of things attained; that is why it must and will stand as a symbol and challenge implying for us and coming generations an inescapable sense of obligation.

It is no idle speculation to suggest that the problems confronting the Jewish people in times to come will not prove smaller than those of the past . . . And that precisely because the Jews have "willed the Jewish State to be no fairy tale." The realization of Herzl's dream has proved a legacy of tasks and duties to which the Jewish people must prove itself equal as it will prove itself worthy of its great leader.

For almost two thousand years the Jews have been a people without a home. In the diaspora they remained Jews, and if —to borrow a phrase from Herzl's oft-quoted parable—they felt the plight of being Jews, they also knew that it was up to them personally and individually whether or not the stigma was to turn into a badge of honor, for the dignity of being a Jew was the dignity of being a member of the chosen people whose cause it was both necessary and logical to identify with that of mankind and humanity.

In a sense there was something free and detached about being a Jew. The tragedy of being a people without a national home did exempt the Jews from the danger of narrow loyalties which in the case of other national groups seemed to make it well-nigh impossible for the average individual to attain the level of humane emancipation apparently reserved for none but the greatest minds.

Now the situation has changed. In seemingly paradoxical terms the resulting complex of problems might be summed up in the question: "How can the Jewish people preserve the special rank, the special dignity, the special mission inherent in its history of dispersion, in its being a people without a home, a people exclusively by virtue of its faith, its hope, its trust . . . , when life in the diaspora is no longer the only possible form of Jewish life?"

The answer—the only possible answer—lies in Herzl's expansion of Zionism into a Zionist humanism. If this book should prove to have contributed a modest share to point out and clarify that answer, it has not been written in vain.

But I also want my book to stand as a token of reverence, friendship, and love to honor the memory of my parents, of

my brother, and of my nephew, in whom I see the representatives of three generations of high-minded Jews: my father, Rabbi Adolf Frankl-Grün; my brother, Dr. Siegfried Benjamin Frankl; my nephew, the engineer Richard Müller; the first a well-known Jewish scholar, the second an inveterate Zionist, the third a valiant fighter for the State of Israel. And if it is *of* these that in a sense my book can speak, I likewise wish that it may speak *to* coming generations. With this desire I here inscribe the names of my daughters Edythe and Eva.

The attentive reader will have noticed that this book was written not just on the basis of diligent research but that it owes its inspiration to personal experiences and living recollections. I was present and an active participant in some of the scenes which I have tried to save from oblivion by reconstructing them in the second part of my book. For that reason I have felt free—in the interest of greater truth—to rearrange certain minor facts and in at least one instance—that of Dr. Weizmann's conversation with Theodor Herzl—to present as real an occurrence of which I have no documentary evidence.

I owe the courage to write this book to Dr. Stephen Wise. In the course of a conversation back in 1947 I told him of both my desire and my reticence to exploit my Herzl recollections for the purpose of a screen scenario. His enthusiasm proved contagious, but when I came to him with my first sketches, it did not take us long to see that the original plan was much too narrow for the many-faceted subject it was to contain. Thus the broader conception came into being. Stephen Wise did not live to see the completion of the manuscript. And who knows but what I might have dropped the project in a half-finished state—for it takes more than cour-

age, it takes a sort of intrepidity to conjure up and fix in printed words the sacred memories of one's youth—if it had not been for the amicable insistence of the publisher in whose hands I now place the best I have hoping that it will be accepted as a worthy homage to Herzl, an expression of our indebtedness to him, and an appeal to all men to emulate his example.