

WHO AM 1?

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Moderator: I suppose ISRAEL MAGAZINE has asked me to chair these proceedings because it is my job as an official with the Ministry for Immigrant Absorption to deal with students.

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I'll set the ball rolling by introducing myself. I was born in a small Jewish town, a *shtetl*, in Galicia; but I grew up in a city, Lvov, with a large Jewish community. Yes, in many ways I was already grown-up when at the age of 10, in the year 1935, my family moved to Israel. I knew—and I still vividly remember—what it was like to be a Jew in exile; I knew what a pogram was; I knew how it felt to live in fear of pogroms; all this I knew from personal experience, not just from books. Incidentally, I was brought up on modern Hebrew literature.

I lived long enough in Eastern Europe to be filled to this day with a certain nostalgia for the Jewish way of life there. But this life was doomed, root and branch, and I got out in time and did not share the fate of most of my schoolmates. I believe I am the only pupil of my all-Jewish class who is still alive. The rest perished in the Holocaust.

Well, in this country my first station was Rehovot, then little more than a village in the coastal plain, and there I went to a labor school. As you know, before the establishment of the State, there were three categories of school—religious, bourgeois, and labor. When I was 13, bar mitzvah, I was sent to learn Torah in Jerusalem. And then I entered a religious seminary for teachers, run by the Mizrahi movement. There I graduated.

At the same time I was active in the Jewish underground army, Hagana, and I did my bit in fighting the British

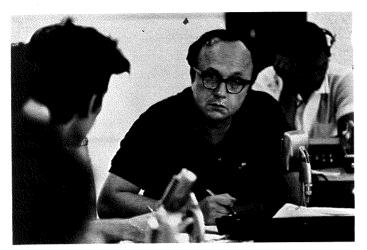
Mandatory authorities; later I took part in the War of Independence. From the seminary I went on to the Hebrew University. I paid my way by working as a schoolmaster. I studied the humanities, specializing in Judaica. I attended an army officer's course in Natanya, and resumed my university studies after the War of Independence, which left its mark on me as it did on everybody else. When I had my degrees, I quit teaching for journalism in the press and on the radio. Like many Israelis, I was hankering for a glimpse of the outside world. I went to England as a newspaper correspondent, and worked for the B.B.C. Hebrew Service. I also joined, like many other Israelis, the London School of Economics. I got married, but my wife wasn't from England-she was a Parisienne whom I met on my way to London. After a while, we returned to Israel and I entered government service as head of the Jerusalem office of the Prime Minister's press bureau.

The climax of my work there, what made the deepest impression on me, was my coverage of the Eichmann trial. I became deeply interested in Diaspora Jewry, and was consequently appointed by the Foreign Ministry to serve as Israel Consul in New York— a link between the Jewish State and the great Jewish community in New York. I held this post for six years, devoting myself to American Jewry.

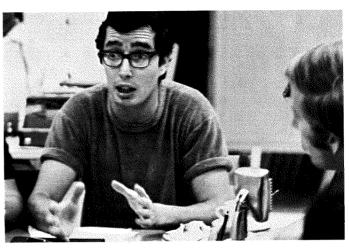
I came back to Israel a year after the Six Day War. Having seen for myself what effect this life-and-death struggle had on American Jewry, I decided to take off my diplomat's top hat—I'm speaking figuratively, I never wore one in New York—and to roll up my sleeves. So now I'm with the Ministry for Immigrant Absorption, doing my level best to help students from abroad settle in.

My wife and I have reason for self-reproach—we have only two children, we haven't contributed enough to "internal aliya."

To sum up, my life falls into four periods: Galut childhood, life in Israel as a student and teacher, the Eichmann rev-



Moderator Haim Zohar



Tuvia Abramson

elation, and my involvement with Diaspora Jewry. And now I call on my young friend Tuvik.

Tuvia Abramson: It used to be my nickname—Tuvik. Now it's my first, middle and last name—I get letters addressed to Mr. Tuvik. I'll try and keep my life story equally short. I was born in this country in 1940. My parents, of Russian origin, were veteran settlers. My father belongs to the pioneering élite. He came here in 1906, was a member of the Mounted Guards, a Conqueror of Labor. While he was away fighting in World War II, my mother stayed with the children on a kibbutz. When he was demobbed we lived in northern Tel Aviv—the area was largely sand-dunes with a house here, a house there. I was like the rest of the family—leftist. Even as a boy of 13 I was getting into political scraps. I joined the leftist sea scouts, and when I was in a boat being tossed around by mountainous waves, I prayed to socialism for salvation the way a religious Jew prays to heaven.

My three years of conscript service in the army made a man of me, tore me away from home. I chose to work on quasimilitary kibbutzim in the middle of the Negev desert, and I decided to become a kibbutznik for good. In the event, I left after six years because the kibbutz movement, Hashomer Hatzair, which took me into the top leadership and put me in charge of youth work here and abroad, refused to release me for university studies. I wanted to take up sociology, and I finally did so of my own accord at the Hebrew University. I've all the time had to earn my living. Right now my task, on behalf of the Ministry for Immigrant Absorption, is to persuade Israel-born students, Sabras, to take an interest in newcomers from abroad.

My family background, my army service, my experience as a kibbutznik and youth leader, have cast me in an idealistic mold. So even if my ideals aren't exactly what they used to be, I still regard human rights as the end-all and be-all of life and I'm not ashamed to say so, though in sophisticated Western ears that sounds like phraseology.

I remember my demonstration on the first of May four years ago, going round town in a jeep and calling out through a megaphone: "Golden youth—meaning the sons of the rich—go to the Negev!" And "Down with the Military Government!"—the Arabs in Israel were then subject to all sorts of security restrictions, which have since been lifted. We spent a whole night painting the slogan "Down with the Military Government!" on the walls of Tel Aviv, but couldn't get ourselves arrested until we daubed a police station. Then the Mayor himself came to bail us out. We had a shrewd notion we wouldn't be kept in prison, but we did what we could to become martyrs. Now when I come to think of it, it was funny—and yet it was serious, too. We weren't joking.

After three glorious months as an emissary in the French Alps and in the Netherlands, it was tough going back to sorting apples in a kibbutz. And if ever anyone with an average I.Q. tells you he gets a kick out of sorting apples, you may be sure he's a liar. I stayed another nine months on the kibbutz, doing research work on how children are affected by sleeping away from their parents' dwellings. I traveled around, and discovered how very different one kibbutz can be from another—worlds apart.

There was never any response to my long-standing request to be allowed to go to university. So at 25 I went off on my own. As I've already mentioned, I've all the time been working for my living. One thing I did was to set up evening classes for 400 adults—from kibbutzim in the Negev. Today I love Jerusalem, and relish every breath of air at the Hebrew University.

There it is. That's as far as I've got. I expect to get my B.A. now—at 29, a bit late in life.

Ephraim Gat: I was born in Jerusalem in 1940. My parents met in this country after they got here in the mid-Thirties



Ephraim Gat

from Eastern Europe. My father came from Lvov, of an enlightened family. My mother was from a little town, a *shtetl*. My earliest memories as a child—I was three or four—are of the shadow cast by the Holocaust. I can remember the incessant anxious search for news from Europe. By the time I entered elementary school, no more questions were being asked. Our home was full of lamentation. Ours, it seems, was a very large family, especially on my father's side, and highly esteemed in the community. Every single relative was lost. Not a soul was left.

A few years later, in the War of Liberation, my father got killed in the fighting for Jerusalem. We remained alone—my mother, my little sister and I. The years that followed were hard, terribly hard. My mother had no trade and had to go out to learn one. Myself, I was big enough to take care of myself, more or less, in her absence. Finally, mother sent me to an orphanage. I spent a number of years there, while my baby sister stayed home.

After finishing elementary school at the orphanage, I returned home. But all those years from the War of Independence onwards were years of disquiet, and they've left their imprint on me to this day. Disquiet was, and remains, the dominant factor of my life. Disquiet on all levels. It's behind my urge to get to the bottom of things, to learn, to go places, to find out how others live. There's plenty wrong with the world, but I'm not out to expose the rot, I want to get to grips with realities in depth.

Well, I went on to secondary school, but my disquiet pushed me, before I'd matriculated, to join the army. In the army, strange to say, I found peace and quiet. I had a really good time. I was in charge of underprivileged boys who needed basic education. I was posted to Eilat, a quiet and delightful place.

After the army, I tried all sorts of jobs, I was a clerk, a youth leader, I had a go at anything that came my way.

Then I decided to go back to school. I got my matriculation

with distinction. Roundabout 1963-64, I came to the conclusion that I had better make something of my life. I'd go to university. I studied law for a year. I was awfully bored. I made my mind up I'd try something else. I went south, working in the Negev for more than a year. Then I received an offer to go out to Nigeria to run an Israelsponsored elementary school. I was out there two years, from 1965 to 1967. That was a truly interesting period from every point of view. It was like being on a different planet. And seeing is believing; no amount of reading can give you much idea of what it's really like. The work with the children was most interesting. It was a small school, only 80 children in all. We were half a dozen teachers, so we were able to give individual attention and tuition. I got to know people as people, one by one, not in the mass. Everybody was a world unto himself. I established profound ties with the children and also with some of the parents.

On the other hand, just about this time, 1965-67, Nigeria was in trouble. There were the election riots. Then there was the slaughter of the eastern tribe. This led to the secession of Biafra. But even before this, there was acute tension. I was shaken out of my exclusive concern with Israel and Jewry. At the end of 1967 I came home and decided to go back to university. This time I took up history, our history. My choice harked back to my childhood memories, which still obsessed me. I wanted to understand the hows and the whys and the way it all fitted the Jewish people into the global pattern. After the Holocaust, the Jewish State had come into being. What had the War of Liberation been like? Its personal repercussions I was all too well aware of, but I needed to broaden my horizons.

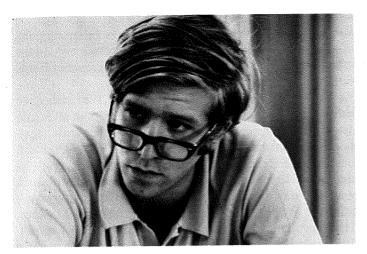
I have now finished my second year of Israeli history and Bible studies at the University of Beersheba.

I forgot to mention that I've meanwhile married, and we have a baby—a boy.

Glen Hoptman: I'm 20. I was born in New York City—like my parents who, by the way, were divorced many long years ago. My father is completely in favor of my settling in Israel, whereas my mother—well, you know what a Jewish mother is, she can't take the separation.

As soon as I was bar mitzvah, I promptly forgot the little Hebrew and everything else I'd learned in Jewish centers after school. But then we moved from Manhattan to Queens, which is a heavily Jewish area. I was a stranger there. Someone suggested I join the Young Men's Hebrew Association, where I found a very comfortable group of friends, to say the least. I became heavily involved in community activities, I worked as a counsellor at a Jewish summer camp, I was a member of the Zionist youth movement Habonim in the Bronx, I was deeply concerned with Jewish education, I was drawn to Israel from New York. I applied for admission to the Hebrew University, and received a positive answer in 1967.

When the crisis broke that led to the Six Day War, I tried to



Glen Hoptman



Gloria Srebro

get onto a plane but wasn't able to until the end of June 1967. For a while I worked as a volunteer, then I started the ulpan (Hebrew crash course) at the university in Jerusalem. A film studio in Herzliya was looking for an American who would volunteer to help with a film showing Israel on the "seventh day"—Israel in search of peace after the war. It was fantastically exciting work.

At the university, I started working with Dr. Herman, who has been busy doing research on American students in Israel, and I found he was dealing with many of my own problems and was coming up with some of the answers.

Last summer I went back to the States as a cultural counselor for the Jewish Agency and other bodies at the YMHA. I found working with the kids a fantastic experience, and they were willing to learn anything. But the teaching staff were uninformed. I got together with the director, Al Feldman, and he agreed that we spend a certain amount of the budget on educating the staff as well as educating the children.

I've no intention of returning to *chutz la'aretz*, of leaving Israel. This is where I stay. I went to the army recruiting office, but the man who interviewed me advised me to take it easy, not to be a *hassid gadol*—I picked up a new Hebrew expression for an over-zealous guy—and I saw he was right: I had better first finish my education. The most influential man I met at the Hebrew University was a Professor Tannenbaum who was here from Columbia. He was doing research with culturally under-privileged youth. This linked up with a lot of my ideas relating to deprivation of Jewish culture among American students, and I have decided that this is where my field will be.

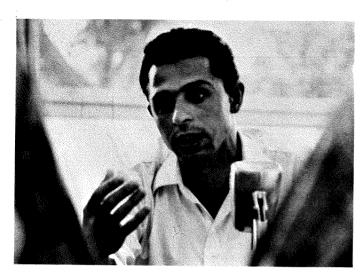
Gloria Srebo: I'm about the same age as Glen, but I've lived so little that I've little to say. Only now that I'm in Israel, do I realize what a child I am—which I think is a good sign, it shows I'm on the point of growing up. My parents were born in Poland. They survived the Second World War, made it to

Austria and were in a Displaced Persons' camp, where I was born—in Salzburg, Mozart's city, which I don't remember because I was two when we left for the States. I grew up in Boston, went to grade school in Boston, high school in Boston, university in Boston, and all the time I was going to Hebrew school as well. An uncle from Israel visited us ten years ago, and the night he left he woke me up to say goodbye. I was in a daze, but mumbled "b'shanah habah b'Yerushalayim—next year in Jerusalem." Actually I saw him not a year later in Jerusalem, but ten years later in Lod. Still, it's beseder, it's O.K. I came here in 1968. The last year I spent in America was hard, now that I look back on it—the assassination of Robert Kennedy, the assassination of Martin Luther King and, before that, of President Kennedy, had an effect on me, whether I knew it or not at the time.

At the Hebrew University, I've been studying the history of art. Next year I hope to do graphics or ceramics at the Bezalel Academy. I came here as a one-year student, but I mean to stay on—I belong here.

Mohammed Mer'i: I'm an Arab from a village near Tiberias, now finishing my third year as a student of pharmacy at the Hebrew University. I was born in 1942, so I have some memories—not very pleasant ones—of what happened in 1948. I remember the day when the Israel army conquered the northern region of the State. My father and mother fled with the children. We loaded whatever we could onto donkeys' backs and headed for the Lebanon. But halfway there my father stopped; he could see we were going nowhere. We slept out in the open for two nights. We were in a valley. Then we were told there was no more fighting, and we could go home. We went back.

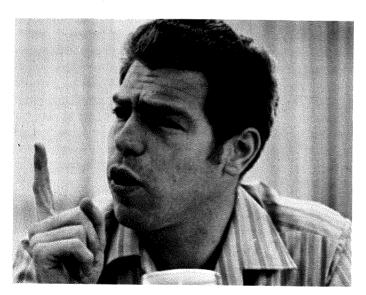
In our village I attended elementary school. I finished in 1958, and went to high school. There the fundamentals of whatever personality I possess were instilled into me. I was determined to get on with my studies, never mind the



Mohammed Mer'i



Aviezer Ravitzky



Ariel Rosen-Zvi

difficulties confronting all young Arabs who wish to get on and who find themselves torn between two very strong poles of attraction—on the one hand, a developed society; on the other hand, a society that hankers after progress but is still rather primitive.

At high school we Arabs had problems. We studied all subjects, including mathematics, in Arabic. But often our Jewish teachers weren't able to cope with the Arabic textbooks. So we had to translate for them certain difficult passages into Hebrew. Only then were they able to get on with the lesson. I graduated from high school in 1962 with high marks. I was determined to enter university but couldn't afford it. We're a family of eleven. My father is a laborer. His wages barely keep us going. So I had to fend for myself. I learned carpentry and after three years' work I saved up enough to pay my entrance fee to the Hebrew University to study pharmacy. This was the turning point in my life. It carried me into modern civilization, it *made* me.

The June 1967 war shook me like any other Arab in Israel. I have some memories of that, too. On the first day of hostilities I was in Jerusalem. I didn't then think of going back to my village. But after the Jordanians started shelling Jerusalem I realized this was the real thing; I'd better go home. I was walking from the university campus when the area was under heavy gunfire, and I sort of ached all over. I thought to myself: This isn't child's play, this is serious not only for every single one of us in the State of Israel but for everybody in the Middle East.

A civil defense officer grabbed me as I was passing a high school. He took me indoors and started questioning me. I was carrying a bag with books and clothes. He kept me for almost two hours until he was convinced I wasn't a dangerous character and needn't be detained. He let me go, and I made my way home. The first night I slept in Tel Aviv, in an air raid shelter, and the next day I reached my village.

As an Arab student at the Hebrew University, I've lots of problems—social, housing—but I understand we'll be tackling these things later on.

Aviezer Ravitzky: I was born in Jerusalem in 1945. Let me first tell you—it's rather important—about my family background and my early childhood. My parents were immigrants from Poland. They came to this country quite young, leaving their folks behind them. So the Holocaust hovered in the background from the moment of my birth. Even my name—Aviezer, meaning "God help father"—was tied up with the uncertain fate of my grandparents in Poland. My being called "God help father" didn't help any.

My first years were spent under the shadow of two traumatic events—the Holocaust and Israel's War of Independence—and I'm not dramatizing. These experiences left their mark on me, they conditioned my reflexes.

The elementary and high schools I attended in Jerusalem were both religious, and I belonged to the religious youth movement Bnei Akiva. What Tuvik said of his youth move-

ment is true of mine too; it fashioned my personality much more than the schools did, and it gave me my religious outlook. As an army conscript, I volunteered for Nahal, the quasi-military kibbutz movement. I was appointed head of the Bnei Akiva branch in Tel Aviv, and was proud to hold this post, but I must confess to a feeling of guilt which still haunts me—it's emotional, not rational. I openly told my superiors from the outset that I wasn't going to settle on the kibbutz for life. Yet when the time came for me to leave, on completion of my army service, I felt ashamed of myself.

I went straight on to university and did two years of medicine. I was bored stiff. The third year I switched to philosophy, which I found very much more interesting. I guess that's my subject.

During the Six Day War, when I was still a medical student, I was told to stay at my post in the Hadassah Hospital. I didn't fight, but I think I saw more of the war than many who were in the line of fire. I was in the hall where casualties—heavy casualties—from the Jordanian front were brought in to be sorted out for this or the other department. What I saw, believe me, made me sick of war, sick to death.

At the Hebrew University, I became involved in the Students' Association, but I had to confine myself to the religious wing because I couldn't get along with the non-religious majority. For one thing, I couldn't spend the Sabbath with them: I was observant, they weren't. But there were other, deeper conflicts.

Ariel Rosen-Zvi: I was born 25 years ago in Kfar Saba, which is now quite a town, but it was little more than a village in my childhood. My parents, who are from Czechoslovakia, had a headache naming me. My paternal grandfather was called Arye Yehuda and my maternal grandfather Yehuda Arye. But among traditionalist Jews children aren't named after living people. It was only afterwards we learned that both grandfathers had been killed by the Nazis. My father was lucky—he was attending a Zionist Congress in Geneva when World War II broke out. My mother had come to this country earlier.

When I was 10, we moved to Tel Aviv. This was the first real upset in my life, which had been very sheltered until then. Ours was a large family—my mother has nine brothers—and we were very comfortable in Kfar Saba. However, I got used to city life. After four years at a religious high school, I joined the Nahal quasi-military kibbutz set-up as a member of the Bnei Akiva youth movement. As far as that goes, my story is so much like Aviezer's, I won't repeat it. After the army, I took up Hebrew literature and world literature at Bar-Ilan University. I edited the students' magazine there. Now that I've graduated, I've gone over to Tel Aviv University to study law. I've done my first year's apprenticeship in a lawyer's office.

Lily —: I was born in Czechoslovakia 24 years ago. There isn't much to be said about my life there. After high

school, I went to university, taking up biochemistry and biology and earning my living as a teacher. I and, in fact, my whole family wanted to emigrate.

Moderator: Just where in Czechoslovakia did you grow up? And what have you been doing since you came to Israel?

Lily: I grew up in Prague. There's something special about my family: my father's a non-Jew while my mother's Jewish. That gave rise to a lot of problems. When I was 13 my parents parted and I stayed on with mother. I shared all her worries. I had to help her. I have two brothers, one younger, the other older than myself. The elder one is married with children and responsibilities of his own. He's now in America, working as an engineer, in Los Angeles.

Moderator: How did you manage to get out yourself?

Lily: After the Russians came, I left without difficulty as a tourist for Austria. There I contacted the Jewish Agency, and three days later I was in Israel.

Moderator: Where did you pick up your Hebrew?

Lily: I'm sorry it's so rudimentary. I studied Hebrew at Haifa, then I went on to Jerusalem where I'm at the university working for my master's degree. I've got a part-time job but not in my own line. I'm looking forward to the day when I can earn my living as a chemist and biologist.

Moderator: There's the famous synagogue in Prague, Altschul. Did you ever go there?

Lily: Yes, of course. Lots of people go there.

Moderator: For the historical interest, not for the sake of religion?

Lily: It's a fantastic place, and alongside the Altneuschul, which is very beautiful, there's a Jewish museum with relics showing what happened during the Nazi conquest. If you're Jewish, you come away with an eerie feeling.

Moderator: When did you first hear about Israel, and when did you first get the idea of coming on aliya?

Lily: I've relatives in this country, they always corresponded with mother. I've known about Israel ever since I can remember, and I've always wanted to know more and more, I've always wanted to come and see for myself. At 15, I more or less made up my mind to make the trip. I was going to judge on the spot whether I'd want to settle or go back. There was one thing I was afraid of—my having a non-Jewish father, how would the Israelis react to that?

Moderator: Now that you're here, how have they reacted?

Lily: They haven't. It's something of a paradox, but I know many families here who don't care about Jewishness and would rather be living elsewhere—if they could get away.

Moderator: Am I right in assuming that they're people who don't know much about Jewishness? I don't suppose you in Prague learned much about Judaism?

Lily: Not much.

Moderator: Did you know before coming here that anybody born of a Jewish mother is considered Jewish, even if the father is a Gentile?

Lilv: Yes, I was aware of that.

Moderator: Your elder brother thinks of himself as a Jew?

Lily: He's a half-brother, and his father—unlike mine—is Jewish. But the trouble with him is he's afraid of bringing his wife and children to Israel. He's not afraid about his own person. But he doesn't want to endanger his family, and you know how outsiders see the security situation in Israel. He knows what the Nazis did to the Jews, and he believes something terrible may happen here. For the sake of his children he stays away. I wish he'd come and have a look. The reality would reassure him.

Moderator: He sees a risk of genocide here?

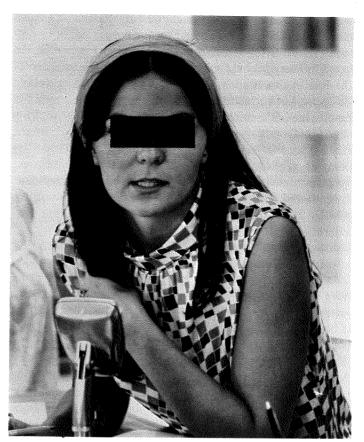
Lily: That's right. When the Six Day War broke out in June 1967, a senior Czech official — a Communist, a non-Jew—said in my hearing: "This is the final solution to the problem of the Jewish State. In a week or a month from now we'll be saying 'Good riddance!' to Israel." After that I packed my bags and came here.

Ruth Hasfari: There's nothing exciting about my life. I was born in Germany in 1948 to parents who survived the Holocaust in Poland. I was one year old when we arrived here on aliya. I've never been out of the country since. For that matter, as I belong to a religious family, I've never been very far away from home, at Ramat Gan. Elementary school, secondary school, religious youth movement—I was a youth leader—and now the Bar-Ilan University. My father's a headmaster, and I'm his daughter—I've already taught at an ulpan, at summer camps for children, at regular schools. I shall be a schoolteacher. As an orthodox girl I did my national service not as a soldier but as a nurse in a military hospital.

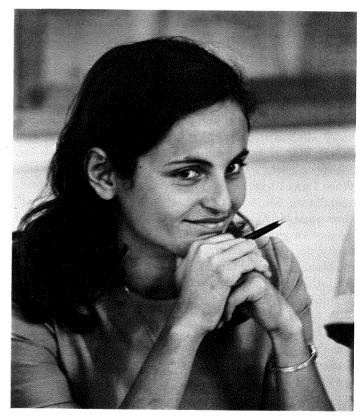
Henning Schwartz: I was born in Copenhagen in 1950. My parents are Danish-born. My mother's father was Chief Rabbi of Oslo. I went to a Jewish elementary school in Copenhagen. We don't have a Jewish secondary school there, so from the age of 14 onwards my classmates were Christians. For a very short period I was a member of the Bnei Akiva youth movement. It didn't have much impact on me. Then I belonged to the David Club, which is Jewish in a general way—no special ideology. I spent my vacations at various Jewish youth camps in Scandinavia. My family is Israel-minded, so I always heard a great deal about Israel.

I first came here in 1966 to work on a kibbutz for a spell. Then I returned as a volunteer in 1967 after the Six Day War. I've now completed at the Hebrew University a one-year course sponsored by the World Union of Jewish Students. The idea is to train Jewish student leaders for the Diaspora. I'm off to Copenhagen in a few days' time. When people hear I'm leaving, they think I'm a bad guy. When I say I shall be back in a year or two, they don't believe me. So there's no point in my saying it.

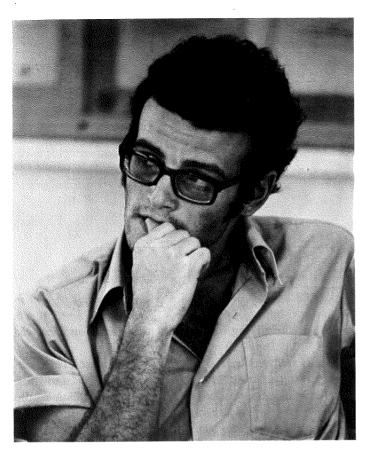
As a Jew, in Denmark, I arouse a lot of curiosity. I remember how astonished one of my classmates was when he heard I was a Jew. He'd always figured a Jew was an old man with a long beard and a long black coat. A Jew who can't answer



Lily



Ruth Hasfari



Henning Schwartz



Walid Fahoum

questions about his Jewishness is looked down upon as a sort of a freak. He's not respected. The Danes by and large don't give a damn for religion. The Christians know precious little about Christianity, but they expect a Jew to be able to give a good account of himself. Danish youngsters are usually alienated from their parents. The generation gap is terrific. The kids are hunting around for something—anything—and I'm often questioned about Judaism. Though I'm no expert, I've even lectured. Many times I've invited my Christian friends home for Jewish holiday celebrations and Sabbath meals, and my entire class once attended a Sabbath service at the synagogue. Of the 19 boys in this class, six have visited Israel.

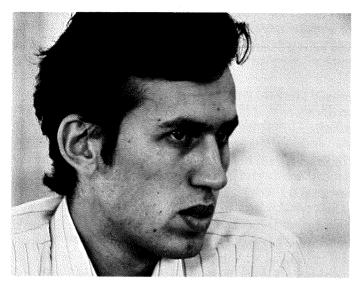
I must mention—it's very important—that I've had a liberal upbringing. I respect my parents because they look upon me and my 22-year-old brother and my eight-year-old sister as individuals. We are, including grandparents and uncles and aunts and cousins, a harmonious family. And my Christian schoolmates definitely get on much better with my parents than they do with their own.

All of which goes to prove that there can be a common language between people of different ages, different creeds, different origins. You have to cultivate it.

Walid Fahoum: Who am I? First of all I am a man. It so happens I am also an Arab, a Moslem, born in Nazareth. My father was a prominent member of the Grand Mufti's Council. Getting on for 70 he was still a warrior, and was wounded in the 1948 war. Our family fled to Lebanon. There we stayed about a year and a half. We returned—not the easy way—bullets flying—that's one of my childhood memories. My father was a "wanted" man in Israel, and lay low, never leaving the house to his death. I went to an elementary State school, then on to the municipal high school in Nazareth. Graduation was tough. Afterwards I wasted two years waiting for admission to the Hebrew University. I wanted to study medicine. I sat for the entrance exams three times but failed. I also had a go at the entrance exam for psychology, and succeeded at the second attempt. So here I am at this symposium. I've been attending university for four years, but because I flunked I've officially completed only three years.

Moderator: Do you have any brothers and sisters? Walid Fahoum: This will amuse you. My father had three wives. The first two bore him five children each. The third gave birth to one son only—you're looking at him now.

Shimon Mintz: I was born 1944 in the Soviet Union. My parents, who were from Poland, took refuge during the Second World War in the Caucasus mountains. Actually, their intention was to get to Persia and from there go on to Israel. But they got stuck in Bokhara. After the war, we went back to Europe and boarded a clandestine refugee ship—the Moledet, meaning the Homeland—but off Haifa we were caught by the British and interned in Cyprus. I was two and a half at the time. I don't remember any of this,



Shimon Mintz

but I've heard the story so often, it's become a sort of waking dream. I was three when we reached Israel just before the outbreak of the War of Independence. Now here is something I definitely recollect. We were lodged in a miserable hut in a transit village and I cried bitterly, saying I wanted to go back. Back where? To Cyprus? To Bokhara? Don't ask me. But my parents had given such marvelous accounts of Israel, I couldn't believe that the hovel we were in was Israel. We finally got an apartment in Haifa. From there we moved to Jerusalem in 1958. By then I was already going through high school. I joined and left one youth movement after another. Somehow I didn't fit anywhere. From high school I went on into the army. I didn't serve in a fighting unit. Half a year after being demobbed I decided to take up architecture, which I'm now studying at the Technion in Haifa. At the Technion, I became active in student affairs. For a year and a half, until recently, I was chairman of the Technion Students' Union. Now I've taken it upon myself to help students from abroad settle in and get to know the Sabras. I'm in my third year of studies, and have two more years to go.

Debbie Bernstein: I was born in Chicago in 1944, a third-generation American. My mother's parents were, and still are, active Zionists. When I was three, in November 1947, my parents came with me and my brother, who is two years older than myself, to Israel. From my parents' answers to oft-repeated questions, I gather they came here for personal reasons. They didn't belong to any Zionist movement. They had no special ideology. But they felt that as Jews, even though they weren't a bit religious, they could be truer to themselves, lead a more natural life here than in America. But they took their precautions. They came for a one-year trial period. My father, who's a scientist, got an engagement with the Weizmann Institute in Rehovot. In 1950 we moved to Haifa, and have lived there ever since. Whatever my



Debbie Bernstein

parents were looking for, they seem to have found in this country.

In Haifa I went to the Reali High School. It doesn't belong to the labor trend. In fact, it's rather snobbish. I didn't like it. As I grew older, I revolted against whatever principles the school tried to inculcate in me. What did have a positive effect on me—very much so—was my experience as a long-time scout leader. I came alive when we went on outings, when we spent the summer holidays in labor camps. I didn't acquire a social outlook, but I had friends. And I took charge of children of different age-groups—which was good for my personal development.

At 17, I left the scouts to join a non-party youth group sponsored by Kibbutz Revivim. I served in a Nahal quasi-military kibbutz. The kibbutz has shaped my personality, my way of thinking, my way of life. The kibbutz had a tremendous influence on me.

Never having been attached to any politically-oriented movement, I was not pressed into any ideological mold. Whatever ideas I picked up in the kibbutz were my own. I don't say they were original. I simply rediscovered for myself what others had discovered before me—for instance, self-fulfillment in labor. I guess it sounds corny, but the truth is the truth.

At the kibbutz I looked after children—the children in the top form—and there wasn't much difference between my age and theirs. The feeling that I had something I could give these children, that I could guide them, that I could help them, made me extremely happy. I enjoyed—I still do—a sense of responsibility, of dedication to others. I was never so thrilled as when, a few weeks after I came to the kibbutz, I was told that I was doing a fine job. That praise brought down the walls around me, the whole world sort of lay open before me.

I've lately begun reading Lenin and Marx and Rosa Luxemburg and others, and I realize how superficial my thinking is.

Never mind. At 17 or 18 I found my way without being pushed as kids of 14 or 15 are pushed when they belong to youth movements.

During my service with Nahal, I was delegated to Jerusalem for a year, to organize a youth group of my own. It was ridiculous, as I had no proper qualifications. But somehow I managed. I got together a nice crowd of kids of 15 or 16 who'd never been in any youth movement, and were riddled with personal problems. I cared more for them individually than collectively.

I then went back to the kibbutz, and stayed on two years after I'd completed my military service. All in all, I spent four years on the kibbutz, ending up as a teacher of English. Leaving the kibbutz wasn't easy. My ideas have meanwhile changed a good deal, but at the time of my departure I was a believer, quaking at my own audacity, not to say self-betrayal.

I went to Jerusalem because I so badly wanted to study. At the Hebrew University I took up sociology and psychology. I'm now at the end of my third year. I'm still torn, as it were, between two poles of attraction. On the one hand, I love to study, I love the pure academic life detached from the multitude. On the other hand, I have this deep involvement with what goes on around me, and I feel that while I'm sitting on the third floor of the Kaplan Academy I'm isolated from all manner of important things.

I hope that in the near future, when I'm through with my studies in sociology, I'll get some kind of work which will enable me to put my knowledge to good use. I want to be in a position where I can help solve some of the problems that strike me as very important. And I'll approach these problems in the light of what I learned in the kibbutz. One last word about my experience in Kibbutz Revivim: it taught me not to base my values on age. It doesn't follow that because I'm 25 I have to identify with other girls of 25. The emphasis, as far as I am concerned, is not on youth or on age but on concepts judged strictly on their merits.

Zvi Bilinsky: My life story is going to sound repetitive. I, too, was molded in the youth movement. But I'll start from the beginning. I was born in 1945 in Natanya. My father was from Russia. My mother came from Poland in the late Twenties. The Holocaust hit our family very badly. My father lost eight brothers. Only one person was left in his whole family—an uncle. My mother came here with a sister, but her six brothers who stayed behind in Poland all perished. My parents went through all the ordeals of their time—Arab attacks, wars, kibbutz life, then the slow transition to comfort. They live in what is still called a workers' estate, but all the laborers there have since been promoted to managerial status.

My elementary school belonged to the labor trend, and I naturally joined the labor youth movement. I remember saying as a kid that I'd be a kibbutznik. I had a sister in a kibbutz, and my mother's sister was in a kibbutz. And I



Zvi Bilinsky

remember my fighting tooth and nail to be sent not to a municipal high school but to an agricultural school, so that I'd make good at the kibbutz.

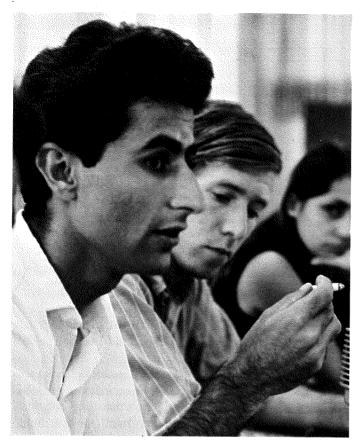
However, my parents won out, and I went to high school in town, graduating from the classical department in 1962. What truly counted was the youth movement, and I made all the grades to the top leadership. To my mind, the best thing I did was to start a youth group of our own in a district where new immigrants were living. I'd go off on my bike with my books strapped to the rack on the rear wheel-guard, and my mother would think I was off to do homework with a friend. When I got to my destination, I'd change into my blue shirt and go to work with the kids.

Next, as a matter of course, I joined a Nahal quasi-military kibbutz which took the jagged edges off me; it made me into the social animal I am. But beforehand I had a year's training—military and agricultural—at Kfar Ruppin. Afterwards we went off to the Negev to found Kibbutz Grofit. We were the first settlers there. Worked 12 hours a day.

I became a paratrooper, but had to give up because of illness and I was appointed a youth leader. For a year and a half I was in charge of a youth group at Kiryat Ono. The kids came from good homes of veteran settlers, and I felt I wasn't doing enough, so I founded a second youth group among new immigrants. I ran it for six months, and then because of political differences it was taken out of my hands and transferred to a kibbutz.

Myself, I joined Kibbutz Haon, and unlike the others around this table I have no kibbutz nostalgia, because I'm still a kibbutznik. I worked on the date palm plantation for a year and a half. At the same time, I handled a youth group—mostly young delinquents, difficult cases. Seventy of them came to Haon. Twenty-five never left. Many of the others are in town, but going straight.

We were having a hot time in Haon. This was before the Six Day War. Haon, near Lake Kinneret, isn't in the news any



Samir Absawi



Yoram Banoun

more. But in those days we had a hell of a lot of shelling and were pestered by infiltrators.

After two and a half years, I asked the kibbutz to let me go to university. I offered to combine my studies with a job as youth leader, so I'd pay my way, not be a burden on the kibbutz. As it turned out, I accomplished quite a lot. Now in my second year at university, I superintend 14 youth groups. I have also got the 2,500 kibbutzniks who study in Jerusalem to set up a club. And among the many prominent people we've invited to lecture us are Nusseiba and Shehadeh who you will remember participated in ISRAEL MAGAZINE's Arab-Israel Parley. At the Hebrew University I am studying philosophy and pedagogy.

An interesting thing has happened to me in the last two years. I was totally lacking in Jewish, even in national sentiment before the Six Day War. I used to eat pork with pride and ride my bike on Yom Kippur. Now more and more I'm drawn to Judaism. This year I went to synagogue for the first time in my life, not on Yom Kippur, but on an ordinary Shabbat. I spent a whole Shabbat on a religious kibbutz. I've joined a circle of Judaic studies, I've taken a course in Jewish philosophy. That's it—more or less!

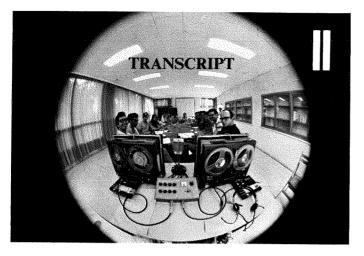
Samir Absawi: I'm a student at the Hebrew University, in my third year of pharmacy. I live in the village of Isfiya, which is near Haifa. A third of our village is composed of Christian Arabs like myself. The rest are Druzes, who have a peculiar religion of their own.

Walid Fahoum: The Druzes are part of Islam. In the tenth century, in Egypt, there was a Moslem sect whose leader was named Druzah. They're Moslem Arabs, one of many Mohammedan sects like the Shiyas, the Sunnis. They're not a people, nor a nation.

Moderator: You won't find many Druzes who will agree with you, but let's hear our friend Samir.

Samir Absawi: I'm 23. I went to elementary school in my village, then to secondary school in Haifa—an experimental mixed school for Arabs and Jews. The majority of pupils were Jewish, the headmaster was Jewish, many of the teachers were Jewish, but there were also special classes for Arabs. The idea was to promote understanding between Jews and Arabs. After graduating I entered the university in Jerusalem.

Yoram Banoun: I'm a native of Morocco. I'm studying philosophy at the Hebrew University. I'm 27. I've been in Israel four years, and I try to help out newcomers from North Africa. They've all sorts of problems. There's the problem of relations between ourselves and the Israel-born Sabras, and between so-called Oriental and Western Jews. Though geographically, you know, Morocco lies further west than Israel. Before coming on aliya, I spent six years in France. I think I'm typical of a lot of North African Jewish students who are still in France. That they're still in France is a pity—for their sake and Israel's.



WHAT, NO REVOLT?

How come that Israel has stayed out of the students' revolt which has swept America, Europe and other parts of the globe? Are young Israelis not bothered by a sense of alienation from their elders? Or does the generation gap exist but is overlooked because of more pressing concerns such as defense against neighbors who threaten genocide? In any event, presumably you are not altogether happy with things as they are and would like to see, or rather bring about, changes; if so, what changes?

Moderator: Now that we're introduced, let's do a bit of probing. Here's a question that has puzzled many observers: How come that Israel has stayed out of the students' revolt which has swept America, Europe and other parts of the globe? Are young Israelis not bothered by a sense of alienation from their elders? Or does the generation gap exist but is overlooked because of more pressing concerns such as defense against neighbors who threaten genocide? In any event, presumably you are not altogether happy with things as they are and would like to see, or rather bring about, changes; if so, what changes?

Who's going to set the ball rolling? A Sabra? A Jewish new-comer from abroad? An Israeli Arab? All right, let's go round the table clockwise. Shimon!

Shimon Mintz: As I see it, the generation gap is as wide in Israel as it is in Europe and America. But here we speak less about it and certainly we do less about it.

Take a look at the political parties, and you will see how alienated the young people are from the Establishment. Youth is absent from the political parties. A vacuum separates us from the old men who run the parties and govern the country. Youthful successors to the leadership simply aren't in sight.

Our security situation being what it is, we can't afford to raise Cain the way students do in Europe and the United States, but we aren't any the happier for that.

I will say this. You can't compare Israel's generation gap with what you find elsewhere. We have a specific situation of our own. Most of the old-timers who are at the top of the ladder in this country weren't born and raised here. When they came here, their task was to build up the land. The stress was on speed. With all their ups and downs, economic and social, they did succeed in establishing the State. Now it remains for the young generation to crystallize a strictly Israeli society, evolve a truly Israeli way of life. We young

people who grew up in Israel don't feel the same kinship with world Jewry as our immigrant elders did.

I expect radical changes in the political structure of Israel in the foreseeable future. It is impossible for the political parties to perpetuate themselves along their present lines. Admittedly, some young men are active in these parties and are even winning promotion. But they're just a handful and they're not the sort that can take the helm. There must be basic changes.

What kind of changes? As I've said, the State exists but we haven't finished building it. The State is incomplete in that there are so many Jews, potential citizens, who are still living outside it and who ought to be inside. This raises two problems: how do we absorb newcomers and, at the same time, how do we create a homogeneous Israeli society? The army plays an important role in bringing together people of different origins, different levels of culture, different backgrounds. But the good work done over a three-year period of military service has to be carried over to civilian life.

The first thing I'd like to see changed in Israel is the educational set-up. We have at present eight years of obligatory education, which will shortly go up to nine. For a start, high school tuition should be provided free of charge. Eventually it should be compulsory. Under the present system, virtually the only children who have any chance of reaching university are those from middle and upper class families. The poor are out. It isn't a matter of fees. The ability to pick up a higher education is something that has to be fostered at an early age. If you don't acquire the skill as a small child, you'll never make it—unless you happen to be a born genius. A low standard of living in a culturally impoverished home inhibits the skill; you'll never learn how to learn.

It seems to me that this business of learning how to learn must be tackled in a revolutionary new way in the elementary schools, so that all children become fit to go through high school at the very least and can preferably go on to university.

Moderator: I'd like to take you up on your opening remarks about the generation gap. Does this gap apply to fundamentals such as the "ingathering of the exiles," Jewish sovereignty, Jewish continuity, meaning the maintenance of our links with world Jewry? What I have in mind is not minor differences of opinion, but the basic principle of our identification with world Jewry.

Shimon Mintz: It's hard to answer your question with a straight yes or flat no. There cannot be absolute identification, nor can there be complete separation. The young people in this country are more concerned with being Israeli than with being Jewish. Most of us accept the concept of Israel as the national home of the Jews—but only in the initial part of statehood. Our ultimate aim is to create an Israeli society, not necessarily a Jewish society. Naturally, the very fact that we established our State here and not, say, in Uganda implies recognition of Israel's bond with the Jewish past and Israel's tendency to preserve its Jewish identity and keep up its links with world Jewry in the future. The answer then is that we are committed to Judaism for the present, but we retain our ultimate freedom of choice.

There's one point I've omitted—nationalist feeling. Sentiment in the West, especially among the revolutionary youth, is anti-nationalist. Young people in Israel are on the whole strongly nationalist—more so than ever since the Six Day War. In regard to Israeli nationalism, I see no gap between the generations, nor between Sabras and immigrants, nor between Jews of Western or Oriental origin. We are all equally attached to our country.

Moderator: Ruth is next. But let me ask you, Shimon, one more thing. How do you get on with your parents? Is there a two-way flow of understanding, are you able to talk to them, or is there a sort of crisis?

Shimon Mintz: We understand each other and are very much on speaking terms, even though we differ in our views and in our aims. In many respects, my parents—and I guess this goes for most parents—have played themselves out in building up the State. They've accomplished what they set out to do when they came here. They haven't taken up the second challenge, which is to cultivate a specific Israeli society. They go on living in the old imported style. They did their bit in coming to this country and in fighting to set up the State, and that's that.

Tuvia Abramson: Do you share your personal problems with your parents?

Shimon Mintz: As a rule, yes.

Ruth Hasfari: To begin with, I take exception to the way the Moderator formulated his question about the generation gap. I think he got hold of the wrong end of the stick. It's a mistake to compare Israeli students with American and European students. Let's rather compare the old folks of Israel with the old folks of America and Europe. That's

where the big difference lies. For one thing, our parents are largely survivors of the Holocaust. In other countries, parents are deeply rooted in long-established customs or, if you like, stuck in the rut. The young rebels are fed up with the conventionalism, the conservatism of the Establishment. Their parents aren't—and never were—rebels. So Western society has come to be very stuffy.

But we in Israel have parents who were themselves rebels—and still are. As rebels they left their countries of birth. They came here in order to live not only in a new environment but in a new revolutionary style. They went through an ideological crisis, a religious crisis, a nationalist crisis. Their migration was spiritual as well as geographical. Thanks to their spirit of adventure, we find it easy to communicate with them. And we still have so many problems in common. I don't agree with Shimon when he says that the old generation has finished the job of building up the State. You can hardly expect elderly people to go and rough it in the new development areas of Israel. That's up to the young generation. But as far as ideas go—ideals, aspirations, objectives—I think we're on the same wavelength. On top of which, we share and share alike our security worries.

Shimon says he can get along with his parents, but to his mind they're played out. To my mind, the people in their forties and fifties have possibly ended their practical heroics, but they're not back numbers in the intellectual or emotional sense. I repeat, they're pretty much on the same wavelength as we are.

As to changes, I'm one hundred per cent with Shimon on the subject of educational reform. I want all children to have equal educational opportunities. On politics, I don't feel qualified to speak.

Moderator: Thank you very much, Ruth.

Zvi Bilinsky: I'll deal with two questions—alienation and politics. Maybe my being a kibbutznik has something to do with it, but I feel at one with the old generation. I'm carrying on with their work. I don't consider that they have achieved their ends. They set up the State but didn't fulfill the values they strove for. You may call me a conservative, but I'm all for those values. I don't regard them as outdated.

Ideology apart, I think the historical circumstances I have to cope with aren't essentially different from those my parents were up against. My parents were pioneers in the fullest sense of the word, in all spheres. And though the term is used and abused till it grates in your ears, I do want to be looked upon as a pioneer, matching words with deeds.

When I consider the history of my parents, who have been in this country forty-five years, I see that again and again they had to take up arms—in 1921, in 1929, in 1936, in 1948, in 1956. The Six Day War was our baptism of fire, and there's no telling if and when another conflict will break out.

My aspirations are towards the things my parents failed to

reach. We haven't gotten peace, we don't have mass immigration, we haven't persuaded every Jew in the Dispersion that he belongs in the Jewish State, we haven't been able here to integrate Jews of different origins. I want to attain all these things. That's part one of the question.

Now, on the political side, I must take issue with Shimon. Unlike him, I cannot envisage a State of Israel that will not be a Jewish State. When I was in the youth movement, I believed in all the Marxist slogans about the brotherhood of nations, workers of the world unite, all that sort of thing. But as the years go by I become less and less of an internationalist saint. I do want to promote the brotherhood of nations, but not at the expense of my Jewishness. My Jewishness I want to consolidate, though I'm ready to give it up any time the Christians renounce their Christianity. I take my cue from historical experience-I refer to the experience of Moses Mendelssohn. When he declared himself willing to forgo his Jewishness in favor of universal values, he was applauded by his Christian friends. But when he sat down to work out with them these new universal values, he found the Christians wanted strictly Christian ingredients.

As with my Jewishness, so with my Israeli status—I won't trade it in to please Russia, which sets itself up as the champion of internationalism. In fact, I won't give up being an Israeli for anybody.

Now as to the question of involvement in politics. When I was

younger and more innocent, as a boy of 16, I was active as a party canvasser in a general election.

Later, when I was running a youth club for new immigrants in the development town of Kiryat Ono, I had stinky politics stuffed down my throat. An intrigue was hatched against the head of the district council, and thousands of leaflets were distributed in the streets and outside the local cinema, concocting a scandal to which my name was fictitiously attached. A bunch of hooligans tried to break into the club. Luckily the steel shutters held out until the police arrived.

It seems to me that all our political parties play with phrases and are turning a free democracy into a controlled democracy. The attitude of the party boss to the ordinary member is one of near-contempt. Personal careerism is the motive force of our political life. There is hardly a single political leader of whatever party in the country today whom I can respect as a human being. No politician opens his mouth to say what he really thinks; all his words are geared to the advancement of his own career.

Don't take my disillusionment for disinterest. I care a lot. I'd like to change things, but there's nothing I can do singlehanded. Maybe something could be got going within the framework of the kibbutz movement.

Glen Hoptman: What gives me the right to speak on Israel, since I've been in the country only two years and haven't served in the army? When my friends start asking me this, I say that my involvement is intellectual. The subject now under discussion happens to be the one I'm studying—the position of youth in the culture conflict.

In the States, the students are revolting very seriously—against the parents or against the system as a whole. Because of the revolt coupled with modernization in technology, you have a new youth emerging in America.

Israel is now undergoing technological modernization, and there is this culture conflict between the young who were born here and the parents who came as immigrants from Europe, from Arab countries, from South Africa, from North America. At the same time, there is the desire in Israel to maintain the continuity of society, to build upwards from the existing foundations. The aim here is to carry on and not break with the past nor start afresh.

In Israel the parents have been busy in a very fast-moving, rapidly developing country which lacks a specific culture. So the youth are themselves evolving the national culture. The classic example of this is a tiff I overheard between a father

(Left) Scattered apparel—one shoe off, one shoe on, hat perched anywhere—makes for undivided attention over a pile of books at the Hebrew University. (Opposite) What is there to revolt against when you're no longer a child but not yet a grown-up and the grass is green and the sun golden on the Hebrew University campus in Jerusalem?

and a son in a house where I've become very close with the family and I can go there any time I want. The father said: "I met a Jew in the street." The son flared up: "No, you didn't meet a Jew but an Israeli in the street." Here you have alienation and a culture conflict, but in a positive form.

In America, the conflict is negative. The youth in the States feel they're being spoonfed, and they don't like what is on the spoon. Yet they haven't worked out a menu of their own. They don't want to step into their father's shoes, and are meanwhile going barefoot, so to speak.

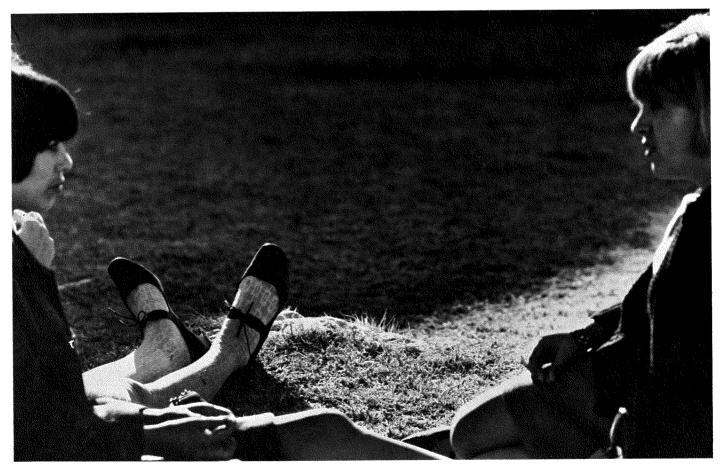
I think I'm happy in Israel—I don't think, I know I am happy in Israel. I wasn't happy in the States. I've been back to the States twice in the past couple of years. Each time I went back I felt further assimilated to Israel, and found myself on a completely different intellectual level from my American friends. Many of them, aren't my friends any more—I've lost them, because they just can't follow my thoughts. They haven't been where I've been—I don't mean physically but mentally. It's a big thing.

Debbie Bernstein: So far only one person has complained of alienation—Shimon. If I'm out of sympathy with anyone, it's with Shimon.

Myself, I have a tremendous sense of belonging. I can't step back from the society in which I live and examine it as an outside observer does. I'm so much of an insider. You see, I don't feel that I've grown up in a society which originated in the remote past, which was shaped by people whose motives are alien to me, which has maintained itself through inertia and which is going heaven knows where. The society to which I belong is new, the handiwork of people I know. I identify with their aims—a Jewish society, dedicated to the "ingathering of the exiles" and to social justice, though the concept of social justice is of course open to different interpretations.

I don't in the slightest feel that the founders of this society are petrified and have nothing more to contribute. My respect goes out to the old generation who were so immensely creative. If I meet someone from the second aliya (turn-of-the-century settler) or from the third aliya (post-Balfour Declaration immigrant), I can sit and listen to his reminiscences for hours and hours. The faith of these people moved mountains. I shall be proud to continue their work. Which doesn't mean I shall slavishly follow their methods. I may disagree with the old-timers, but we differ within the same framework. I hold up one reproach to the old generation—the rigidity of their ideology. By being so inflexible they harm their own cause. Take the Histadrut, the way it clings to outworn concepts. It rejects obligatory arbitration in

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labor disputes—to the detriment of the economy and of the workers whom the Histadrut is supposed to protect. Another thing, I'd like to see more tolerance here, less suspicion towards nonconformists. The objectives are fine, but I'd like to steer a different course towards them. We have to be more supple, more practical—without sacrificing our integrity.

Aviezer Ravitzky: I'm going to be down-to-earth. In everyday life, how do things work out between parents and children? When a young fellow volunteers for a risky pioneering mission, his parents cry no, no, no. Yet when the kid eventually goes off, his parents are very very pleased. I've seen it happen dozens of times. The old people remain pioneers at heart. Communications between them and us have not broken down.

Now I'm going to tell you a story which may sound silly but it has its point. We Hebrew University students had the itch to tussle with the police. In Paris, the Sorbonne students are so good at that game! We put our heads together, and decided we'd make the police mad by breaking all the traffic regulations, driving through red lights and so on. We kept it up for hours until at last one student was arrested. At last! We mobilized all cars—hundreds of them—and drove to police headquarters, causing the worst traffic jam Jerusalem has had in its 4,000 years' existence! We were certain that the police would go for us with their clubs: we'd throw stones at them, build barricades, and have a glorious time. So what happens? A senior police officer comes out and starts parleying. Do we want the release of the arrested student? O.K.! What else is eating us? He has a man-to-man, heart-to-heart talk with us. He isn't being fatherly, he's just like one of us—the same mentality.

In the end we dispersed, feeling pretty sheepish. The police in most countries—is adult society at its worst. But things are different here. We all belong together.

Someone—Shimon Mintz—spoke about the political parties. The way he put it, you'd think that the parties are giving the young generation the brush-off. Well, the very opposite is true. They're chasing after us like mad. They love us. We don't love them, and I'm not saying we should. But the fact is that the young are worshiped in Israel. We're the object of downright idolatry.

True, the country depends on us for survival. You can't expect the inmates of the old age homes to go out and defend the borders. We young ones have to do the fighting. Which raises a touchy point. I'm not saying we are militaristic. We go to war only because we have to. It's either that or—but I won't blah-blah about the alternative.

All right, we're doing our duty as soldiers. But the sad part of it is that having done our bit, we're so self-satisfied. Enough! We don't even attempt to fill the spiritual void in our lives.

I have another bigger bone to pick with Shimon. He said that the young generation has loosened its ties with world Jewry and our aim is to create an Israeli society that will not necessarily be Jewish. My answer—and I guess that not only religious young people but most of those who aren't religious are with me on this—my answer is: If we're in this country to build a non-Jewish society, then why be here at all? If our purpose is to improve society as non-Jews, then we'll be better off elsewhere, far better off materially and will be enjoying a more favorable cultural climate in, say, the United States. Our raison d'être here is our Jewishness!

Tuvia Abramson: What do you mean by Jewishness? Aviezer Ravitzky: I mean the Jewish values that prompted our parents to come to Israel. My people happen to be religious. Yours may be irreligious. But all the Jews who settled here did so in order to build up a Jewish country. We may have our disagreements as to Jewish ideals. But when Shimon brings up the concept of a non-Jewish Israel, he's playing a game all of his own. I'll have no part of it.

Tuvia Abramson: Let's forget that we're a country besieged. I'm fed up with looking at human values through the fog of war.

I'm being asked if I feel alienated from adult society. Well, I'm an adult myself; I'm getting on for 30. But even when I was younger, I never stood apart from the grown-ups. I didn't feel they were trying to keep me at arm's length. I never moped in a corner. I have always belonged—very much so! Some young people are running round in circles, looking for new ideas of their own. Originality doesn't come easy, so they knock down whatever they find in their path, but they're not putting up any substitutes.

I honestly can't say that I've been smothered by the old generation. I'm an outgrowth of it. I grew up in the War of Independence—there's no getting away from war, after all. My parents inculcated in me the notion of self-defense. They taught me to believe in the kibbutz way of life, in fraternity, equality, social justice. I won't throw these principles away just because my parents hold them. I don't kid myself that we've lived up to our principles. But neither do my parents have any illusions.

Ideals are never fulfilled. They're a goal. Will we ever attain a completely egalitarian society? It's something to strive after. I've taken the same road as my parents. I'm not ashamed of it

Am I involved in politics? You bet I am! But I've slackened off in the last three years since I started my studies. My interest hasn't flagged, but I simply don't have the time. I'm under terrific pressure—like most students. I have to pay my way through university. I work on the side. Periodically I'm called up for military duty as a reservist. I have my exams to pass. The Israeli student is the world's champion beast of burden.

Speaking for myself, I carry such a tremendous load, I can't take on politics—not for the time being.

My Dad complains that all the politicking we students do is ride around in cars honking our horns in protest at something or other. In fact, the only two student demonstrations I can remember were against the visit of Adenauer and against the hike in university fees. Yes, there was a third demonstration—against de Gaulle, but that doesn't count because everybody was anti-de Gaulle while opinion on Adenauer was divided.

Moderator: How do you account for the fact that the students who grew up in Israel and never themselves suffered at the hands of the Germans, got all het-up about Adenauer, while the adults, those who were the direct victims of German terror, remained on the whole passive?

Tuvia Abramson: Though my mother's family were wiped out in Europe, I heard very little about the Holocaust—until the Eichmann trial. Then I started reading every book on the subject I could lay hands on. I visited Germany. I saw the extermination camps. I even wrote up my impressions. The Holocaust engraved on my mind an Eleventh Commandment: "Thou shalt not forget!" We'll not permit anything like it to happen again. There is this temptation to close your eyes on the past, to pretend that the unspeakable never happened. But it did happen. And it is the focal point of our awareness. We refuse to live in a fools' paradise. No place on earth is safe for the Jews. That's what the demonstration against Adenauer was all about—we students were debunking this nonsense about a new Germany. All this treacle that was being dished up about Adenauer, the symbol of a reformed Germany, made us sick. And we vomited in public. We might not have demonstrated if Adenauer had come discreetly, modestly, without fanfares, without beating the big drum. But he put on a show, so we students staged a counter-show. I should like to make it clear that we're not obsessed with Germany; we regard Germany as the symptom of an overall situation.

Zvi is dissatisfied with our democracy. So am I. Our democracy is just a talking point for members of the Government and for leaders of the Histadrut. I don't think we have much intellectual political activity in Israel, and what applies to society as a whole is true also of the students. Among the young in the kibbutzim and sometimes in the youth movements of the political parties you do see some intellectual ferment. But then quite often the conflict is not over ideas; the kids, like their elders, are jockeying for power.

The question was raised what changes we'd like to see in our social set-up. I'd like Israel to revert to the collectivist way of life. Ours has become an individualist society. The spirit of one-for-all-and-all-for-one, which I call collectivist, prevails only in war. For the rest, outside the kibbutzim, it's a case of everybody for himself.

When we Israeli students went on strike for a fortnight—and lost out—about the hundred lira increase in university fees, we were being ridiculous. Is our society so perfect that we have no other reason for raising Cain? We simply look the other way, we ignore abuses.

Debbie Bernstein: When you talk of more collectivism what exactly do you mean?

Tuvia Abramson: I'll tell you what I mean. Somebody once counted the number of millionaires in Israel. I don't mind people owning millions. I wish I had a million myself! But it's a historical fact that this State was built up on the strength of common social values. Some Jews were religious, others not, some were this, some were that; but there was a social objective which united them all. They stood on the same ground.

I mentioned the millionaires as an extreme example.

When a man has made his first million and is out to make his second million, he's not concerned about society any more. It's no use his pretending that what's good for him is also good for society. Personal gain has become his obsession. More and more Israelis who are not and never will be millionaires have assumed this selfish, asocial attitude. They set their own career above the common good. If you're a member of a kibbutz, you renounce your own profit for the welfare of the community.

I'm not saying that Israeli society will ever be or should ever become one large kibbutz. I don't think such a thing can happen. What I'm getting at is this: some of the collectivist values which we jettisoned so frivolously—and I threw them overboard myself-have impoverished Israel. I'd like us to recuperate what we've lost. Let's take a specific case of pioneering. I can't understand the medical student who after graduating refuses to go and serve for a couple of years in a border settlement. His excuse is that he'll be at a professional disadvantage there. He won't be able to specialize. So what? The State has invested a quarter of a million liras in his education. In return he's asked to serve two years in a frontier town or village where there's a shortage of doctors. Mind you, for this pioneering effort he'll be paid 3,000 liras a month with a car put freely at his disposal! That's just one typical example among hundreds. We-including myself-have been in too great a hurry to remove our pioneering overalls. I myself spent five years as a member of a kibbutz. During those five years, pioneering meant getting up at four o'clock in the morning and going to work in the plantation with a submachinegun at my side. But when you're busy spraying in the dark you can't hear approaching footsteps. And if you're right on the frontier, you have your heart in your mouth all the time. You're scared stiff.

Aviezer Ravitzky: It seems to me you're confusing your personal story with Israeli society.

Tuvia Abramson: Not at all. I myself have done certain things, even if I haven't done enough. But 90 per cent of Israel's students—I don't mean present company, but the general run of students—let off hot air without ever moving a finger. I heard them screaming their heads off at the last Zionist Congress in Jerusalem.

Take those big mouths one by one. What have they ever done? Have they ever worked among juvenile delinquents? Have they ever helped the underprivileged half of Israel?

Have they ever set foot in a struggling frontier village? Have they ever taken an interest in what goes on there? Are they concerned about anything except their own advancement?

Aviezer Ravitzky: There're more forms of pioneering than one. Those of us in the students' union who are working for the integration of newcomers from abroad are, I submit, doing a better pioneering job than the fellow who dirties his hands spraying a plantation before dawn.

Tuvia Abramson: I beat my breast in contrition. You're right. I've allowed my feelings to run away with me—my guilt feelings about my no longer working in the mud. Intellectual pioneering can be more important than manual pioneering.

The integration of immigrant students, which is my present job, is a major assignment.

The question is whether those of us who are engaged in this task are doing it wholeheartedly or as a stepping-stone to personal promotion.

It seems to me that in nine cases out of ten, the students doing welfare work and acting as leaders are largely concerned with their own careers. Take the Jerusalem branch of the Students' Union. Out of 12,000 members, only 2,000

bother to vote. Out of these 2,000 the president and his deputies are elected. What does that prove? On the one hand, you have an indifferent majority. On the other hand you have a minority of office-seekers.

Ephraim Gat: I think we've got sidetracked into kibbutz issues and collectivist ideas. I should like to remind Tuvia that the majority of students aren't kibbutzniks but come from all walks of life. Kibbutznik students are like kibbutzniks in general—a minority in this country. Myself I'm not a kibbutznik, I never was one. I'm a townsman, and I've no complexes about it whatever. Pioneering—if you get down to the heart of things—is implicit in every man's work in Israel, even if he lives in comfort in Tel Aviv, so long as his work is useful to society. If he meets this proviso of serving society, then he is a pioneer of the Jewish people. Future generations will recognize him as such.

For that matter, ask a Jew who lives in Los Angeles or New York how he views the Israeli population, kibbutzniks and townsfolk alike. He'll tell you we're all pioneers.

But let's get back to student affairs. Do we feel alienated from adult society as apparently American and European students do?

There is no breakdown in communication between the generations at the Hebrew University cafeteria.

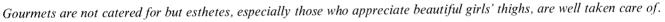


We've already heard the answer round this table, and I can only endorse it. Our situation is entirely different. In the United States and Europe you have a technically developed civilization, a dynamic spiritual world. But the spiritual dynamism is damped down by the authorities. There is a sort of inbuilt contradiction there. Every student is helped by the powers-that-be to attain an intellectual level where he can and does think for himself. But when he starts to think for himself and draw his own conclusions, the Establishment steps in and says: "Halt!" A down-to-earth example—the Vietnam war. In France you have a quasi-dictatorial regime which provides young people with all the resources of independent thinking, but when the young begin to think and act on their own, they get walloped on the head by the cops. Consider the New Left. They're in a twofold dilemma. First, they're chasing after new ideas, seeking a new society, and don't know where they're going. Secondly, whilst they're hunting for the unknown, they're being hunted down by the authorities. It's enough to drive you nuts, enough to make you into a hippie and take refuge in drugs. What a fix! Unlike the Americans and the Europeans, we Israeli students

are headed for what we consider a worthwhile destination. We know where we're going. Of course, we do have our contradictions between ideals and realities. But these contradictions aren't between the young and the old generations, they permeate society as a whole. There's doubletalk, there's hypocrisy. But that's because human beings are very imperfect creatures.

Tuvia said—let's forget we're a country besieged. That's easier said than done. The war didn't start two years ago. We've been at war ever since the establishment of the State, in fact long before that. And our objectives are the same as those towards which our parents have been working. We're not innovating, we're carrying on. Our goals are common to all of us, never mind what strata of society we belong to, whether we live on a kibbutz or in town, whether we're religious or not, whether we're young or old. The objectives are—consolidation of the State and transformation of Israel into the undisputed center of the whole Jewish people. We must make the State so strong that the risk of collapse will be banished for good and all. At the same time we must become a bulwark against another Holocaust of Jews anywhere in the world.

There is no conflict between the generations on this score. Naturally, differences of opinion do arise but they run right through society.





The Six Day War helped Jews everywhere to identify with Israel. It made every Israeli feel more Jewish. Look at the rush of Jewish students to Israel from all over the world since June 1967. The June War gave us the shock of our lives. We then realized that Israel isn't a State like other States—not by a long chalk. Our survival can't be taken for granted. Our mission is unique. The creation of the State of Israel is something we haven't yet mentally digested. It may take a generation or two before we find our bearings and come to terms with ourselves and with world Jewry. There are many Jews abroad—I've traveled, I speak from experience—who are extremely puzzled at this new phenomenon of the Jewish State and their relationship to it as Jews. It's a problem we've inherited from our elders, and it cuts across the generations.

In America and Europe the student body stands apart from adult society. It is in rebellious mood. But we Israelis are in the same boat as our parents and mutiny is out of the question. We've got our hands full keeping our vessel afloat.

What changes would I like to see in Israeli society? It seems to me we're on the right course. We just have to keep going. Does that make me conservative? Not if we're heading for a progressive society. But I have one reservation to make. I dissent strongly from this glorification of collectivist ideas. Collectivist ideas are the opposite of what a modern State has to offer. A modern State enables people to think for themselves. Israel should avoid collectivist ideas like the pest. We want to be a modern State where every individual has the possibility and the right to think for himself and to draw his own conclusions. The last thing we want is collectivist thinking.

Tuvia Abramson: You misunderstand me. I don't advocate collectivist thinking. On the kibbutz, people aren't expected to share ideas the way they share material possessions. There is no such thing as a standard truth, by which all must abide. On the contrary, the kibbutz encourages the individual to do his own thinking. But the kibbutz does have certain common values, which I call collectivism, and that's something else again. Let me illustrate the distinction between collective values and individual thinking. Judaism is a collective value. But you have Reform Judaism and Orthodox Judaism and all sorts of Judaism. Would you say that Judaism is collectivist thinking? Definitely not. Yet there is a common faith, a basis which we all accept. Let me give you another, a simpler example. Hygiene is a collectivist value. Some of us like to take a shower. Others prefer a bath. Others go bathing in the river. But we're all in favor of cleanliness. I never said we all have to think alike. I hate indoctrination. I'm all for freedom of thought, for nonconformism.

Ephraim Gat: I should like to add something to my previous remarks. Our goals are clear — consolidation of Israel, transformation of Israel into the heartland of the Jewish people, prevention of another Holocaust. But besides that we should pursue another aim—we can't do it right now, but

must wait until relations with our neighbors are less tense—and this aim is to set up a model nation where freedom of individual thought and enterprise flourishes as nowhere else on earth. At present, you have this rivalry between out-and-out totalitarian regimes and qualified democracies. I should like Israel to become in a generation or two a world beacon of liberty—liberty without anarchy, personal freedom with an absolute minimum of official interference in our lives.

Gloria Srebro: I just want to say a few words about what I feel after my coming here and realizing the difference between the Israeli student and the American student.

First of all, the American student enters university right after high school. And as I see it now, it is just a continuation of high school. He may be intelligent, intellectual, smart, brilliant, but because he hasn't had any or much experience of life, he is relatively naive. He can't really cope with problems, with the questions that pop up in his mind. Matters are different here in Israel. The student first of all is older, he has been through the army, he's seen a lot of life—and death too.

It seems that forty or fifty years ago, somebody of 18 would already be thrown into the world and expected to do what is very natural to do at that age. He or she would have to become maybe even a father or a mother. He would have to work. Well, now the growing period is extended, made longer, and it goes into the twenties, even up to 25. Before I came here, I felt alienated from my parents. I felt alienated from society, all the things that people talk about. And this year, in the middle of the wet Jerusalem winter, when I was very very miserable, I just decided that it was all up to me. I couldn't make demands on society. What was society anyway? I couldn't demand of my parents to understand me or to be whatever I fancied they ought to be. I said to myself: "Stop the nonsense! Get up and do what you have to do!" And after that point, everything changed for me. It's hard to explain, but I realized that I can't demand of society, I can't demand of other people what I don't have in myself.

In the States, the hippies and the New Left, well, they talk about things like freedom and love. They hash up the very beautiful concepts that people have been talking about for thousands of years. I think that when the Torah says "Love thy neighbor as thyself," it is formulating just about everything, including socialism. In the United States, people have some sort of idea of love and freedom and whatever. Yet they don't know how to handle it, because they themselves—well, honestly, I don't know if they demand it of themselves in the first place.

As for revolution and all these big movements like the New Left, I've read history. In all revolutions there are always a few people who care, who want to cure society of its ills. The few have ideals. But the rest of the people think it is a good chance to throw bricks and smash things up.

Another thing! When you people here talk, you seem to forget about human nature. You can't expect more of a man

than what he is. I have been on a few kibbutzim. I have seen people there also wanting to live their own lives. I see that they want to have nice clothes. Fifty years ago the kibbutz women used to laugh at somebody in town who put cream on her face so as not to get wrinkles. Now the kibbutz women want it too. Fifty years ago there were more important things to think about. First of all they had to have a roof over their heads. Once you have the roof over your head, and once you have food on the table, and once you have met certain basic needs, you can begin to allow yourself other things. It is very natural.

All I demand of people is "Love thy neighbor as thyself." And I am not saying this because I have a fixed credo. I'm not religious. I'm not a socialist. I just want myself and others to live their lives.

Moderator: You said that one wet morning in Jerusalem you suddenly realized you can't expect too much of society, you have got to look inside yourself to find whatever you're looking for. That happened to you on a wet morning in Jerusalem. Now, do you think it might also have happened to you on a wet morning in New York? Or is there something special about Jerusalem?

Gloria Srebro: I hate it when people ask me why I'm here and why I want to stay. But I always say: "Well, I grew up here." They look at me as if I'm crazy, because they know I came just a year ago. But the fact is I grew up here. I was a child when I landed. In Jerusalem I became grown up, I matured.

One Friday morning I went to the Supersol supermarket in Jerusalem. And as I reached the entrance, a bomb exploded inside. I could have been blown to bits. If I hadn't run into somebody I knew and stopped for a chat, I'd have been on the wrong side of that door. The blast sort of took me by the scruff of the neck and shook the nonsense out of me. I remembered all the things I used to worry about in the States, the things my friends worried about. I don't know what's happened to them now. They are probably big leaders in the New Left. My set was the intellectual students, the sensitive ones. Well, I was always in that sort of atmosphere and I realized that I was making my own problems the whole time. You have to play a role as a student in the States, and that is how you play it. I came here and realized I had to throw off all these gimmicks. First of all I had to be a human being-I had to be a mensch. I walked round the town saying that the time had come to be a mensch. And it was because I was here that I realized it.

Moderator: If I understand you correctly, people have to have problems. In the States they have to create their problems. Here you find them ready-made. Is that it?

Gloria Srebro: There are problems everywhere. Only in the States your childhood is prolonged, so you remain stuck with problems that you should have outgrown. I thought in the university that I was going to grow up, but no, the growing-up process was slowed down. Not until I got to grips with realities in Jerusalem, did I grow up.

Moderator: During your one year here have you had political or philosophical arguments with Israeli students? Gloria Srebro: No, because I don't think I know enough. I haven't been here for twenty or twenty-five years as other people have. How can I say anything about something I don't really know.

Glen Hoptman: Whenever an argument comes up about America, I'm expected to defend the United States' point of view. I did so for quite a while, until I decided—to hell, I'm not going to defend the States any more, I'm sick and tired of defending the States. Now I defend the other side.

Moderator: Do you want to add anything, Gloria?

Gloria: Yes, about alienation between parents and us. As I said before, I did feel alienated although I never really let myself go all the way. With my friends, I was always sort of in between what they called "society" and themselves. Because even though I thought I was alienated from my parents, I respected them. I used to talk to my father, and now I realize how much he gave me my outlook on the world. Only since coming here, 6,000 miles away, do I realize this. I've developed into a person. My father is a person too. My mother is a person too. So we can meet on a personal level. All the same, I think it is very important for children in a family to learn from the mistakes of their parents.

Mohammed Mer'i: You will pardon me for raising the religious problem. But we Arab students who live in the State of Israel have heaps of problems which Jewish students don't have. We're up against the difficulty of finding lodgings. We have the language problem. We have trouble with the military and civil administration. Our grievances are very very real.

We Arab students are in a tough position, believe me. We belong to one kind of society and are trying to live—just for a while—in another kind of society. Arab society is conservative. You can't imagine how stubbornly traditionalist it is. We, the younger Arabs, see modernization going on all round us the world over. We don't want to remain bogged down, we want to go forward.

As an Arab student living under a non-Arab regime, I don't feel at all comfortable. I don't belong to this regime. Only geographically am I part of it. I won't lightly abandon my own society. I mean I won't give up its positive values. What if I find positive values elsewhere? I prefer to stick to my own.

Israel evicts the Arabs from their land. My Jewish friends tell me that the public welfare takes precedence over private interests. But why should the Arabs always be the victims? We don't feel that the Israel government cares to help the Arabs. Nothing, for instance, is being done to introduce industry among the Arab population. Somebody was once going to put up a cannery in the Arab village of Bakaa El Gharbiyeh, but the government put its foot down,

I'm not ashamed to admit that ours is a backward society. It

maliciously.

is the duty of the young Arab generation to mend matters. But no one is prepared to assist us. And if we ourselves set up any kind of organization, not necessarily of a political nature, we are at once suspected of subversive activities. I can't see any solution. Things got worse since the Six Day War. People are picked up in the street and thrown into prison. I'm not exaggerating. Come to my village. You'll find that every inhabitant is shadowed by a security agent. That's how the State of Israel functions.

Moderator: How about relations between yourself and your parents? How do the young Arabs get along with the elder generation?

Mohammed Mer'i: We obey the commandment "Honor thy father and thy mother." But as to our general and personal way of life, the young pay no heed to the old. The old have their views. We have ours. There is no continuity between the adults and the adolescents. We can't agree on anything. For instance, we have no running water, no electricity in our village. The old folks are content to do without. We young ones want our conveniences.

Tuvia Abramson: You want electricity, running water, a car. Maybe you want to acquire fluent English. Are you ready to fight for these things?

Mohammed Mer'i: I've been ready to fight for a long time. But so far I've not found the means. I've done all I could to improve my own life. Now I'm doing other things, with comrades in my village, for the benefit of the whole Arab minority in Israel. Myself, thank God, I'm well off, but I'm worried about the others.

Mohammed Mer'i: It's hard to integrate. There's this gap between our society and yours. Then there is the national conflict between Arabs and Jews. We, the Arab minority in Israel, are not only at loggerheads with the Jews but also with our fellow-Arabs outside Israel. This makes it terribly hard for us to integrate with Israeli society, with the Jews. I have Jewish friends whom I visit. So long as we don't talk politics, all is fine and dandy. But as soon as political issues crop up, we can't look each other in the face.

Ariel Rosen-Zvi: Most of the time I feel as if I've been sitting here at a friendly mothers' meeting. How tame can you get? Do I have to play the revolutionary, I who am a member of a religious party?

First, let's take this question of alienation. Haven't you read Sartre and Camus? Don't you know that in this 20th century both young and old suffer from alienation? As for the struggle between the generations, that's been going on since the beginning of time. It's one of the leitmotifs of literature down the centuries. I have a one-year-old son, and already I'm in serious conflict with him!

The world's in a state of flux, more so now than ever before. The Cohn-Bendits and the other rebel student leaders in France and in America really have no answers to the questions confronting modern civilization. But I will say





this for the Cohn-Bendits and company. At least they have the gumption to ask questions and they stay away from the established parties. We Israeli students don't even raise queries, and if we do speak up it's within the framework of

(Left) Senator Mark Hatfield, of Oregon, lecturing in the Mexico Auditorium of Tel Aviv University to professors, students and members of the diplomatic corps. (Below) At the end of the lecture, Senator Mark Hatfield is surrounded by students anxious to hear his answers to their questions. existing parties. What's wrong with us? Perhaps we lack tradition. After all, the Hebrew University was still unborn half a century ago, whereas the Sorbonne has been a going concern since the Middle Ages.

We have our specific conditions in Israel. One of the things I'd like to see tackled by our students is relations between religious and non-religious Jews. Our adults are sickeningly hypocritical on this as on other subjects. I'd like to see the students get together and arrive at some kind of understanding. I'm a religious young Jew. I want to sit down with a young Jewish agnostic. We have to learn to live together. What is more, I'm sure that over and above our differences, we hold many values in common. Let's thresh these things



out over the heads of our sanctimonious parents.

And let's get moving before the student revolt reaches this country. The student revolt is a matter of fashion. It's like the mini-skirt. The mini-skirt reached Israel years late. We're simply behind the times.

One last remark. I don't renounce the ideals of our parents. My complaint is that the old generation doesn't practice what it preaches. Sincerity is missing. It's up to the students to match words with deeds.

Lily: I've been in this country for some time. At first I felt completely lost. Now I'm groping around—I'm trying to find my place here. So I'm in no position to criticize. All I can do is say how very different things are in Israel from what they were in Czechoslovakia.

In Czechoslovakia, the young people were fed up to the teeth. They saw what a mess the old generation had landed the country into. They don't have any faith in their government. They don't have any faith in politics. They don't see any way out of their impasse. Judging by the conversations I've had with Sabras during my short stay here, I'd say there's no comparison between young Israelis and young Czechs. Not all Sabras think alike, but they all seem to be eager to do something for the future of the country. They believe in the future.

Next, family life. In Czechoslovakia the family is an ultraconservative institution. If a girl like me isn't home by 10 o'clock, there's trouble. To say that you've been to the cinema or the theater is no excuse. The parents regard their unmarried offspring as children. If we stay unmarried till we're 30, we're still children. Children without a character of our own, without a will of our own.

One of the things that immediately struck me in Israel was the way small children talk to their parents as equals. In my work here I've had occasion to meet VIP's, and any time I've shown any inclination to speak my mind they've always listened with interest. That's very encouraging. Maybe these observations of mine are superficial. But I can only go by my brief experience in this country.

As for politics, that's something you can't ignore in Israel. In Czechoslovakia the young were anxious to know what was going on in the world at large, but felt powerless to do anything about it. Often they were afraid even to open their mouths. We all knew the regime was rotten, but nobody knew what to do about it.

In Israel, some of the opinions I express aren't at all popular. I don't believe we're on the road to peace. But everybody is ready to listen to me. I'm free to suggest whatever alternatives I like, and I can act accordingly. It's very important for me to feel that I'm at liberty to do whatever appeals to me.

Henning Schwartz: Glen started off by saying that he had been in Israel only two years, and he wondered what right he had to speak up. I have been here only one year, and unlike Glen, I can't even promise I'll settle in Israel.

Very often Israeli students tell us newcomers to shut up because we don't know the country, we're ignorant.

Well, as a Jew I have a feeling that Israel is my country too. I can't explain how or why. It's just something I feel.

Tourists who come here for a week are entitled to say that Israel is a wonderful country and the people are wonderful. But if you go beyond that, you're being impertinent.

Myself, I don't think you have to be an Israeli citizen to be allowed to comment on what goes on in Israel. You don't have to be an American citizen to criticize the Vietnam war. You don't have to be a Russian to criticize the way Jews are treated in Russia. You don't have to be a South African to be disgusted with apartheid. I claim that as a Dane, even if I wasn't Jewish, I'd have the right and maybe even the duty to criticize, if I felt there was something to criticize.

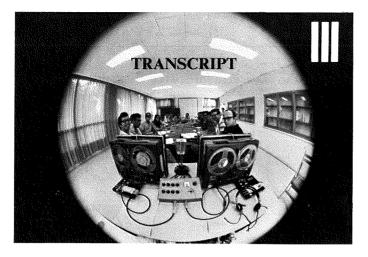
Anyway, I've been invited to this symposium to give my impressions, so here they are for what they're worth.

Are Israeli students alienated from society? As I see it, Israeli students are very much part of society. Why? Chiefly because this is a developing country. In rich Europe or rich America—I won't talk too much about America, I'm a European—people are set on not just getting a car but a better car. In Israel things are different. Many Israelis have cars too. But basically the Israelis are working—and fighting—for survival. In Denmark, where we have no B.A., students spend five, six, seven years and often even eight or nine years at university. The country is so rich, it can afford to leave the young unproductive over a long period. In Israel, students have to be efficient. The aim of the university is to create people who can take part in developing the country as quickly as possible.

Then again, the security situation, or rather the situation of insecurity, inhibits artistic or insurgent tendencies. In Israel, the pacifists at any price are more hated than the Arab terrorists and the Russians. They are hated because they are not just playing a game as in the West. They are encouraging Arab terrorism which is aimed at killing people, at destroying the nation. That's no joke. In Israel, nihilism is a very grave matter

As I see the life of the Israeli, it goes like this. He is a child till he is about eighteen years old. Then he goes into the army for a spell of three years, which is his "teenage." Suddenly he starts smoking and having affairs with the opposite sex, and a lot of things happen in a very short time. He gets a lot of responsibilities thrust upon him, and people have to be able to rely on him. All this creates a grown-up in three years. When he comes out of the army, he is older—older than students are in other countries. He goes to university, but not as students do in Western countries, to broaden their horizons. He goes to university like a man goes to his office.

As a teenager, when he should be thinking for himself, he is told what to think. He lives in a society that is oriented to socialism. But his concern is what the *chevra*, the other fellows, think about him. Nonconformism is out.



PROFESSORS HAULED OVER CARPET

What sort of a job is the university doing on you as a student and as a human being? Are you satisfied with the academic standards? Do you feel your personality is being shaped so that you will be fit to meet the realities of life after you leave the campus? If you could award marks to your professors, would you hand out a pass with or without honors or would you flunk them?

Moderator: Are we through with alienation and revolt? All right, let's get on with the next question.

What sort of a job is the university doing on you as a student and as a human being? Are you satisfied with the academic standards? Do you feel your personality is being shaped so that you will be fit to meet the realities of life after you leave the campus? If you could award marks to your professors, would you hand out a pass with or without honors or would you flunk them?

Glen Hoptman: As a student from America with absolutely no family in Israel, the university was—and remains—my home. Let me put it another way. I live with the university on intimate terms as with a woman—a wretched hag at that, who needs plastic surgery in a hurry.

Most of the professors are left-overs from Europe and should be retired. As for the academic standing, there's a battle going on between most departments. There's downright war, for instance, between sociology and psychology at the Hebrew University.

As a rule, the teacher stands up in front of the class for the hour or two hours or whatever time the lesson will take. He is God orating from the podium. There is very little interaction with the student, who is not looked upon as an individual, at least not until he reaches the seminar stage. I'd flunk all the professors except the new ones, those who are arriving from the States. The American professors and the Israelis who have been trained in the States are definitely interested in furthering relations with the student. The rest don't regard the student as a person.

What else is wrong? I suffer from the deficiencies of an understocked library and an overloaded, usually irrelevant bibliography. Also, there is a ridiculous amount of exams—as many as fourteen in one year.

The university is a commuter school. There's no campus life. The students don't have a chance to interact except on their own initiative. The university does nothing to help.

We tried seminars this year in an education class with Professor Tannenbaum in the psychology department. This course—an opportunity for real interaction between teacher and student and between student and student—was probably the best ever.

Aviezer Ravitzky: I often hear foreign students complaining bitterly that their professors are aloof. Maybe it's true. Personally, I'm not aware of any partition between myself and my professors. I remember hearing a funny story from one of our lecturers who'd been teaching in the States. His subject was Jewish philosophy. He'd start a lecture on, say, Maimonides, concerning whom the students knew nothing, absolutely nothing. After ten minutes the class would start arguing, debating heatedly but, of course, superficially. These American students were on the whole gifted—some of them were brilliant, so the professor said. But they didn't have the patience to listen-ever. I've noticed here in Israel that students from America are bursting to pour out their hearts. They're not ready to absorb information in a serious, scientific way and then, only then, to express ideas which they have thought out carefully.

Our friend from Denmark will think me very uppish in true Sabra style, but listening to him I had the feeling that he too has this uncontrollable urge to trot out answers at a time when he ought to be asking questions.

I'd like to take Henning up on one remark—that we Sabras remain children up to the age of eighteen when we're conscripted. It so happens that by the age of fourteen—due to the influence of the youth movements—the Sabra is a little man whose outlook on life has been molded for better or for worse. Later, at university, he may broaden his outlook but won't basically change it. I can't say I'm happy about this. As a philosophy student, I find myself assimilating whatever doctrine suits my initial outlook and rejecting the rest.

But to declare that the Sabra is a baby up to the time he goes into the army is nonsense.

Do Israeli students fail to interact? I'd say that we students are too close, too compact. When do you ever see a girl student going out with a boy who isn't a student? What contacts do we students have with non-students? The exclusive communion between students has its positive but also its negative aspects. There are a lot of interesting things happening outside the university and it's a pity to miss them. On the other hand, we can't do everything and be everywhere at one and the same time.

Walid Fahoum: The university cuts us off from everyday life. Our personality is already formed in childhood by our environment, by our heritage, by our social, economic and political circumstances. As to academic standards, my appraisal-like yours-is relative. From the point of view of an Arab, the level is terribly high. To get into university, I had to overcome tremendous obstacles. As Mohammed Mer'i pointed out, we Arabs are handicapped by our background, by the language problem, by the difficulty of finding lodgings. There's no point in my repeating all the things Mohammed said. What it amounts to is that the Arab student in Israel is an outsider. The Arab doesn't know where he belongs or to whom to turn. He is attracted by two very different societies and is torn between them. But some Arab students have made their choice. I know I've made mine. I cannot, I will not forget my origins. The drawing power of my own people is stronger than that of the Jews. I've not been able to adapt myself one hundred per cent to university life. That much is clear. My primary concern is for my fellow-Arabs in Israel. My second concern is for the Arab world as a whole. In the third place, I am interested in the Jewish question. There's no denying that I care about the Jewish fate, the Nazi concentration camps and the horrors that have befallen the Jews.

As to my assessment of the professors, that's rather amusing. It's too subjective. It's a matter of luck or ill luck who your professor is. Some professors are a bit psychotic, not to say lunatic.

There's one marvelous thing about the Hebrew University—the complete absence of discrimination between Arab and Jewish students, between Moslems and Christians and Druzes, between American Jews and American non-Jews, between Moroccans, Tunisians and what-have-you. This non-discrimination at university is fantastic. And I think that is the way it should be. It's not simply courtesy or kindness. It's authentic, it's real.

Our great headache is the future. There are two kinds of future for an Arab student, according to whether he is taking up a liberal profession where he can stand on his own feet, or whether he is entering a walk of life in which he will need backing from the government. If you are going to be a lawyer, you are free to engage in politics. But if you take Arabic language and literature in order to become a teacher, and you

can only get your appointment through the Ministry of Education, then you had better stay away from politics. One of my Arab friends holds a B.A., but can't get a job as a teacher even in an elementary school because he refuses to act as a stooge for the Israel secret police.

Myself, I was taking psychology and almost reached my finals, but failed to make the grade.

Moderator: Are we to understand that examiners were hard on you because you're an Arab?

Walid Fahoum: Not at all. I'm not suggesting they were unfair to me. I got the low marks I deserved. Heaven knows I tried, but I couldn't make it. You see, I started out from a primitive home. My father, my mother, my brothers, my sisters are what they are. I think the examiners should have made allowances for my background.

Moderator: Now you're asking for discrimination—in your favor.

Ephraim Gat: I cannot agree with the proposition that the university cuts us off from society. The university isn't an ivory tower any more than the factory or the farm is. Even if I were to do nothing else but study, I still would not consider myself a creature apart. Actually, like the vast majority of students in Israel, I not only study, I also work for a living and I pay income tax. I do military service as a reservist and I have my family problems and I'm very much a run-of-the-mill Israeli.

As for the university fashioning my personality, well, I'm a bit old for that—I'm 27 whilst most of my fellow students are 22 or 23. Even so, the university affords me an opportunity of self-improvement. It's up to me to make the best of my chances. I mingle with scores, with hundreds of interesting people. I can rub shoulders with them or I can truly relate to them. It's up to me. And in my quest for knowledge, I can go right to the fountainhead. What I mean is that in Beersheba, which is the youngest university in Israel, the student has easy access to faculty members. Most of our professors are quite young. Some are themselves still students who are writing their doctoral thesis. They're wide awake to our needs.

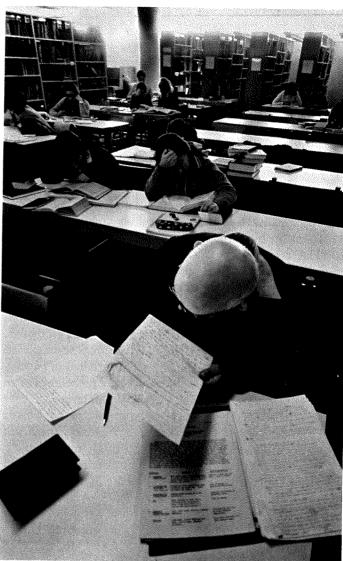
We have asked for a total revision of the exams system. Our request is receiving sympathetic consideration. We want to do away with written exams altogether.

Our plan is that the individual student's performance during the semester should be marked up, and at the end he will undergo an oral exam covering not the whole range of lectures but a field in which he has made a special effort under his professor's guidance.

Another innovation at Beersheba University—already in operation—is a special course in the humanities for students taking technology and *vice versa*.

What's the use of being a brilliant scientist if you're an ignoramus in literature or Judaica? The élite of our society will be the men and women who can combine specialization with general knowledge.





(Left) Virtuosity comes with practice at the Tel Aviv University Music Academy. The building seen through the window is the University library; a new edifice will soon arise where the crane now pokes into the sky. (Right) Interior of the Tel Aviv University Library. The bald-headed gentleman in the foreground is Mr. Yisrael Ben-Shem whose Bible lessons are a revelation of treasures to be found between the lines of Scripture.

Debbie Bernstein: I'll be brief. Much of the ground has already been covered. I want to say that the university has disappointed me. I don't like the large classes, the amphitheaters, with the professor holding forth at length while we students take copious notes which we swot over at home. I'd prefer small, intimate classes where we exchange ideas.

I'm not in favor of letting off emotional steam. But the object of university tuition should be to coach people to think for themselves, deeply, purposefully. If the professor instills, in addition to knowledge, an analytical ability, then the university will be fulfilling its proper function. Students will emerge with a new layer to their personality, a new

aptitude to tackle not only abstract problems but the practical challenges of society.

Ruth Hasfari: I have completed four years at Bar-Ilan University. I studied literature and took various courses to obtain my teacher's diploma. I was on good terms with all my professors, and met many of them outside class. But when I parade them, so to speak, in my memory, I can't see a single one who particularly impresses me. I can't look up to any one of them as a model I'd like to emulate. Maybe this has something to do with the fact—repeated around this table ad nauseum—that our personality is formed in childhood. When we are young and innocent, we easily wax enthusiastic.

As a kid I was crazy about my teachers. The university lecturers left me cold. I suppose you get more critical when you grow up. I don't know how good I'm going to be with my pupils, but if I succeed in my human contacts with them it won't be thanks to my university training. On the other hand, the straightforward knowledge I picked up at university will be invaluable to me.

Shimon Mintz: At the Haifa Technion, where I study, the professors try to develop our ability to think. We're not supposed to become walking encyclopedias. In science and technology, new discoveries are being made all the time. Memorizing data isn't so important as being able to utilize it.

So far, so good. But there's a fly in the ointment. Students confine themselves to their particular subject. True, an attempt has been made to broaden our interests. We're supposed to spend a couple of hours a week listening to lectures in the humanities—international law, Israeli law, Judaica, archaeology, literature. But this experiment has failed. I don't know if you can blame the student who devotes all his energies over a period of four, five or six years to obtaining his degree in engineering or whatever, and cares about nothing else. Myself, I think it's an unhealthy state of affairs. Something must be done about it.

As to the lecturers, their status at the Technion is determined according to their efficiency as research workers. Scientific research is all-important in a country like Israel whose future lies not in farming but in industry. Also, I suppose, someone who is good at research is usually good at teaching. Still, the raison d'être of a university is tuition. And more attention should be paid to a professor's qualifications strictly as a teacher. By the way, relations between professors and students at the Technion are very relaxed. Our professors don't think themselves too superior to meet students outside classes. They don't talk down at us. The trouble is we don't meet often enough. This again is something that needs to be put right—at all universities.

Zvi Bilinsky: We students are clay in the potter's hands. Our personality is only partly formed during childhood. The molding process goes on beyond adolescence. This is not my own theory. I can quote chapter and verse from international authorities. The university is bound to shape the student's character. In America and Europe, the university appears to be turning out misshapen, empty-headed freaks who go around waving black flags.

The need to gear the university curriculum to everyday life is self-evident. Philosophy is my subject. I submit that what we are being taught today is largely irrelevant. I said so once to the Rector of the Hebrew University, Professor Rotenstreich, when we had a meeting between Student Friends of the Kibbutzim and faculty members. Rotenstreich didn't deign to answer. But I stick to my guns. Our philosophy course is bogged down in semantics. In the B.A. course—I don't

know how matters stand for the M.A.—we never study Marx, Buber, Kierkegaard, Sartre, Heidegger. Their names are mentioned, that's all. But these philosophers have a tremendous influence on the present course of events. We ought surely to tackle Marx. Possibly even Marcuse. But to ignore Marx is madness. To sum up, our studies should run parallel to the realities of life, not fly off at a tangent.

Tuvia Abramson: I'm very angry with Zvi. He's taken the words out of my mouth. What is there left for me to say?

Moderator: If I know you, Tuvia, you'll find more than enough to say. Have mercy on us!

Tuvia Abramson: I promise you I won't generalize. I'll speak about my own experiences. When I left the kibbutz to enter university, I was afraid I lacked the necessary qualities for an academic career. I underwent psychotechnical tests to reassure myself. Now, after completing three years at the Hebrew University, I laugh when I remember my fears. I'm not patting myself on the back, I'm being critical of the university, which doesn't demand enough of students.

It's idle to boast about the absence of discrimination at the university. Discrimination does exist—between the lucky few who can afford to study without working for a living and the unlucky many who have to earn a wage. You can't do justice to both your studies and your employment. You have to cheat somewhere. It's an ugly dilemma.

I will say this for myself—I've done my best not to cheat. In my studies I was helped by Debbie here, who short-listed for me the boring bibliography.

I scouted around for an interesting lecturer. I found very few professors who by their human qualities and their teaching proficiency aroused in me any desire to learn for the sake of learning. There was only one exception—Professor Confino, teaching Russian history. I'd say that 90 per cent of the professors lack the gift of inspiring the will to learn. When you listen to them, you have the feeling they're forcing something down your throat. Some of the lectures we are now being treated to are identical to those dished up eight years ago. I have photographic proof of this.

I never crib at exams. I'm not a goody-goody, but before becoming a student I was headmaster of a school for 400 adults from under-developed countries. And when I saw these people dodging lessons, I got furious. Once a teacher was late and the pupils began to drift away. I chased after them in my car. They were old enough to be my parents. I yanked them back. To this day I can't stand shirkers.

What has the university given me? It has added three years to my youth. I've enjoyed a three-year-long moratorium on my obligations to society. My No. 1 concern has been my own self. Regardless of the professors' shortcomings, the university has opened up new horizons for me. Incidentally, I've got to know and love Jerusalem. I've been grumbling about having to work for a living. But I chose work that appealed to me. As long as I live, I'll never do work that doesn't satisfy me spiritually.

Walid Fahoum: People work for bread and butter. And the B.A. you're taking is a means of getting jam on the butter. Tuvia Abramson: That's the way you see things. My aim is to get a master's degree in adult education. Not because it's a stepping-stone to a high salary. But because I love adult

stepping-stone to a high salary. But because I love adult education. I wouldn't consider any other work even if I got paid ten times as much.

Walid Fahoum: The profit motive comes first.

Tuvia Abramson: Let's not get into an argument. You have your point of view, I have mine.

Lily: I'm sorry but there isn't much I can say. I'm new. I didn't know a word of Hebrew when I arrived. I'm still studying the language. You hear the way I speak it. I can tell you more about the university in Prague than in Jerusalem, if that's of any interest to you. Except for a short spell of liberalism, the barrier between professors and students in Czechoslovakia was extremely rigid. The professors were remote, superior beings, entirely above criticism. Tuition methods in Czechoslovakia are quite different from those in Israel. My subject is biochemistry, on which I was doing a five-year course. In Czechoslovakia I was often short of books and equipment needed for experiments. In Israel I've found an abundance of equipment-things I've never seen before in Czechoslovakia. I don't even know what they're for. When I confess ignorance, everybody is surprised, even shocked. The authorities here have no notion what the educational system is like in Prague. When I showed my index, nobody knew what it meant. I can see by your faces that you're puzzled by the very mention of my index.

We have so many different kinds of people here. Never has there been a melting-pot like Israel. I think the university can do a great deal more than it does at present to help us merge into a homogeneous society.

Ariel Rosen-Zvi: The ideal system is that of Socrates. His students not only imbibed his doctrine but sat at his feet, day in, day out, benefiting from their personal contact with him. What was possible in antiquity is impossible today. It's no tragedy.

In my own experience, the lecturers who have been most friendly are the ones who have exerted the least influence on me. There are standoffish but brainy professors who are able to establish an atmosphere of intimacy combined with grandeur in a huge, jam-packed amphitheater. Great men tend to stand alone. We have here luminaries from Europe who used to teach in universities where the professor entered by one door and the students by another. Such men don't easily adapt to the Israeli way of life. But I maintain that manners are not all that important. Substance counts for more than style.

All through life our personality is being molded and remolded. At elementary school and in high school the molding is done deliberately by the teachers. That is as it should be. At university, the watchword is freedom—academic

freedom, personal freedom. What a rotten institution the university would be if the professors set out to shape the students' characters. Each professor would be following his own bent. And the overall result would be a grotesque mess.

As the editor of a students' journal, I am often taken to task for not being bright and breezy. My answer is that the students' magazine and the Students' Union should deal with issues beyond the scope of university studies. By all means let the students protect their interests and have their fun too. But since we're privileged to receive the best available education, let's make the best possible use of it.

Many students simply don't study. Let me tell you a little anecdote which will definitely ring a bell. A bunch of students were in a bus headed for an exam in world literature. One student after another trotted out the synopsis of a classic he had read. In this way we got the gist of a dozen or so books. It's one way of possibly getting higher marks. But for the rest, it does you no good. It's sheer stupidity.

Zvi Bilinsky: I cannot accept Ariel's contention that if our professors imparted their respective credos to students, the outcome would be a grotesque mess. I'd love to hear lectures from an avowed Spinozist, from an unashamed admirer of Kant, from a forthright Marxist. I flatter myself that I'm sufficiently mature to form my own opinions. I wouldn't feel I was being brainwashed. It'd be a pleasure to listen to professors who are openly committed and who don't merely recite in noncommital fashion the views of X, Y and Z.

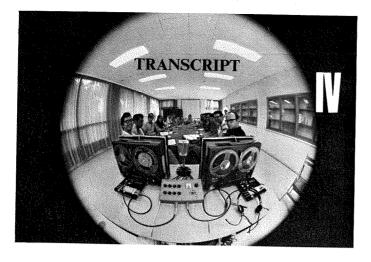
Henning Schwartz: I was a visiting student at the Hebrew University last year. The Students' Union went out of its way to foster social relations between visiting and normal students. I appreciate very much the arrangements that were made for us to travel round the country, meet people and so on. It started with the ulpan Hebrew crash course and continued right to the end.

About relations between professors and students. If a professor stands up and talks without interruption for two solid hours, he's not to blame, the students are at fault. I myself was never shy of asking questions, and I always found the professors happy to start up a discussion.

Mohammed Mer'i: I'm studying pharmacy. Chemical reactions are 90 per cent of my work. This involves a lot of thought, judgement, timing. It's an exercise that definitely enhances your personality.

It seems that students in the humanities don't overwork. Myself I work 37 hours a week plus homework plus writing up records. Our course takes four years. We've asked for it to be reduced to three. The professors say it can't be done. They're right. But an extra year's study is a heavy penalty to me.

I don't feel that as a student I belong to an élite. If I did, I'd be cutting myself off from my folks in my Arab village.



OUR SEX LIFE

Please, Mr. Moderator, may we make love, not war? How about a discussion of our sex life—once a hush-hush subject that has lately been brought very much into the open?

Moderator: On to the next question, which concerns army reservists. Not all of you, I suppose, have done military service or gone to war. . . .

Tuvia Abramson: Please, Mr. Moderator, may we make love, not war? How about a discussion of our sex life—once a hush-hush subject that has lately been brought very much into the open? Sex concerns all of us. Afterwards, if you don't mind, we'll talk of the army, to which only some of us belong.

Moderator: Very well, Tuvia, if you have that irresistible urge.

Tuvia Abramson: Our attitude to sex in Israel is curious. There is and there is not a taboo. Children get no sex education at school. They receive little, if any, enlightenment from their parents. Yet in another respect, we are well ahead of other countries. When we grow up, we are at liberty to behave as we please. No strictures, no fuss. Let me illustrate what I mean. In American universities, you have all this talk of "free love." But if an American boy is caught in a girl's room at a certain hour-never mind in what position-he's liable to be expelled. I saw a letter written by the university authorities to the parents of a fellow who had been found in the girls' dormitory after 11 o'clock. There is no such to-do here. There are no locked doors in students' hostels or in privately rented rooms. At least not in Jerusalem, not in the Hebrew University. I believe that at Bar-Ilan University they do lock doors.

Ariel Rosen-Zvi: Doors are not locked. We have a self-imposed discipline.

Tuvia Abramson: You mean you're not locked in by a caretaker, you lock your own doors from the inside. I'm rather well-informed.

When I was 24 I used to lecture on sex to kids of 17 in the Hashomer Hatzair movement. I was 20 when I was first asked to do so, but then I refused, I wasn't mature enough.

And my pupils were too old—their sex education should have started way back. After a certain age, sex must be self-taught—and that's bad. I'm not being jocular, this is a serious subject. Relations between the sexes should be clear to both parties. Young people should be spared the agonies of ignorance.

Ignorance is one thing, mystery is another. On the radio recently there was a broadcast for, and with the participation of, teenagers. A girl asked what the first kiss felt like. The moderator's answer was terrific. He said: "I won't reply to that question. Not that I've forgotten my first kiss. But you have your life to live, you have to mature your own way, you have to have your own precious experiences, you will feel whatever you feel at your first kiss, and I'm not selling you any recipes." It was a beautiful answer. I'm not here to sell any recipes either. But for all sorts of reasons, physiological, psychological, social, including population control, young people should be made aware of the sexual facts of life.

For my own part, I'm in favor of free love—up to a certain point. Sexual intercourse as a purely physical exercise to satisfy an animal need, is not my cup of tea. A casual lay for one evening is poor stuff. There has to be some kind of deep emotional basis of enduring quality. It may not last for ever. It may turn out to be a short-lived affair. But it has to be a meaningful affair.

Our sex life isn't what an outsider might expect it to be: "Eat, drink and make love today, for tomorrow you may be dead." We don't act that way at all. Sex certainly isn't our obsession at university. It doesn't prey on our minds. We don't talk much about it. We don't get het up when we hear that this fellow and that girl are living together or have stopped living together. And the couples who live together never make a secret of it. We take these things matter-of-fact. We don't have debates and controversies and revelations in the papers. If a boy and girl want to get together, they do so. If they want to cohabit between eight in the evening and midnight, that's







Young love.

what they do. If they choose to sleep together the whole night, that's their business. If they like to spend the entire week together, why not? I'm not simply stating my own attitude; it's characteristic of the Hebrew University as a whole.

Henning Schwartz: I come from a country—Denmark—which is famous for its free sex and that sort of thing. We in Denmark led the way; Sweden followed. As you know, the Danish parliament has lifted censorship on pornography—films, books, pictures, everything. There is absolutely no bar on pornography whatsoever.

You may remember my telling you that I went to a Jewish elementary school in Copenhagen. Even when I started there thirteen years ago, it was one of the most advanced schools in Denmark—no more than 150 children, with very close connections between teachers and pupils. It served as a model that has since spread throughout Denmark. My own sex education started at the age of eight in the second grade of elementary school. Sex education is nothing new for me. It's nothing new for Danish society as a whole.

Let me explain to you what is going on in Dermark. Mystified tourists come from abroad to Scandinavia to see for themselves what free sex is like and to try it out. The point about free sex in Denmark is that it is not an isolated or a spotty phenomenon. It's a way of life. It's a way of life accepted by the entire Danish society. Parliament couldn't have passed this law on pornography if the nation hadn't been strongly for it. As I see it, in Denmark we have arrived at an advanced stage of civilization. There is not a single subject that cannot be discussed and is not debated in newspapers, on radio and television. We have sex education on television. There are countless discussions on all aspects of sex in the press.

Israeli society, to my mind, suffers from a split mentality. As Tuvia said, everybody knows that students couple up. I've had the opportunity to stay for one year in an Israel students'

hostel. I know that every Shabbat, people are shuffling around from room to room. In Israeli hostels you have this drawback of two fellows sharing a room. In Denmark we have only one student to a room. So in Israel you have to push out your colleague in order to bring in your girl friend. Everybody knows that this is going on, but I believe that it's never been mentioned before in public. We're raising it openly for the first time at this symposium, and I hope we're not going to cause trouble.

What terrifies me about university students in Israel is how little they know about sex-life. They do their stuff. People always find out what to do even if they fumble. But one particular thing they know nothing about is contraception. For me, it was an amazing experience to talk to people, most of them older than myself, who didn't know the most elementary things—things I had learned at the age of eight or nine. They simply didn't know. And when they went to bed with each other, they hoped for the best, they didn't think of the implications. The girls are like soldiers going into battle with the bland faith that they'll come out unscathed. Pregnancy is something that happens to others, not to yourself. These girls take no precautions at all.

So when Tuvia talks about sex education, it's an important matter. I'm not sure about statistics, but I do know from an article written by a Danish journalist who's been living in Israel for fourteen years that the rate of abortions in this country is tremendous, possibly the world's highest.

Now even in Denmark we don't have unrestricted abortion, because abortion can create a lot of problems—not only psychological or mental but also physical. It's an imperative that people learn about contraception—all kinds of contraception.

This idea of the parents teaching their children about contraception and about sex life is utterly ridiculous. It's ridiculous even in Denmark, but more so in a country like Israel where so many immigrants have come from backward

Moslem lands. In Arab countries, sex is more of a taboo than here. Sex enlightenment runs counter to all the concepts and traditions of Islam.

In Israel, too, you have religious problems—non-existent in Denmark. I don't know whether the absence of sex education in Israel is the fault of the religious people, but I'm afraid it is. I fear that even people who declare themselves to be not religious are in fact inhibited on religious grounds.

I've already given my impressions of the young Israeli and his prolonged childhood. Maybe my knowledge of Israeli society is limited. I am best acquainted with kibbutzniks. But I have a feeling that, all round, sexual intercourse seldom takes place between young people before they get into the army.

The kibbutzim seem to me terribly puritanical. Young kibbutzniks have a very free and easy bearing, but appearances are deceptive. They live in this collective society where they cannot do anything individually. They march with the rest of the community. Nobody dares to get out of step.

In the army, parental and communal influence goes by the board. The young ones plunge into sex—like non-swimmers into deep water. Not only the girls need to know about contraceptives, but the boys too—especially the boys, if they are to behave with any sense of responsibility at all.

Debbie Bernstein: Having myself lived for a while on a kibbutz, I'd like to say where I agree and where I disagree with Henning. There's a widespread—erroneous—notion that sex life on the kibbutz tends to be very free. Henning tells us that the kibbutz, on the contrary, is puritanical. In one way he's right, in another he's wrong.

In formal matters, the kibbutz is the most tolerant of all societies. Nobody cares two hoots if a boy and girl live together without wedlock. But the puritanical approach—if you can call it that—has to do with the seriousness of a liaison. The kibbutz doesn't the least bit disapprove of an unmarried couple who are emotionally involved, who truly care for each other. Of course, the kibbutz is very much of an entity and if it frowns at the individual, his life becomes a misery.

Zvi Bilinsky: What happens to a kibbutz couple whose liaison is regarded as frivolous by the other kibbutzniks.

Debbie Bernstein: There is no ban on anybody mating up with anybody else. The kibbutz doesn't hold meetings on such things. Everybody is in principle at liberty to do as he likes. But there is this intangible pressure of public opinion.

Shimon Mintz: At what age do kibbutzniks start pairing off.

Debbie Bernstein: About 18. It is generally assumed that at 16 you're too young to form a deep attachment. It begins at 18.

Moderator: After completion of high school?

Debbie Bernstein: Yes.

Henning Schwartz: In the kibbutz, under 18 you're con-

sidered and you consider yourself a child. Sexual intercourse isn't something that children engage in. Like smoking. If I offer a cigarette to a kibbutz boy under 18, he'll say: "No, I'm a child."

Debbie Bernstein: Now another thing. I'm definitely in favor of sex education at school. But while I reject the taboo on sex, I see no point to the constant chatter on sex which I and my companions have heard from American girls at the kibbutz and later at university. These American girls have left nothing unspoken, nothing uncovered. They went into thousands of details about their erotic adventures. For my part, sex isn't unmentionable, but it isn't a major topic of conversation. It's a subject I keep to myself—to myself and my partner or possibly partners. And if I don't inform the entire world, I'm not being prudish. Sex education is fine. Sex freedom likewise. But sex exhibitionism, if only verbal, is something else again.

Tuvia Abramson: You object to sex prattle.

Debbie Bernstein: I'm not laying down any rules. It may on occasion be legitimate, even useful, to talk sex. But to talk nothing else is—well, it's not my cup of tea.

Moderator: Isn't sex life—in my time, we used to call it love—devalued, stripped of its glamor, its grandeur by an excess of freedom, by promiscuity?

Henning Schwartz: This question was often raised when the great sexual debate took place in Denmark a few years ago. I don't think that free sex devalues love.

First of all, I believe that there is such a thing as sex without love. Whether you want to indulge in it or not, is a matter of personal taste.

Secondly, when you talk about sex, which—with or without love—has to be physical, I think you have to learn about it in order to enjoy it. I know all these stories about first love, how the girl all through life remembers the first boy she ever went to bed with, and so on. I think it's a lot of rubbish. I don't suppose it's a greater thing for a girl to go to bed for the first time than it is for a boy to go to bed with a girl for the first time. It's usually a disappointment for both.

Why do I advocate free sex, the way it is practiced in Scandinavia, where it often starts at the age of 15 or 16? Because I think it makes people more happy. And it's the ideal preparation for marriage. For if, by the age of 20 or 22 or whenever you marry, you already have known thirty or forty people, then you are capable of seeing the difference. And I don't only mean the difference in sex, but the difference in mind and psychology too. You are capable of evaluating the person you have in front of you. Whereas if you wait to the age of 25 for your first sexual intercourse, it's something completely new to you. You have no criteria by which to judge. What happens? You get married, and after a bit you find you've made the wrong choice. You become a frustrated sourpuss.

I know people say that free sex in Scandinavia causes



frustration too; we are accused of debasing sex. If we have a lot of divorce, it's because we don't hide our disappointments behind a false facade as you do in your Victorian society.

Moderator: Does this way of life in Denmark stimulate the creativity of people, do you have great works of art?

Henning Schwartz: We have a lot of wonderful sex art and sex literature in Denmark. By sex literature I mean pornography—pornography for pornography's sake, not for money. Go to Denmark and you will see for yourself. Zvi Bilinsky: How about getting back to sex life in Israel?

Ariel Rosen-Zvi: Ay, let's get to grips with the question on hand, but let's not rape it.

Debbie here says yes to free love, no to publicity. It sounds reasonable, only it won't work. Because the one freedom or license is inevitably accompanied by the other.

The worst thing that can happen is to allow society to interfere in your sex life. To pretend that this interference occurs only among puritans, who stand like watchdogs over your private affairs, is hypocrisy. There is even more communal interference when you go in for free sex. What is free sex if not communal sex? And with the pornographers keeping up a running commentary, you have society tucking you into bed. When sex and love cease to be individual and become a group activity, you lose one of the most precious of human values.

Immodesty, show-offishness spoils human relations in sex as in other things. Human contacts become unbearable when there is no restraint, no reserve. Then again, we seem to have forgotten the central purpose of sex—procreation. What about our responsibility to the coming generation? Licentiousness is abuse.

Tuvia Abramson: Are you philosophizing, or being personal?

Ariel Rosen-Zvi: I'm being personal. I'm married and I even have a child. You'll be surprised but somehow even without sex education I made it.

Moderator: How old is your child?

Ariel Rosen-Zvi: Fourteen months. I'm not opposed to sex education. I read the Bible. It's full of sex. Scripture isn't evasive. But the biblical candor does not deprive sex of its sacred quality. Our contemporary pornographers turn sex into something profane, disgusting. Pious Jews with medieval minds treat sex as an ugly must. They too blaspheme something that is sacred. There is sanctity in sex. I've given the matter a lot of thought, and I'm pretty sure I wouldn't change my attitude even if I weren't a religious Jew.

The free sex addicts look upon intercourse as an act of liberation, throwing off all bonds, letting your hair down. But sexual intercourse is something serious, responsible. I prefer any number of frustrated marriages and divorces to the breeding of a whole generation of bastards.

Judge Silberg, summing up a court case, said free love would be grand if children grew on trees. But so long as children have fathers as well as mothers, the family institution has to be preserved. Look at all the legislation we have to determine a man's citizenship. But citizenship is nothing compared with family status. Statelessness is awful. Nature abhors a vacuum. But how much more does nature abhor the vacuum of fatherlessness! A child who grows up not knowing who his father is, because not even his mother can tell him, is a pitiful creature. It's dangerous to trifle with the most intimate of human relations.

I'll finish with a quotation from Rainer Maria Rilke who cannot be suspected of leanings towards religion. In his letters to a young poet, Rilke wrote: "It's a shame that nearly all of those who experiment with sex do so to its detriment, wastefully treating it as an escape from life's weariness and ennui instead of concentrating and building it up towards life's climax. I believe that all humanity, having grown tired of life, uses sex as a mere stimulant."

Tuvia Abramson: Thanks for telling us that children don't grow on trees. But have you heard of contraceptives which are a safeguard against the breeding of a whole generation of fatherless bastards? We've had a lecture from Henning on one extreme doctrine—free sex. From Ariel we've had the other extreme doctrine—the traditionalist one. Myself I espouse the in-between posture, which I believe to be the correct one.

Lily: May I put a word in? I've been in Israel only a short while, but long enough to know that in sex matters people aren't guided by religion or irreligion but by their personal temperament. Here, as in Czechoslovakia and as anywhere else in the world, people are to some extent influenced by the fashion of the day. But ideology is a cloak, behind which you act according to the dictates of your blood, your character. I'm for sex freedom in the sense that everybody should be free to act according to his own true self.

Shimon Mintz: We need more education and more honesty. Ignorance brings on terrible problems for young people. As for honesty, we asked the authorities at the Technion to remove from the students' hostels a notice which says—I can't remember the exact wording—that it is prohibited to admit visitors at night. It is no secret at all that boys spend the night with their girl-friends. But the powers-that-be refuse to give official sanction to what they tacitly permit. Then again, you have these young men who sleep around indiscriminately and vow they'll marry no one but a virgin.

Mohammed Mer'i: I've been listening to all this talk of sex education, but don't understand it at all. What do you mean by sex education? Physiology, biology? The different techniques of making love? Moral responsibility?

Tuvia Abramson: Everything!

Mohammed Mer'i: It seems to me you want to teach the young how to raise a lot of complex-ridden bastards who will destroy the fabric of society.



(Above) Students hold a jam session at a downtown discothèque in Jerusalem. (Opposite) A cuddly couple of students in earnest meditation at a Jerusalem night club. The overhead poster illustrates questions that have plagued humanity ever since Adam and Eve were driven from the Garden of Eden. Where does holiness end and profanity begin? Where lies the frontier between love and erotism?

Ephraim Gat: We've heard the two extremist doctrines, and I'm not impressed with the authenticity of either. Decidedly I'm for sex education. But the Scandinavian concept is obnoxious to me, because it invites society into my bedroom. I say to society: Get the hell out of my bedroom! The sex act, when performed without love, loses its value as far as I am concerned. If this cheap thing is what Denmark is trying to foist off on me. then there's something rotten in the state of Denmark! Two or three generations ago, Denmark was, I imagine, a highly conservative society. What is happening there now strikes me, from a distance, as a violent reaction to suffocating restraint; but that's not the same as progress. But perhaps I should first go to Denmark and take an eyeful. Why not? Joking apart, if what Henning reported is accurate, then Denmark is breaking up the basic unit of society—the family. Our early kibbutzim, as I know from reading history, toyed with the idea of eliminating the family. Communal life was to embrace sex as well. But it didn't work. There is no kibbutz

today in which the family doesn't take pride of place. There are certain human traits you can't abolish; they're eternal. Among my acquaintances are sex-satiated bachelors over thirty. You never saw men so bristling with problems. They lack the intimate battery which recharges life—the family, a wife and kids.

From what I have said, you might conclude that I'm on Ariel's side. To a certain extent, I am. But he lays down the law too strictly. He doesn't allow for nonconformism, he refuses to recognize what Lily termed the dictates of the blood. Every person is different, unique.

Aviezer Ravitzky: We're all trying to rationalize the irrational. Much of Ariel's argument is refuted by the pill. As for Henning's argument that you are duty bound to try out forty partners or so, regardless of whether or not you have any deep feeling for them, that doesn't attract me at all. Animals make love from the rear. Humans make love face to face. It seems to me that the Scandinavians are reverting to the bestial method. Making love is the wrong expression. When you have intercourse not face to face with love, but from the rear without love, then you are inflicting indignity not only on your partner but on yourself.

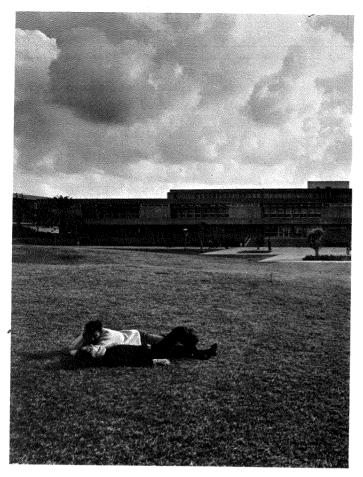
Henning insists that you have to keep trying out bedmates in order to become a connoisseur. It's as if to relish a flower you first have to become familiar with all flowers, know their Latin names, take them to bits and pieces. Only then are you fit to pick a flower and appreciate its beauty, its scent. I think this is self-defeating, you lose the joy of the flower's freshness. Calf love can be disastrous. But love devoid of innocence is an inferior substitute for the real thing.

There's a Chinese saying that if I have two pennies, I spend one on bread so that I may stay alive and I spend the other penny on a flower so that I may have something worth living for. The Scandinavians teach themselves to enjoy free sex, but I wonder if they're not simply learning how to eat properly with a knife and fork while remaining insensitive to the flower. As someone at this table has remarked, they're secularizing something that's holy—and I don't mean this in the religious sense.

Academies specializing in the art of making love or building a successful family life, don't appeal to me. Sex education, by all means! But who other than a fool wants to lead his sex life according to a book of rules? Improvisation is the salt of life.

Tuvia Abramson: One reason why I am for contraception is that I respect women. They have a lot to contribute to society beyond childbearing. How can a gifted young woman be creative in, say, the arts, if she becomes pregnant every year?

I stand between the Scandinavians and the traditionalists. We have all of us sinned, and by sinning I mean we've gone to bed with a person whom we didn't really love. It's a sin, but it happens.



Two is company on the Tel Aviv campus.

I can't accept the view that free love is collective love. Free love means that I do what I please with whomever I please whenever I please wherever I please as often as I please. And I do it for kicks, I don't commercialize it, I don't make a film or a novel of it, though I'd be entitled to do so. Society isn't pushing me into anything, isn't present in my bedroom, isn't intervening at all.

I am for intercourse before marriage. I want to examine different flowers before I pick one for life. And I'm not content with learning their Latin names or looking at their petals from afar.

Since we're talking in parables, what if I go into the woods, pick a flower, take it home and there it wilts because of incompatibility?

When a fellow's eye is caught by a peach, he gets the urge, or, as Ariel might say, he gets tempted. What does he do? He has to decide. He has to distinguish between an itch and real feeling. He has to behave responsibly towards his mate—and to his children, when they come. One of his responsibilities towards his children is to give them the best possible education, including sex. The freer we are—I don't say the more irresponsible, but the freer—the more creative we'll be.

Glen Hoptman: This question calls for a lot of understanding, especially of the American point of view. There is among students in the States a revolution or sex boom, or whatever you like to call it. If you want to use a thermometer for what is going on in the States, always start with California. California has always been the area in the States where people have gone to from other areas. From the East Coast they went to the Mid-West. When they didn't like it there, they moved on until they established "manifest destiny from ocean to ocean." People have always been pushing towards California to do what they really wanted. Everything starts up there. You had the hippie movement start in California. You had drugs in California. You have the Free Sex League in California. And whatever you have in Denmark, it is that much more souped-up in California—on a different level. It is the students' reaction against society, against their families. And their attitude towards themselves is very clearly shown in their attitude towards sex, which is: "Well, it's my body, I'm goddam going to do what I please with it." I think it is too overdone.

Henning Schwartz: It seems to me that a lot of interesting things are happening in America, but isn't everything turned into a mission? Aren't Americans missionaries?

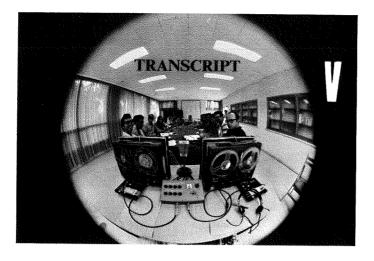
Glen Hoptman: If you adopt free sex, you have to rationalize it and make your whole policy go with it. You expand your philosophy on sex to the use of drugs, and then to your mode of study. You follow through to saying: "This university no longer means anything to me, so let's make a shadow university where the professors and students meet outside the structure of the established university." They will set up their own seminars and courses in anything from underwater basket-weaving to existentialist psychology.

I had a friend who studied psychology with me and who was in this shadow university of Berkeley where he took up existentialist psychology. The students themselves developed the program with the lecturer and they talked about things that were relevant to them. You are very right in saying that the students in the States will take one point of their studies and build a whole philosophy around it, whether it is relevant or not.

Moderator: Can you compare sex life in America with sex life here?

Glen Hoptman: The American attitude towards sex as against the Israeli attitude? Whew! I think that the individual attitude of the Israelis towards their whole life is a drive attitude. They keep going—straight and forceful. Theirs is a positive impetus.

The Americans aren't pursuing sex or anything else with a straight drive. They are doing this, that, or the other because it is part of the philosophy which they're trying to work out. It is sort of: "Well, I am doing A, so I might as well incorporate B with it, why not?" It is spiraling in the States whereas here it is going straight up.



WAR, WAR, WAR

To what extent does Israel's security situation affect or dominate your personal lives? If you fought in the Six Day War, have you anything to say about the fear of being killed or maimed, and the need to kill and maim?

Moderator: If silence is golden, we struck it rich with the last question. Most of you kept mum on the war of the sexes. However, those of you who did take up the challenge, were certainly outspoken!

Now we shall tackle a crucial issue. To what extent does Israel's security situation affect or dominate your personal lives? If you fought in the Six Day War, have you anything to say about the fear of being killed or maimed, and the need to kill and maim?

Tuvia Abramson: Do I fear death and mutilation for myself and others? I sure do! I am afraid of war, and I am afraid of seeing the army take command of my life and the nation's life. We're liable to sweep all sorts of social problems under a carpet named defense.

When the news bulletin came on this morning, I went out with my transistor into the garden to note the names of the men killed yesterday along the Suez Canal. The first thing I look at in the papers is the black-framed announcements. I always wonder if there is anyone I know among the dead. We all do it.

Do you remember the last time you attended a funeral? I went to one a fortnight ago. Three weeks ago, I got a telephone message that one of the lads who'd been in my charge while I was serving as a youth leader, had stepped on a mine and lost both legs. You can't shake these things off, they stick.

Wherever you go, you see uniforms. When you switch on the radio, you hear of casualties, or a debate in Parliament about letting soldiers ride free on buses, or a report on arms deals, or a threatening blast from one capital or another. You go to the cinema and at the entrance you have to open your briefcase to show you're not carrying a bomb. At the university, you have to produce your identity papers. You travel from Jerusalem to Tel Aviv, as we did last night, and in the small hours you're stopped by the police for an A to Z

check-up. You can't get away from the insecurity.

The problem is how to lead this Jekyll and Hyde existence of a peace-lover in a perpetual state of war. We were brought up to cherish peace, yet have never known anything but war. After the Six Day War we had a talk in class with Professor Ernst A. Simon, the father of Ariel Simon, and we got him to advise us on how to educate children towards peace while war is going on and on. It's hard. How do you talk of the joys of peace to a child in a border kibbutz who spends night after night in a shelter and never sees the moon and the stars? This isn't a rhetorical question, as you will appreciate if you've lately been down to the Beit She'an valley.

When I was in the United States, I was asked again and again "How many did you kill in the Six Day War?" What difference does it make, to those of us who fought, if we killed one or two or three or four or five? The point is that we pressed the trigger. And the moment you shoot to kill a fellow-man, you're no longer the person you were, you've changed into someone else. Golda Meir on a visit to London said words to the effect that "we can forgive the Arabs for having killed our sons, but we cannot forgive the Arabs for having forced our sons to go out and kill."

We serve three years of our life as army conscripts and after that annually do a month's reserve duty. Whether or not we kill, killing is our business.'What is an army for? To dance? To hold parades on Independence Day? An army's purpose is to deter; but where deterrence ends, war begins. And the first thing a soldier learns is to use a gun and hit a living target, not an animal, mind you, but a man. We aim for his vitals, to turn him into cold meat. When we do that, we cease to be ourselves. What are we? Students? Killers? I remember how we came back from the Six Day War and sat on the lawn on the campus, befuddled, until a professor came up and said: "Look here, boys, shake out of it, the war's over, come into class and let's go on from where we left off." He was right. We went to his lecture. Though we live in a state of war,

yet we must stay within the framework of a normal life as far as possible. If, after attending a funeral, we remained downcast and didn't have our fun, we'd soon crack up. If those black frames in the bereavement columns of the papers hovered incessantly before our eyes and we didn't go to a movie once in a while, we'd be done for.

I hear it said that we've been in a state of siege for 40 years, 60 years, 100 years, 2,000 years. A man lives so many years, no more. My memories from childhood onward revolve around the army. But I feel these things more acutely since the Six Day War, because a lot of my friends were killed in it and the hemorrhage hasn't stopped since. What is the way out of the mess? There is no apparent way out. And knowing there is no way out, how do you educate children towards peace? How do you preserve them from hatred such as has been instilled into Arab children?

Did any of you see the pictures adorning the walls of a school at Khan Yunis in the Gaza Strip? The picture of an Israeli soldier violating an Arab girl who symbolizes the Arab nation. The picture of an Israeli soldier in the guise of a snake that is about to have its head crushed under the Arab heel? The picture of a Jew being forced into the sea and drowned by the iron fist of an Arab worker? And who painted these pictures? The children! I have color slides, if you want to see them.

Well, until we reach a settlement with our neighbors, we have to continue this ambivalent existence of peace within war. We have no alternative.

Ariel Rosen-Zvi: I wish to say that I've never been in a position where I've had to shoot to kill. I'm glad about it-up to a point. On the other hand, I have something of a complex. Let me explain. I was called up in the Six Day War, but not having previously undergone military training, I was left behind in camp. When the boys came back from the fighting, I felt sort of relieved that my own hands weren't stained with blood. At the same time I had a guilt feeling because the others had been obliged to do the dirty work on my behalf. It's hard for me to describe my mixed feelings. I'm a born coward. Had I gone to war, I'm sure I'd have been in a blue funk. And now after these incidents on the Suez front I keep saying to myself, God in heaven, we've got to knock the stuffing out of them. Then I say to myself, what good will it do? On the other side of the barricade stands a soldier who is just like our soldiers, who is just as frightened as we are, who has his folks waiting for him at home as we do. They too put black frames round their death notices in the papers. We always delude ourselves that we attach more value to human life than the Arabs do. But every Arab has a family, perhaps a wife, children, parents. It's exactly the same thing over there as it is here. All the same, when I'm through with seeing both sides of the picture, I realize we cannot do otherwise than hit back. Which is what we are doing all the time. I say "we" though I'm not on active service myself. But if I were, would I open fire? There's no doubt about it. If I'm called upon to

shoot and kill, I'll do it. We have no option but to fight for survival. It's a bad thing. Sacred necessity goes hand in hand with diabolical evil. In this ordeal, we are, I believe, giving a far better account of ourselves than could reasonably be expected of us.

Debbie Bernstein: I've never been to war. I imagine it as an inferno. I don't understand how men can go into it and what happens to them there. All I know is that when they come away from this hell, they're changed almost beyond recognition. They've been wrestling with death. Something strange, something frightening, has got into every cell of their being. The first week after the war, the homecoming warriors were complete strangers. The second week they became a bit more familiar. But the boys I had known best were the ones who least resembled their old selves.

Since the war, even my life has changed. It's a fact. I guess it's because everybody else around me is different. I see things in a kind of dazzling light. Every now and then some trivial thing brings on a flash of lightning in which everything stands revealed as never before. When I say a trivial thing I'm not putting it properly. The other day I was with a friend, a young woman with her little boy of four or five. We sat that evening talking of someone very close to both of us, someone who had been terribly wounded. Her son was hopping around us and babbling away, a charming little boy who never gave us a moment's peace. And I saw the look in his mother's eyes. She was watching him as she had never done before. She was seeing him already grown up, going out to be killed or crippled. It was in her eyes. I don't know how to convey it.

There's a story by Sh. Shalom, "High Tension"—you may have read it—which tells of a dying Palmachnik's last hours. In those last hours, life is at its peak, the sky is at its bluest, the sun is at its brightest. And somehow that's the way I feel since the Six Day War. Not all the time, but at certain unexpected moments. For instance, I passed a kindergarten near my house the day before yesterday. I couldn't see the children, but I heard them singing. For some reason I cannot explain—perhaps I was just being silly—their voices moved me to tears.

The world's pulse seems to be beating more vigorously. Since there is so much more death, there is that much more need for life. I can't express myself. All I know is that somehow I've been to war without having been, and I'm aware of this tension that brings the whole of life into high relief.

Zvi Bilinsky: To tell the truth, the Six Day War all but passed me over. I was up at the front line, in Kibbutz Haon, but the front line moved forward and left our unit way behind. I wasn't in a position either to kill or get killed. But the thought of it was very close to me on the eve of the war. It never occurred to me that the Israeli army could storm the Syrianheld Golan Heights which towered above us. The Syrians, with all the firepower at their command, could easily have crushed Haon had they come down to invade the lowlands.

I'll never understand why they didn't even try—we were such a handful, they would have overwhelmed us in no time. Nor can I understand how our men scaled those heights. My role was a passive one. But even as an onlooker I became a different person. I changed in every fiber during the Six Day War. Not that it was a Six Day War. It still goes on. Future historians will count the real number of days.

Being stationed at Haon for three or four months before the outbreak of hostilities, I had plenty of time for meditation. I could see that war was inevitable. After one of the heaviest bombardments we ever suffered, we invited Dado (General David Elazar) to come and brief us. Even Israelis have to be reminded of their own history. History, in my experience, was that the Syrians kept shooting us up and we couldn't get at them in their mountainous strongholds. Our shelters communicated direct with the children's shelter. The children were trained to run for cover the moment firing broke out. What happened at Haon made it clear to me that this war was obligatory. It seems to me that, educated as I was towards peace, I could never have stood up in a war which I didn't believe to be fought in a just cause. The justice of our cause upheld me and my comrades.

I can give only a theoretical answer to the question about my readiness to kill and be killed in war. I'm sure that if I'm ever put to the test, I'll be afraid, but I'll face it. Have you read the story by Camus about a pacifist priest in France who hoisted a white flag and put up a welcome sign when the Germans invaded. And the Germans broke into his house and murdered him. My education isn't an education towards the hoisting of a white flag or submitting to murder.

Israel, contemporary Israel, is not educated towards martyrdom as so many past generations of Jews were. The alternative to martyrdom is to kill the would-be killer. The end is nowhere in sight. It's not even legitimate to wonder how and when it will all end. We just have to carry on.

To sum up, the war affects me personally, directly, every moment of the waking day and even in my sleep. Here I am bodily at this symposium, but my spirit is on the Suez front. Mentally I share the life and the death of the boys out there. What's taking place along the Canal is more relevant to me than the words I hear myself uttering now at this table. At university I study philosophy, and the aftermath of the war has stirred up in me all sorts of philosophical queries about death and the reality of existence and destiny and history and national identity and Jewish consciousness.

These inner stirrings have come about progressively. I haven't undergone a revolution. Things have stirred bit by bit. One of my pupils was killed, and that was that. One of my commanding officers was killed, and that was that. One of my friends was killed, and that was that. Every time a tragedy happens, the old questions and new questions well up in me. I cling to the radio, never miss a news broadcast. That's the way we live. And here I close the circle. I accept this way of living. For I know that war has been thrust upon us. I know that our leaders are not politicking where war and peace is

concerned—they honestly want peace.

Walid Fahoum: I'd like to comment on some of the things that have been bandied around. Our friend here hit the bull'seye—he beat me to it—when he pointed out that it's a mistake on the part of the Jews to think that the Arab soldier has no mother, has no sister, no wife, no children. And Golda Meir's statement is exactly what any Arab leader might say, except that he'd switch round the words "Jews" and "Arabs." There's an insidious danger in Mrs. Meir's declaration. She insinuates that humanitarianism is all on the Jewish side. This simply increases the hatred, enlarges the gulf between the two camps. Thank you!

Tuvia Abramson: Killing is killing. A man is a man. It makes no difference what the color is of the man's skin or eyes and whether he has children or not. When I see anyone photographing a corpse, I slap the fellow's face. I don't care if the fellow with the camera is an Israeli soldier, a captain, or what. He's committing something worse than an act of profanation. He's destroying our human values.

I remember going on an excursion through Sinai and reaching the Bitter Lake in October 1967, a week before the sinking of the *Eilat*. We came across a weird memorial—a Russian automatic rifle stuck into the ground with a steel helmet on top. I asked the boys stationed there: "What is this?" They said: "Tuvia, an Egyptian commando was killed here. We raised this as a tribute to him."

I didn't fight on Ammunition Hill in Jerusalem; my friends did; I had a cousin killed there. Anyway, on Ammunition Hill we put up an inscription in memory of the gallant Jordanian soldiers who fell there.

The soldier's mission is to kill, but to kill with a purpose—the purpose being to defend the population. We weren't jubilant over our victory. Except for the day when we took the Old City and liberated the Wall, we weren't elated about winning the Six Day War. How could we be when we had to pay such a heavy price?

May I be damned as an unbeliever, but I'm ready to dismantle the Wall, grind it to dust, if that's going to restore to life the 170 men who died in its capture. Not stones but human beings symbolize the continuity of a nation.

Zvi Bilinsky: I have a friend, Amos, who put it even more forcefully than you. A kibbutz boy, Micha Heiman, was killed and Amos said that for one of Micha's fingernails he'd give away the entire Wall.

Tuvia Abramson: A month ago we held an assembly in memory of a member of Kibbutz Beit Guvrin, Daniel Verdon. He was a captain. The last snapshot of him, taken on May 31, five days before he was killed, shows him in uniform, squatting on the ground, playing with a tortoise. No hatred in his eyes, I can assure you. Humanity against a background of war characterizes both the army and the nation. When I

said we go out to kill, I meant just that. We go out to kill. But—and there's a but—we don't kill women and we don't kill children. You remember what happened on a mountain in the West Bank when an Israeli brigadier and another senior officer got killed out of deference to a Beduin woman? The officer was my friend, we used to work together in the same youth movement, but that's neither here nor there. The Israelis, while pursuing a gang of marauders, came upon a Beduin woman breast-feeding her child at the entrance to a cave. The brigadier asked if there was anyone inside the cave. She said no. The Israelis could have flung a hand-grenade into the cave, just to be on the safe side. But they didn't—out of respect to the mother. They turned away and were instantly shot in the back by Arabs hiding in that cave. It sounds like a Greek tragedy. But I don't know if I would have wanted my friend and the brigadier to behave otherwise. Out of decency, they committed suicide. If they lacked this decency, we should soon find ourselves carrying over to all spheres of life the total inhumanity that goes with total war. We should then become militarists—which is something we have to avoid at all costs. We protest against war, we weep at war.

Debbie Bernstein: You weep?

Tuvia Abramson: What do you think I do when I go to console a bereaved mother? Or when I go to the funeral of a friend, and as we come away from the grave his brother says to me: "Tuvia, we're strong, we'll not break down, we'll hold out, we can take it!"—and his eyes are red from weeping?

The more casualties there are, the more hardened I get. That's true. But do I hate? Yes, I hate war. If you want to know, I hate everything connected with the army, I hate army discipline. But I won't run away from my army duties, because if I won't defend myself, what then? We've had our fill of genocide! We've been slaughtered like cattle! The Warsaw Ghetto Revolt spared us the last dregs of shame. We can't let anything like it ever happen again. But I'm absolutely on tenterhooks, waiting for the day when an Arab leader will stand up and declare, "It's a shame, it's a shame to kill and be killed." When that happens, we'll all be on the same wavelength.

Walid Fahoum: Don't you agree that Mrs. Meir's statement was one-sided and therefore dangerous?

Tuvia Abramson: What did Mrs. Meir declare? That we shall forgive the Arabs for killing our sons, our brothers, our husbands, but we won't forgive them for having obliged our sons to kill their sons.

You call that a provocative declaration?

I pray for the day when an Arab politician will deliver such a provocative utterance, substituting—as you suggest—the words "Jews" for "Arabs."

Zvi Bilinsky: I don't question Golda Meir's sincerity. But she was making a display of eloquence. And phraseology always grates on my ears.

The plain truth, however, is that in the midst of war we are holding on to our humanism. While on the other side the slogan is "Idbah el Yahud—kill the Jew!"—and no humanist strings attached.

Henning Schwartz: I returned this morning from Kibbutz Gesher in the Beit She'an valley. Four days ago, I was sitting there with my friends in the dining room, when the Jordanians suddenly started shooting. We sat there gulping down our food quicker and quicker. We could hear the shells falling nearer and nearer. Finally the sirens sounded and we went to the shelters.

That's the closest I've ever been to a battle. I was under fire for the first time. Before that, in Jerusalem, I did hear from a distance the bombs exploding in the Mahane Yehuda market place. So during my year here I've witnessed terrorism, I've been caught up in the never-ending war, and it's had a fantastic impact on me. I come from a country where every time a murder takes place, which isn't often, the newspapers splash the story on the front page day in, day out, and people talk about it, and the radio, the television, fuss over it.

When I read in the Danish papers about what was going on in Israel, of course I thought it was terrible. But here a strange thing happened to me. I soon got used to the idea of people getting killed. Look, this morning, while traveling from Gesher with a busload of kibbutz children, we heard the news on the radio about these soldiers at Suez. For two minutes everybody was silent. Then the music was turned on, and everybody started chatting again.

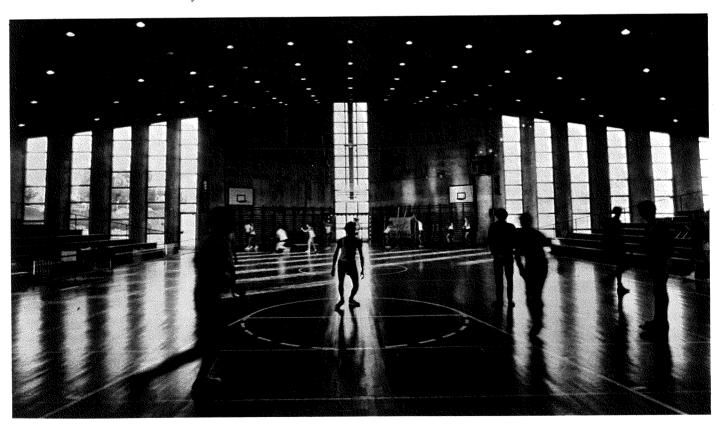
So on one level of my consciousness, I've grown accustomed to the idea of people getting killed. My mind has been brutalized.

But on another level I've come to hate war and bloodshed. I went to Denmark in January just for a short time, and there I was talking with my Danish friends, all of them leftists. They are against the war in Vietnam, they are against the Russian invasion of Czechoslovakia. But they are not against war as such. The Never More War movement is dead. Some wars my leftist friends condemn, but other wars they commend. There they were, sitting in their nice, comfortable homes, glorifying this kind of killing, that kind of killing. They were just letting off hot air. For my own part, I have really come to hate all kinds of killing, and I could see how different I've grown from these people, for when I first left for Israel I was very much like them. I now understand that whatever the problem, some way other than war has to be found to solve it. This goes for everything, because war is hell, not only for the people who are killed. but also for those who do the killing. The brutalization process has to be stopped.

Glen Hoptman: I'm thinking back to when I was in the States and the Six Day War crisis broke out. My friends and I, who were all anti-war in Vietnam, were challenged



(Above) The girls at the Hebrew University keep in good shape by rhythmic exercises. (Below) The indoor basketball stadium at the Hebrew University.



by the other people: "How can you be anti-war in Vietnam and pro-war in Israel?" We had a hell of a time explaining ourselves. Sometimes we even tripped ourselves up. I was never able to formulate a proper answer.

The thought of death, of seeing somebody killed in front of me, just wasn't realistic, I couldn't picture it. I went to Sinai as a volunteer. There I saw lots of dead bodies, but the killing had happened a month before. Then, in March, I was in the Jerusalem supermarket when the bomb went off. I knew David Kenner, who was one of the dead. But I still can't understand death. I saw it happen right in front of me, but it still doesn't make sense. At Supersol there was a person with me, Bernard, who's very close to me now. He was there with his girl-friend at the time, and he went back in, and he couldn't find her, and he came out yelling: "We have to go down to the Old City!" He just wanted to run down there and kill somebody. But I just couldn't find this in my head, I couldn't do that, I couldn't think the way he was thinking. And I still can't.

I was brought up in New York, and sure enough, there aren't as many killings in the whole of Israel as there are in the one city of New York. Every morning the papers come out with reports of this person stabbed, or this person clubbed to death, or this woman raped, or this bank robbed. But to me it was just reading matter. Somehow it wasn't real. What happens here is real. But still I can't see myself killing, no matter what. Even after being in Israel for two years, I still can't see myself killing.

Moderator: I take it you're pleased you don't have to serve in the army?

Glen Hoptman: I want to serve. And with the intention of serving I went down to the draft board. But I don't know what will happen once a gun is placed in my hand, and I'm told that if you don't shoot at him, he's gonna shoot your ass off. I don't know what I'll do.

Moderator: Henning, how about you?

Henning Schwartz: I've said that my mind has somehow become brutalized in Israel. In one way, I'd hate to fight. In another way, I'd hate not to fight and leave it to others. I think in the last resort, if I find myself in the same shoes as an Israeli, I'll do as he does. I'll be one of you.

Moderator: You, Walid and Mohammed, are exempt from service in any army. Are you glad?

Walid Fahoum: I'd be ready, more than ready, to serve in an army that stands for my ideology. Not the Israeli army!

Mohammed Mer'i: I'd never dream of serving in the Israeli army. I'm ready to serve in an Arab army, as a national duty. For the same good reason that a Jew joins the Israeli army, I'd join an Arab army.

Debbie Bernstein: Forgive me, Mr. Moderator, but I don't

think it was fair of you to put that hypothetical question. It's a pity!

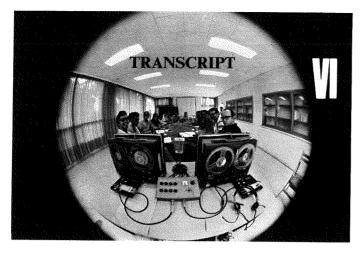
Gloria Srebro: I too worked on Kibbutz Gesher for a while. And I had a couple of experiences there that helped me make up my mind about my staying in this country. Once, when I was playing games with a group of children, a little girl said to me: "Do you know why we call this chewing gum Bazooka?" I said to her, "No." And she said: "Because when we chew, we shape it like a bazooka shell." Near the kibbutz, there's a bunker where the soldiers are. We volunteers would go out and speak with them, even though it was forbidden. I spent some time talking to one of the soldiers who is, I think, in the first year of his service. I told him this story, it had happened that same day. I told him what the child had said to me. He became very glum, and after a while he spoke up: "It's very very sad that the children have to give you that kind of answer." We continued talking, and in the end he said: "So where am I to go from here, where shall we all go, throw ourselves into the sea?" And we were both left with a paradox that caused me pain. But at the same time I couldn't help feeling, well, thank

God, at least there's a paradox!

Lily: I have to tell you of a very sad incident. I'm upset when I speak or think about it, but I can't put it out of my mind. During the Six Day War I was in Czechoslovakia. I heard the news on the radio about the outbreak of hostilities. I was shaken. I rang up my brother. We arranged to meet and talk things over. But before I went off something happened that I'll never forget. A director who had been at a board meeting walked in and addressed the students. He was beaming with joy, and said: "Great news! In a few days' time we'll be through with the Jewish question. We can't have it on our hands for ever, and I'm sure we're about to see the end of it once and for all. At last!" I can't describe to you what I felt then. What could I do? I was the only Jewess there, and I could see that nobody but myself cared. At that moment I saw the difference between myself and them. What did it matter to them that in the Second World War, six million Jews had been killed? And now they were all gaiety at the thought that Nasser would kill off another couple of million Jews, do away with the Jewish State and so put an end to the Jewish question for good and all. At that instant everything became clear to me-Israel's perfect right to exist, Israel's imperative duty to fight for survival. For its own sake, for the sake of world Jewry, for the world's sake, Israel must endure and attain full security.

Moderator: There has been speculation that Israel's victory encouraged the liberals in Czechoslovakia to stand up for their rights.

Lily: After the victory, many Czechs were delighted, not out of sympathy for Israel and the Jews, but out of opposition to Russia, whose Arab policy had taken a knock.



PEACE - MIRAGE OR REALITY?

How do you envisage relations between Israel and the Arabs? Can you see a way to peace?

Moderator: Now we come to the last question. It intimately affects the lives of every man, woman and child in this country. It concerns our tens of millions of neighbors. It preoccupies world opinion.

How do you envisage relations between Israel and the Arabs? Can you see a way to peace?

Ariel Rosen-Zvi: We were born into this question. It has its speculative side, but in practice it cuts into our flesh. It hangs over us all the time like a threatening cloud. A cloud that strikes with deadly thunder and lightning. Many of us have had to face it on the battlefield. One thing we have learned is how to live with it.

What makes the problem so vast is this involvement in a clash between two legitimate rights, each of which excludes the other. We have the Jewish right based on our presence in this land of Israel not only today but down the generations; it is based on faith, on history, on a 4,000-year-old tie that actually has a metaphysical dimension to it. As opposed to that, there is the right of the Arabs who state their case very simply: "This is our country. We and our fathers grew up here. We tilled the soil. It belongs to us." I won't go into the past-it's too long a story and nothing can be done to change it. What makes the problem so much more acute is the belief now held by each side that time is on its side. For our part, we Israelis are convinced that, strengthened by immigration and technological development, we shall become more and more invincible. The Arabs, on the other hand, compare us to the Crusaders, who came, conquered and were thrown back into the

On top of it all, there is this lack of mutual confidence. We don't trust the Arabs. The Arabs don't trust us. The one thing we can be certain of is their hatred for us. I must say that we don't feel about them the way they feel about

us. We don't hate them. We say to them: "We recognize you, we want to live side by side with you, accept us!" They say: "We don't recognize you, get out!" The more moderate Arabs—and they're very rare birds—say: "We don't recognize you, but we're ready to let you live here on condition that you submit to Arab sovereignty." To which we respond: "We don't want your favors. Israel is a reality, an irreversible fact."

The big question is: Who is to take the first step towards reconciliation? This is something we think about day and night. Even so, it's hard to see any way to peace. The more I look at the current situation, the less chance do I see of peace in my time.

But then I ask myself: How about relations between Jews and Arabs inside Israel? After all, this is where it all started. It's here that the sparks began to fly, kindling the conflict with our Arab neighbors. But, you see, the conflagration has got out of hand. If we were left to ourselves, Israelis and Palestinians, I'm sure we could settle our differences. But the hostility, the non-stop active interference of the Arab States around us stymies all efforts towards peace. A vicious circle is created—a weird circle in which the Jew has escaped from the Dispersion to become master of his fate while the Palestinian complains that he has been forced into a new Dispersion of his own.

Samir Absawi: As I see it, there is room for both peoples here. I judge from personal experience. I went to a Jewish school. I attended an all-Arab class in this Jewish school. But after lessons we played on the same recreation grounds, we belonged to the same clubs, we had fun together. I can list positive achievements. I was able to understand the young Jews; they were able to understand me. I often invited the Jewish crowd to my house. Just as often I was their guest. I felt there was room for understanding—we got on well together.

But we ran into politics. Or rather the political situation, over which we had no control, threw a shadow over our relations. We switch on the radio. I listen to the news. My Jewish friends listen to the same news. They grit their teeth when they hear a Jew has been killed by "those Arabs." Before the Six Day War, the majority of my friends were Jews. It somehow happened that way. I could as easily make friends with a Jew as with an Arab. But after and even during the Six Day War, I felt all my Jewish friends slipping away, giving me the cold shoulder. I didn't like it. I live in a students' hostel where there are both Arabs and Jews. My room-mate was a Jew. He was one person in 1966 and an altogether different person in 1968. I stayed behind in the university while he went off as a reservist to serve in the Six Day War. Previously we had been like brothers. Afterwards he was a stranger. He greeted me, "Shalom!"and for the rest he remained tight-lipped, never relaxed. Contact was broken.

I persist in my optimism that peace will come. But how will it come, how can it come? I am a Palestinian Arab. I was born here. My father was born here. We own land in a village on Mt. Carmel and in the Jezreel valley. I think I'm entitled to all rights—entitled to live here on the same footing as everybody else. But I do not exercise the same rights as the Jews. There are reasons, political considerations; but that doesn't make me any happier. I have a friend who is one of the few Arabs admitted to the Haifa Technion. He studies electrical engineering, and will be finishing this year. He's very worried about his future. He's thinking of leaving the country. Many Arab students emigrate after ending their university studies, because they can't find employment here.

Of course, and I'm repeating myself, I'd like to be the equal of every citizen. I'd like to enjoy all rights, I'd like this to be my State. Which is even more important to me than peace, it's the most important thing of all. I think that the State of Israel should take care first and foremost of the Arabs who live here. Only then should it strive for peace with the Arab States. First things first.

Ephraim Gat: The aim of Zionism is to bring all of the Jews of the world back into the land of Israel. We shall be at this task for generations to come. In the process of realizing this aim, we, like our fathers before us—let's be frank about it—are preventing peace. I don't say that we are preventing it for all time. On the contrary, when once we have reached our goal, peace will be assured. But in the circumstances of the present day, there are only two ways to attain peace—both through violence and destruction, not through creative effort. The one way is annihilation of the Jewish State. Even if I were to put my faith in those Arab politicians who say that with the disappearance of the Jewish State, the Jews already settled here will be allowed to stay, the destruction of the Jewish State is a prospect which cannot be entertained by any Jew in his

right mind. Let the lunatic fringe dissent, but every Jew who feels Jewish, whether he's a Zionist or not, will reject such a solution, come what may. The State of Israel cannot be allowed to go under.

The second way to peace was, in my opinion, wide open to us in the Six Day War. We missed it. It was a destructive path to peace. We could have squeezed the enemy until he cried: "Enough!" Our armies could have swept on beyond the Suez Canal and past the Jordan River. It would have been a perilous venture. There might have been international complications. No one could prophesy at the time nor can we in retrospect affirm that we would have got away with it. However, there was a distinct prospect of success. We could have occupied the Arab capitals, installed governments willing to make peace, and that would have been that.

Extremist, ugly ways to peace? Definitely! But for the present there is no in-between road. None exists. We have no possibility of building one. Suppose we renounce aliya, Jewish immigration. Then we doom ourselves to death, we commit inevitable if gradual suicide. But if we bring in more Jews—and we shall do so—then the Arabs will chant their slogan louder than ever: "Kill the Jews!"

I wish to make my personal views as plain as plain can be. Maybe even some Jews will protest. But, as I see it, our mission—implicit in our Declaration of Independence, in the Law of Return and other legislation—is to make the State of Israel a Jewish State, nothing but a Jewish State. I'm not denying that the plight of the Arab refugees is pitiful. But the refugees can be, and should long since have been, resettled in the fourteen or so Arab States stretching from the Indian Ocean to the Atlantic. I'll go even further. It is imperative for us to have an all-Jewish State comprising an unbroken stretch of Israel territory inhabited only by Jews. The Arabs, too, should have their own homogenous territory. A bi-national State, even in the present form, is far from ideal.

True, if the Arabs today offered to make peace on condition that we took back say 300,000 refugees, we'd in all probability agree. But such a peace would suffocate us. Our interest lies in a settlement whereby the 300,000 to 400,000 Arabs already within our borders are integrated in an unbroken Arab territory. We Jews would then have our own unbroken territory. And so the two peoples could live side by side in peace—ultimately true peace such as prevails between, say, the United States and Canada or France and Italy.

What terms do the Arabs, in fact, propose? First, that we return to the 1947 U.N. partition scheme which they themselves at the time denounced; they sent in their armies, you will remember, in an attempt to wipe us off the map altogether. Secondly, that we take back the Arab refugees who in the last 20 years have doubled from 600,000 to 1,200,000; if we did that, they would swamp us. The result would be annulment of the political basis of the State of Israel. We would have peace—the peace of the grave!

Yet we can't live for ever without peace. I hope with all my heart that we shall obtain peace—not by the Arabs invading us, nor by Israeli armies crossing the Suez Canal and the Jordan River. For the next war, if it comes, will surely be far fiercer, more terrible than that of June 1967. So what are we to do? I contend that time the healer will—if we keep our nerve and play it cool—take care of things. Nothing remains static. Don't forget that 15 to 20 years can bring about great changes. Our primary task is to avert war. The next thing is to work towards a *modus vivendi* of mutual toleration which doesn't exist at present. The final stage will be peace and cooperation in the area.

Walid Fahoum: Our friend Ariel says that among Jews there is no hatred for Arabs. I don't want to go into the question whether Jews do or do not hate Arabs. It's beside the point. Let me give you an illustration—admittedly a blunt one—of what the position is between Jew and Arab. Someone comes along and steals another's property. The crime is flagrant, but the thief brazenly protests his innocence. Jacob, who committed the theft, piously declares he feels no hatred for Mahmoud, his victim. Mahmoud confesses to feelings of hatred. Whom do we blame here? Jacob, the non-hater, or Mahmoud, the hater?

Ephraim is in favor of Israel's forcing peace upon the Arabs. Am I right?

Ephraim Gat: I'm not in favor of peace by compulsion any more than I'm in favor of annihilation of the State of Israel. I said that, as matters now stand, peace can be had only by one or another of these two destructive means. Neither is valid. So we must be patient and help time the healer to bring peace in I don't know how many years.

Walid Fahoum: Well, I misunderstood you. As for peace, we all want peace, who doesn't? But in my opinion, the fellow who grabbed the other's property must first hand it back. A slice of bread is cut into two halves. One man takes both halves, leaving nothing for the other. This injustice has to be made good. We young people shouldn't chew the cud of old grievances. But obviously if there is to be peace, the one who helped himself to all the bread, must give back the filched portion.

Like you, I don't think peace will come overnight. It's a historic process. Our region is going through a critical phase. International forces are at work against us. There is imperialism. Sure, many of you think imperialism is just a word we use for the musical effect. Take it from me, imperialism is still very real. It hasn't lost its bite. An all-Jewish State is an extremist concept. So is the notion of an all-Arab State in this territory. If justice isn't done, the hatred which our friend Ariel spoke of will get worse and worse.

Shimon Mintz: Walid equates an all-Jewish State and an all-Arab State with extremism and hatred. I maintain that

the idea of a bi-national State, which appears to be the moderate, the middle way, is in fact the least reasonable solution, the one most calculated to provoke hatred. A binational State isn't viable. Show me one place in the world today where you have a bi-national State functioning smoothly. Lily is better qualified than I to tell you how things are in Czechoslovakia, for instance, where Czechs and Slovaks form what purports to be a unified State. There is everlasting friction between the two peoples. Or worse, take Nigeria-Biafra. Or take Northern Ireland, where you have this war of religion between Protestants and Catholics. And in present-day Israel with its Arab minority, things aren't exactly idyllic.

It is self-evident that there cannot be peace in the Middle East until the Arab States acknowledge Israel's right to exist. I as an Israeli will not debate Israel's right to existence; I proclaim it; I take it for granted; in my mind, there isn't the slightest doubt that Israel will go on and on for ever. That being so, I am certain that sooner or later the Arabs will recognize the indisputable fact of Israel's existence. At which point they will enter into a dialogue with us.

A dialogue between the two peoples is the prime prerequisite of peace. Never mind on what level the dialogue starts, but it has to take place between the two peoples and their States.

War, which is what we now have in the Middle East, doesn't bring a parley any closer. But it doesn't prejudice the future, either. It obliges us to mark time.

Recognition, I say, is bound to come sooner or later. Whereupon the dialogue will open. But before we get to that desirable stage, we must deal with another, more immediate problem. I refer to the Arab minority, more specifically to the Arab refugees living in the Gaza Strip and the West Bank. Not until we settle or rather resettle them, can we start talking peace. The one and only practical move is to create a new life for them among their own folks in the Arab States. That's where they can and should be integrated, not here. If they try to rebuild their lives in our midst, Israel will become a bi-national State—an impossible, an unviable State.

Further impediments to an Israel-Arab dialogue are the United Nations and the Great Powers. By now it must be pretty clear to everybody that the United Nations is morally bankrupt. Hitler, with Mussolini's help, undermined the authority of the League of Nations. The dictators cocked a snook at the League of Nations, which took Fascism lying down. Today the United Nations is paralyzed by its very composition—two rival power blocs which counterbalance and cancel each other out.

The United Nations and the Four Power talks are for the Arabs a useful screen behind which they can prepare for the much-heralded "next round," destined, in the Arab imagination, to wipe Israel off the map. I lend no credence whatever to the Palestinians' new tack that the Arabs, if victorious, will tolerate a Jewish minority.

I loathe deceit. Therefore I'll not deny that the Arab minority in Israel is discriminated against. But this discrimination is, in part at least, due to the conduct of the Arab minority. At this symposium we have heard two out of three Arab students speaking about Israel as if it were an alien State. They don't bother to conceal their antagonism. I'm not blaming them. I like frankness. But Israel has to safeguard itself.

Mohammed Mer'i: In conversation with Jews I always speak of your government, your State. But that's your fault. You don't allow the Arabs to participate in government. I am here geographically, that's all. You are the active majority. I am part of the passive minority.

Moderator: Earlier you said you were prepared to serve in the army, but not in Israel's army, only in an Arab army.

Mohammed Mer'i: So long as a Jew will not serve in an Arab army but only in a Jewish army on grounds of national loyalty, so long will I refuse to fight alongside the Jews against the Arabs. Doesn't that make sense? You wouldn't expect me to fight my own brothers. I wouldn't ask you to fight the Jews in America or Russia. What is sauce for the goose, is sauce for the gander.

Ruth Hasfari: As an Israeli Arab do you stand apart from the Arab world, or do you feel you belong to the Arab world? Does the label "Israeli Arab" fit you? Or are you an Arab who happens to be stuck inside Israel's borders?

Mohammed Mer'i: I'm here by chance. I'm an Arab. You call me an Arab. I call myself an Arab, I wouldn't want to be known by any other name. This does not imply that I think along the same lines as the Arab rulers. I say this not only to you, I've said the same to Arabs in the West Bank and elsewhere. I don't go all the way with the Arab politicians any more than I go all the way with you. I have views of my own.

Someone here mentioned the collision between two opposed rights. That's correct. I have studied physics and everyone who's studied physics knows that when a collision takes place, the factor of elasticity comes into play. In a collision between two objects, each is deflected in its own direction, but equalization occurs at a certain point. The collision may be elastic or plastic. I say there is a collision, but from this reaction a new product can be created. I have to think how to control this reaction in order to obtain the best possible product. Jews and Arabs share a common humanity. Fundamentally you and I are one and the same. But if you continue on your course, dismissing hope of peace in our time, and I do likewise, then you may be sure we won't have peace. However, as soon as at least one of the parties tries to bring about peace, we shall, I am sure, be heading for peace.

It has been submitted that the problem of the Arabs here is

a repercussion of the wider conflict between Israel and its Arab neighbors. No, I say, the reverse is true. Because of the general conflict, one speaker asserted, no attempt to resolve differences between Jews and Arabs inside Israel could possibly succeed.

Ariel Rosen-Zvi: I never said no attempt could possibly succeed. But the hostilities between Israel and its Arab neighbors do obviously affect relations between Jews and Arabs in Israel. So it is difficult to formulate plans.

Mohammed Mer'i: I'm honestly surprised to hear this. Permit me to formulate plans. They won't be all-embracing, but they'll take care of a number of things.

First, let's stop this cackle about the destruction of the Jewish State. I told my Arab friends after the Six Day War that the Arab leaders and the Arab people, those who dabble in politics, have rendered the Arab cause a poor service with this idle chatter of annihilation. It plays straight into the hands of the Zionists.

But if you're going to exploit Nasser's declarations, then let me remind you of what Ben-Gurion once said when he was Prime Minister. A foreign diplomat came and said to Ben-Gurion: "Nasser tells me you have in the Knesset (Parliament) a map painted on the wall showing the future State of Israel stretching from the Nile to the Euphrates." Ben-Gurion took the diplomat on a tour of the Knesset and said: "Look, no map! What do you think of Nasser now?" The diplomat said: "Nasser is a liar." Ben-Gurion held up his hand: "Take it easy! Nasser isn't far out. We don't have a map painted on the wall. We carry our map around in our heads." So next time you quote Nasser's threats, don't forget the words of Ben-Gurion.

Zvi Bilinsky: You believe that before the Six Day War we had expansionist ambitions? You believe that in accordance with this imaginary map we set out to conquer given territories?

Mohammed Mer'i: How am I to know? I do know that you like to poke your nose into the internal affairs of the Arab States. You will concede that? And when you spout about annihilation of the Jewish State, you know it's so much tommy rot. Nothing like it has ever happened before in the whole of history.

Zvi Bilinsky: Assyria, Babylon, Samaria were destroyed. The geographical area remains, but the States vanished.

Mohammed Mer'i: They were destroyed by other nations?

Zvi Bilinsky: And how! All through history—

Mohammed Mer'i: Recent history? Zvi Bilinsky: As recent as Biafra.

Mohammed Mer'i: I'd like someone here to give me a

definition of the State of Israel. Is it a Jewish State plain and simple? If so, what about the Arabs who stayed put in 1948? What does the Declaration of Independence say?

Ephraim Gat: The Declaration of Independence restates the 1917 Balfour Declaration that Israel is the Jewish national home for all the Jews of the world. This is a Jewish State—with equal rights for all citizens.

Mohammed Mer'i: So what about the Arabs of Israel?

Ephraim Gat: An Arab living in Israel and holding Israeli citizenship abides by, and benefits from, the same laws as all the other inhabitants of the State. But the ideal to which every sensible Jew aspires is a one-nation all-Jewish State. To accomplish this, we must first have peace. Given peace, we shall in concert devise ways and means to satisfy Jews and Arabs alike, so that each ethnical group will live in its own element—not like a fish out of water. The Arab minority will be incorporated in the framework of the 14 to 15 Arab States in the area; it will not constitute a quarter or a third or two-thirds of the population of Israel.

Mohammed Mer'i: I'm not prepared to take that. You claim, and with right, that for 2,000 years the Jews have resisted attempts to destroy them. You have secured your rights. Now, after a brief 20 years, you want to deprive me of my rights?

Tuvia Abramson: Our premise must be that the two peoples coexist in the land of Israel; both are entitled to their rights.

Ephraim Gat: It's a case of transfer of rights, not deprivation. You will become an Egyptian or a Syrian citizen enjoying full Egyptian or Syrian rights.

Mohammed Mer'i: Who has authorized you to turn me into an Egyptian or a Syrian? I was born here, my roots are here.

Ephraim Gat: Neither Egyptian nor Syrian. You believe in the existence of one Arab nation? Well, you will be a member of that nation which occupies a slice of the globe all the way from the Persian Gulf to the Maghreb.

Mohammed Mer'i: My dear friend, let me inform you that there is an Iraqi Arab nation, an Egyptian Arab nation, and so on. Within the overall framework of the Arab nation, there are numerous smaller frameworks. I shall remain part of the Palestinian Arab nation whose home is right here.

Moderator: If there were peace today between Israel and the Arabs, would you wish to belong ethnically and cultural-

ly to the Arab world, yet at the same time remain a member of a minority in Israel, a loyal minority?

Mohammed Mer'i: Positively, yes! A Jewish girl-friend once put the same question to me in a different, more insidious form. She said to me: "Look, Mohammed, I came away from Czechoslovakia because I felt I couldn't identify there. I migrated to Israel to be among my own people. I was doing fine in Czechoslovakia, but I felt I was with strangers there. So I moved to Israel. Wouldn't you like to go and live in Egypt among your own folk?" She, the newcomer, was trying to push me out, me who was born here. My origins are here. Here I stay. I've stuck it out here for the last 20 years without enjoying the rights to which I'm entitled. Do you think that if I'm given my rights, I'll leave? Never!

You don't seem to understand me. I have never contemplated and shall never contemplate, not even if I live a million years, the destruction of another people. I shouldn't like anybody to destroy me, should I? My land of origin is here. I don't dream of destroying Israel. I'll never dream of destroying the State of Israel.

Zvi Bilinsky: Do we dream of destroying the Arab people?

Mohammed Mer'i: No, but you-or some of you-want to give the Arab minority the push. Some of you also toy with the idea of imposing peace upon the Arabs by military means. All right, I grant you the Israel Defense Forces are capable of conquering the whole world. So what? You think you can dictate peace if you advance past the Suez Canal all the way to Morocco? Not on your life! You can take the globe, but you can't make peace that way. You want my own peace proposals? I have proposals, very simple ones. I don't guarantee they will yield peace, but they'll help, they'll be a step in the right direction. Grant full rights to the Arabs of Israel. Stop the confiscation of land, stop the expropriations, stop the neglect of the holy places. Let us be duly represented in parliament and government. I don't flatter myself I'll ever be Foreign Minister of Israel. But let the official of the Ministry of Religious Affairs who is in charge of Moslem affairs be a Moslem. Is that a lot to ask for? For that matter, I wish the Minister of Religious Affairs wasn't a Jew.

Aviezer Ravitzky: You're giving a distorted image of the realities. You grossly exaggerate our misdeeds, you wholly overlook the benefits we have brought the Arab minority. However, suppose we were to satisfy you all along the line, suppose we were to do what Walid here has suggested, suppose we were to discriminate in your favor, would that bring peace any closer? Not at all. Because your big Arab brothers don't care two hoots for you. They don't give a damn about you. You're just a pretext for their oft-proclaimed resolve to exterminate Israel.

Mohammed Mer'i: I say—treat the Arab minority well and we'll help you overcome your difficulties with the Arab States.

Moderator: I welcome this statement. But permit me to make two factual points. First, it seems to have escaped your attention that in World War I, Jews served in the Turkish Army and in the British army and in many other armies on various fronts where Jew fought against Jew. Secondly, I happen to be well versed in the biography of Ben-Gurion. The story you have told is a fabrication—your sources led you astray. Its falseness is attested by Ben-Gurion's current campaign for our withdrawal from occupied territories in return for peace. He is most forthright about it. You see for yourself, your tale of the map doesn't hold water.

Henning Schwartz: It's unfortunate that every time we approach the subject of peace between Israel and the Arab countries, we get all tangled up in the obstacles.

The first imperative is that Jewish Israelis—and I say "Jewish Israelis" because I prefer "Arab Israelis" to "Israeli Arabs"—should believe in the possibility of peace. Many people here are so disillusioned, they don't care any more. It's understandable, but its's bad.

I was talking to Debbie, and she mentioned that the young Israelis have never known peace. Never. They go to Europe and for the first time see what a peaceful situation is like. The same goes for the Arab students in this symposium. Still, there has to be the desire, the eagerness for peace.

The Israelis have a long way to go to make peace possible. First of all, they have to accept the idea of the Palestinian people. Never mind if in the past there was never a Palestine State. The fact is that all over the world Arabs are standing up and calling themselves "Palestinians." It is not our business to decide whether they are Palestinian or not. To some extent, they find themselves in the same position as the Jews of old. The reasons are different, but soon the Palestinians may be making the vow: "Next year in Jerusalem!" And that's where we came in!

Here is something that has to be grasped by the Israeli government and by Israeli society: peace must be concluded not with the Arab governments of neighboring countries, but primarily with the Palestinian people.

I don't think that peace is possible with the bourgeois Fascist military regimes which at present rule the Arab States. It is not worth trying to make peace with a Nasser or with a Hussein or with any of the other Arab dictators. Peace has to be made with the Palestinian people. And we all know that the Palestinians have a very long way to go towards this peace. Some of them don't want it. Those who want it will have to accept the Jewish State and in the end they will even have to accept the concept of Zionism.

So much for the road to peace. Can I envisage relations between Israel and our Arab neighbors? In Israel you have both hawks and doves. In the Arab countries you don't

have doves, only hawks. And if there are any Arab doves, they are not allowed to coo. You never hear them. They never reveal themselves. All the same, I can very well envisage relations between Israel and its Arab neighbors. The Arabs are developing countries—developing with great difficulty. Israel is a successfully developing country. In fact, Israel is engaged in a huge program of aid to lots of developing countries in Asia and Africa. There is absolutely no reason why Israeli experts shouldn't go to Jordan or Egypt or Morocco or Algeria to help people there.

I have talked to people in Israel who are involved in the aid program. They say—what a pity it is we don't have a woman from Amman in our Haifa Institute for Women, and what a pity we don't have an Arab student from Cairo at the Weizmann Institute. That is their attitude. And I am sure that Israelis are ready, the moment the possibility arises, to help the Arab countries in the same way as they are helping countries in other parts of the world.

Tuvia Abramson: I shall never go back on what I have always said—there must be equal rights for Jews and Arabs in this country. I was raised on this axiom. It was my staple ideological diet even as a child. My parents fed me on it. At home I heard Arabic spoken. I remember the days when the idea was first broached—and it was very strongly pressed by my own party—that we set up a bi-national State. I remember the heated controversy. I remember myself sitting in a police lock-up and prating at the cops about the evils of military government in the Arab-inhabited parts of Israel adjoining the Arab countries. I see myself not as a hawk but as a dove. But I'm a sort of broken dove—broken into two. I used to regard relations with the Arabs in Israel and peace with our Arab neighbors as a single package. Now I see them as two separate things.

To my regret, we have sinned towards the Arab minority in Israel. We have closed our eyes to our own shortcomings. I had, and still have, many Arab friends, including Beduins. I know their problems. At the age of 16 I corresponded with an Arab boy at Nazareth. I have no reservations about granting the Arabs 100 per cent equal rights, not just on paper, but *de facto*.

This said, I no longer believe that if we gave Mer'i everything he asks for and more, we would be any closer to peace. I once put my faith in a bi-national State. I once believed that through the Arab minority in Israel we would get at the clandestine doves in the Arab States. Bitter experience has taught me I was fooling myself. The Arab doves are an unknown, a negligible quantity. The Arab hawks are in deadly earnest when they squawk about their determination to wipe us out. They wield the Palestinians as a club with which to whack us on the head. They won't grieve if the Palestinian bludgeon is smashed in the process. The Arabs' motivation isn't fraternal love. It is hatred for the Jews.

For many, many years, and especially during the 1956

Sinai campaign, I thought that Israel's whole foreign policy was misguided, that our attitude to the Arabs was all wrong. Up to the Six Day War I believed we weren't doing enough to win the goodwill of the Arabs, we weren't ready to make enough concessions to bring peace closer. If you ask me today whether I see a way to peace, my answer will be very pessimistic. I see no way—not with the Arabs screaming day in, day out, dawn and dusk, that Israel has no right to exist. No right!

I am familiar with the history of the settlement of Israel. I know how empty, how deserted, how abandoned this country was in the early 19th century; how Jewish immigration attracted Arab immigration; how the British during the Mandatory regime clamped down on aliya and imported scores of thousands of Arabs from neighboring countries. I wish my Arab friends were equally conversant with the history of this country. We would then, at least, be better acquainted with each other.

When I invited Mer'i to this symposium, he warned me he would say harsh things. I told him I wasn't looking for an Arab Zionist. I don't expect an Arab to share my views. But fate has thrown us together as inhabitants, as citizens of the same State. We're here. I've no use for the suggested transfer of populations. We have no right to do such a thing. A man is entitled to live in the same place where he was born. That goes for the Arab people. By the same token, it is the right of the Jewish people to live in the one and only place in the world where they can be a nation.

All this seems to be beyond the comprehension of our Arab friends. They don't understand that there can be no differentiation between Israel and Zion. A Jew who chooses to make Israel his home, is—even if he denies it—a Zionist. I have in my room an El Fatah leaflet—I ought to have brought it along and put it on the wall here—which says: "We shall throw all the Zionists out, but we shall keep the Jews." This smacks of the Inquisition and its subtleties. Jewish bodies were burned at the stake, but the souls were saved.

Anyway, we won't allow ourselves to be thrown out, whether as Zionists, Jews or anything else. We'll stay— but not at the expense of the Arabs. There is room for both of us. What of the Arab refugees? The question arises—what have the Arabs tried to do on behalf of the refugees? The Arabs have received immense sums for the upkeep, the rehabilitation of refugees. Have these funds been well spent, or have they been misappropriated? And I'd like to know who fires shells at the all-Arab city of Jericho with its Palestinian refugee camp? Arabs blow up Arabs! But who works himself to death, training the Arab farmers in the West Bank to adopt modern techniques that will multiply harvests many times over? I have in mind a Jewish agronomist who is a good friend of mine. He is only one of a team.

The infant mortality rate in Israel is just about the lowest in the world. This is true also of the Arab villages in Israel.

It is not true of the Arab villages in the West Bank where Hussein was the ruler until June 1967. There the mortality rate is frighteningly high. We have contributed a great deal to the wellbeing of the Arabs in Israel. There is still a gap between the Jewish majority and the Arab minority, but it has been narrowed down. We haven't done enough, but we've moved in the right direction.

A final point. Israel finds itself today in the role of the conqueror. I'm sorry about it. I wasn't brought up to play that part. I don't think any of us were. I joined an operation hunting down El Fatah saboteurs. We surrounded a village. We concentrated all the men in the village square for identification. We made them sit in rows. We used dogs to track down the Arabs who the night before had tossed hand-grenades into a kibbutz and had sniped at passers-by. We found our quarry. I know what a resistance movement is, but in my ideology resistance isn't indiscriminate murder.

Through the fog of war I am unable to discern peace ahead. It is hidden from me. But I do not despair of its emerging from the mist.

If I didn't believe in peace, I wouldn't be here at this symposium. I would throw off all responsibilities, I'd let myself go completely—eat and drink today, for tomorrow you will be dead!

I repeat, it is our duty—towards ourselves, as a matter of domestic policy and self-respect—to be totally fair to the Arab minority. This minority is an integral part of our State, we have to provide it with more education, more democracy, more civilization, more electricity, water, everything. Let the Arab minority reciprocate by determining where it stands. I know that the Arab is perplexed, I know that he cannot come and say to me: "I love you, Tuvia, even though you've been shooting at my brother across the border." It is nonetheless indispensable that the Arab should say: "Israel is here for good and all." It is no less essential that Israel should do everything humanly possible for the Arabs' welfare. This is a domestic affair between ourselves.

Mohammed Mer'i: I think that only Tuvia, or a few like him, truly respect the Arab minority.

Yoram Banoun: I'm addressing myself to Tuvia. By all means accord equal rights to the Arab minority in Israel. But how come you don't mention the Jewish minorities now being tortured and done to death in the Arab countries? These Jewish minorities are not disloyal. Their only offense, an unpardonable one, is that they are Jewish.

Tuvia Abramson: It was an omission on my part. Jewish minorities are atrociously oppressed in the Arab States. Jews suffer elsewhere, notably in Russia. All the more reason that we should be above reproach in the handling of our Arab minority.



As a change from real life conflict, Tel Aviv University students rehearse a Greek tragedy.

Yoram Banoun: We are above reproach. We are doing our level best. But the Arab minority is getting ruder and ruder and demanding more and more and fails to see how privileged it is in comparison with other minorities.

Tuvia Abramson: So long as there is war, our Arab minority will be ill-at-ease, no matter what we do for them.

Mohammed Mer'i: But if you're as good as your word, we won't blame you for our malaise.

Regarding the external situation, what can we Israeli Arabs do? I don't know. From the depths of my heart I must declare I don't know. For years and years I believed that Nasser was a Socialist. I know what Communism is. If the Arab States call themselves Socialist, then we had better erase this term from our scale of values. Away with it! Our only hope is to purge the Middle East of Big Four influence. But we won't go into that problem.

For many years I thought the Soviet influence on Egypt was beneficial, while the American influence on Israel seemed to be negative, imperialist. But if what America does for Israel is imperialism— and I am observing it on the spot—God bless the imperialists!

One thing is plain. So long as the so-called Socialist States are stirring the pot, no Israeli peace-feelers, no Israeli hankering after peace will do any good. And so long as

the Arab States are willing to sell their heritage for a pottage of lentils, so long as they prattle about peace while girding themselves for murderous war, so long as they refuse to understand that there is a living Jewish body here that will not die, so long will the *status quo* continue. Only if the miraculous dewdrop falls, will we Israeli Arabs be able to help.

Walid Fahoum: The question is how to integrate Israel into the Middle East.

Debbie Bernstein: What precisely do you mean by our integration into the Middle East?

Walid Fahoum: Cultural integration, economic integration, political integration.

Debbie Bernstein: How do we integrate politically? I'm not trying to trip you up. I'm trying to understand you.

Walid Fahoum: This region is moving to the left. The whole Middle East is—except Israel. I don't say that Socialism is already installed in Egypt. But I do see distinct trends to Socialism in Syria and Egypt. I see the whole area developing on Socialist lines. Israel alone is moving to the right. I know you're going to say I am a parrot repeating



At last, a smile and an answering smile, albeit only simulated by students of drama—and comedy—at the Tel Aviv University.

Arab propaganda, but Israel is an imperialist base.

Tuvia Abramson: You perceive Socialism in Syria, Socialism in Jordan, Socialism in Egypt? Show me a trace of Socialism in any Arab country! You mean to say you see imperialism in democratic Israel? I don't know if you were nourished on Communism. I grew up in a home where we read the Communist daily, Kol Haam. Am I to understand that the Arab kibbutzim stand more to the left than do the Israeli kibbutzim?

Walid Fahoum: I know we don't have kibbutzim in the Arab world. But the distribution of land to the peasants in Syria and Egypt is a step towards Socialism.

Lily: Will you define Socialism? Over lunch I had a half-hour discussion with him on the subject. He talks Socialism, but hasn't the faintest idea what Socialism is.

Walid Fahoum: All right, you define Socialism. I'm not a walking encyclopedia.

Lily: I put the question to you first. You answer it—if you can! You said Israel is moving to the right, while the Arab countries are going left. I want to hear you substantiate it.

Walid Fahoum: I'll give you an example of how Israel is moving to the right. Israel supports the rotten monarchy that tyrannized Yemen. Israel opposed the aid which Egypt gave the Yemenite revolutionaries.

Lily: Aid? You mean the poison gas bombs the Egyptians dropped on Yemen?

Walid Fahoum: That's propaganda.

Zvi Bilinsky: I don't know why you attach so much importance to the word Socialism. I feel or at any rate for many years I felt I belonged to the Socialist movement. Today the word Socialism has been debased. Today it signifies dictatorship. It used to stand for democracy, human rights. Now Socialism is secret police terror. Socialism has become such a crazy mixed-up thing, that if you want to sing the praises of the Arab States, you'd better cite simple, straightforward human values that are intelligible to everybody. Socialism has become a smoke-screen covering the devil knows what. By all means back up the Arab States, but talk common sense.

Walid Fahoum: I'm not backing the Arab States, I'm expressing my opinion, but apparently you don't want to hear me out.

Tuvia Abramson: We do, only speak plainly. Explain to us in simple terms what changes are taking place in the Arab States indicative of progress and what is happening in Israel that makes us an imperialist, reactionary State.

Walid Fahoum: I give up. If this is the way you assault a man at a symposium, I withdraw. All this excitement because I say Israel is an imperialist base! What about the 1956 Sinai campaign when Israel served French and British imperialism? It took 10 years for the lousy truth to come out. Ten years hence, as sure as I now sit here looking at you lovely people, the truth will emerge that Israel served American imperialism in the Six Day War. The objective in June 1967 was to overthrow the progressive regime in Syria.

You deny that Israel is an imperialist base? What happened when Algeria was under French imperialist rule? Israel was behind French imperialism. What about Angola and Portuguese imperialism? What about Rhodesia? I've already spoken of Yemen. How about Aden?

Mohammed Mer'i: It looks to me like we've been drawn into a trap. Let the photographer stop taking pictures. Otherwise I'll walk out. I'm sorry, but I hope that everybody here has understood all I said, and no one will try to twist my words, or those of my friend Walid, to malicious ends. I ask for comprehension.

Photographer Micha Bar Am: Why do you not want me to take any more pictures?

Mohammed Mer'i: I have an uncomfortable feeling. Moderator: Very well, then, no more photography. Mohammed Mer'i: I assume responsibility for what I have said. But I ask every one round this table to interpret my words in the spirit I uttered them.

Tuvia Abramson: Mer'i knows I'm no enemy of the Arabs, and I want peace. Peace is what we all want—which is why we're here discussing it. If some of us have lost our tempers, well, we're human. If there's been a bit of heckling, that happens in the Knesset, too. Not that we're a parliament. We represent no one but ourselves. Each of us freely expresses his strictly personal opinion.

Mohammed Mer'i: Let me explain how I feel. We are having a debate. Everybody says what he thinks. We find ourselves at loggerheads. We get excited. And the photographer starts clicking away as though this were a riot scene.

Walid Fahoum: When I call Israel an imperialist base, I'm not saying Israel has no right to exist. When I say I am a Socialist and uphold the Socialist banner, I none-theless recognize the right of the people of Israel to live,

just as I recognize the right of my own Palestinian people to live. There's no need to misinterpret my words.

Socialism is one problem. Nationality is another. Even after we get peace, history will flow on. The class struggle will continue. That's how I envisage developments in the area

Concerning the Arabs of Israel, I share my friend Mohammed's opinion that we can serve as a bridge to peace. If you wish to speak to the Arabs outside Israel, the dialogue must necessarily be conducted through the intermediary of the Arabs of Israel. The Arabs of Israel are the Arabs who understand you, they've been living with you. Every time you harm the Arabs of Israel, you enlarge the gulf between yourself and the Arab States.

Let me give you some examples of pressure exerted against the Arabs of Israel. When we fled, that is, I and half my family, to Lebanon in 1948, my father stayed behind with two of my brothers. Father didn't want to lose the land he owned here. After fleeing, we returned amid war and chaos. Only half of our family came back from Lebanon. That is, only a quarter of my folks are in Israel. I have three brothers abroad—one in Libya, one in Saudi Arabia, one in Jordan. The family was dispersed. This is an example of the refugee problem.

Part of the land which my father and my two brothers had stayed behind to guard, was expropriated. From 1948 up to 1958, Kibbutz Mizr'a, near Afula, worked the land, and we were in a difficult economic situation. My father was sick—

Moderator: He'd been the Mufti's henchman and was wounded in the 1948 Arab war against the Jews—

Walid Fahoum: He was sick for six years, and then died. In 1958 we went to court, suing for the restitution of our land. We won the case, we got the land back, but received no compensation for the 10 years during which it was exploited by the kibbutz. We weren't awarded a penny damages or costs. Here you have a specific example of economic pressure.

Would you like another example? Pressure on Arab workers who leave their villages to take up jobs in Jewish development zones. These Arabs are under suspicion. Their dormitories are raided by the police in the middle of the night. They're accused of collaborating with El Fatah. Maybe some do have political thoughts. But there's a general man-hunt in the weeding-out process. So here you have another example of economic pressure.

Political pressure? As I pointed out yesterday, any Arab whose profession will take him into government service, had better keep mum.

Our Jewish friends here want a dialogue with the Arabs. But look what happens when we young people sit together. When I open my mouth, you jump down my throat.

Moderator: Has anyone tried to muzzle you? If unanimity prevailed, we wouldn't be having a symposium.

An objection was raised against the bandying of slogans,

against wooly words that mean nothing. You were requested to use simple, human, terms. What's wrong with that? Now let's proceed. Let everybody get everything off his chest!

Yoram Banoun: I should like to offer some information about Israel's attitude to Algeria during the Algerian war of independence. Before Ben Bella came to power in Algeria -incidentally he swore to raise an Algerian army 100,000 strong to deal a death blow to Israel-there was Ferhat Abbas at the head of the Algerian government in exile. Ferhat Abbas was a patriot who loved his own country and didn't waste his energies hating the Jewish homeland. Israel endeavored to establish ties with the Ferhat Abbas government. Israel found a go-between in the person of Algerian nationalist Razak Abdelkader, himself a descendant of the celebrated Abdelkader who led the rebellion against the French invasion of Algeria in the early 19th century. Abdelkader has published a book about the relations between Israel and revolutionary Algeria during the Ferhat Abbas period. Israel was anxious to cooperate with Algeria, eager to help develop its agriculture after independence. The kibbutz and moshav institutions could well have been adapted to Algerian needs. Ferhat Abbas turned the Israeli offer down-reluctantly; he was dependent on Egypt for military supplies. Even so, Ferhat Abbas maintained hush-hush links with Israel. It wasn't Israel's fault if these links were later broken by Ben Bella, who, as you know, didn't last very long. For many years Ben Bella has been held a prisoner, incommunicado, by his successor Boumedienne, another anti-Israel fire-eater. So much for our friend Walid's denunciation of Israel's imperialist attitude to Algeria.

When our friend Walid demands Israel's integration into the Middle East, he is using the lingo of the New Left, which conceives the situation as follows. All the Arab countries of the Middle East have woken up from their medieval slumber to throw off the feudal yoke. The Arab peasant has risen against the rich absentee landlord. And Israel, according to the New Left and Walid, is opposed to this Arab awakening. The whole Arab bloc loves the Socialist countries. It particularly loves anti-Semitic East Germany and Russia. Meanwhile Israel plays tricks as the agent of the imperialists. Yesterday the imperialists were the French and the British. Today the imperialists are the Americans. Tomorrow the imperialists will be—your guess is as good as mine.

This New Left propaganda, rehashed by Walid, is transparent nonsense. Israel doesn't serve the interests of any imperialists. It serves its own interests. Nothing, surely, could be clearer than that. Who threw the British out of this country? Israel! In the 1956 Sinai campaign we took a knock at Egypt for our own sake. The Egyptian terrorism against Israeli civilians, among them schoolchildren, had become intolerable. We saw a chance to

cool Nasser's aggressiveness. Today if we go to war—for the sake of survival—it won't be on behalf of America or Britain or France, but on the contrary, despite them. Of the Four Great Powers, Russia is patently the most imperialist. It alone still possesses an empire, the vast empire subdued by the Czars. The Kremlin keeps up the Czarist imperialism and, not content with that, is trying to take over the Middle East through the good offices

of Nasser and company. Which is the one country which openly tells the Big Powers not to meddle in the Middle East? Israel! Egypt and Syria have become Russian satellites, But, says the New Left through its spokesman Walid at this table, Israel is an American base. Well, there was one solitary occasion on which the United States sent troops to a Middle East State whose government was being subverted by Nasser. Where did the U.S. marines land? In Lebanon! Which Middle East countries receive the heaviest backing and arms deliveries from America? Kuwait, Saudi Arabia! Also Jordan. The New Left, the Arab New Left is out to topple the American-protected regimes in Kuwait, Saudi Arabia and Jordan. We shall see what we shall see. Meanwhile Egypt and Syria, run by secret police terror, are held up as paragons of Socialism. Pity the peasants and the workers of Egypt! Pity the authentic Socialists and even the pro-Soviet Communists in the land of the Nile—they're all behind barbed wire, in concentration camps! What a relief that Israel, which has more real Socialism than probably any other country in the world, doesn't qualify for the New Left concept of Socialism!

Now a word about the aid which the Arab minority in Israel can render us. Certainly the Arab minority may serve as a bridge. But in my opinion this minority must first prove itself. It should desist from ranting against Israel. It should have the decency not to demand advance bonuses. It should seek reconciliation out of duty towards Israel, out of duty towards the Arab States and, of course, out of duty towards itself.

Zvi Bilinsky: I've been listening and making notes, piles of notes, to reply to the various points raised. But it's useless. All I have to say now is that this discussion has driven me to despair—yes, despair. During the year I spent at the head of a group of kibbutznik students, one of our principal topics was peace. We invited prominent people from all walks of life, from all political parties, from all communities; not only Jews, but also Palestinians, more especially Palestinians. We were addressed by Shehadeh, Nusseiba, and others, each representing a different trend. I must say that by the end of the year I was likewise in despair. I heard so much stereotyped palaver from the Palestinian politicians. Politicians are politicians, you don't expect sincerity from them, they're speaking to the gallery. But I came here full of hopefulness. This time I would be meeting not professional politicos, but fellow-students,

young Arabs, colleagues, who would speak from the heart. But I'm sadly disappointed. Perhaps the knowledge that their utterances are for publication has caused Walid and Mohammed to speak the way they do. I was with Mohammed a good part of the way; I imagined myself in his shoes, and told myself that if I were he, I'd take pretty much the same line. I don't think that even if I were an Arab I would speak like Walid—ever! To my mind, there's all the world of difference between Walid's stand and the position taken by Mohammed.

My own general attitude to the issue of peace is, or has become, ambivalent. On the one side, in the light of all that is being written and said in the Arab world, I tell myself in all sobriety that peace lies way over the horizon, out of reach. As against that, I am body and soul with our possibly naive doves in Israel who cherish peace above all things and who assure us that it is within our grasp, if only we unbend enough.

I think my ambivalence characterizes the whole of Israel today. Here I must elaborate.

It seems to me that Israel's leaders excel in this ambivalence even as I do. Their pessimistic realism is accompanied by a deep yearning for peace. Earlier I said I feel there is a strong sense of continuity between the old leadership and the new generation. I'll restate this sentiment in a more radical form. If I thought our leaders lacked this saving grace of ambivalence, if I thought they were guided only by common sense which can discern nothing but war, if I thought they weren't filled with a burning faith in ultimate peace, then I personally would quit, I'd go to Switzerland or some other neutral country where there is calm and tranquillity. If I didn't believe that my children are going to know the joys of peace, if I didn't at least believe that our leaders strive for peace, I would not go on living in the State of Israel.

And here I come to two basic premises on which I found all my principles.

My first basic premise is that the State of Israel, as I wish to see it, is a Jewish State. I am opposed to a bi-national State. There was a time when I was a fervent internationalist, I believed in the brotherhood of man, in the coexistence of a plurality of nations within one State. I still treasure this utopian, messianic vision. But prior to the millennium, I can't fancy the vision coming true. Accordingly I am for a national State, a Jewish State. To me, the word national has no derogatory connotation. The word national is often—unjustifiably—confused with racist. I think that the Jewish State can well accommodate an Arab minority and that the Arabs within our borders can be my good friends. I wish to stress, by the way, that I do have many Arab friends. I have spent weeks at a time in Arab villages. I regularly correspond with the Arabs I got to know and admire there. They even send me greeting cards on the

At the same time, since I consider this State a Jewish State,

I think there must be unrestricted, unlimited aliya, Jewish immigration. Tell me, Mohammed, isn't Israel the proper place for the Jews now languishing in Arab countries? Don't get me wrong. I'm not hinting that the Arabs in Israel should leave for Egypt or Syria. I would never encourage Arab emigration from Israel. I was deeply shocked after the Six Day War when the Arab town of Kalkilya was damaged. I cried out in protest. And I rejoiced when the damage was repaired, thanks to our leaders and thanks to public opinion in Israel. For most Jews here think and feel about the Arabs as I do. So that's the first premise—a Jewish State.

The second premise is—belief in peace. This belief is my guideline in all things: education, economics, relations with the Arabs, especially those Arabs who since the Six Day War live within our territories.

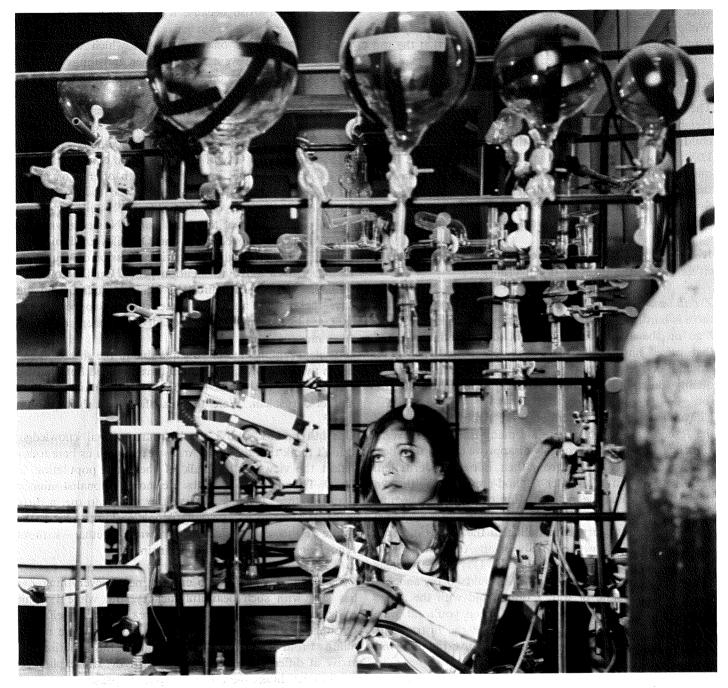
Now comes the epic question—on whom does peace depend? How do we go about making peace? Clearly, the more wars we fight, allowing history to pursue its present course, the tougher things will become. Yesterday a boy was killed, Haim Sturman, whose father also was killed and his father before him in wars against the Arabs. The history of this family exemplifies in the cruellest fashion imaginable the horror of our situation. No doubt there are similarly stricken families in the Arab States; if so, I am pained, believe me, I ache as much for them as for my own compatriots.

I say that the blood which is being spilled makes peace so much the harder to get. The more wars there are, the more remote peace becomes. I don't believe that peace can be imposed by war. Peace cannot be had without strength on our part, but it cannot be had by strength alone. Peace depends on both sides, and also on a third party that has already been mentioned here. That third party is the world at large, the Powers, the United Nations. And in recent years, much to my regret, it has discredited itself abominably.

The international political forum is filthy, disgustingly so. Political leaders are selfish intriguers who don't really represent the common man of their respective countries. Surely the majority of Russians don't share the views, don't approve the actions, of a Kosygin, a Brezhnev. I could list other unrepresentative leaders of other countries ad nauseum. International policy today is not founded on the logic of morality. Morality is the last thing that counts in the political game. This worldwide absence of international morality does more than anything else to foul up relations between Israel and the Arabs.

Even so, it still remains for the two parties directly involved to work for peace. In the Arab States there are many barriers to peace. I've not heard of any Arab State where there's ever been a symposium like ours attended by Jewish and Arab students on the subject of peace. Have you ever heard of such a thing in an Arab State?

As I told you, we—our kibbutznik student circle—once



If peace can be distilled by a combination of intelligence and beauty, this student in a physical chemistry lab of the University of the Negev, at Beersheba, should be able to do the trick.

invited Nusseiba, who before the Six Day War was the Jordanian Minister of Defense, Minister of Refugees, a man of mighty influence in the Arab world. Whilst in power he never once dared to mention the word peace. After the lecture in which he rammed home his views on peace, and after the public discussion that followed, I was able to speak to him person to person. I asked him—why did you, when you were in office, never breathe the word peace?

Nowhere in the Arab world is there the equivalent of our

war-hating, Arab-loving, Hebrew novelist S. Izhar.

Our entire Jewish history—I'm not saying anything original now, I've heard this from an Israeli general—is built up on the biblical account of how "Pharaoh hardened his heart." Only because Pharaoh hardened his heart, did the people of Israel go places. Only because Pharaoh was such a bully, did the people of Israel go forth to the Promised Land. Only because the Arabs have again and again attacked us, refusing all compromise solutions, only because they have pushed us and we have had to push them back time

after time, are we where we are today.

Walid, I want to tell you something about the Six Day War. I am a member of Kibbutz Haon. You claim that the war happened because we wanted to change the Syrian regime at the Americans' behest. Let me tell you in plain human terms—such as I begged you in vain to use—what happened. The Syrians, who were dug in on top of the Golan Heights, shot up our children in the lowlands—not my children, I don't have any, but the children of my friends. Day and night they shot at the children, at every live thing moving in the fields. They shelled our homes. The last thing I thought of was ascending the Heights to take over Syria and appoint a new government in Damascus. The Six Day War in a sense started in my kibbutz.

Walid Fahoum: Shooting at children is, on the part of either camp, the greatest of all crimes.

Zvi Bilinsky: I believe you're being honest. I believe that there is hardly an Arab or a Jew who wants to kill children. I go on the assumption that man has something in him that raises him above the beast. Otherwise what good would it do for us to parley? If I didn't believe in the elusive quality called humanism, I'd have precious little to live for.

I haven't come here to denounce the Arabs or to say that the Jews are lily-white. There are many things my government has done that I thoroughly disapprove of. For instance, the evacuation of Arabs from their homes in Jerusalem near the Western Wall after a hand-grenade was thrown there. I am against the expropriation of land. I am against the economic pressure exerted on Arabs. I am against the Israel security service meddling in the affairs of Arab students-and I know personally of an Arab friend who has been badly pestered since the Six Day War, whereas before the war he was left alone. I could go on and on. But we're in a state of war. I don't hold with the adage that all's fair in love and war. But when you're at war, you utilize the instruments of war. And the instruments are pressure, espionage, expropriation, investigation and so on and so forth.

But if I'm against wrongs committed on our side, I have to be even-handed and condemn the incomparably more heinous things that are being done to Jews living, or dying, in Arab countries.

The Jews are not only having their property confiscated—and there is never any restitution by any court of law—but they are being thrown into concentration camps, tormented, murdered.

Walid Fahoum: That, too, is a crime—it serves the Zionist cause.

Debbie Bernstein: Only because it serves the Zionist cause do you consider it a crime?

Walid Fahoum: Also because it is inhuman.

Zvi Bilinsky: We're on to a subject which we couldn't exhaust even if we went at it hammer and tongs for days and nights and weeks on end. So I'll sum up my position. As I stated at the beginning, I have two basic premises from which I won't depart in any circumstances. First, a national State. Second, peace. For the rest, I'm ready to make any and all concessions. I personally am ready to give up the Old City of Jerusalem. It was in Arab hands up to June 1967, but even so no Arab offered me peace on that account. The same Nusseiba who today says that Jerusalem is the crux of the problem, Nusseiba who was one of the big shots of the Arab world, Nusseiba who was for a while the Governor of the Old City of Jerusalem, didn't propose peace when he was in possession of Jerusalem. He never even dared to mention peace. On the contrary. In public, he breathed fire. His king, Abdullah, who did have the guts to make a discreet allusion to peace, was as a result assassinated, shot dead on the steps of the El Aksa mosque.

Jerusalem reminds me of your parable of the slice of bread cut in two. The Jews, you moan, have grabbed both halves. For 19 years the Arabs had one half, the more precious half of Jerusalem. Were they satisfied with their portion then?

One last remark, and I speak from personal knowledge. I don't think that the three Arabs sitting with us here today reflect the views of the bulk of the Arab population in Israel. The majority of Arabs are more nationalist-minded than our three friends. Nationalism is not, to me, a dirty word. It is up to us as young people to look towards the future and to see if we can't go forward together—without renouncing our fundamental principles.

Debbie Bernstein: I wish to endorse nearly everything Zvi has said with such beautiful lucidity. But while I think as he does, I cannot follow his final reasoning. Myself I am pessimistic about peace. Zvi sees peace somewhere in the offing. From an identical assessment of the situation we arrive at different conclusions. Perhaps Zvi can explain to me why he thinks there is a prospect of peace.

Zvi Bilinsky: He doesn't think, he is certain, because war cannot last for ever. War solves nothing, and people are in the last resort rational. I said there are three parties to peace—ourselves, the Arabs, and the world at large. The comity of nations is for the present at a moral low; but I do believe things will change for the better. If they don't, not only will the Middle East suffer, the whole globe will go up in smoke. There'll be no future for mankind at all if the nations don't pull themselves together; but they will, mark my words!

Secondly, I believe that the Arab States are liable to change—for the better, they could hardly get worse. I am convinced

that there are leaders in the Arab world today who want peace but fear to speak up. They are afraid to speak because they have educated their children to war and because their wobbly regimes are based on war. Take Iraq. Power rests with a general who has shot another general and who will himself tomorrow, or in a month, or next year be shot by a third general. And each incoming general in turn feels obliged to proclaim his iron determination to combat Zionist imperialism. He hangs Jews and displays the swinging corpses in a public square. By providing the people with a gallows circus, he tries to ingratiate himself. I am convinced that these things are bound to change.

Shimon Mintz: Walid spoke of Arab Socialism and Israeli imperialism. I'd like to ask his opinion about Egyptian applause for the Russian invasion of Czechoslovakia. Where's the imperialism and where's the Socialism? That's one question.

A second question. Do you think if Israel joined the Egyptian and Syrian chorus of hymns of praise for Russia, we should bring peace and understanding in the Middle East any closer?

Walid Fahoum: Are we concerned with Israel or with Russia?

Shimon Mintz: We're concerned with your definition of Socialism and imperialism.

Walid Fahoum: Are we talking of the Israel-Arab problem or the relations between Russia and Czechoslovakia? If you want a discussion on Russia and Czechoslovakia, let's hold another symposium.

Shimon Mintz: You're evading my question. Answer!

Lily: He has no answer.

Walid Fahoum: Who says I have no answer. I have an answer. But if you want to argue about Russia and Czechoslovakia, we'll do so another time.

Mohammed Mer'i. For my part, all that I have said at this table can be summed up in a nutshell. I, as an Israeli Arab, cannot bring peace; but I can do a lot to help towards peace, if Israel treats me right.

Samir Absawi: Israel has won three wars, and has therefore profited most. It is up to Israel to disgorge what it has swallowed.

Tuvia Abramson: Imagine you're an Arab leader, and Israel says: "We hand you back on a golden platter all that you lost in the last war, and we even take back the refugees." Will you then sit down and talk peace with us?

Samir Absawi: First disgorge your gains. Afterwards we shall see. I cannot in advance commit myself to anything.

Tuvia Abramson: I want a straight answer.

Moderator: You've had your answer. You yield everything, and when you've done that he'll ponder whether you're worthy of peace negotiations.

Ladies and gentlemen, it's closing time!

Gloria Srebro: I was just thinking, if I was a cat who understood Hebrew, what would my reaction be to all that I have heard here? Since I'm a cat and man is the highest species in the animal kingdom, I'd look at him with some respect. At the same time I'd be utterly bewildered by his utterances.

This has been some verbal feast! You know that the Romans, after they fed themselves and were completely stuffed, would stick their finger in their mouth and vomit, and then eat again.

But I'm only a cat, so I can't do as the Romans did and throw up. But neither can I digest the dishes that have been served up at this table.

Moderator: Why be a cat, if it makes you so unhappy. Gloria Srebro: Right! My father was here for a couple of weeks this year. I really didn't talk to him much. But on one occasion, in between visits to relatives and so on, we were left to ourselves. He had just visited Yad Vashem, the memorial to the six million Jews who perished in the Holocaust. He didn't learn much at Yad Vashem, he'd lived through the war in Europe, he isn't a child. He said one thing that saddened me—I knew it myself, but it was at the bottom of my awareness, and he brought it out. He said: "It took our two-legged species millions of years to evolve from an animal into a human being. In my lifetime I've seen homo sapiens revert in no time at all from a human being into an animal of the lowest order. No beast can be as beastly as man."

Moderator: We end, not with a crashing finale of hope and glory, but with this touch of pathos. That's how it is. To all of you, many thanks!



REVOLUTIONARY UNIVERSITIES by Marcia Gitlin



Haifa University.

In the developed countries, you have venerable universities seething with revolutionary students.

In developing Israel, we have new revolutionary universities attended by mature, demure students.

Forty-two years ago, when the Hebrew University first introduced undergraduate studies, the number of its students was 250. They were the only university students in the one and only university the country could boast. Today the total number of students in Israel has risen to almost 40,000, and they are to be found not only at the Hebrew University but in altogether seven institutions of higher learning.

What has brought about this change? The increase in population, which has now reached a figure of 2,920,000, is of course a primary factor. But it is not only the size of a population that determines the rate of growth in university attendance. Egypt, with its over 30 million souls in 1968, had about 140,000 students concentrated in five institutions that year (the last year for which figures were obtainable), representing 0.4 per cent of the population

as against Israel's 1.4 per cent. And one can point to other countries, or whole continents with populations running into hundreds of millions—Africa, for example—where the student community is infinitesimal.

Population apart, two circumstances have been chiefly responsible for the steady growth of student enrollment in Israel. One is the powerful desire for higher studies among Israel's youth a desire they share with youth generally in the more advanced countries today, but which also owes not a little to the traditional Jewish love for learning and the very great value Jews have always placed on scholarship and education. The other arises out of the special conditions of Israel, which at every stage of its history has been in urgent need of trained, professional manpower and of scientific research for the development of the country.

It was in the main these two circumstances that brought into being Israel's first university. The early Zionists who conceived the idea of the Hebrew University regarded it as an integral part of the Jewish Renascence. It was to be a revolutionary institution where

for the first time a synthesis would be achieved between general and Jewish scholarship, with Jewish scholarship itself undergoing a process of revitalization that would, in the words of Ahad Ha'am as far back as 1902. "restore the Jewish people to its rightful place of honor in the comity of human culture." But the founders were also moved by another, more immediate practical concern—the plight of the Jewish youth who were being systematically excluded from the universities of Eastern Europe or whose admission to universities elsewhere was being severely restricted. It was patent that the Jewish National Home would not be fulfilling its purpose if it did not, among other things, provide the possibilities for Jewish youth to satisfy, without hindrance, their boundless thirst for higher education.

At the same time, the founding fathers were keenly aware that if the derelict wasteland that then was Palestine was to be revived and rendered capable of supporting an ever larger influx of settlers, a first essential was scientific research; and that for the conduct of this research the establishment of a



The new campus of the Hebrew University.

university was imperative. Dr. Chaim Weizmann, prime mover in the creation of the University and himself an eminent scientist, was adamant on this point. It was due not a little to his urging that at the beginning the University consisted of three research institutes only, for chemistry, microbiology and Jewish studies. The small band of students were men and women fairly advanced in years, who could expect nothing from their study except the pleasure it afforded them. At that stage the University offered neither undergraduate teaching nor academic degrees. It was only three years after the official opening of the University in 1925 that undergraduate courses were introduced, first in the humanities and afterwards in the natural sciences, leading in due course to the awarding of degrees on the Master's and doctoral levels and later the Bachelor's level as well.

By the end of 1947 the University had developed considerably and was offering a very much expanded range of courses. The number of its students had risen to 1,027. Its graduates were performing tasks of vital importance;

the research done, particularly in the medical sciences and in agriculture, had conferred notable benefits on the country. In brief, the University was worthily carrying out the aims of its founders and had already more than amply justified its existence.

If there were any doubts on this point they were surely swept away the following year when the State of Israel came into being. Immediately, the country was faced with a desperate shortage of trained personnel in every field, and, simultaneously, with a need for scientific research on a vastly accelerated scale to meet the gigantic challenges that now lay ahead. Without hesitation the University rose to the occasion. Although laboring under extraordinarily great difficulties following its severance from its premises on Mount Scopus during the War of Liberation, it entered on a new era of growth and expansion, inaugurating many additional areas of study and research and admitting ever larger numbers of

There were certain fields of study, however, which the University regarded as outside its province. These were the technological disciplines, which were—and still are—concentrated in the Technion in Haifa. The Technion had been established on the initiative of the Hilfsverein der Deutschen Juden (Welfare Association of German Jews) to provide technical training for the country's youth, and had opened its doors to the first sixteen students in 1924. Starting with courses in architecture and civil engineering, it had grown at an even, steady pace until 1948 when, like the Hebrew University, it was suddenly catapulted into an atmosphere of intensive, dynamic activity. Existing departments were enlarged and new ones opened to fill the need for skilled manpower. The student body, which by 1948 numbered several hundred, grew at a faster rate than ever before. To this day the Technion remains the only institution of university rank in Israel offering courses and academic degrees on all levels in engineering and architecture; it also carries out intensive research in these fields. Two-thirds of the country's engineers and architects are Technion-trained.

By the mid-Fifties the number of stu-



dents in Israel stood at over 4,000. The vast majority were enrolled at the Hebrew University. The rest were at the Technion and at a small university that had meanwhile come into being in Ramat Gan, near Tel Aviv-the Bar-Ilan University, established by a group of Orthodox Jews. Run along religious lines, the Bar-Ilan University offers studies in Judaica, general humanities, science and social science on all levels. These three universities had to serve the entire country. In order to attend them. many students were obliged to live away from home. This entailed an expense which few of them or their parents could afford. The problem became particularly acute in Jerusalem. For large numbers of students flocked to the Hebrew University to take a range of courses as yet unavailable elsewhere in the country. To alleviate the situation, the University in 1959 opened in Tel Aviv branches of its Faculties of Law and Social Sciences; but this only took partial care of the problem for a few years.

The branches were simply not adequate to the needs of Israel's largest city with a population of about 400,000. There had long been talk of establishing a university in Tel Aviv. As a step in this direction, in 1953 the Tel Aviv Municipality set up two university institutes-for science and Jewish studies. These formed the basis of the Tel Aviv University which opened three years later. But it was not until the early Sixties that the University began to develop on a noteworthy scale. Faculties of Humanities, Sciences, and Continuing (Postgraduate) Medical Education were inaugurated, as well as a Department of Education and, later, a Medical School. As the University grew, it became resentful of the presence of the Hebrew University branches Tel Aviv. In 1965, after much discussion and heart-searching, it was decided that these branches should gradually be transferred to Tel Aviv University. The transfer has now been practically completed.

The emergence of the Tel Aviv Uni-

versity was only one reflection of the new, dynamic spirit that had entered the sphere of higher education in Israel in the Sixties. The demands for additional universities in different parts of the country grew in volume as the stream of Israel youth clamoring for university education swelled into a veritable torrent. The brain drain, which was causing so much concern, involved also appreciable numbers of young people who went abroad for their studies-and did not always return home. If, it was felt, more university facilities could be made available in Israel, then young Israelis would be less inclined to leave. Also, before long, every self-respecting town wanted to have its own university. Tel Aviv was followed by Haifa, where the Municipality decided to build up a university to serve the city and the potential student population in the

potential student population in the north. In 1963 it turned for assistance to the Hebrew University, which responded by assuming responsibility for the academic aspects of the College that the Municipality set up as a nucleus of a future university. It is expected that within three years the College, which as yet offers courses on the B.A. level only in the humanities and social sciences but which has also begun to introduce certain courses in biology, will have reached a standard entitling it to full university status. The Hebrew University will then withdraw from the scene.

Next on the list was Beersheba. The Negev Institute of Higher Education was established there in 1965, with the cooperation of the Hebrew University, the Technion and the Weizmann Institute of Science, each of which undertook to run courses in different fields, the first in biology, the humanities and social sciences, and the other two in various branches of technology and science.

The University of the Negev, as it is now called on the strength of a Government charter awarded in October 1969, offers B.A. degrees in the humanities and goes up to the M.A. in mechanical, chemical, electrical and industrial

engineering and administration, electronics, biology and, last but not least, nuclear engineering. The University of the Negev, as its name suggests, is destined to play a major role in the reclamation of the desert which covers so vast an area of the State of Israel. Finally, in the Sixties yet another

institution entered the arena of academic teaching; not a new one this time, but one that had been in existence since 1949—the Weizmann Institute of Science at Rehovot, an outgrowth of the Daniel Sieff Research Institute set up in 1934. Since its inception the Weizmann Institute had been engaged exclusively in research, but, as so often happens, the researchers keenly felt the lack of stimulus that comes from contact with students. For a number of years the Institute was accorded the status of a Hebrew University Faculty, directing the work of certain students for their doctoral theses. But in due course the Weizmann Institute opened a graduate school of its own at which students may read for their Master's and Doctor's degrees in various branches of science.

In the present (1969/70) academic year the largest number of students is still enrolled at the Hebrew University—about 15,000. Some 10,000 are at Tel Aviv University, 6,000 at the Technion, 4,000 at Bar-Ilan, 3,000 at Haifa University College, 1,600 at the University of the Negev, and 390 at the Weizmann Institute.

Preparations are now under way for the opening in the 1970/71 academic year of a University of Technology in the town of Holon, south of Tel Aviv, which has already announced courses in various branches of engineering. There are whispers of another university to be set up here, a college there. Earlier, a comparison was made of the figure for student enrollment in Israel with that of Egypt, to the disadvantage of the latter. But how does Israel come off in comparison with more enlightened countries, such as, for instance, the U.S.? Taking various factors into consideration, the answer is, not too badly. There are today in the U.S.

almost 7,000,000 students in some 2,500 institutions, representing about 3.4 per cent of the total population of 203,000,000, as against Israel's 1.4 per cent. But if one deducts from the U.S. figure approximately 1 per cent for students in the very popular junior colleges offering two-year non-degree courses after high school, for which there is no equivalent in Israel, the difference in percentages is appreciably smaller than it first appears.

At the same time it must be remembered that in the U.S., despite its poverty-ridden strata of Blacks, Puerto Ricans and others, economic conditions are such that a far larger segment of the population can afford to keep their offspring at university than in Israel. There are many young people in Israel who wish for nothing more than to study at university and who lack the means to do so.

The vast differences in economic conditions and historical background between Israel and the U.S. affect the universities in many ways. The universities in the U.S. have had a long innings—some of them have a history of 300 years—and there are several that still derive substantial incomes from endowments made decades ago and from immovable property accumulated over a span of centuries. Many are completely State-supported, others partially so, In Israel, the universities depend for their existence to a certain extent on funds collected from Jews all over the free world, but the greater part of their budget derives from Government grants. Since Israel is a poor country surrounded by a horde of enemies, and a staggering proportion of the national income must go on defense, apart from other vital needs, the university grants can never be large enough. Inevitably, the universities are faced with innumerable difficulties in keeping solvent.

Hardest hit for reasons of financial stringency are those branches of study in which laboratories are a *sine qua non*. In this age of the cyclotron, of the electron microscope, of the high-speed centrifuge and the electronic computer,

the cost of scientific equipment and of specially designed laboratories to house it is all but prohibitive. In consequence, student admission to the relevant faculties—more especially those of Science, Medicine and Agriculture and to the Technion as a whole—has had to be restricted. Had this not been the case, the total number of students in Israel would undoubtedly be far larger than it is.

And the numerical discrepancy between the many students in the humanities and social sciences, on the one hand, and the few students in science, on the other hand, would be very much smaller. At the Hebrew University this year there are about 4.500 in the humanities and 3,200 in the social sciences as against just under 2.000 in science. Even if one adds to the enrollments in science those in medicine (536), dentistry (182), pharmacy (158) and agriculture (430), where laboratory facilities are a prerequisite, the total figure is still less than that for the humanities alone. A similar picture emerges at Tel Aviv University, taking into account that it does not offer undergraduate teaching in dentistry, pharmacy and agriculture. Israeli students are very greatly attracted to the sciences, but the doors are closed to hundreds of those applying every year for admission to the science faculties in all the institutions of higher learning, despite the shortage of scientists in the country.

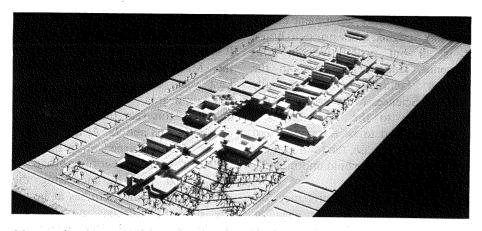
As for medicine, discussion has been going on for years whether Israel has a sufficient number of doctors. The doctor-patient ratio is among the highest in the world, but it is also true that there is a scarcity of doctors in the outlying areas. The debate whether or not Israel needs more than the one Medical School that has been in existence at the Hebrew University since 1949, has become academic in every sense of the word. In 1964, Tel Aviv University opened a new medical school, and this year the first steps have been taken by the Haifa Municipality in a similar direction with the initiation of classes in the fourth year of the medical course, which is devoted to clinical studies in local hospitals.

It is no easy thing to gain admission to the Medical School in Jerusalem. Last year, for instance, there were 863 applicants, of whom 80 were accepted; this year the corresponding figures are 868 and 92. As a result, not a few of those turned away have enrolled at medical schools abroad. It was hoped that by increasing the facilities for medical studies at home, the drift to Europe and America would be reduced. But already in Tel Aviv the situation is little different from that in Jerusalem, with hundreds being refused admission every year.

There are few disciplines offered at any university of standing abroad that are not also taught at one of Israel's universities, and in some cases in more than one. All Israel's institutions of higher learning are indefatigable in their efforts to keep abreast of developments in the realms of science and scholarship—no simple matter at a time when knowledge is advancing at a breath-taking pace—and it is a measure of how well they have succeeded that the country today enjoys an excellent reputation in the academic world.

In one branch of studies Israel is even unique. The reference is to Jewish studies, more especially at the Hebrew University, whose special Institute for the subject, established 46 years ago, is now recognized as the central seat of Jewish learning in the world. True, many of the subjects taught in it are also taught elsewhere, but on nothing like the same comprehensive scale. Nor are they taught, as in Jerusalem, in conjunction and in close collaboration with general studies, and against the background of a complete Jewish life, which lends depth and urgency to academic research.

Jewish studies in the Institute—and in Israel as a whole—include all the traditional subjects which fall under that heading: Bible, Talmud, Hebrew language and literature, etc. But there are also disciplines like Jewish Mysticism and Contemporary Jewry which



Master plan for the new campus of the University of the Negev.

only the Institute offers. The former is a relatively new branch of learning, founded by a member of the Hebrew University faculty, Professor Gershom Scholem, who is a world authority on the subject. Contemporary Jewry, introduced some years ago as a matter of urgency in view of the revolutionary changes that have taken place in Jewish life during the past few decades, includes courses and research in, *interalia*, Jewish demography, the Holocaust, present-day Jewish communities, Jewish education in the Diaspora, and aspects of the Zionist movement.

Jewish studies also occupy a prominent place at the other universities and especially at Bar-Ilan; at the latter every student is obliged to devote a year to them irrespective of his chosen field. They are studies which have been attracting an increasing number of students, and the graduates are helping to swell the small band of Judaica scholars left after the destruction of the Jewish communities of Central and Eastern Europe, once the heart of Jewish learning. No longer are these studies the exclusive domain of the male. Though men students still predominate and teaching staffs are practically all-male, women students have "broken through," often with great distinction. At the Hebrew University one woman has even entered so abstruse a field as Cabbala, in which subject she was recently appointed a lecturer after receiving her doctorate.

Generally speaking, women students at the universities, who constitute about 35 per cent of the student bodies, gravitate towards the humanities, including education, and the social sciences. It is therefore not surprising that at the Technion they represent only about 8 per cent of the students. They are concentrated in the Faculty of Architecture and Town Planning, the Department of Food and Biotechnology, and the Departments of Chemistry, Mathematics and Physics, although a few have ventured also into the engineering sciences.

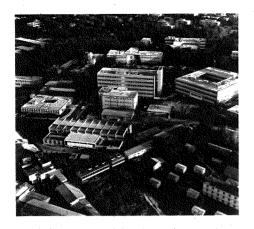
Men and women students alike come from almost every part of the world. The majority, however, were either born in Israel or attended school and received their matriculation certificates here, which makes them to all intents and purposes Sabras. And indeed, they have all the Sabra's spirit of independence, his blunt straightforwardness and lack of pretension. They are on the whole an attractive lot, the men generally tall and well-built, the women slim, with good figures and dressed in the height of mini-fashion. Chatting to each other as they walk across the lawns of their beautiful campuses on the way to a lecture or the library, they look as if they have not a care in the world beyond their studies; in actual fact, for most of them life is extremely difficult. About 70 to 80 per cent are without financial means. Tuition fees are very low, not only as

compared with universities abroad but even in relation to the cost of high school education in Israel. Still, these impecunious students must find employment in order to maintain themselves. Efforts are made to assist them with scholarships, but there are not enough of these to go round, and such as there are are usually not substantial enough to do away entirely with material anxieties.

In addition to being poor, the Israeli student comes to the university after a prolonged period of army service, which means that he is several years older than the average freshman in other countries. He has reached a stage in his life where he is reluctant to ask for or accept support from his parents even when they are in a position to give it to him; but only too often they are not in such a position.

As to the jobs students hold down, many of these are at the institutions at which they study, where, all things being equal, they are generally given priority when vacancies arise for secretaries, clerks, odd-job men in various laboratories, and departmental assistants. Outside these institutions they coach schoolchildren, fill in as baby-sitters, translators and office workers, and some even make a bid for more manual occupations. One professor still enjoys telling the story of how he boarded a bus and found one of his students was driving it.

A large part of the student's budget must go on rent if he does not live at home. Often several students club together to share a self-contained apartment in preference to each taking a furnished room under the watchful eye of an on-the-spot landlady. University dormitories in which the student can live and study in comfort at a reasonable cost are of course the answer to the problem, but these are still in short supply. Before it started rebuilding its campus on Mount Scopus in 1968, the Hebrew University had dormitory accommodation in various parts of Jerusalem for 1,800 students, but the number of applicants for these was in the neighborhood of 3,500.





(Left) The Weizmann Institute. (Right) The Plaza of Tel Aviv University.

On Mount Scopus housing has now been made available for another 1,000, whilst nineteen new dormitories are under construction. In Haifa the Technion has dormitories for only 750 students although some 4,500 of a total student body of 6,000 come from outside the city. At Tel Aviv University there are two dormitories sufficient for 240 students and two more are at present being built.

In the circumstances, for most students the years they spend at university are pretty lean. A small minority generally those who live at home and whose parents are not hard-pressed economically-do succeed in having a certain amount of fun. There are student parties and get-togethers, there are night clubs, there are cinemas, concerts and theaters. And some manage to go abroad at least during one vacation in their passage through university, usually through IAESTE (International Association for the Exchange of Students for Technical Experience), which greatly reduces their fares.

If they have time, students join university folk-dancing groups, which are very popular. There are also dramatics groups, choirs and orchestras. More and more sports facilities are being made available, particularly at the Hebrew University which has amenities for track and field, foot-ball, soft-ball, volley-ball, basket-ball, hand-ball, squash and tennis, as well as a swimming pool and gymnasium. But the

operative word here is "time," and as students proceed to more advanced studies, the less time they have. It is mainly those in the first year and, to a lesser extent, in the second year, who indulge in these pastimes.

On the whole, student life in Israel is marked by little of that light-hearted, carefree spirit which is in evidence on campuses abroad. More often than not, such "jollities" as are occasionally devised end up by being more labored than lively. More mature, because he is older, than students elsewhere, and burdened with financial problems and constantly harassed by the interruption of his studies by service in the military reserves for which he is called up at frequent intervals and for extended periods, the Israeli student has neither the time nor the inclination for those more frivolous, extra-curricular amusements which are usually associated with student life. He cannot afford and has no craving for pot and psychedelic adventures.

All of which goes a long way to explain why the unrest and turbulence that stalk so many universities today have found no echo in Israel. The Israeli student is concerned first and foremost with "finishing" his studies as quickly as possible, with getting on with his career and settling down. Student riots seem to him irrelevant.

Which is not to say that he is completely satisfied with things as they are. He has many complaints and from time to time his grievances against the university establishment erupt into protest. But the protest has never taken the form of anything more violent than a street demonstration with banner-carrying students walking in procession, or a strike. Latterly, for instance, there have been rumblings of discontent at the Hebrew University, where the students are weighed down by a plethora of obligatory courses and lectures, not all of which they believe to be of real value. They often find it difficult to meet and discuss their problems with their teachers—a legacy of the European tradition of teacher-student relations, which in essence are no relations at all. To add to his hardships, the student has to submit to more and more red tape in administrative procedures, and is often treated with a startling lack of consideration. The University authorities have urged the faculties to set up joint teacherstudent committees in the various departments, so that the student point of view can be heard and taken into account when academic programs are discussed. But the students claim that this is not enough, and are now demanding representation on the Senate and other academic bodies. The response has been an unequivocal refusal by the Rector. At this stage the matter is still pending, but the head of the Students' Organization has already stated publicly and emphatically that whatever protest action is taken will

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not assume the form of rebellion. The chances are that if the worst comes to the worst, the students will do what is the classical thing in all Israeli walks of life—stage a strike.

The student community in Israel, as stated earlier, is made up largely of Sabras. For the rest, there are mainly three different groups. There are the Arabs and Druze—over 200 at the Hebrew University, about 60 at the Technion, and lesser numbers at the Haifa College and Tel Aviv University—and, since the Six Day War in 1967, even a few Arabs from East Jerusalem and the West Bank. The second group comprises non-Jewish students from abroad, including several scores from the developing countries in Africa and Asia who began coming in the early Sixties. Finally, there are Jewish students from various parts of the free world who are enrolled both in the regular courses and in specially organized courses.

Since the middle of 1967 this last category has assumed unprecedented dimensions as a result of the fervor and sense of identification with Israel aroused by the Six Day War. The arrival of these young people from the U.S., France, England and other lands has been warmly welcomed, and every effort is being made to increase their numbers in the hope, of course, that most of them will eventually decide to remain on in the country. This year there are about 3,500 at the Hebrew University, 750 at the Technion, 700 at the Haifa College, 400 at Tel Aviv University and a smaller number at Bar-Ilan. They receive financial assistance from the Jewish Agency, while the institutions at which they are enrolled devote special attention to their needs both academic and physical. They are aided in learning Hebrew through ulpanim (Hebrew language crash courses) established mainly for their benefit, and a number of classes are also conducted in English.

Recently, a group of American Jews inaugurated what they have named "The American College in Jerusalem" with the aim of inducing Jewish

students in the U.S. to pursue some of their studies in Israel. Instruction—in the humanities to begin with—is conducted in the English language. The enterprise is still in its initial stages.

The influx of students from abroad is likely to grow and grow in the coming years. These newcomers are being received with open arms. But how many overseas students the country will eventually be able to absorb is anybody's guess. For that matter. nobody knows how many Israelis the universities will be able to accommodate. Neither the Ministry of Education nor the institutions involved have made any forecasts in this respect. During the many years he served as Minister of Education, Mr. Zalman Aranne in fact hardly concerned himself with the universities at all. The budget, manpower and facilities of his Ministry were limited, and he preferred to devote them to what he regarded as the top priority, namely, elementary and secondary education, in which field he introduced major reforms before relinquishing office after the Knesset elections last year. His successor, Mr. Yigal Allon, has already intimated that he intends giving the universities close attention; he wants more planning in the sphere of higher education. But for the moment all such planning as is being done is concentrated in the universities themselves. They observe developments in the country and the consequent needs. Anxious to include in their curricula studies of practical significance to Israel in addition to those of purely academic value, the universities have found it necessary constantly to inaugurate new courses, new departments and even new faculties, and to increase their intake of students. Of course, no university is ever "complete"; if it were, it would be defeating its intrinsic aim of forever opening new horizons. Planning is indispensable, if only for financial reasons. No university can survive without Government aid. In

1969, this amounted to a total of IL 175

million in grants to all the institutions

of higher learning. But there are limits

to what the Government can afford. It is therefore essential to ensure that aid be given only to institutions whose existence is proved to be warranted. Israel is an unpredictable country, and many a well-laid plan has gone astray as a result. In 1966, for instance, the Hebrew University Governors thought of putting a limit on the growth of the student body, so that it should not become unwieldy and thereby place too great a burden on the teaching staff. The Hebrew University. they argued, no longer stood alone; other universities could help carry the load. It was finally decided that while no figure could be regarded as definite or binding, a total of 15,000 students seemed an acceptable ceiling.

A year later the University was faced with a completely new situation. Mount Scopus, the site of its original home, was once more accessible, and there were compelling reasons for developing it again as a university campus on which, also, thousands of students would be housed. Overseas students were pouring into the country—and overseas students were wanted as never before. And so, although the student body already numbers about 15,000 this year, nothing has been said about keeping it at that level. If the question of setting limits to student enrollment is ever raised again, the ultimate figure decided upon will be far in excess of the 15,000 regarded as satisfactory only four years ago.

Which goes to prove that it is not as simple to draw up a plan for university development in Israel as it is in oldestablished countries where reasonably accurate forecasts can be made of the shape of things to come. That no such Israeli plan has emerged to date may be an error of omission which, some believe, should have been repaired years back; on the other hand, there is also something to be said for those who maintain that any plan drawn up would have been overtaken by events and be utterly useless today. The truth probably lies somewhere between the two—there must be planning and the readiness to improvise.