"IF I FORGET THEE . . . ."

By

JOSEF DÜNNER



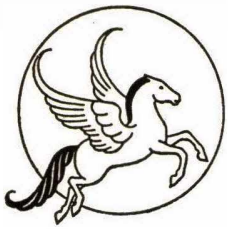
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THIS BOOK, a record of events, in which even most of the names and places have been reproduced unchanged, was written simultaneously in German and English. The English edition comes from the press first. For its style and idiom, the author is indebted to Miss Mary B. Weiss.

Grateful acknowledgment is expressed to Mrs. Henry Gross of the National Council of Jewish Women, without whose kindness and aid, the author would not have been able to develop his scanty knowledge of English into a useful tool.

INSTEAD OF A FOREWORD

According as the sun and planets saw,
From their bright thrones, the moment of thy birth,
Such is thy Destiny: and by that Law
Thou must go on—and on—upon the earth.
Such must thou be; Thyself thou canst not fly;
So still do Sibyls speak, have Prophets spoken.
The living stamp, received from Nature's die,
No time can change, no art has ever broken.

Goethe, Orphic Sayings.

To My Parents

PART I

CHAPTER I

"Now, my boy," said Samuel Roth as he, his wife, and Alexander left the trolley car at the Anhalter Station, "there is no need for an extended farewell. Frankfurt isn't at the other end of the world. If you don't like your work at the Institute, remember you can always come home. We've had enough for four until now, and it will be enough again. Now I have to get to work. Good-bye, and good luck."

While his father struggled with the crowd to get to the subway, Alexander raised his trunk to his shoulder and with his mother, who carried his hand luggage, went to the train. They had come early and therefore were among the first to hurry through the turnstile to the empty train. Alexander looked for a corner seat in one of the middle cars. He threw his baggage into the net and went out again to his mother who waited on the platform which was gradually filling up with passengers, farewell wishers, porters, newspaper venders and waiters with little wagons of coffee, frankfurters, sandwiches and fruit.

"Be sure to wear your woolen underwear until it's really warm, especially the pants. It's very easy to get a cold in April. Find yourself a sunny, comfortable room. If you need bed linen, or for that matter anything else, write. Be sure to write once a week, even if it's only a post card. Eat regularly. Not necessarily in the most expensive restaurant,

but be sure that you get at least one hot meal every day."

Mrs. Roth had many more instructions to give, but her son was disarming her by his twinkling nods. She was interrupted completely by the arrival of Lisa Mann, soon to be followed by Felsen, Marlitz, Wendel and still later by Mascha and Uri von Massen, Alexander's friends. As unobtrusively as possible, she wiped away the tears with which she had seasoned her words, now with her handkerchief, now with the back of her rough, work-marked hand.

Lisa was also on the verge of tears but she bravely swallowed them. "I think this is going to be more than just a handshake and good-bye," she said when she was alone with Alexander for a moment. They had already taken leave of each other the day before in the Tiergarten. It was in a quiet lane where the silver foliage of the ancient trees intertwined forming a canopy over their heads. They had discussed the situation in the Communist movement. She had riled against the bureaucracy which changed policy almost daily according to the wind which blew from Moscow; she had deplored the expulsions which always struck the best. He had held that there had to be discipline but his stand was much weaker than it had been a year before when he was ready to beat anyone who attacked the party. She had spoken to him of her love in a few poignant words as is the way of a child of the proletariat. He had remained silent for a long time before he answered. What had he said? "You must realize that you are not Jewish, and I am a Jew. We have been brought up in different traditions, different backgrounds. Many times when I laugh you would not understand

why and when I cry, I would have to cry alone." He is a Jew . . . what difference should that make?

Alexander wanted to ask her to write to him as soon as she passed her teachers' examination, but Wendel intruded.

"Don't get caught by the Trotsky faction or the Right. Frankfurt is a hot bed of opposition."

"And the Institute for Economic Research hasn't a good effect on people," put in Marlitz. "I had a friend who went there on the same fellowship as yours, and now he's a good, stand-pat Social Democrat.

Felsen, the Reichs organizer of Communist student groups, was chiefly interested in the monthly reports he would receive from Frankfurt and the possibility that the bills for the "Student im Klassenkampf," the monthly organ of the Red students, long overlooked, might now be paid. To reciprocate these favors on Alexander's part, he promised to arrange occasional meetings in Berlin with him as speaker so that he could travel back and forth at the association's expense. (Alexander confined the application of the Institute's condition that he abstain from political activities while he studied there to the Institute itself.)

The petite, curly-haired Mascha, who was already an hour late for work in the advertising office where she earned enough to pay for Uri's engineering studies and to support the two of them, went over to a news stand and purchased magazines and newspapers which she gave to Alexander for train reading.

"If we get enough money together, we'll go to the Odenwald School in the autumn. We'll pick you up when we pass Frankfurt," she repeated the

promise which she had made when Alexander last visited her one room makeshift apartment.

Mrs. Roth reminded her son to board the train. "Your compartment is full now. Watch your things. Be decent and let politics alone. It's so dangerous, and people only exploit you, my child."

As the train slowly pulled out, his friends raised their fists in party greeting, and his mother handed him an envelope through the window. "Take it, it isn't much," she sobbed. And then, as was her custom when one of her dear ones went away, she waved her handkerchief until the rapidly disappearing train was a mere speck on the horizon. . . .

Alexander made himself comfortable in his seat and opened the envelope. It contained two hundred Marks and a little note. "This is all I could save from the house money. Use it well. Your mother."

The sacrifice which the gift entailed made him feel ashamed. His parents had done everything for him, and he had given nothing in return. On the contrary, his frequent speeches had given his father, submayor of Kreuzberg, plenty of trouble, and he had kept his mother in a continuous state of anxiety because she knew he attended every demonstration with splendid possibilities of landing in jail. Other boys of his age were already supporting their parents, but he, even when he had earned a little, had selfishly spent it on his education.

A glance at the "Tageblatt" caused these self-accusing thoughts to evaporate. The ministry had resigned because the Social Democratic and trade union members could not agree with the German People's Party representatives on the social insurance item in the budget. As the heavy industrialists knew that, in the face of the crisis, the free

trade unions could not fight back, they held to their point with the stubbornness of mules.

The Reichspresident, Field Marshal von Hindenburg, requested Dr. Büning, the leader of the Catholic Center, to form a new government with the express proviso that the Social Democrats be excluded. He could not forget that their representative, Reichskanzler Hermann Müller, had handed him the Young pact to sign a month before.

Alexander dropped his paper and looked around the compartment. In the corner at the entrance sat an elderly, prosperous-looking gentleman smoking a cigar even though the privilege was "Verboten." Beside him, a woman, apparently his better half, was unpacking her breakfast of hard boiled eggs and cheese. Opposite them on Alexander's side sat three salesmen whiling away their time with cards.

Shortly after Alexander entered the train, the window seat on the other side was taken by a young lady with a bandage plastered over the left side of her nose. She was rather tall with a figure similar to that of Lisa Mann, but features more chiseled and classic. She was accompanied by a meticulously groomed, slightly older companion. Alexander guessed that the two who resembled each other were the daughters of an army officer.

At the Bitterfeld Station, the older one took some apples from her leather bag and asked, offering the fruit, "How do you feel? Does your little nose hurt you?"

"Nonsense, professor," came the answer. Then after a few minutes, "Why does one say hand cheese and not foot cheese? I think we better open the window." She grasped the ledge and half rose in

her seat, but the elder and shorter lady drew her back.

"Wait a minute. You can't do that. I'll open it."

Before she reached the window, Alexander had already lowered it. A fresh, agreeable breeze poured in.

Alexander was wondering all the time why the younger one had the Buber-Rosenzweig German Bible on her lap and he hoped that he might find some excuse to begin a conversation. Now he saw his opportunity.

"May I ask," he said, pointing to the white-covered book, "why you are reading this Bible translation or more correctly, why you have it on your lap?"

"Why?" she repeated turning from the window. "There are two reasons. As a translation, it's unparalleled. Its choice of words and versification are so fine that it can be sung just as the Hebrew text. And then, because I've met Martin Buber and Franz Rosenzweig very often in their circle and I'm interested in their work."

"Don't tell me, you're Jewish."

"I thought that was obvious. Or do you prefer to insult me?"

"My daughter and I," put in the older of the two, "are rarely taken for Jewish. Your question is quite justified."

"Pardon me, Madam, but I would never have taken you for this lady's mother. Sisters, perhaps, but never mother and daughter. Incidentally, my name is Alexander Roth."

"Roth, Roth? Your name sounds Jewish. But you look more like a Russian than a Jew. My name's Mrs. Berg."

"And mine's Devorah Berg," the young lady concluded the introductions.

"Do you find the Bible so interesting that you even take it on trips?" asked the young man again.

"I don't think there's anything more attractive or realistic."

"Attractive, yes. But you believe that the story of creation, the revelation on Sinai, the ancient Hebrew social laws are still binding upon us today?"

"I don't know whether you approach the Bible from a cultural-historical point of view or from the religious-historical angle. I don't do either. Buber taught me to accept its words naively and not to feel that they must fit into some scientific pigeon hole."

"Do you take the description of God appearing to Israel in fire amidst the fanfare of trumpets to be an allegory or a supernatural occurrence that we must believe without question?"

"Neither. If the Bible is not the record of historical events, then it is not the Bible. If the Sinai scene is to be regarded as something ununderstandable, then my religion would be one apart from reality, like a holy but vain mood descending upon me for an hour every Sunday. But it's just this that attracts me to Judaism, aside, of course, from the fact that I was born a Jewess. Judaism is not divided into week days and Sundays, the first for reality and the second a mere spiritual superstructure. On the contrary, it attacks life boldly, embodies the spirit and spiritualizes the body."

"But you haven't answered my question."

"Just a minute. I haven't finished. The Sinai story is to me a completely natural event. The people living at that time who witnessed the scene felt the word of God addressing them, and their lives,

habits, characters were modified as a consequence. They felt that it was so significant that they wrote down their impressions in very descriptive language, still understandable to us, for later generations."

Alexander smiled. "Thunder and lightning are still forces which primitive people cannot explain and therefore honor as gods."

"Haven't you ever felt as you looked at a mighty landscape, or at the changing lights of the ocean, or at an object which to others had no meaning at all, a feeling of thankfulness or of awe?"

"And the story of creation, Miss Berg?"

"Jewish exegesis tells us that the Torah speaks the language of man. To explain the incomprehensible ideas that time comes from eternity and the world from God, the Bible offers a time sequence in the divine workshop."

"And will such things without explanation remain an eternal mystery to you?"

"I'm studying medicine. Of necessity I had to go over the attempts to factor man into a number of physical and psychic traits, to trace his development as it is related to simple one celled animals. But if these hypotheses are right, and I doubt it, they still have left in shadow the origin of life itself. They can't explain soul, personality, or character. With each birth, another first man sees the light. He is new, an individual different from any other."

"And the social code? Do you by any chance believe that slave holding was also God's will?"

"You won't give up, will you?" Devorah Berg laughed. "I consider the social code of the Jews highly enlightened for the time when it was formulated. Remember that even the slaves had to be treated as human beings. Every slave was automat-

ically emancipated after seven years with the wherewithal necessary to start a new life, and every man servant and every maid servant observed the Sabbath by resting. Consider that in the countries of the Diaspora, it took centuries before the Sabbath was made a legal rest day for everybody and milenia before the slaves were emancipated." She drew her fur closer around her neck because the cigar smoking occupant of the compartment had gone into the corridor leaving the door open. "You're surely acquainted with the movements for land reform here and in America," she continued.

Alexander nodded.

"Well they certainly hark back to the so-called Old Testament. Since the land was God's property, it had to be administered in such a way that the inequalities were not too flagrant. Social castes were to be avoided. What is whispered about today as Socialism has been idealized in the Bible, except that God's property is now referred to as the 'socialization of the means of production.' "

"There's no denying that ideas in the Bible are still in the forefront today. There certainly has been a marked continuity of thought through the ages. But tell me, does your Buber circle actually work for the equalization of income or are they content with their fine translation of the Bible?"

"I don't think I'm sure about the implication of the word 'working.' "

"Working like the labor movement and fighting for a new society."

"Are you a Socialist?"

"Hm, . . . yes."

"If I were not a Jew, I could more easily decide on my political stand. As it is, before I devote my-

self to such phrases as 'human emancipation' and 'international reconciliation,' I think I owe something to my own family, the Jewish people. And the Buber circle works along that line, too."

"Then you don't believe that we as Jews should work for social progress just where we live in keeping with our traditions?"

"I don't think that should be neglected. However, the focus of my thought and doing is the future of the Jewish people; to be specific, the rebuilding of a Jewish national home. I know that you'd like to call me a chauvinist, but that isn't justified. As long as we remain the proletarian among the nations, anxious to assimilate, they will attribute to us only egotistical motives regardless of our real intentions."

"Then it amounts to first the rebuilding of Palestine and second the fulfillment of the Jewish mission."

"Mission? That's a word I detest. If we reintegrate our individulality and cease to deny it, if we push our roots again into our own soil, then we will be able to preach human ideals with much more assurance than today. Besides, it's not a question of first Palestine and then humanity. In the way we rebuild the country, in our attack on problems which are not only ours but also the world's, I'm thinking of the chaluzim and the kvuzoth, we are already realizing the task which history has assigned to us."

"Are you planning to become a chaluzah?"

"No, not yet. I couldn't do anything but unskilled work. I'm going to finish my studies first, and then I'll settle in Palestine."

"Isn't that really a delusion, Mr. Roth?" put in her mother who had been only an attentive listener

up to this point. "She has everything here. And yet she wants to go to Palestine."

"I would say that Palestine already has more medical practitioners than she can absorb, and that she needs landworkers more than anything else, that is, if I accept Zionist conceptions for the moment. But that your daughter wants to go, that's quite an accomplishment. Most of our German Zionists are satisfied to salve their consciences by putting one pfennig a day in their Jewish National Fund box. Chaluziuth they leave to the Polish and Russian Jews."

"But, I, Mr. Roth, I consider Zionism a real danger. How can one be the citizen of one country and agitate for another? That's bound to create anti-Semitism. Besides, a great deal of anti-Semitism is justified. I myself have some anti-Semitic feelings. Any decent German Christian is nearer to me than the Kurfürstendamm and West End Jews on the one hand and the Eastern immigrants on the other."

"How do you explain that?" An attack on the East Jews always angered Alexander. His own mother came from the East. When she was eight years old she and her oldest brother escaped from a pogrom in their village near Kharkow, leaving behind their slain parents, their brothers and sisters, a burning homestead and ravaged fields.

"How I explain it? But you yourself know how despicable the kind of Jews are who can't exist except in twelve room apartments with three cars and diamond-sparkling wives. When they walk down the street, their every gesture attracts attention. In Berlin, you find them in the Kurfürstendamm, while in our Frankfurt, they live in the West End."

"And what about the Eastern immigrants you mentioned?"

"They're just as crassly materialistic as the others and they cast aspersions on honest Jews by their crooked business practices. Go down the East End some time and see for yourself. They run around in their long capottes with their peyes bobbing up and down. They've so many children, and they're always playing in the mud at the curbs. You can't see their faces for the dirt. When I walk through there, I always feel like scratching myself."

"Don't you see, Mother," interrupted Devorah excitedly, "that these West End and Kurfürstendamm Jews as well as the East End Jews are products of their environment? If those rich Jews had some inner security, they wouldn't be so anxious to gain status by showing off. If they had the stability that comes from self-respect and the respect of others, display wouldn't mean so much to them. And the Eastern Jews, they too mirror the conditions to which they've been subjected. Instead of scorning them, why don't you help them? Teach the children, show them that the Schacher character of their parents is unethical, plant their lives on solid ground, and I'm sure you'll find they're at least as good as you are. Why, as Mr. Roth said, they're the ones who become the best and most self-sacrificing pioneers in Palestine, entirely disinterested in money reward."

"Then take them all to Palestine. The diamond studded ones and the ones with peyes. They only discredit us here. But me, please, leave me here. I have nothing in common with them."

"Zionism doesn't force anyone to emigrate to Palestine, Mother, but at least it offers a solution of

the Jewish problem which you can't constructively replace."

"For a German Jew who is modest and decent as every one else should be, there is no Jewish problem."

"Unfortunately, you are wrong. History teaches us that, whenever the Jew has felt most secure, a storm has broken which again forced him to take up the staff of a wanderer."

"If such is the fate of the Jew, then the rebuilding of Palestine is, from the long run point of view, in vain. For history teaches us, too, that the Jew has been driven out of the Land of Promise repeatedly," said Alexander.

"That's only because they divorced themselves from true Judaism to serve foreign gods. Palestine has always been the center of Jewish thought. It has inspired the most beautiful Hebrew and Jewish literature. Always present in the mind of the conscientious Jew has been the antithesis, Galuth—Erez Israel. In its darkest days, Palestine was always the land of national hope and messianic fulfillment to the Jewish people."

"Why do you speak of dark days, Devorah?"

"Just a minute, Mother. Do you remember the Dreyfuss trial in France? A crisis may occur at any time, in any country, even in Germany. In such an eventuality, we would have a haven."

"You always talk in terms of we, the Jews. But I'm a German of Jewish faith, just as there are Germans in the Protestant or Catholic Church. We live among enlightened people. The Germans are cultured. They're not hot headed. A Dreyfuss case among us is unthinkable. The Jews? What do I

care about the Jews?" insisted Mrs. Berg stubbornly.

"If you think Judaism is nothing but a religion, then you certainly should adhere to its tenets strictly and not just choose those which happen to catch your fancy. Otherwise, you are not a Jewess at all."

"Religion should not be a burden, my child. Judaism must be adapted to fit the times. I'm at least as good a Jew as those people who talk of nothing else."

"May I make a suggestion for the general peace?" asked Alexander. "Will you have a cup of coffee with me in the dining car? There's nothing more pleasant on a trip, and we could even continue our discussion there."

"Thank you very much. It's very kind of you. But I'm rather tired and I'd prefer to rest here," apologized Mrs. Berg. "But that doesn't affect my daughter. If she'd like to go with you, she may."

Devorah Berg was already standing. "It's a good idea, I'll go."

They passed by the passengers who were sightseeing through the corridor windows, through the second and first class into the rather wabbly dining car. Alexander found seats at a window, and they sat down before the sparkling, white cloth on the table.

As the first and second dinners had already been served, only a few people lingered on for a cup of coffee. The waiter approached them with his order book.

"What will you have, Miss Berg?" asked Alexander.

"A cup of coffee," she answered smoothing her

naturally wavy hair with the aid of the window in the kitchen door.

"Wouldn't you rather have a pot?"

"Thank you, a cup will be sufficient."

"What about cake?"

"No, thank you."

"Can't I coax you to have some?"

"No."

"All right, then, a cup of coffee for the lady, a cup of coffee and cake for me. The lady's worried about her figure."

"You think of everything," returned Devorah as the smiling waiter made his notes and disappeared.

The landscape rushed past them. Fields, forests, spick and span German homes, here and there a peasant plowing his acres. The train threaded the curves of the crystal clear, green Saale, from whose valley bed rose wooded hills dotted with ruined castles that looked like veritable creations of toyland.

"I hope I won't annoy you, Miss Berg, by resuming our previous conversation, for what we said before touches me as a Jew. You know, before I joined the workers' movement, I spoke very much like you do. But since that time, I have become more skeptical. It's not the idea of Zionism that I doubt but the possibilities of its practical realization, which, it seems to me, depends on English bayonets."

"I don't agree with you. Zionism has always offered parity and cooperation to the Arabs. A binational state is entirely within the realm of possibility."

"But for me, the riots of last year prove the contrary. I don't mean to blame the Zionists in any way as did my comrades. I was even proud to be a Jew because, in spite of the wholesale attacks of the

Arabs, the Jews exercised enough self-control not to return the onslaught proving that not a vengeful and barbaric people rebuilds Palestine, but a cultured, enlightened nation. Nevertheless, wouldn't you agree that the Arabic feudal landowners will never give up their efforts to incite the Arab masses?"

"I hope you are wrong. But even if you are not, is that sufficient reason for us to give up our connection with Palestine? Don't we have the right to a piece of ground on this earth? Aren't we entitled to a more normal existence?"

"I'd be the last man to deny that. But I think that the Jewish problem can't be solved within the present social order."

"Socialism can't solve it either. At least not in a Jewish way."

"Why?"

"Because it fights religion."

"It makes religion a private concern, but everybody is allowed to exercise his beliefs freely."

"Would you tell me that the Jew can be religious in Soviet Russia? That he can bake mazzoth for Passover or sit in his succah? Or that he can leave work on the Sabbath or Yom Kippur? You can't deny that rabbis and Hebrew teachers are excluded from citizenship and treated as counter-revolutionaries."

"But don't you think the Jews of Russia brought it upon themselves?"

"Some perhaps. There were assimilationists back in the time of Ezra and Nehemiah. But I doubt whether the majority of the Jewish masses wants self-destruction or a break with tradition, and non-

observance of the Sabbath and holidays and the ban on Hebrew amounts to self-destruction."

"Soviet Russia is in a state of transition right now. There is no doubt that many of its laws will be changed or ameliorated in the course of quiet development. I can picture a socialist society that will leave the exercise of religion entirely unhampered, so that the Jews would be free to observe all their national feast days and use Hebrew as they please."

"Before such a Utopia is inaugurated, centuries may pass. But the Jews today, especially their most damaged segments in Eastern Europe, want to live and reproduce now."

"I bring up again the problem of the Arabs and I pose the question as to which is more pressing, Jewish or human values. It's a vicious circle. Waiter, check please. Or wouldn't you like to go yet, Miss Berg?"

"Yes, I'd like to, but I wouldn't like you to pay my check."

"I thought that was a closed issue. I invited you, didn't I?"

"May I ask you, what your profession is? Are you a student?"

"Sort of."

"Then we both have the same income. And it's an unwritten law that students pay their own checks." Devorah Berg drew her wallet out of a light brown hand bag, looked at the check which the waiter had discreetly brought on a tray face down and dropped fifty pfennigs on the table. Argument was futile, so Alexander added his part and rose.

"May I see you again?" he asked.

"I've nothing against it. Will you take my address?"

He took out his pocket note book and wrote as she dictated: "Devorah Berg, Frankfurt-on-Main, 17 Forsthaus Street, telephone 63210."

"Thank you. I have no address yet because I still have to find a room."

"Is this your first visit to Frankfurt?"

"I was there once for a three day convention."

"Then you know the lay out a little."

"Not very thoroughly."

"Do you expect to look for a room tonight?"

"I think it would be better to go to a hotel first. By the way, I haven't asked you why your nose is bandaged. You don't mind explaining, do you?"

"Not at all. Five years ago I was in an automobile accident. The scar healed badly. It didn't matter to me, but my mother couldn't rest until she had read everything the libraries had to offer on plastic surgery and found that Dr. Jacques Joseph in Berlin is still without competitors in this art, and, therefore, just the right man to mend my face. I didn't mind because I met Joseph and saw him operate, which interested me of course. Then it was just the right season to be in Berlin, for I went to hear Bruno Walter and to see some of Max Reinhardt's plays."

They managed to maintain their balance until they got back to their compartment. The train passed the Rhön, Fulda, Hanau, Offenbach, and finally pulled into the main station at Frankfurt-on-Main.

PART II

CHAPTER II

"I've done everything I could have done," thought Alexander as he entered the Hübner Inn. His last speech in the election race was behind him. An hour before, he had gathered all his forces to enlighten the peasants, the workers, for the most part employed in the Weinheimer Leather Works, very petty bourgeoisie and unemployed at the Auerbach "Lion." The tobacco smoke which filled the stuffy, little hall was still in his nostrils, and, even though it was quite cold at this elevation, he was still perspiring. He went into the dining room and over to the counter. The innkeeper already knew him.

"Here again, Mr. Roth? Had a meetin' down below? Things is gettin' worse 'n' worse. No guests, no money, only high taxes. Nothin' to do tomorrow but vote for the Nazis or even the Communists."

Alexander was too lazy to get into another political discussion. He merely said, "The Nazis are certainly not the party to help the little fellow. Their promises don't mean anything."

In spite of his mother's pleading that he leave politics, he had allowed himself to be converted by the Communist leadership of Hessen-Frankfurt and had assumed the Bergstrasse and the Odenwald as his districts of agitation. "The party needs you. The party of Lenin calls on you." The party . . . Usually when he was here for a week-end he spent the night

on a make-shift bed in some worker's living room, but sometimes, he longed to get away from the towns and villages, especially because he had this delightfully lonesome inn as a retreat. He was fond of the balcony in which he could sit at night for hours, listening to the rustling of the trees and looking toward the crystal, bright windows of the Odenwald School scraping the dark, distant sky.

"A lady 'n' gentleman were here askin' for yuh," said Hübner as he led him to his room. " 'Most forgot to tell yuh."

From his description Alexander gathered that the visitors must have been Uri and Mascha who had written to him asking that he meet them at the school. He washed hastily, removing as much of the dust as he could. Then he set out for the school which up to this time he had seen only from the distance.

He walked up the gradually ascending main road which led almost to the door of the administration building. There he swerved into a foot path that ended in stone steps. He stood on the campus.

A girl who happened to come that way couldn't tell him exactly where Uri and Mascha were but she said, "The old comrades are usually put up in the Plato House, and that's right in the middle. First comes the Herder House, next the Goethe House, then the Plato House."

Alexander found his two friends in the room of one of the teachers.

"Madeleine Andersson," introduced Uri, "born in Australia, citizen of Sweden, educated in England, Philosophy instructor at the Odenwald School."

The tall, thirty year old, sunburned, brunette co-worker smiled. She was barefooted and scantily

dressed in a sleeveless yellow blouse and blue shorts. Uri and Mascha had also undergone a shocking transformation. Uri had discarded all his clothes in favor of a pair of leather shorts, and Mascha had donned a simple, white dress with a blue belt. Judging by the way they discussed pupils, teachers, events and by the way they moved amid the modern art craft furniture, they were very much at home.

"Tomorrow, I'll show you the buildings, our garden and the swimming pool the children are making. It's too late now," said Uri to Alexander, while Madeleine Andersson brought a pot of boiling water from her diminutive electric stove and poured tea.

"What do you think will be the outcome of the election?" Mascha asked Alexander. "You can't judge by Berlin. The Social Democrats and we are safe there forever."

"The Nazis have worked more skillfully than we who have failed to forget our doctrinaire knapsack and to really popularize our stand among the masses. Moreover, they have money, and our arm is too short. For every ten of their posters, we have only one, and every time they hire ten halls paying in advance, we have difficulty getting one. I can speak only about Hessen-Frankfurt. My general impression is that here the crisis and the emergency laws of the government have been much better exploited by the Nazis than by us. In Frankfurt, they'll break up all the bourgeois parties and win by a landslide. We'll keep our 1928 vote or perhaps win a few from the Social Democrats. In Darmstadt, it is almost the same except that we will probably lose a few to the Social Democrats. Their candidate, Mierendorf, is a clever, young boy who knows his public. In the flat land everything is going the way of the

Nazis. I see it the minute I leave my district. It looks bad. The people want to vote against the government and the taxes, so they will vote Nazi."

"Is that the only thing that makes the Nazi stand attractive?" asked Mascha again.

"The majority of the masses are fed up on politics. It's above their heads now. They're rebelling. Politics to them means the emergency laws of the government. Hitler's promising to cut the Gordian knot and to send the politicians plumb to hell. In this way, he agrees perfectly with the opinions of the peasants and petty bourgeoisie, especially of those who never took part in politics or even went to the polls. His devotees are chiefly army officers and students, and to them an election campaign is a real sport. They play on mass psychology like on a violin. They promise each group everything it needs; the peasants, higher tariffs, lower fodder prices, and reduced taxes; the workers, cheaper bread and higher wages; government pensionaries, increased allowances; capitalists, control over the trade unions; investors, bigger dividends. In short, everyone will have what his heart desires. At their meetings the Nazis make the people think it's a patriotic deed and a defiance of Young Plan slavery to vote for their list, and all the time the voters are really thinking of their own purses."

"For him who loves money, there is never enough of it," murmured Madeleine.

"That's from the Old Testament," said Alexander turning to her.

"Sort of. And all your strikes and revolutions, socializations and communizations are useless as long as gold is the prima bona of mankind."

"But that's why we're fighting against capital-

ism, Madeleine. When we have a new social order, then a new spiritual outlook is bound to follow." Uri walked over to Madeleine's desk and helped himself to a cigarette.

"What you say, Uri, is a draft on the dim and distant future," returned Madeleine sitting up straight in her chair, her round arms leaning on the desk, her eyes flashing pugnaciously from Uri to Alexander.

"The fact still remains that today the ideas of your humblest proletarian are formed by his capitalist masters. The ultimate reason for the failure of your revolutions and ineptness of your five year plans is not the economic strength of capitalism, which despite your efforts to put it in its shroud is still powerful, but this perverse, lasting, capitalist ideology. What does the Communism of most of your workers amount to? The hope of entering the ranks of the bourgeoisie, to have their cars, their villas and their money. Witness the workers' Sunday clothes; notice how his wife tries to show off, to imitate the hated bourgeosie."

"But Soviet Russia, Madeleine. Soviet Russia speaks against you," put in Mascha.

"Not at all. With what bait did Lenin get the peasants? With the materialistic offer of land, the division of the large estates. Why do the hundred and twenty millions of Russian peasants tolerate the Bolshevist government? Because it has given them the nobles. They are saturated. Bolshevism has made them capitalists, and, judging from the policies of Stalin, they will stay that way. No, my friends, in the spiritual world there is only evolution, no revolution. Spirit can be fought only with spirit."

"When the Nazis agitate against materialism, they say the same things in other words, Miss Andersson."

"Madeleine to you. You can keep the Miss. From what Uri has told me, I understand you are not so polite on other occasions."

"What did you tell, Uri?" asked Alexander.

"Nothing compromising."

Alexander was about to question him further when Mascha interrupted. "Let's not get away from the subject. Let's go on, please. Madeleine has the floor."

"Thank you, Mrs. Chairman." Madeleine bowed patronizingly and continued, "You just said that the Nazis also appeal to materialism. I give you a compliment. Their appeal is worse than yours. Do you know what I think their nationalism is? A perversion of the materialism of our time, born of the exultation of force without which their chauvinism is impossible. It is my opinion that no man denies his people more than a nationalist. He uses the phrase 'people and nation' for his own egotistical purposes; to elbow his own way along or, at the acme of altruism, for the party. Goethe who tried to become one of the people and succeeded in being their prophet has never been recognized by the nationalists."

"What spirit are you referring to? How are you going to fight this capitalist ideology?" asked Mascha, who as a pupil had often discussed this point with her not-much-older teacher and had always failed to grasp Madeleine's ideas.

"How? By education. Tireless education of the youth, of the children who are not yet indoctrinated and who are still open to conviction. Their eyes must

be opened. They must be shown how poor, how unhappy, how fettered humanity is today underneath its veneer of education. And all this despite technological advances; steam, electricity, telephone, wireless, railroads, airplanes. They must be incited, yes, incited against the vulgar, sterile, middle class puppets who act as if they are entitled to the benefits of our control of nature, wrested from her by a few creative geniuses. They must be incited against this deified rationalism which identifies logic and materialism and calls a man who is an egotistical money grabber one who understands the art of living. They must be taught that there is more between heaven and earth than this inflated vanity indicates. They must be taught that the men of the so-called Dark Ages who never took it upon themselves to judge but who lived faithfully and religiously, that the elders of all times whose knowledge of God and Nature taught them humility were much happier than the collapsible, shooting-gallery nonentities of today."

"You would prefer that Darwin, Haeckel, Marx, that all the inventors in technology had never lived?" asked Uri while Alexander laughed about the "collapsible shooting-gallery nonentities."

"Nonsense Uri. I am not attacking thinking or thinkers. I am not against technological advance. What I hate is the spiritual behavior of our times which shows itself in a thousand details. Among our sportsmen, it's a point for record. The masses are devotees to muscular development. The sensation mongering of our motion pictures is disgusting. Thanks to modern technique, we are drowned in a morass of recreational vulgarity so that we react only to the most refined thrills. I can't help pictur-

ing those monkeys who, with their noses in the air and their chests puffed out, proclaim, 'We men of the twentieth century are above these things.' They are the real incarnation of our age, an age of degeneration. We have turned away from the fundamental aspects of life. We have lost the link which connects our time with the past. We have perfected organization at the expense of the organic. We are off the track. We waver on the edge."

"Your diagnosis is right but your therapy isn't effective enough." Alexander had walked over to the window, drawn aside the curtains and was staring into the darkness. "Your therapy wouldn't turn the trick," he repeated recalling that night in Moscow when Uri had bared his soul.

They had both returned from the sessions of the All Russian Student Convention to their hotel on Sadovaya Spasskaya. It was snowing, the heavy endless snow of Russian winter. Alexander was about to drop off to sleep when Uri roused him again to tell him, no, to shout, that he was really happy only in the Odenwald, the school where he had spent his childhood, far from his parents, rich Prussian nobles who wanted to amuse themselves and to whom he was a burden. "Suppose you do educate your children here and you send into the world below a handful of noble men. What then? They are destined to knock their heads against a stone wall. You send out missionaries with keen hopes of improving the world, and they will come back to you like tubercular patients who can no longer exist below but who need the clear, refined air of your mountains. You mentioned a draft on the future. I think what you say is also far in the future and I would prefer to cure the diseased roots of the tree

rather than to give its branches a superficial and temporary appearance of well being. Collectivize the means of production. Abolish private profits. Give man leisure for cultural and recreational activities. Then he will work with technical improvements as the means to and not the end of life. Then they will look at their neighbors as comrades and not as competitors."

But Madeleine was not at all convinced.

"Man makes the system, and not the system man. Upon him the outcome rests. Take Soviet Russia, for example. You may say that the peasants, the most backward element, take longer to educate. But what about the Communist workers? Are they any different from our people? True, private profit has been abolished. For the present at least, there is no competition for jobs. All are equal. All stand on the same step of unhappiness from which the rebelling masses instinctively tried to wrench themselves. A goal has been set for them for encouragement, 'to reach and to overreach.' They have already forgotten that this slogan is only a means to happiness and not an end in itself. They not only slave but they pray to the machine. European methods are no longer good enough for them; they are turning to America. This confusion is robbing them of the ability to enjoy the fruits of their labor. It's just like the man who hoards money so that he can enjoy life after he has it, but that time never comes. He keeps on grabbing and grabbing. Even when he is at his club, in the theater, in church or in the music hall he is still ruining his own pleasure by thinking about money. He never finds peace."

"You forget the influence of capitalism on the

Russian people of today. How long is it that the old regime has been overthrown?"

"And how long, Uri, will it take for them and their descendents to rise above its spirit? I plead rather for true noble spirits who will serve as worthy examples and show how beautiful life can be."

"And I plead that we go to bed. We are the only disturbers of the silence of the house. Everybody else is asleep. It's long past midnight." Mascha arose and the others followed. Uri walked Alexander down the road to a free spot in the woods where a bench had been built to tempt the weary wanderer from Oberhambach to rest and enjoy the view of the valley.

"How many times Mascha and I sat here on summer evenings while we were in school," whispered Uri. "How the crickets did chirp! Sometimes I even forgot what my parents had done. Such inner and outer peace I have never found anywhere else. Madeleine is right. Whatever camp we are in, we are only 'collapsible shooting-gallery nonentities.'"

* * *

At noon the next day, the students and teachers, attired in colorful, light, appropriate, country garments gathered in the large dining room of Herder House. They took their places quietly and remained absolutely silent for the first five minutes in keeping with a rule which the children had passed themselves. A festive mood was expressed on all faces. It was Sunday. No work; a day of rest. Some of the older pupils took turns in serving and today, when they had finished their work, they signaled to

the school orchestra, arranged in an adjoining room, to begin. They played the "Kleine Nachtmusik" of Mozart.

The first time Alexander had heard it he had sat in a circle of the Jewish boy scout Blau-Weiss around the camp fire. Then, too, everyone had been happy, carefree and naive and had stopped chattering to listen to its strains.

"Just as here," he thought. "Almost the same picture."

But then he, too, had been happy, carefree and naive. . . .

Down below in the villages and cities of Germany, a political battle was being fought at the polls. Not a few who came would have preferred to stuff the heads of their adversaries into the ballot boxes. Down below they were singing "Deutschland über alles" and the "Internationale."

The tones that hung on the air stirred Alexander.

"Stop" they seemed to say. "You have lost your way. You think you are fighting for a holy cause, but you are preaching force. Force! Stop deceiving yourself. Stop thinking you are fighting for the rights of the suppressed. You do more harm than you do good. Let the workers emancipate themselves. They ought to know what is best for themselves. They fight only for higher wages. You agitate for Socialism. Let the others think for themselves. Isn't that egoism? Is it really egoism? Don't the intellectuals belong to the workers? Aren't their interests the same? What interests? The majority of the intellectuals wish to climb on the shoulders of the workers to office and dignity. Even you are becoming self-seeking. And that's why you are unhappy. Be what you were."

The notes of the "Kleine Nachtmusik" stirred Alexander.

The musicians had long since put away their instruments. It was a long time since they had had dinner. It was long ago that he had had that conversation with the tall, stately, white haired, queen-like Alwine von Keller, the director of the school, and still the tones rang in his soul.

CHAPTER III

Autumn passed almost as quickly as did the summer, and Alexander's first semester in Frankfurt came to a close.

From the beginning of August, except for weekends and the election campaign, he had worked on a comprehensive lecture concerning the "Accumulation of Capital" which he was scheduled to deliver during the Institute Seminar of the next term. The emphasis of his study was centered on the pros and cons of a hypothetical general cartel, which, as a climax to concentration in business organization, would introduce a kind of capitalistic, planned economy. He had carefully thumbed all the literature on the subject and had finally written down the theses of his argument.

Now he decided to move to the city from the large, garden-surrounded house in the country town of Cronberg, where he had taken a room for the summer. At a news stand in Frankfurt he bought the "General Anzeiger." He turned to the "Rooms For Rent" columns and automatically discarded those advertisements at a distance from the University and over fifty Marks rent. The rest he checked and proceeded to visit. He made his rounds, and on Ulmen Street he found a large, airy, modernly furnished room with a private bath exactly like the ideal he had imagined.

"The room is fifty Marks," said the servant who had shown it to him.

"That's a little bit steep for a budget of a hundred

and thirty Marks a month," he thought but he was so very pleased that he left a deposit promising to come with his luggage later.

On the steps outside he met one of the girls in Professor Mannheim's sociological seminar. In the course of a brief conversation, she asked, "What were you doing in this house?"

"Oh, I just rented a room."

"At Lemke's?"

"Yes, I think that's the name."

"I live there, too. God be with you."

This last she said so sarcastically that Alexander was worried, but only for a moment; he dismissed the clouds by reflecting that the girl had probably had an argument with the landlord. Lighthearted again, he went to the railroad baggage check room where he collected his trunk.

* * *

When he awoke at eight o'clock the next morning, he saw planted in the center of his room, a middle aged, blond, buxom woman in decollete pajamas.

He had unpacked his clothes and books until late in the evening before and, therefore, he had slept later than his wont.

"You are a sound sleeper," said the intruder extending a plate of mixed fruit. "Here, help yourself. I am Mrs. Lemke, the landlady."

"Pleased to meet you. I am the new roomer. If the fruit comes with the rent, just leave the plate on my desk. And the next time you decide to come in, please knock. If I don't answer, I am either out or not in the mood to be disturbed." Considering the matter concluded, the young man turned to the wall expecting his thoughtful landlady to make her

exit. Instead, he heard the springs of his couch bounce under her weight.

"You are so young. Don't tell me you have already evolved principles of conduct," she purred as she stroked his hair.

Alexander threw her hand from his head vehemently. "That'll do. Hurry up and get out. I never get familiar with landladies on principle."

Mrs. Lemke got up, buttoned her pajama jacket, and measured herself from her billowy breast to the tips of her toes. "I'm not so old or so ugly yet. I want to be your friend, but you won't let me."

She left, and the "God be with you" which his fellow student had wished him the day before began to take its course. . . .

Mrs. Lemke was married. Mr. Lemke left at break of dawn for Offenbach where he had a slowly but steadily declining leather factory. Late at night he returned home, that is, if one can call a folding day bed in the kitchen, home. There were no children, but this void Mrs. Lemke managed to fill with her boarders. She could indulge herself without fear of interference because the whole five story house was hers. Of the six roomers, two were ladies. But their apartments had been rented to them only in the absence of the landlady herself, who probably would have boycotted members of the fair sex. Besides Edith Kramer, the student in Professor Mannheim's seminar and the spoiled darling of a Stettin wholesale fish dealer, there was Minna Stein, the only other Jew, who earned her living as a designer in a Bockenheimer art needle factory. Opposite Alexander's room at the other end of the corridor, lived a Russian, Mr. Orchansky, who amused himself and his friends with archery practice against a tar-

get nailed to the wall and who had trained his ferocious German police dog to react to the smell of the landlady with his loudest barking. Adjoining his room were those of the two young ladies, and the next two apartments were occupied by two of Mrs. Lemke's paramours. For convenience, her rooms were next to theirs.

Alexander soon discovered that after he left to go to the University, his bathroom, which was rented to him as his private domain, was used by the other occupants.

This would not have mattered so much to him had they not helped themselves to his soap, brush and towels and had they not left dirt which the maid cleaned only superficially, as evidence of their visits.

When he complained to Mrs. Lemke, she made no bones about telling him that the bath was the only one on the floor, and that if he wanted it for his individual use, he would have to pay twenty marks a month more. He categorically answered her that the maid, surely on her instructions, had included the private bath in the fifty Marks rent he was paying. Thereafter, he cut his lectures a number of times in order to trap the invaders, but no one came while he was there. To make sure that there would be no further inroads, he locked his door when he left, making it impossible for the maid, of course, to get in and clean, so that he had the doubtful pleasure of keeping his apartment in order himself. Moving again as a solution did not appeal to him.

The Lemke house became almost bearable when the landlady, following the instructions of her doctor, departed for an extended vacation at a Swiss resort.

Alexander's room was now used as the meeting

place of the Frankfurt Red student executive which elected him chairman shortly after he had begun his studies there. He also made friends with the two young ladies.

Edith Kramer was soon habitually driving him to the theater or concerts in her powerful sport coupe, while Minna mothered him by preparing vanilla or chocolate puddings, his favorite food, when she came home from work. She was engaged to a National Socialist chemist, Peter Schock, who never visited the Lemke domicile after Alexander's settlement there, bcause he considered it a disgrace, he said, to remain under one roof with a "Marxist." (In reality, however, he was anxious to let their attachment cool, so that he could explore the possibilities of other eligible young ladies, chiefly Jewesses of the Westend.) Alexander, on his part, was repulsed by a life size portrait of a "despicable guy" which was hanging on Minna's wall. It was the portrait of her fiancé which she herself had painted. Thereafter, on every occasion that Alexander visited her perfumed room, Peter Schock kissed the wall.

Minna Stein became so interested in Alexander that she actually risked the "Lunte" in Kaiser Street with him.

"Lunte" herself was a stocky, little woman with mannishly bobbed hair slicked back with brilliantine, a quite obvious moustache over her upper lip and a big cigar in her mouth.

But the customers who gathered in her night club as soon as the movie houses had emptied had gradually identified her name with the restaurant. Whoever spoke of the "Lunte" referred less to the proprietress who hustled about behind her ironing-board

buffet than to a sticky little dining room whose musty grey paper was relieved by fierce looking masculine portraits, numerous torsos of nude ladies, some expressionistic works which no one, including the painters, could decipher and a conglomeration of thrill seeking students, gigilos looking for society women, theatre and motion picture agents, harlots and opium smokers with dissipated eyes and twisted faces who tried to "amuse" themselves here.

Not only did Alexander know "Lunte" and most of her guests but he also recognized the pale, thin, little man who sat beside the door every evening as Mr. Hermann Stark, the editor of the "Search Light," a publication which earned more for what it did not print than for the news it carried.

Since he himself, unlike those faithless wives and galavanting husbands who came to discard their conventional masks had nothing to hide, he always smiled in the morning when he read the headlines of his scandal sheet on the news stands: "Whisperings About the Countess Imhoff", or "How Count Montgelas Relaxes."

For Alexander, the "Lunte," the "Lido," the "Astoria," and the "Martini Bar" were "necessary to life." He studied long and with concentration. He arose early and, compared with other students, he usually went to bed early. Just as he went into the forests and mountains of the Bergstrase every week, so he occasionally required the thrill of the colorful world of a night club for a few hours.

"I am a normal man and not an ascetic," he once told a girl in his group, who, obviously hurt by his inattentiveness, loudly asked him whether visits to certain Kaiser Street cafés and bars were in keeping with the dignity of a Frankfurt student leader.

CHAPTER IV

Before Lent which ends on Good Friday, the day of Christ's martyrdom, it is the custom, especially in the cities of Southern and Western Germany, to indulge in a few days of unrestrained revelry. Shortly after New Year's the first fool's meeting is held at the fool's paradise, the adorned city hall. The mayor and other important officials in comical costumes meet ordinary citizens, costumed and masked, and together they resolve on nonsense for some weeks. In the various parts of the city and in the surrounding villages special evenings are dedicated to clownish head gear. Orchestras of bells, drums, trumpets, and violins fill the air. Christian names are used; blows are struck with noisy paper whips; accusations are hurled about, and kisses are freely exchanged. Day and night colorful masked masses surge through the streets overflowing with garlands, paper snakes, lanterns, and confetti. In the restaurants and tea rooms, the people dance, sing and flirt. Sorrows are buried. Everyone is gay.

Alexander and two of his friends, Richard Hertz and Max Goldenburg, who were as little devoted to the ascetic life as he, mingled with the crowd which grew thicker and thicker along the Bockenheimer Land Street as it approached the Hauptwache, the center of the merrymaking. From the Zeil, they turned off into Liebfrauenberg Street, the beginning of the old city. Noisy, laughing people were packed into it like sardines.

Suddenly Richard noticed two pirouettes in front

of them and following his whim he said, "Let's shadow those two girls. Wherever they go, there we go."

Running a little, they caught up with them and tracked them to the "Steinerne House." A chain of elegant autos warned them that this was a "ritzy hangout."

"Let's go ahead, nothing can scare us," insisted Richard.

They pushed through the crowded first floor dining room where they were greeted by the hellos of numerous soused strangers. Still on the heels of the girls, they came to the medieval stone stairway at the head of which was a door, guarded by two officers and placarded with a sign, "Artists' Ball, Costume Prerequisite, Tax—Twelve Marks."

"O. K. Colonel," said Alexander, ripping off his coat, jacket and shirt. He tied them in a bundle, ornamenting his bare throat with his tie. Then he brushed his hair over his forehead and looked as fierce as possible, a genuine Apache. The others followed suit.

First requirement, satisfied.

Now about the money. Not one of them had twelve Marks on his person, and even if he had had, he certainly would not have considered spending it on a ball. They decided to wait until a group arrived and then to try to crash the gate.

Not ten minutes passed before a swarm of Spaniards and Russians, laughing, and gesticulating came up the stairs. Tagging behind them was a puffing, old couple dressed as Maharajaha and Maharajadine.

"Let's go," shouted Alexander rushing up to the officers.

"Ticket, please."

"Oh, there are my parents," he answered pointing to the old couple. "They have tickets for the three of us."

While the guard was arguing with the innocent parents, the boys disappeared in the crowd.

Esthetic souls and artistic hands had dipped the rooms of the "Steinerne House" into an ocean of color. Flags, lanterns, festoons, ribbons were blended together in soothing and interesting variety. In each of the two large halls, orchestras, the musicians all in costume, were playing subdued dance music. Constantly changing crowds of people moved from one dance floor to the other. Among them were the artists, men and women, some university professors and assistants with and without their wives, sons and daughters of the elite, women at the dangerous age who had deserted their consorts to try their luck and many students.

Each guest sought to outdo the rest in the originality of his costume.

The dress of all nations was represented, but especially frequent were Italian and Spanish peasant outfits.

Caricatures of prominent figures were also favored. There was a diminutive, lame, young man with undeniably Semitic features who portrayed an important National Socialist agitator. A round-faced, smiling, middle-aged man with glasses was an exact copy of the leader of the Catholic center. Even the Communists were not neglected. Indeed, all parties mingled freely. The tall, slim Peter Schock danced with the short, deliciously plump girl of the Red student group who had twitted Alex-

ander for his Kaiser Street rendezvous. (Minna Stein was conspicuous by her absence.)

Some more romantic creatures chose to impersonate characters from opera or drama. In the main, however, the costumes were simpler. The women and girls wore as little as possible; shorts, big Russian boots over bare legs, bands over their breasts, some ornaments or a Spanish hat with a rose on the lower surface of the brim.

Alexander had lost all trace of the pirouettes long ago, and now he lost his friends too. He let himself be milled by the mob, occasionally asking someone to dance or acting as target for some lady's flirtations. From time to time, he talked with someone but invariably he deserted his partner for further conquests.

One woman told him that she had an agreement with her husband permitting her to flirt as she chose. Another, that her husband was a stranger in her home and that she had decided to be a stranger to him. A divorcee invited him to take her home; that was much more cozy. (A little later, she made a triumphant exit with the obliging Peter Schock.) At least ten girls begged him to write down their telephone numbers when he refused to give them his address. . . .

He was rather tired when he collided with a woman whom he had met at a ball in the Berliner Akademy and who had since invited him to her home a number of times. She recognized him first and pinched his ear.

"Well, what are you doing here, Mrs. von Weiningen?" Alexander asked in a surprised voice.

"Same thing you're doing, Mr. Roth," was the gay reply. The wife of the head of the Prussian Official

Printing Office in the Department of Interior, tall and stately like her husband, rearranged her corsage of red and yellow roses whose coloring was in perfect harmony with the reddish tints in her luxurious chestnut hair. "My husband has some business in Frankfurt and, as we didn't know about any better entertainment for the evening, we came here." She asked Alexander how he liked the city and the Wolfgang Goethe University; she spoke of her little son and finally she led him to her husband.

Mr. von Weiningen sat at a table near the orchestra with three other men. Each had a mug of beer before him.

"Nice to see you again," greeted the Regierungsrat rising a little stiffly. "Have you spent all the time since I last saw you preaching the world revolution?" He presented Alexander to the others. "This is Mr. Roth, the rising people's commisar of Germany. Mr. Wecker, greatest German novelist, Mr. Orchansky of the Russian Trades Delegation and Mr. von Ramin. You must know each other from the University."

Alexander had met them before. Orchansky was a fellow-roomer at Lemke's.

They seated themselves in a circle on modernistic spring steel chairs. A waiter brought two more mugs of beer.

"We were just discussing the political effects of the Young Plan," resumed Wecker whose small, weak, almost feminine physique contrasted sharply with the Nordic strength of the heroes in his emphatically nationalistic war novels. "Von Ramin opposes it and he asked Mr. Orchansky for his opinion." Wecker's lips curved satirically. "But it seems that our Russian friend is not allowed to talk."

"Bolshevists can't be provoked so easily, Mr. Wecker," countered Alexander winking to Orchansky who was calmly blowing smoke rings. "Besides, I think we should all agree on the merits of the Young Plan. Under the Dawes Plan, it was impossible for Germany to meet her obligations without making loans. As a matter of fact, this part of the situation will remain unchanged."

"Yes, but this time industry was adamant. You all know that their representative in Paris, Dr. Vögeler, resigned during the proceedings and that Dr. Schacht's successes didn't satisfy it at all." The Regierungsrat reached for his stein.

"As I see it, the opposition of the industrialists is based more on political strategy than on economic policy. You see, Mr. Wecker," laughed the light blond Russian, "I am allowed to talk. A few years ago, German industry gratefully accepted the Dawes Plan. Their refusal to cooperate now is due to their desire to undermine the present foreign policy and to lash the front of the Social Democratic party that supported the agreement."

"If that's the case, then why did a paper like the 'Voss' toot the same horn as Mr. Hugenberg?" asked von Ramin.

"That's just the weakness of our liberal press. While it is cleverer in its approach, it is only too likely to fall in with the foolhardy plans of our reactionaries," this from Mrs. von Weiningen who again played with her roses. "As you all know, in its saner moments, it's opposed to the demands for control of the capitalistic manufacturers and Junkers and in favor of free trade and conciliation with foreign countries. But invariably it yields to the emotional slogans of the chauvinists."

"I hope you won't be hurt, Madam," put in Wecker, "I don't mean any of this personally, but it seems to me that this vacillating character of the liberal press which you speak of is due to a certain mental conflict in the lives of its numerous Jewish publishers, editors, and coworkers. Take just one of these papers, the 'Berliner Tageblatt,' for an example. How often do you find that in the same issue the literary articles, book reviews, theater criticisms and features support just the views which the editorials oppose."

"You are mistaken, Mr. Wecker," brusquely interrupted von Weiningen. "What you have just called 'vacillating character' and have chosen to credit to some inner conflict on the part of the Jews is in my opinion the very source of great cultural attainments, the recognition that within certain broad limits men and ideas may express themselves freely and compete before the public for support without any censorship. That which you call a fault is to me the very life blood of philosophy and art. Where one cannot write, form and create in response to one's inner compulsions there can be no culture. Under both Napoleons, France was spiritually decadent. Under Metternich and Bismarck, the best German spirits were exiled to Zürich and Paris. Neither Fascist Italy nor, pardon me, Mr. Orchansky, Soviet Russia have produced anything that can be called a spiritual civilization. There must be literary and artistic talents, but only the vaguest beginnings are visible and these are nourished by the heritage of the past. To bring them to their full fruition one factor—wholly inconsistent with distatorship—is necessary; namely, freedom of thought."

At this point a drunkard zigzagged to the table and, without so much as a by-your-leave, emptied what remained of the beer. After he had departed with a loud "Heil Hitler" the discussion continued.

The Regierungsrat, a Democrat of long standing and the husband of the daughter of a Viennese, Jewish, titled merchant, was disturbed and consequently continued along his previous line of reasoning.

"I have the greatest respect for your talents, Mr. Wecker and I think your last novel in the 'Post' was excellent, although I didn't agree with all the ideas in it. Nevertheless, I would like to ask you where you, who have affiliated yourself with the nationalist movement, would be under a system other than that of the Weimar Republic which gives even the opponents of liberalism a chance to express themselves freely? To make it very concrete, who is it who publishes your books and those of others like you? Who makes impartial and unprejudiced efforts to help assimilate you into the cultural life of the whole people? Is it not the outstanding, liberal, Jewish and non-Jewish publishing houses?"

"Perhaps I should not have spoken of 'vacillating character' and 'Jewish mental conflict.' Those concepts may miss the mark and fail to express exactly what I mean. But won't you agree, Mr. von Weiningen, that this tolerance which you speak of is but the all too meager payment of the Jews for the privilege of thrusting themselves into our Germanism, our life, our thought, and our feeling?" Wecker's voice became a whisper that penetrated to the marrow. "They have blanched the color of our culture; they have destroyed it."

"Thrust themselves into German life? Blanched its color? Destroyed it? Mr. Wecker, I would ex-

pect to find such language only in a Nazi dictionary or in the 'Völkische Beobachter'." Edith von Weiningen begged her husband to let her speak in his stead. "Let us omit for the time being the contributions of the non-Jewish liberals. Do you really think it's adequate to describe what Jewish liberals have given to Germany and the world as deliterious to its life, as destructive? Do I have to mention the 'Lorelei' of Heinrich Heine, the 'Legends of Village Life' by Berthold Auerbach, the lyrics of Else Lasker-Schüler, the novels of Arnold Zweig, Jakob Wassermann, Franz Werfel, Max Brod, to name only those who come to mind on the spur of the moment? What of Sigmund Freud, August von Wassermann, Paul Ehrlich, Neisser and the other innumerable theorists and experimentalists in the field of medicine? Heinrich Hertz, Emil Berliner, Fritz Haber in chemistry and engineering? Have you forgotten about David Schwartz from whom Graf Zeppelin bought the patent for the first dirigible airship? Aren't twelve per cent of the Nobel prize winners Jews? How can I possibly name all the Jewish musicians, painters, sculptors, philosophers, mathematicians, physicists? Take Albert Einstein. The nationalists refuse to recognize him because they can't understand him, but his name will surely rank in history with the great trilogy, Copernicus, Kepler, and Newton. And these Jewish men who have infinitely aided world advancement and shaped our philosophy of life, you want to belittle them and term their efforts 'undermining' and 'destructive?'"

"Madam, I don't speak for myself alone. I'm not affiliated with the National Socialists. I represent merely a German-conscious youth. That list of names which you've just given us is the best argu-

ment for my point of view. Don't misunderstand me if I say that it would have been better for all these Jews to have confined themselves to their specifically Jewish frame of reference instead of meddling in German affairs. Why is it that true Germans don't thank them for their labors?"

"Yes, why, why?" excitedly interrupted von Weiningen.

"Mr. von Weiningen, because the nation intuitively feels that the Jews don't belong within their circle. They know that thousands of non-Jews miss the opportunity that is due to them because in science, in art, in literature, in the theater, in the movies, in whatever field you choose, the Jew plays an overwhelming role."

"So the whole thing is based on competitive envy. I thought so. Young man," von Weiningen's tone was amost threatening, "do you realize that places for Jews in universities, hospitals, theaters are extremely hard to secure? Do you know that in elections and the civil service it is a hundred times harder for a Jew to win than for a non-Jew? Now, do you want to exclude that overqualified upper group and confine it to business specifically Jewish? As if you could force a man born to be a chemist to occupy himself only with Talmud commentary! It is not true, Mr. Wecker. The German Jew has not taken from the German Christian or the German pagan, if you prefer Wotan's cult with the other adherents of the Swastika, a single place that did not belong to him.

"On the contrary. I've already mentioned the occasions on which Jews helped non-Jews in their work. Let's forget the materialistic for a moment. Remember the friendship of Moses Mendelsohn for

Lessing, the welcome extended to Goethe by Rachel Lewin, the popularization of Goethe's work through the interpretation of the Heidelberg Professor Gundolf. Or take the other side. What do you know today about Christian Günther? At his time there was no Jewish competition, and yet he starved to death. I say that, unfortunately, the Jews had not yet thrust themselves into our culture, and since we Germans don't care too much for our poets and scientists, he found no support for his talents. Too bad the Jews had not yet made their 'all too meager payment' for the privilege of nursing German culture with their love and idealism."

"Would you, Mr. Wecker, perhaps like to cancel the discovery of salvarsan, of the Wassermann test?" continued Orchansky, mildly ironic, as the Regierungsrat remained silent. "I'm really surprised that your German National Army deigned to use Haber's method of removing nitrogen from the air."

"These technical discoveries grew on German soil, were inspired by German spirit and, without the German preparation, they would have been impossible. We have ample right to use them."

"You are also entitled to use the inventions of James Watt and the discoveries of Louis Pasteur. Your dramatists were all schooled in Milton and Shakespeare. And where would your long line of German poets be without Moliere and Voltaire? We no longer live in segregated, tribal areas. Imperialistic penetration has made the world interdependent. The most remote regions of the globe are within our ken."

"And now we're going to hear about the happy ending that will come from the class struggle. The

proletarians of all countries have everything in common. One fine day they will depose the wicked capitalists who alone are accountable for all the hatred in the world." Ernst von Ramin who had taken no part in the discussion since Alexander arrived, laughed cynically. "I don't agree with all that Mr. Wecker said, but, in spite of the interdependence of the world economically, there are national peculiarities which should not be forgotten. Looking back on my school days, I recall the impression made upon me by the satire in the poetry and prose of Heine. Today, when I read Kurt Tucholsky, I realize that there are racial differences in thought and feeling that cannot be bridged."

"I, too, have read Heinrich Heine," said von Weiningen a little sadly, "and I rank him with the greatest poets of all time. I am a subscriber to the 'Weltbühne' and I read the weekly articles of Kurt Tucholsky with real satisfaction. His sharp insight into the problems of our day is extraordinary. Are the criticisms of Heine and Tucholsky more than you can bear? I would like to tell you, Mr. von Ramin, that it is not the criticisms that are at fault, but the evils which are criticized. Germany should be thankful that in every age there have been spirits fearless enough and altruistic enough to satirize the foibles of the time. These men driven by their love for their Fatherland have sacrificed themselves on the altars of progress and truth to reveal the machinations of reactionary forces."

"But don't you feel, Mr. von Weiningen, as a German, as a Prussian nobleman, that if such criticisms are necessary, they should be made by members of our own people and not by strangers?"

"Strangers did you say? If you want to draw dis-

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tinctions between German Jews and German non-Jews, they must be the same in character as those between a Prussian and a Bavarian or a Würtembergian and a Mecklenburgian. Between these, too, there are differences in thought and feeling. One is quick and sharp, the other plodding and thorough. It is just this kaleidoscopic variation in human nature that lends the world its charm. It is the beauty of life that the continuous interaction, the constant give and take of distinct personalities results in the fusion of many cultural currents into one gigantic stream. Blanching, destroying, strangers, these are words which, with your connotations, I cannot understand."

" 'Unless you feel—your quest will be in vain!' In this case, the old Goethe phrase proves itself correct," said Wecker with a gesture of resignation. To himself, he remarked as he looked at Edith von Weiningen who was lost in thought, "You have proved that you are not a real German by marrying this Jewish girl."

He was not a little surprised when the Regierungsrat, as if he had divined his thoughts, mildly continued, "From Nietzsche, who glorified the 'blond beast' and whom you surely honor as a philosopher of your nationalistic creed, I take my next point. He advises the Brandenburg noblemen to marry culturally satiated Jewish daughters in order that from them shall come high-spirited, social pioneers. Even though I can't agree with Nietzsche on other points, or rather even if I don't agree with the interpretation of his work by our high school professors and boy scout leaders, in this one thing I can follow him."

"One argument, Mr. von Weiningen, which Mr.

Wecker used cannot be refuted," and Mr. Orchansky took the floor again. "That pertains to the feelings behind his opinions. I am personally convinced that Wecker's fear of Jewish influence and von Ramin's hatred of Heine and Tucholsky are both manifestations of their instinctive withdrawal from all efforts to lift the veil which conceals the putrifying refuse of an old social order. It is not only Jewish criticism but all criticism that they wish to eradicate. But as I said before, against the nationalistic feeling which is the source of their views, logic is of no avail."

His words provoked Ernst von Ramin who jumped up and shouted, "I protest. I know very well that something is rotten in the State of Denmark, but we young nationalists will clean it up. And that without the help of your Tucholskys and their 'Weltbühne'. . . ."

Past midnight, long after the von Weiningens and the others had gone home, Alexander went into the champagne corner.

"Hello there, Alexander!" it was his fellow student Kramer. She was dressed as a thief's bride and extended toward him a foaming glass of champagne.

"Come, my boy, you look as if you've been through the war. Pour this into your necktie! That's about all you have on."

"Prosit," he said, gulping down the proffered glass and three others meant for more elegant guests. "Her father's herrings will pay for it. I can drink."

Miss Kramer was in high spirits. "I think we ought to change our headquarters," she said. "Let's go to the Medicine Ball. We know this place already."

Alexander went to get his bundle and magnanimously paid the twenty pfennigs wardrobe charge.

Miss Kramer was glad to let him drive her car.

"Do you know?" she said putting her arm tenderly around him as he headed the car at top speed for the Zoo, "I am the least, little, little bit drunk but I am very happy."

It was so early in the morning that the cashier at the Zoo had closed shop, and new guests were admitted free. No one was to be seen but a horrifying din came through the door. They entered the hall, lighted only on the platform and made their way to the front. The orchestra members were dressed as surgeons, even to the oxygen tubes over their mouths. Besides the usual instruments, some musicians were blowing irrigation tubes, drumming with scraps of cotton on sterilization boxes, playing the xylophone with reflex hammers, and the leader conducted with immense obstetrical calipers.

In the half dark, the two new comers surveyed the guests near them. They had all closely adhered to the medical idea. One girl represented a reducing roller, one handle of which was fixed on her head. A boy in a white suit wore surgical braces around his waist; another had fixed a wooden stethoscope on a bright blue band around his head. Still another had decorated his clothing with catgut threads. Perhaps most original was the costume of a young girl who had swathed herself in bandages fastened with splints and wore on her head an ether mask. Many men wore nurses' uniforms.

When the cat-calls of the orchestra stopped amid general applause, the main chandeliers were put on again, and a number of people walked out with foot rugs. Mounting the stairs as high as the gallery

of the hall, they first sat down comfortably on their rugs and slid down on an immense sliding board to the middle of the floor. The first entertainer was followed by a couple tied tightly together. Then came a boy lying flat on his stomach carrying two young ladies on his back. One of the young ladies was none other than Alexander's Zionist train companion on his trip from Berlin to Frankfurt.

"Do you mind if I go out on my own now?" Alexander asked Miss Kramer. "I just saw some friends of mine." She nodded assent and hung herself on the arm of a naval doctor who happened to be passing by.

By the time Alexander got to Devorah she was already going up the stairs of the sliding board again. He waited until her act was over, helped her off, and said, "With less make-up you look much better."

She was dressed in a red, blue, and gold gypsy suit. Her girl friend was a fierce Spaniard in a very barebacked dress, black shorts, gold ear rings and an immense tortoise shell comb, and her companion, whose face made one's hands itch to box it, cut a sad figure in a Chinese costume.

"So we meet again," said Devorah laughing. "Are you here long?"

"No, I just came. I was at the 'Steinerne House'."

Her friends went off to skim the floor in a waltz.

"Then you missed something. Now there isn't so much doing here. You should have seen it before."

Alexander took her arm and they began to dance. "Tell me what I missed."

"That's hard to describe, but I'll try. At exactly twelve o'clock, our Dean, Fischer Wasels, opened the

festivities. You never saw anything like it. Maybe we'll see him later and I'll show you. He was dressed in a long, baby dress with a pink ribbon around his corpulent stomach tied in a big bow in back. His bristling mustache and his glasses were framed in a beautiful cap tied under his chin with a matching pink ribbon. Around his neck he hung a milk bottle. From the top of the sliding board stairs he gave his speech, drank our health with the milk, and was the first to come down the board."

They were in front of the orchestra.

"Our gynocologist," she continued breathlessly, "did negro dances in abbreviated shorts before equally undressed classes. Medical students are never very formal but here they cut completely loose. We can wrap the old men around our fingers, and everybody has a good time."

"It was also very nice at the 'Steinerne House'."

"But over there intentions are too obvious."

They danced on and on until Devorah said, "Stop! I can't dance any more." Arm in arm they walked under the gallery with the girl leading.

"There's the anatomy department, and there's the Vollhardt Clinic. Here we have the surgeons, and next to them is the Nerve Clinic. All the way at the end are the orthopedists."

In each group professors and students sat together in good fellowship. The students drank, while their teachers told swiny jokes of their own student days or danced with the prettiest coeds. Of course, the faculty footed the bills. Only the old Swiss anatomy professor, Bundschuh, who had appeared in his frock coat, remarked as they passed by him, "Don't you agree with me, Miss Berg, that the guests are going too far tonight?" He graciously invited Devorah

and her partner to take chairs with him, but they declined.

The anterooms of the hall were darker and less noisy. In rabbit cages, tables turned upside down and filled with straw, sat one or two couples talking and flirting. Alexander was about to jump into a basket that had just been vacated, but Devorah warned, "If you go in there, you go alone. I'm no rabbit." As his pleading was of no avail, they went back to the bright lights, slid down the sliding board until they were sore and then went to rest on the steps leading to the gallery.

"I would have called you long ago," Alexander began, "but I couldn't spare the time. I had a comprehensive scientific paper to do, and the political situation made such demands that I put it off from day to day."

"At any rate I don't seem to have impressed you too much," laughed Devorah leaning her head against one of the bannisters.

"Quite the contrary, you can't imagine how glad I am to see you again! With me it's a case of no private life at all. I don't belong to myself."

"A vocation should never degenerate into work," teased the girl.

"And your medical studies?"

"If they ever become annoying, then I'll drop them for a while. Just this summer I was out of class more than I was in."

"And what do you do with all this stolen leisure?"

"Not much. Until October I swam, rode and played tennis daily. During the summer vacation I went with my parents to Kandersteg and the Gemmipass. Christmas time I took the University trip to Hirschegg and went skiing. The last few weeks I

attended my Zionist student group and the Bible translation circle regularly. Then, I often go to the theater and to concerts. That's about all."

"I wouldn't mind being in your shoes."

"What's stopping you?"

"I suppose I'm doing it myself. I've got so far into political work that I can't get out now."

"I wouldn't mix so much in German politics."

"Do you want to continue our previous discussions?"

"Not now."

They remained silent for a while and looked into the hall. The ranks of the dancers were thinning.

"How do you like Frankfurt by now?" she asked.

"Very well, thank you."

"Do you have a nice apartment?"

"Passable." He described Mrs. Lemke and the other roomers.

The mixed fruit story pleased her most. "Apropos of food, I'm hungry. How about some chicken soup at some place along the Römerberg. That's a nice, healthy end for a Medical Ball."

"All right." He took her wardrobe check and rose. As the check room matron had fallen asleep, he got Devorah's furs himself and picked up his own bundle which he had left on the table when he came in.

"Is that all you are going to wear? You'll catch cold," she scolded as he helped her into her wrap.

"Weeds never get hurt. Besides, I wasn't at all prepared to go to two balls tonight. I came with some friends of mine only to see the merrymaking in the streets and perhaps to dance for a little while in a café."

"Then you bought your ticket just before you went in? That must have been awfully expensive."

"You don't know the half of it. So far the evening's cost me twenty pfennigs and that was for wardrobe."

"The Scotch streak in you is coming out. How did you smuggle in?"

He repeated briefly how he and his friends crashed the gate at the "Steinerne House." "There wasn't any excitement here," he concluded. "Nobody even asked for the tickets."

Laughing gaily, they went into a wine café opposite the Römer. Those whose appetites drove them there before cheered loudly on their arrival. While they didn't know anybody in the place, they returned the greeting and sat down at a table.

"Just so that you don't go bankrupt tonight, I'll pay for the soup," said Devorah ordering two plates.

"Oh, no you don't. Are you a student?"

"Yes."

"Then it's Dutch treat. All students have the same income."

At 7 o'clock they took the Number Eighteen trolley to the main station of Frankfurt. In the station restaurant they met many of their friends. All those who stayed to the bitter end of the balls at the "Steinerne House," at the Zoo and elsewhere were there. Miss Kramer as well as the Spanish girl and the Chinese gentleman with whom Alexander had met Devorah were among them.

"This is Maria; we go to school together, and that's Mr. Ulrich Glew. His name speaks for itself. He is one of those people who can't be my friend long. As soon as they get nasty, I throw them overboard; and they always get nasty." Then, she continued, "And this is one who burns his fingers in high politics; he only gets to earthly things once in

a while but when he does, it's someone else who pays."

* * *

As Alexander came to the corridor of his room, he heard the sound of soft but penetrating weeping coming from the apartment of Minna Stein.

"Poor girl," he thought. "She must be crying because that louse deserted her." He wondered whether he ought to go in but he thought that she must be getting dressed, and that he had no right to interfere in her private affairs anyway. He unlocked his door, mechanically set his alarm clock for nine-thirty, and fell into bed.

Sleep did not come because he was too tired.

"You've already missed two lectures," he chided himself. "What for? To hop around with the ladies, to drink champagne with that drunken Kramer?

"But wasn't it nice to see Devorah Berg again, to walk arm in arm with her, and to talk to her on the stairs? Didn't she even introduce you a little tenderly to her friends?

"Oh! what do you care about the lectures anyway? Maybe they didn't even take place. The professors were also celebrating last night. You are not a careerist. Don't you hate those people who are so punctual and exact, who do everything on schedule, who are polite to acquaintances just because it'll help them get to their end?"

No, no, that wasn't it at all. Alexander felt suddenly as he had felt at the Odenwald School when the children played the "Kleine Nachtmusik." A deep emptiness, a corroding dissatisfaction was eating his soul.

Was it only that morning-after-the-night-before feeling?

He felt that his life was without foundation, that his heart was beating in thin air. His existence stretched before him undirected and misdirected. From the Jewish boy scout Blau Weiss, he had swung to Communism. Where would his next harbor be? Where would the wind drive him tomorrow? Where was the Spirit of the Time taking him?

The Spirit of the Time?

Yes, that was it. It mocked him.

"You're always grasping at eternity. You ask for a decision, a path, a deed. You aim very high, but you grasp only nothingness. You are carried along by every current. You are a slave of the Times. Your love of humanity, your quest for eternity, your dreams of salvation are only actuality in fancy dress.

"Down with the mask!

"Enough of this drunken wandering!

"Off with the disguise!"

The sobbing from Minna Stein's room had grown louder and louder. He interrupted his reverie and looked at his watch.

"She should have been at work long ago," he thought. "I must see what's wrong."

He knocked at her door but, as nobody answered, he went in without permission. Minna Stein was lying on her studio couch dressed to go out, with her head buried in the pillow.

"Pardon me for coming in this way, but I heard you crying and I thought I might be able to do something."

Minna lifted her head for a minute. "Nobody can help me, nobody." Her sobbing began anew.

Alexander came nearer to the sofa.

"If you were a man, then I'd tell you to act like one. As it is, I wait for your command."

"If I were a man; you men are lucky. You don't have to bring children into the world."

"Bring children into the world? Joking aside. Are you pregnant?"

"That's what the doctor told me yesterday. I feared as much so I went to see him."

She sat up and wiped away the tears.

"Is it his?" asked Alexander, pointing to the picture which, since he had entered unannounced, looked boldly and sarcastically into the room.

"Why do you ask? Of course."

"Don't you want it?"

"I'm not married."

"Well then, get married."

"He declines. He says it will disturb our friendship." She could restrain her tears no longer. "Good Lord, what will my mother say?"

Alexander could see very well that Peter Schock was not anxious to compromise himself by marrying a Jewess. To amuse himself with her, that was all right. But marriage was out of the question. He wondered whether he ought to recommend a doctor who would perform an operation but then he thought that this would risk the reputation and license of the physician. The girl loved a Nazi, and he could easily play traitor. She could not be counted on not to talk. Anyone who helped her would be sold out later. But he felt he had to do something.

"Did you tell your doctor that you are a working girl and can't afford to have a child?"

"I was so dumbstruck that I couldn't say anything."

"Perhaps you ought to go back and tell him. Maybe he knows someone who could help you. Maybe he's wrong, and it's only that your period is a little irregular. Do you know him very well?"

Minna looked dubious. "Do you think I really ought to go back?"

"Of course. Would you like me to come with you?"

"That's very kind, Mr. Roth, but I think it would be better for me to go alone. I'll go this afternoon during his office hours. Maybe he really will . . . "

Alexander looked at his watch. "What about your work?"

"Oh, before nothing mattered. But I think I'll go in now. I'll tell the boss I had a headache."

"Shall I write you an excuse note? I'm an expert. My little brother used to play hookey so that he could be on the football team, and I had to think up every conceivable excuse. Once he came back to school after three days' vacation and when he gave the teacher my note, he was sent home because he looked so pale. Perhaps your boss will send you home, too."

Minna was laughing now. "You like to joke with me, don't you?"

"Not at all, quite the contrary. But I must put in an appearance at the University now. Good-bye, and good luck."

CHAPTER V

The summer day was as exquisite in its soft brilliance as the delicate rays of a tapering yellow candle on a glistening white cloth.

Devorah Berg had sat with her friend, Maria, in the stadion cramming for the examinations in anatomy and physiology which were part of the "Physikum." Now, while Maria went further, Devorah dismounted from her bicycle and pulled it along the walk beside the house to the bicycle lock-up in the rear. The door of the Berg's apartment in the second floor of an elegant four-family house with French windows was opened by a butler dressed in a black suit and white gloves.

"Is Mother home yet?"

"Madam is with Herrn Direktor in his study."

"Yu, yu," shouted Devorah from the vestibule. "I'll be right in."

She went to her room first, spread her book, which had become slightly damp in her swimming bag on the balcony to dry, rinsed her bathing suit in the adjoining bath room, hung it on the line and looked on her Empire secretary for the mail.

"Only a letter from Fritzchen," she murmured. "I guess he has another girl friend with whom he doesn't know what to do. I'll soon be playing child's nurse at his confessional again."

She passed through the dark, square hall, furnished with a few precious antiques, set her watch by the Vienna grandfather clock and entered the study. Her father was seated in a deep brown,

velvet upholstered chair, while her mother was standing near the windows with her face turned to the park across the street.

"Mornin', everybody."

Nobody answered the greeting.

Devorah straddled a chair.

"What's the matter? You have a bug in your ear?"

"Something terrible has happened," began her father slowly. "Something very terrible."

"You haven't broken any bones. You look perfectly hail and hearty to me."

"I tell you, something terrible has happened."

"Well, isn't a broken bone terrible enough?"

"Stop kibbitzing. This is serious; I've been discharged. The bank closed." These words robbed Direktor Berg of his self-control and he whimpered like a little puppy. Since he returned from the Front, any shocking news brought tears to his eyes.

"Father has been discharged. You know it now," hastily repeated Mrs. Berg in an effort to attract Devorah's attention away from her father's tears. "Unfortunately all my money, which I kept for you, was deposited in the Danat. Now you stand vis-à-vis de rien."

"You don't have to worry about me. I'll study."

"But who will pay your fees? We don't have a pfennig," lamented the father.

"Nonsense," the mother countered. "I always wanted my daughter to study and have her own profession. We'll have to scrape the money together. I worked during the war years and I'll try to get work again. Devorah must go on."

"If we really have nothing, then I'll go in training as a nurse and perhaps continue my studies later."

"I'll never permit a daughter of mine to be a nurse. Imagine earning ninety marks a month even as a head nurse and being on duty from six in the morning 'til nine at night. It's better to be a clerk in a department store. But first, pass your 'Physikum.'"

"I don't see how we're going to do it besides everything else; remember, I have forty thousand Marks bank debt. And I don't know where to get it without stealing. What are we going to do?"

"First, we'll cut down our expenses. We can give up the apartment. Conrad must go. We really never needed a butler but, as he's Louise's fiancé and was unemployed, we took him. We must also get along without the chauffeur. Indeed, we'll sell the car."

"But, Mother, you'll keep Louise, won't you?"

"If she'll do both the cooking and the cleaning. I can't keep the cook."

"How are you going to pay Louise or even the city tax on Fips?" put in the father. "Good God, think of it."

"I'll pawn my last shirt before I'll give away the dog," returned the mother.

"Father, there's no sense in harping on the past. Our problem is to pull ourselves out of this mess. Have you ever mentioned it to Uncle Paul?"

"Uncle Paul, Uncle Artur, and Uncle Leopold, as well as one of my brothers, will all be here this afternoon. We'll thrash the business angle out together. But there was one thing I wanted to tell you . . . "

"Dinner is served, Madam."

"Thank you, Louise, we're coming."

Mrs. Berg preceded the others to the balcony,

bright with the blooms of potted lindens and geraniums. The table had been set there as was usual in the summer time. They took their places, and as soon as the maid was out of earshot, Mrs. Berg continued. "I think you'd be a wise child to break off your friendship with Mr. Roth. You've been seeing him much too often. You'll soon give your heart to him. Understand, I've nothing against him. In fact, I think he's quite interesting, although he's a little bit too Eastern for me, and then what's the point? He has nothing; now, you have nothing. Marriage is out of the question and love in a garret may be romantic, but you can't live on it. The sooner you say farewell without au revoir, the better."

"I agree with your mother," echoed the father. "It just isn't becoming for a daughter of mine to be running around with a Communist. It's out of keeping with my position."

"Oh, you've gotten rid of that, all right," interrupted the mother, "without bringing in politics, Devorah can't afford such divergences now."

"I don't see the connection," said Devorah firmly. "First of all, who said I was giving my heart away? Second, must I marry every man I go out with? I'm not exactly interested in a harem. Third, I disagree with all your other reasons; and finally, it's a personal matter. I never tell you whom to choose for your friends."

"We've given you our advice," answered the father. "I know that it will be very hard to follow. But I demand that you think it over carefully and give me your answer tomorrow."

"I've nothing to think over. It's very obvious to

me that your bankruptcy has made you crazy, and when you're in your right mind again, you'll retract these statements. You've always had faith in my choice of friends. But this is all beside the point. Mother is right. First, I'll get that 'Physikum' behind me and I hope I don't flunk. In the meantime, we'll see."

"Oh, I'd like to know what father can start on." Mrs. Berg's mind always reverted to that problem. She couldn't dam her energy until their friends would come. "Devorah and I will get something to do, but . . . "

"While I am alive and healthy," broke in Mr. Berg pathetically, "no woman in my family will work." Absentmindedly, he dished blueberry compote onto the tablecloth.

"Here now, be careful; that was just spread out," scolded his wife.

"Never mind, darling, it can be laundered. When the next bank crash comes, I'll give father my rubber apron. It's with my dissection instruments now, but I won't have any more use for it after the 'Physikum.' "

"Our troubles certainly don't touch you very deeply," sighed her mother. She rose from the table in a huff and stalked off to her room.

Devorah ran after her, patted her shoulder and pouted, "Now then, you can't expect me to cry all the time."

"Certainly not. For that we can depend on the master of the house. . . . "

* * *

Hardly had they left the dinner table when the butler announced Uncle Paul, so called by Devorah because he was a very dear friend of the family. He always brought something nice along with him. Usually, it was made of leather from his factory in Offenbach—a handbag, a wallet, a belt, or a pocket comb in a case.

Today, he fondly kissed his hostess, handing her a vial of Albersheim's finest perfume. At the same time he gave Devorah a box of candy and jokingly said, "Let your boy friend help you eat it."

Before he sat down, Uncle Artur bustled in. Throwing his overcoat into the arms of Conrad, he rushed over to the director. "Don't take it too hard, old fellow," he panted. "And my dear Hannachen, you know we'll never let you down."

They were soon joined by Mrs. Berg's brother, the Mond of grain and wood fame, and Director Berg's brother, Leopold, who was the family physician. With little preface, because the papers had carried the news of the bank disaster, they began to talk business.

Uncle Paul, who had a good general picture of the family situation since he and Mr. Berg had been army recruits together at the outbreak of the war, asked for an exact statement of assets and liabilities.

On the one hand were the forty thousand Marks bank debt, the monthly wages of the servants, the rent, hundred Marks for Devorah's "Physikum" and income for necessary expenses until husband or wife could find employment. To the credit of these obligations could be counted only the money that might be realized from the sale of the almost new Isota Fraschini and the famous miniature collection in

the salon. Mrs. Berg even offered to sell her own and Devorah's jewels, but Uncle Paul vehemently objected. (Uncle Carl and Uncle Leopold, however, thought that to pay debts, any extreme measure was in place.) The most that could be realized on these sacrifices was not nearly enough to cover even the bank debt.

In despair, Mrs. Berg asked her brother for a loan until the family circumstances were improved.

"I have no cash to advance," was the smug reply. "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll pay you out what you are likely to get when Mother dies. Let's see, what does the old lady have anyway?"

He cupped his chin in his hand and continued after a while, "The house couldn't bring more than two thousand Marks. The orchard, oh, two thousand more; the rest of the land and the furniture, add another two thousand. This has to be divided by three. Your share is two thousand Marks. And remember, that's very generous. You got one hundred thousand Marks for your dowry. All we got was the business. That you lost your money and that Julius and I worked up the business, you can't blame that on us. Now, if Julius is willing, I'll pay you out the two thousand in installments of a hundred Marks a month. You ought to be able to make ends meet on that."

Mrs. Berg eyed her wealthy brother disconsolately. She bit her handkerchief as she swallowed the lump in her throat.

In the meantime, Devorah, who had foreseen the humiliation which would ensue from a discussion with their blood relatives, was by now so disgusted

that she fled to the adjoining music room and buried her head in a sofa pillow.

Uncle Leopold, who had come prepared to leave ten or fifteen thousand Marks on his brother's table, felt relieved. "I'll manage Devorah's 'Physikum' and I'll see her through. She's planned so long to be my colleague, I feel obligated to her. Of course, I can't make any written promises. But it'll be all right." He wore his most benign smile.

"Don't worry about me. If you want to help, Uncle Leopold, help my parents," issued from the music room.

Uncle Paul came over to Mrs. Berg, put his arms on the little woman's shoulders and said, "Forget about the forty thousand. Artur and I have just decided to make it good. When you are on easy street again, you'll see about it. But until then, we won't waste any words on it. If you need what your family offers, take it, and whenever you are short, we'll be on the spot."

"But I can't take it. You are not even related to me." Mrs. Berg lost her control and began to weep softly to the noisy accompaniment of her husband, who had taken little part in the discussion.

Devorah came back and tried valiantly to calm her parents.

"How can your tears change anything? Please stop."

Uncle Artur applauded. "That's right, keep your chin up. Paul has already told your parents everything will be all right. It doesn't pay to take these things too hard. There are millionaires who have lost all their money in one night and gained it back the next."

Uncle Artur motioned to Uncle Paul. They whispered for a few minutes, and then Uncle Paul wrote something.

"Here, Devorah, you're the only sane person in this family. Here's a check for fifty thousand Marks. Give it to father when he's feeling better. You can pay your debts and live on that for a while without selling everything helter skelter. Some day, when we are down to our last straw, you'll help us. By that time, I hope you'll be a famous physician."

While Devorah went to lock the check in her desk, the guests took their leave. The two relatives went out nodding their heads furiously.

Uncle Artur, the hosiery manufacturer, embraced Mrs. Berg. "Hannele, just wait and see. Things are going to get better."

Only Uncle Paul stayed a while. "It's beastly, but I have to leave tonight. Business in Florence. Don't worry. Mitzi will take my place. She'll be over as soon as I leave. I only wanted to ask you what you want me to bring back for you. I'd like to give you some pleasure, Hannele."

"You've done too much already. I don't need anything."

"Now if you mention that again, I'll really get angry. If you don't tell me what you want, I'll bring you back one of those big Florentine hats. At least you can cry under that without anyone being the wiser for it."

He kissed her soundly, shook hands with her husband, shouted to Devorah's room, "Don't forget to visit us with your boy friend," took his coat and hat from the hook and, happy to miss the doubtful

pleasure of shaking the paws of the relatives, he went down the stairs to his waiting automobile.

* * *

As soon as Aunt Mitzi entered the living room of the Bergs, Devorah took Fips on his leash and rode over to Alexander's. She was unusually late this evening. Nevertheless, she thought he would still be there when she rang the bell at Lemke's. Instead of Alexander, who ordinarily opened the door for her, the maid answered her ring.

"I want to see Mr. Roth," Devorah said pushing past her into the hall.

"Mr. Roth isn't home," the maid called after her.

"Isn't he? Did he leave any message for me?"

"No."

She tried his door. It was locked.

"Tell him I was here. No, never mind. It isn't necessary."

She went over to Beethoven Street to see the Raths. She found Ulrich Glew stretched on Maria's sofa chewing his cigar in the inimitable manner of his father, one of the few Jewish magistrates in the Prussian courts.

"I was just over to see Alexander, but he wasn't home. Do you object to my using you as substitute?"

"Of course he wasn't home," winked Ulrich. "I just saw him taking the trolley with Minna Stein. They were laughing and, I should say, rather intimate."

"In what direction did they go?" asked Devorah.

"If I'm not mistaken, they took the Number One trolley. They must have gone to the race track or

the Forst House. She was dressed for that. By the way, I've been meaning to tell you for a long time. You're cracked to pay any attention to that guy. Imagine, sitting up nights typing his stuff so that he can boast you are crawling at his feet. And then what does he do? He goes out with Minna Stein. You are plenty good enough to type for him. But if he wants company . . ."

"Do you expect me to swallow that rot? I'm not interested in his private affairs."

"That's O. K. I've done my duty. I warn you there is already talk at the University. How about a movie? I came to get some one to go with me."

Both girls declined politely, and Ulrich picked himself up and left.

"Uli just told me," Maria said rather breathlessly as she came back from the door, "that the paper this morning reported the failure of the Danat, and that your father has left the board. I never read the paper, so I don't know what's happening."

"Yes, Father's discharged. We have talked a lot about my studies, but I really don't know yet whether or not I'll be able to continue. At any rate, all the money I need from now on I have to earn myself."

"You know you can depend on me. Whatever you need, remember we still have some money."

"No, thanks. Money will spoil the friendship. But coming back to what that puppy said, I'm afraid I can't see his point."

"Oh, I wouldn't take him too seriously. But listen, darling. I've been thinking a lot about you and your boy friend, and frankly, I'm worried. You know, the first time you introduced me to him, he

gave me goose pimples. Those black eyes and that artist's mane don't inspire much confidence. The life cycle of gipsy love is about six weeks. Now that you have financial problems, I'd like to save you the heartache of being jilted."

"Oh, love has nothing to do with this."

"I must admit you don't show your usual symptoms, but those little passionate affairs of yours don't worry me nearly as much. They're like straw fires; they flare up suddenly and go out just as unexpectedly. But this time, you're smoldering, and that worries me. Besides, he's in public life, and the women and girls stick to him like flies to flypaper. At his age all the attention he gets is likely to turn his head, and you know that's an incurable disease."

"You're just about as clever as my mother." Devorah paced the floor with Fips at her heels. "I see your point but I don't agree with it. His private life doesn't bother me and besides, I don't see the point of avoiding life just because it might hurt me. Anyway, I promise you this much, I'll see him less often. I'm going to be entirely too busy for that sort of thing anyway. If I don't study any more, I'll have to look for a job, and that will keep me busy. If I study, then I'll have to do a lot of things on the side. I'm going to go back to the school to get some tutoring. Then, I'd like to become the dissection room assistant."

"Oh you have fine prospects. Every afternoon for four months in that smelly room ruining your sweet disposition, telling the freshmen things you've learned long ago, and for all that you'll get a hundred Marks Christmas present. And whom do you

think you'll be fooling? Just the time you should spend in lectures getting a foundation, you'll waste that way. You can't get that stuff out of books. You ought to let me give you at least the hundred Marks."

"I like the dissection room, and it'll give me an opportunity to get to know the younger students. If I could tutor some of them for the 'Physikum,' then I'd make money. But there's one thing you can do for me. You could tell me at night what you learned in the afternoon lectures, and I could thump and stethoscope you or your little brother. . . . But the more I plan, the more I see how little time I'm going to have. If I'm not careful and don't concentrate my time and energy, I'll miss the mark."

* * *

In the meantime, Alexander was entirely innocent of the charges that had been hurled against him. He had gone out with Minna Stein past the main station to Niederrad, and then they had walked to the Forst House.

Minna, after he had suggested that she return to her doctor, had been very lucky. He had given her the name of a young woman physician who was planning to leave Germany and settle in one of the English colonies. She had her taken to a hospital as an emergency case, and there, under evipal anesthesic, an operation was performed. In five days everything was forgotten, so completely forgotten that Minna even flirted again with Peter Schock, who, during her hospital stay and the first weeks immediately following, had maintained a

scrupulous distance but lately had again paid her some attention.

"She certainly must be tied to that man," once remarked Devorah to Alexander. "She can't get away from him even though he is a sworn anti-Semite. She certainly knows that he'll let her down eventually."

To Alexander her apparent lack of character was even more disgusting. But nothing could stop Minna from doubling the attention she paid to him. On that particular evening, she had asked him several times to go out with her. He had waited at least two hours for Devorah and then, because he forgot about the bank crash and because his room was hot and oppressive, he finally acceded.

At the Forst House they met Professor and Mrs. Berani who were resting in this delightful, forest embraced tea room after a strenuous golf lesson in the near-by stadion. Alexander introduced Minna Stein.

"How about your examinations?" began the professor.

"Can't you give the gentleman a chance to sit down, Purzel? Or perhaps he would like to be alone with his lady."

"Thank you very much," said Alexander, drawing out a chair for Minna. "Do you happen to know who assigned the topic for the written exam this morning?"

"I'm not sure, but I think it was Dr. Ahrendt. My jurisdiction ends with the six weeks term paper which you already turned in."

"I think you are right. His assistant was there proctoring."

"Do you intend to go right on for your doctor's degree?"

"I think so."

"Have you decided under whom and where you will work?"

"Not conclusively, but I think I'll choose Dr. Ahrendt because he has the reputation of an easy professor. You, on the contrary, everybody says, you're too exacting. You've been stringing my friend, Emil Ginsberg, along for three years now."

"How can you say that? Dr. Ginsberg's thesis was a comprehensive research and, of course, it took a great deal of time. I returned it to him a few times because he insisted on bringing in ideas which did not belong in it."

"I would really like to work under you, but you have to promise me that it'll take a lot less than three years. I want to get it over with in a hurry."

"Have you thought of a subject for the dissertation?"

"Not at all."

"Are you more interested in something practical or something theoretical?"

"Since my paper now was theoretical, I think I'd rather try something practical."

"I've just asked my assistant, Dr. Radbruch, to make a study of the economic and legal development of the strike. Perhaps you could choose some phase of the subject for your work."

"Sounds good. I'll think it over. Perhaps Dr. Radbruch will go over the whole field with me. We are on good terms. I don't think he'd mind."

"Are you more satisfied with your assistant now

than you were before, Purzel?" asked Mrs. Berani, obviously Austrian in dress, accent, and manner.

Apparently horrified that she had let the cat out of the bag, the professor answered a little tardily, "He can't make very satisfactory contacts with the students. My former assistant understood them better."

"I haven't noticed that. He seems to get along quite well with the students," protested Alexander in an effort to defend his friend.

"But he repulses the fraternity students."

"That may be, but they are too busy to study anyway and they certainly couldn't take to his Jewish face."

"That's it, that's it. You see, when I hired him I had to leave on a trip. I was told he was Protestant, and he had good recommendations. So I gave him the position. Later on, I found out that he's a baptized Jew."

"You can't hold that against him. Didn't you once tell me you were of Jewish descent yourself?" Alexander was equally frank with his professors as with his classmates.

"Yes," answered the professor most candidly. "When I was eighteen, I was voluntarily baptized. In Vienna, my birthplace, the Jews were divided into two camps. One was Zionist, obviously and loudly Jewish; the other was just as frankly assimilationist, even to the extreme of baptism. I've never been sorry that I did it, but this has nothing to do with my assistant. It's a professor's duty to be on intimate terms with his students. His assistant is the connecting link between them and him. When, therefore, an assistant has difficulty in contacting the student body, he is not fulfilling

his task. You know that in rightist circles today there is a certain dislike for Jews, and that, undoubtedly, explains the shortcomings of Dr. Radbruch."

"But why should you be dominated by such a prejudice? It's nothing more than a prejudice."

The professor shrugged his shoulders, but his wife was a worthy second.

"Now about this bank crash, Mr. Roth, you ought to know some of the inside details. There's a rumor that the Nazis and Steel Helmets plan a referendum to dissolve the Landtag and to overthrow the Prussian government."

"Madam, I know nothing more than what you read in the paper. It is my personal opinion, however, that this is the end of the liberal era in Germany. If the Social Democrats do not come out with a constructively planned economy now, the Nazis will win the race. Whichever the outcome is, it is the Swan Song of capitalism. We must produce for use and not for profit."

"You exaggerate, Mr. Roth. Banks have been insolvent in other times of crisis, and that did not affect economic liberty. Production for use instead of for profit is a mere phrase. If the capitalists produced goods that no one needed, there could be no profits."

"I wonder that Mr. Roth doesn't threaten us with a Soviet Germany," sneered his comparatively young wife.

"Being on the inside," returned Alexander in the same tone, "I have no illusions as to the strength of the Communist Party. One can never tell though; the mood of the people is anti-capitalist, and this bank crash will spread that mood."

"That's pure romanticism. What can you substitute for our economic system? The faults of capitalism are obvious enough, but so, too, are its achievements. The Soviet system has not yet been put to a real test. It is still, as its leaders admit, in a period of so-called 'construction,' and this period is marked by an exciting accumulation of failures and hardships, by the subjection of the whole life of man, his activities, his thoughts and desires to dictatorial domination."

"To a certain degree you are right. But, anyway, the present crisis doesn't exist in Soviet Russia."

"The business cycle determined by credit expansion and contraction did not exist in pre-capitalist society either and, of course, can't be found in a society no longer based on private capitalism. But this does not exclude long-run alternations of prosperous and hard times in Soviet Russia; changing crop returns, changing techniques of production and communication, changes in the structure of the population and many other causes will produce economic fluctuations. The whole apparatus of the Soviet system must always be adapted to new situations, and there will always be severe mistakes and disturbances. I tell you, regimentation brings suffering and misery, and to the wage-earning classes more than to all others."

"I know that as an adherent of liberal theory you can't like regimentation. But that doesn't alter my opinion that we're at the crossroads. To continue as in the past is impossible."

"Crises are like thunder storms. They clear the atmosphere. But everything that is strong and worthwhile remains. Liberty means risk," lectured the professor.

"But this crisis has lasted too long already. Besides, some of the assistants in your department are being affected by the current of the times. When I came into the cafeteria today, some of them pounced on me and offered their services for planning commissions should any of them be necessary."

"And what was your answer?"

"What could I answer? I made it clear that in case of an emergency, the workers could probably get along very well without the assistants in the Economics Department of the University of Frankfurt."

Professor Berani laughed, but his wife could not suppress her curiosity. "Who were these assistants? Was my husband's assistant among them?"

"Dr. Radbruch was not there," shortly answered Alexander.

"That's the whole trouble," Dr. Berani mourned. "Young people today are not devoted to study. Why should scientists dabble in politics? Aren't their studies absorbing enough for them?"

"That's another sign of the crisis, Professor."

The discussion ended, and it was quiet until Mrs. Berani warned her husband that it was time to go.

"It's late, Purzelchen, you know the night air gives you a cold."

The professor, of course, paid for the lemonades of the young people. "Will you ride back to the city with us or will you stay here a while longer?"

Minna left it for Alexander to decide. They escorted the professor and his wife to the trolley, while they themselves preferred to walk home.

* * *

The train compartment was empty. Alexander rolled his topcoat up into a pillow and stretched himself along the whole bench.

"Such idiocy," he murmured. "They're digging their own graves. Imagine the Communists cooperating with the Nazis and the Steel Helmets in the referendum against the Prussian Government. If the Nazis win now, we are to blame. It's best that I give the Central Committee my opinion and chuck the whole works. I do not belong in their camp anyway. I thought Communism would solve the Jewish problem, my problem, all problems. No more swastikas, no more 'Hepp Hepp,' no more hatred, no classes, no privileges, everybody equal. Peace in the world . . . so they say. And so I preach on their behalf. But they lie and I lie as one of them. I lie. Didn't I see how the Russian masses live, dumb-struck as in a nightmare? Didn't I see how a bureaucracy stronger than the strongest capitalist autocrat leads them on a leash? Was Dr. Berani wrong? Where is the freedom that I seek, that I talk about so proudly? Freedom of thought? Don't I know that Jewish boys like me are exiled to Siberia because they want to talk the language of their people, because they want to keep its traditions, because they ask for something which other peoples are even encouraged to take? Am I an assimilant? A red assimilant who wants to creep among the workers because he is afraid to stand on his own feet? I want justice, I want to make the weak strong. That's in my blood. But practice is far removed from the ideal. Will practice ever attain to the ideal? The leaders like the Nazis sow hatred. Lenin began it. And hatred bears only hatred. Now they want to destroy the bit of de-

mocracy that there is in this country. Together with the Nazis against the Social Democrats. With the Nazis who shout 'Judah die.' "

Alexander tried to confine his mind to political argument, but failed miserably. Involuntarily, other thoughts protruded themselves into his consciousness.

Devorah. Yesterday afternoon, she had called him and said that she wanted to speak to him for two minutes. They had met at the "Kaffee Wien" near the Hauptwache. Out of a clear, blue sky she had suggested that they see each other less often. He pictured the girl sitting opposite him. The orchestra played the suave strains of Strauss' "Tales of the Vienna Woods." All the tables were full, and Professor Kleinmann nodded to him as if to say, "Get on there. Look how far I've progressed," and he kissed the white hand of his horribly rouged companion.

"What had Devorah said? 'I am a medical student; you are an economist. We'll only get into each other's way. Your chief interest is politics. I don't understand a thing about it. Our friendship can only run into a snag. It's senseless for us to meet. We are wasting our time.'

" 'Friendship,' he had answered, 'is possible even where interests are different.' Everything he said was very logical. Why didn't he tell her that her friendship meant a great deal to him? Why didn't he tell her what he really felt? Now the whole thing was off. Why had he wasted that damned evening with Minna Stein? Devorah surely wanted to speak to him then. Why had he forgotten that her father was tied up in the bank crash? He wasn't there because it was too hot for him in his apartment."

A cool, night breeze circled the compartment. He shivered, put on his coat and squeezed himself into as little space as possible in a corner. "Sleep. I ought to get some sleep," he thought as he outlined in his mind the calls he expected to pay the next day. He lay down again.

"Devorah, I haven't done anything wrong to you. That I went out with Minna Stein shouldn't bother you. She doesn't mean anything to me. I'm perfectly indifferent to all these women. I forgot only that your father was discharged in that bank crash and I thought it was too late to expect you that evening. Forgot? You forget only what you want to forget. But is that fair? What does your father mean to me? You study medicine, I sociology and economics. What does that signify? Politics? I promised myself long ago, I'd come back to earth and leave politics alone."

He awoke near Bitterfeld. The bench opposite him was crowded. None of the passengers had tried to wake him. Instead, they crammed themselves like herrings on the remaining seat. Ashamed to get up now, he turned to the wall and pretended to sleep until the train puffed into Berlin. . . .

After a brief visit to his parents he called Felsen, and asked him to drum together the students Reich presidium for a special meeting. In the meantime, he went to the Karl Liebknecht House and asked for Thälmann, the leader of the Party.

"Thälmann is in Hamburg in his district until after the referendum. If you want to communicate with him, write," he was told by his secretary in the fourth floor office.

She took him into her confidence. "It actually came to a fist fight here. But Heinz Neumann,

probably with Russian backing, was the victor. He works on the theory that Social Democracy must be destroyed at all costs even if it means a short period of power in the hands of the Nazis and Steel Helmets. The Social Democrats are the chief enemy because they prevent clear-cut classlines by compromising."

"And where is your United Front with the Social Democratic workers? What of your slogan 'Proletarians of all countries unite'?"

"We don't want a United Front unless it is formed under our leadership. 'Proletarians of all countries unite?' All right, but we must control this unity."

"I see, there's method in their madness."

She laughed cynically.

"Are you going to stand for this?" Alexander asked.

"What do you expect me to do?"

"It's a little bit too much for me. I can't take it. To join the Nazi move against the Republic is treason. I won't support it. Neither will any of the members of my student group. They're of my opinion. They sent me here."

"You certainly chose a convenient time. There's another purge in progress, and before you get time to think about it, you'll be thrown out."

The Reichs presidium of the students was almost unanimously behind the Party. Only Lisa Mann and Mascha von Massen supported Alexander's motion for protest.

Mascha looked tired and depressed. Uri, who greeted him with questions about the Bergstrasse and the Odenwald School, took no part in the political discussion. Obviously, there was something gnawing within him, but he gave no expression to it.

When Mascha was alone with Alexander she admitted that she wanted to talk to him. "I know you like Uri and can be depended on for good advice," she said. "Uri's been behaving so peculiarly lately, I don't know what to do. Since he came back from Russia, he has the crazy idea that he is a police spy and an enemy of the working class. Sometimes, like when we were at the Odenwald School, he laughs at it himself. Other times, he sits for days and tortures himself with it. I try to talk it out of him, but it doesn't help." She stopped for a moment, embarrassed. "Why, he even refuses relations with me because he says the purpose of that is to beget children and he, a spy against the working classes, doesn't want to be a father. I really don't know what to do."

"Uri is coming up for his examination, isn't he?"

"Yes."

"You know how seriously he takes his studies. He is probably overworking himself. Don't worry. The whole thing's just a result of physical and mental fatigue. See that he rests more."

"But I wonder where he got just this idea. There must be some explanation."

"Wait, I think I know. When we were in Moscow, there was a girl who never let us out of her sight. A Russian comrade told me she was from the secret police, and I passed the information on to Uri. He must have been hurt, because he started acting peculiarly right away."

Mascha had listened carefully, and a trembling, sad smile played on her lips. "It's beginning to dawn on me. Of course he was hurt, he who is so heart and soul in the movement to be watched by a Tchekist. This really must torture him. You know

how sensitive he is, and how hard it is for him to express his feelings. I was always planning to write to you, but I always thought it would pass. I'm so glad you came." . . .

As Alexander was near Uhland Street, he decided to follow his mother's suggestion that he visit Uncle Boris, who had repeatedly insinuated to his parents that their older offspring seemed to have no time for him outside of pocketing the sixty Marks he sent monthly.

At Nollendorf Square, he met Dietrich Wendel who had sent his apologies to the meeting. He was talking to another student with a swastika needle on his lapel. As Alexander approached, the stranger tried to cover his tell-tale insignia, and Wendel's always impenetrable face was embarrassed. Motioning Alexander aside, he whispered, "That's a comrade, working for us among the Nazis. If you ever see him again, don't recognize him."

"If that's the case," returned Alexander, "you shouldn't have told me in the first place and you shouldn't be speaking to him so openly." He left and forgot about the whole incident.

At 8 Uhland Street he rang the bell next to Abramowitsch. As he was going up the steps to the third floor, he heard the anxious barking of his uncle's dogs.

"Schery, Tapsichen, back," Uncle called to the small wirehaired terrier and to the even smaller Dachshund, at the same time pushing them back with his foot. He peeped through the hole in his door, withdrew the safety chain that fastened it, opened it and in his best formal manner said, "My dear nephew in person. I'm sorry you won't find it very tidy here. Dorele is indisposed again; Moritzchen

will be back tonight from a trip to Leipzig. The poor boy, he wears himself out sleeping in strange beds. And my dear Gerhardchen. . . . By the way, how's Frankfurt?"

"Still in the same place, Uncle."

Alexander followed the broad-shouldered, erect, old man who was almost as tall as he, through a white hall into the dining room. As the dishes were still on the table, it was obvious that supper was in process.

"What's the matter with Gerhardchen, Uncle? Isn't his practice going smoothly? Or is it something else?"

"My Gerhardchen is the best doctor in the world," answered Uncle Boris bristling. "Any doctor in Berlin would lick his fingers if he had such a practice."

Alexander smiled. Gerhard had been awarded his bachelor's degree for enlisting in the army, which automatically excused him from the regular examination. On his first vacation, he matriculated with the Berlin University Medical Faculty and shortly before the end of the war he was given an "emergency examination" which made him a doctor of medicine. What he actually knew was chiefly acquired during his years of practice. He sent all the more difficult cases to the hospital. Uncle Erich, the medical director of Pankow, referred to him as an unscrupulous ignoramus. Gerhard returned the compliment by calling Uncle Erich a snooty monkey.

"If his practice is so profitable, then why do you sigh?"

"As if I don't have the right to sigh." The uncle slumped heavily into a leather chair. "Gerhardchen is having trouble with his wife. She flirts with

other men. She's absolutely unfaithful. He'll have to divorce her."

He rang the bell for the maid. She came in, stood beside his chair, and asked in a distinct Yiddish dialect, "What do you want, Mr. Abramowitsch?"

Instead of answering her, he pinched her broad back.

"Hands off the Ruhr District," she puffed slapping his arm. "Why did you ring?"

"I want you to serve supper to Herrn Doktor," he replied pointing to Alexander. He always proudly introduced him as "my nephew, the doctor," because it increased his own prestige and because he was paying sixty Marks a month toward the degree.

"Will you have a hot or a cold meal?" the girl asked straightening her apron. While Alexander protested that anything would do, she fought off another attack from the rear.

"Stop it, what do you think your guest will think of us? I'm all black and blue," and to prove it, she put her foot on a chair and revealed her thigh. It wasn't quite clear whether she objected to such treatment on general principles or only in company.

But Uncle Boris was again thinking of his dear Gerhardchen. He sighed demonstratively, leaned his head back and closed his eyes in very good, motion-picture style. Then he swallowed his bread and sausage, washing it down with a big glass of beer. He wiped the froth from his mouth with his napkin and murmured, "Puh, how I've stuffed my poor little self. Help yourself, take as much as you want."

Alexander had only a soft boiled egg and two slices of bread and butter. He could have packed away much more but he was anxious to deprive his

uncle of another opportunity to complain of his gluttony to his mother. Whenever he sat at that table, he could not help remembering an experience at the sanatorium in Ebenhausen near Munich where he was vacationing with his uncle's family.

One day they all drove to Starnberg leaving Alexander behind as he had requested. He knew that at the sanatorium he had only to order to get what his heart desired. Accordingly, he had served up half of a duck and twelve plates of compote. Thoroughly satiated, he went to the room of his cousin, Dora, whom he loved and to whom he carried billets doux from her admirers. He went to sleep in her bed expecting to wake up in the morning in her arms. Instead, he was aroused the next day by the loud snoring of Uncle Boris' chauffeur who was sound asleep on the sofa opposite him. But then, when this happened, he had been a child.

"Well, if Gerhard has already decided on a divorce, everything should be all right," continued Alexander purposely overlooking his uncle's previous remark that the world consisted of thankless people, implying, of course, that Alexander and Gerhard's wife were the chief culprits.

"Huh. That's not the whole story. Her lawyer insists that she must have her whole dowry back including the beautiful furniture. The shicksa. She only wants to ruin him."

When Gerhard had married a Gentile girl, Mrs. Roth had quietly pointed out to her brother that her nephew might have found a Jewish girl with just as many virtues, but at that time, she had been put down as a reactionary who, in spite of her husband's social democratic principles, was incurably old fashioned. Now that the life of the young couple

had turned out to be thorny, the woman was merely a shicksa.

"I wouldn't get gray hair over that," Alexander intentionally added salt to his uncle's wounded feelings. "He'll be divorced and she'll be the guilty party. A few years work and he'll make up for his losses."

Uncle Boris squirmed in his chair obviously embarrassed. "Who can tell? She has such a sharp lawyer. He now claims that Gerhardchen first broke the marriage bond by courting some of Dorele's girl friends." As if he had been stung by a tarantella, he jumped up, wiped his forehead to chase away the horrible visions that were pressing upon him and suggested to Alexander, "Why don't you find Dorele? She's always so lonesome."

He himself picked up the dogs—Tapsichen had been sitting on a chair near the table intently and deliberately gazing out of the window to resist the temptation of the liver sausage that had been served—and went off to his bedroom. Despite the fact that he had been proprietor of a large textile mill for decades, he retained the manners of the workers from whose ranks he had climbed following his flight from Russia. He still rose at five o'clock, was the first in his factory and went out daily on the delivery route. As soon as his men "knocked off" for their box and thermos bottle dinners, he himself carried the large bales of fibre to the departments where they belonged to the suppressed amusement of those who recognized him. He ate like a worker, drank beer like a worker and cursed as fluently as any of his stable boys. He boxed with his sons like a veritable Taras Bulba and he was always in bed by eight o'clock.

Without waiting for an answer to his light knock, Alexander entered the tastefully furnished boudoir of his cousin Dora, who was lying on an elegant chaise longue. The supple figure of the twenty-eight year old girl looked almost ravishing in her decollete silk pajamas. Her face, framed in luxurious dark hair, was interesting; a higher forehead would have made it beautiful. She threw the book that she was reading, Galsworthy's "Fraternity," into a corner with exaggerated nonchalance.

"So awfully sweet of you to come to see me," she whispered coyly.

"What's the matter? Are you sick?"

"No, I'm not sick. But father yells at me until I'm a wreck. I can't stand it."

In answer to Alexander's questioning glance she explained, "Whenever anything is wrong, Father has to have a scapegoat. If the dinner is burnt, it's my fault. Now that he has Gerhardchen's divorce on his head, the old man is really crazy. Oh, since mother died it's absolutely unbearable. All Moritz does is yell at me. I'm the only sane person in a mental hospital."

"Why don't you get a place of your own? Get married. You're still young."

She made a wry face. "Marry? Whenever I meet anyone whom I like, the minute he steps over the threshold of this apartment, it's all off. My father meddles in everything. Even my girl friends don't come to see me any more. Don't you know what he told Landy last week? He told her she was getting too fat and that she's a cross-eyed nit-wit." Dora sighed. "Two years ago, I was engaged to an engineer in St. Moritz. The first time he came to the house, Father publicly announced that I was a harlot

and belonged in the gutter. It's bad enough that he won't even give me a dowry, but it would take a mad man to marry a girl whose father debases her just to drive away her friends."

At this point, Moritz arrived. He threw his bags down and fumbled noisily with the keys. Hearing voices, he burst directly into his sister's room. "Damned hot outside," he greeted, mopping the back of his neck. "How do you like this tie? Carsch, Leipzig, only three-fifty, a real bargain."

Alexander offered his cousin, who was fifteen years his senior, his chair, but the other took no notice.

"When are we getting out of this depression?" he crescendoed, looking in Alexander's general direction but not at him. "You're an economist. You ought to know. What's the opinion of your professors? But they don't know anything. Otherwise business would be better. Here it is, the height of my season. Why, I ought to be working day and night without any chance to breathe. Instead, what happens? I hang around railroad stations and hand out the dough. It's enough to make one jump in the river."

Alexander didn't try to answer. He knew that Moritz's remarks were purely rhetorical, and that when he felt the urge to be expansive, it was impossible to get a word in edgewise.

His cousin took off his collar and tie. He pushed Dora to the wall and sat down on the edge of her couch to unlace his shoes. But he could not remain quiet. "Don't you have anything to do?" he scolded her. "Isn't there enough around the house to do? No socks to darn? Here I'm working my fingers off, and you sit around like a lady."

Alexander dared to come to the defense of Dora. "But you just said that business was bad. How can you work so hard?"

"Just like your father," Moritz tore at his laces. "He sits in a comfortable office, eight hours a day, and then he's through. No push, no social climbing, no ambition. Why, what he makes in a month I shell out in a day. But the coin doesn't just come to me. I have to slave, slave, slave, slave. . . ." He wiped his profusely perspiring brow. His round, red face shone like a mirror.

"Father manages very comfortably on his income," put in Alexander calmly. "I can get along perfectly well without your sixty Marks if that's on your mind. Remember, your father practically forced me to accept them in the first place. And now, if they can help you in your social climbing, I would be only too happy to put them at your disposal. Besides, and this is the thing I really wanted to tell you, with all the money you have to spend, you don't seem very content. It's one of the ironies of life that simple living rather than frantic consumption leads to happiness."

Moritz groaned inwardly. "You always take things the wrong way. I don't mean to be personal." Not even for a second did he remain silent. He was pulling out the drawers of his sister's dressing table.

"I bought you a fortune of Eau de Cologne. Where is it? There's not a single bottle here!"

After rummaging in all the drawers, he found the liquid standing on the dresser before his nose. Picking up the atomizer, he sprayed all appropriate and inappropriate parts of his rotund form. But

since this operation required only his hands, he could go on shouting easily.

"I read in the 'Tageblatt' that fifteen Jews were killed by Arabs again in Palestine. Damned fools!"

"Who, the murderers or the murdered?" challenged Alexander.

"The Jews, of course, such idiots! Who told them to go to Palestine? They're only making the goyim look at us. I tell you, if there's ever anti-Semitism in Germany, Zionism is to blame. Picking a country like Palestine! A real desert! Can't make a pfennig there! And then you have to watch out all the time or one of those beasts will slash your throat."

"Perhaps those Jews were not so much interested in money. Maybe they wanted only a home, a real home with some security, without the political and social limitations imposed in Eastern Europe."

"Home? Nonsense! Wherever you can earn a livelihood, that's where your home is." Moritz beat his breast pathetically. "I went to war for Germany. I spent four years in the trenches. My brother, Rudolf, lost his life as a volunteer. You think I'd ever emigrate to Palestine? Let the Gentiles go! If they don't like us, they can get out. You've got to have some idealism."

Moritz was hungry. "Come, let's have something to eat," he said to Alexander. Despite all his shouting, his heart was in the right place and he really liked the members of his family.

"Thank you. I just ate with your father. Besides, I have to go now."

Alexander shook hands with Dora who looked at him knowingly as if to say, "Na, you've had a good example of what I have to put up with."

He also wanted to say good-bye to Moritz, but Moritz had just pushed Dora's Eau de Cologne atomizer off the dressing table with his elbow. It crashed to the floor and broke into a thousand pieces.

"You have to have everything standing right there don't you?" the salesman called hurrying out of the room.

CHAPTER VI

Alexander was back in Frankfurt without having accomplished anything.

An hour before his examination, he brought his bag to Lemke's. He saw a letter in a familiar hand on the desk. It was from Devorah. Should he open it now or when he came back? He wasn't well prepared for the examination, and his all night trip had tired him. He needed cool nerves more than anything else.

Should he open it? Should he not? He opened it.

"Dear Alexander," it read. "I've been to see you three times without finding you. I know that you must be back tonight because your examination is scheduled for tomorrow. The maid couldn't tell me where you went, but I imagine you must be in the Odenwald. It would be much easier to tell you what I'm going to write, but I'll do my best.

"I want to apologize for my behavior the other night. It was really beastly. I can explain it now. It was the trouble at home, all the new things I have to do now and everybody's collusion in defaming you. First it was my Mother, then this idiotic Glew and finally Maria.

"To be frank, I am much more inclined to be influenced than may appear on the surface. The explanation lies in my education. Mother never lived her own life. She was brought up in conventional lies, and she esteemed but never loved the man she was forced to marry. So she tried to realize her desires in me; she tried to live my life. 'Do this,

do that. You can't do that.' In the long run, this gave me such an inferiority complex that I have always felt I'm worth nothing, that I invariably exaggerate the smallest difficulty into a mountain which I must force myself to climb.

"You were the first to give me a feeling of tranquillity, of self-respect. When we were together, I lost my fears, my sensitiveness. You gave me that inner balance which I had never experienced before.

"After I spoke to you, I was at Maria's again and that fresh Glew, stretched on the sofa chewing a cigar, looking for all he was worth like his father, gallantly offered to take your place in my life. On the moment, I could have slapped him down, but now I thank him. He did more to open my eyes than anyone else. I came to your apartment at once but you were not home. I came the next night and again today.

"I realize that what I have just said is no excuse but I leave the decision with you.

"Yours,

"DEVORAH."

Of the four candidates to be examined by the Committee, Alexander was the only one not in a dark, business suit. The concierge showed his marked displeasure as he eyed him from head to foot, but the young man was only amused.

The various legal fields were first on the menu. In German Government Law he managed a "B." In International Law under Professor Strupp he "pulled" an "A." Trade Law was his Waterloo, however. He was a complete failure.

After lunch came the Statistics examination. All four candidates irritated Professor Zizek into the remonstrance, "Why, gentlemen, you haven't even

read the first chapter of my book. Riddles are no answers." Nevertheless, that softy let them through.

The Economics and Finance examiner, who was, unfortunately, not Dr. Berani—four others had the luck to have him—was provoked into giving Alexander only a "B" because this fledgling doctor argued with him as to the significance of Marx and Lassalle.

The lecture on Comte in his minor, Sociology, earned him an "A."

* * *

An hour after he pocketed his diploma his friends gathered at Lemke's to celebrate. Each guest was admitted only if he carried two bottles of wine or some liquor. Mrs. Lemke's maid was kind enough to put the salon at their disposal, so that while Alexander used his own apartment to report what had happened in Berlin to the local presidium, the party was already in full swing across the hall.

Two girls alternated in continuously molesting the keys of the grand piano. On its gray cover, a couple of boys had set up a bar which attracted so many customers that, when the pushing became too insistent, some had to be referred to the wine department in charge of a half-drunken girl who could only blubber ununderstandable replies from her counter on the radiator. To relieve the girls at the piano and to give them a chance to join the other wobbly dancers, Alexander brought in his victrola and records; selections from the "Blue Angel" with Marlene Dietrich, the "Three Groschen Opera," and "Sous les Toits de Paris."

Having provided for the entertainment of his guests, he excused himself to call Berlin. He had promised to telephone the results of the examination to his parents between seven and eight o'clock. In about ten minutes the connection was made, but he was shocked to hear his mother weeping at the other end of the line.

"We didn't know what to think," she sobbed; "that you had failed or God knows what."

"But, Mother, I just got back. Some friends of mine came along, and we talked a little. It can't be more than eight o'clock."

"More than eight o'clock! Why it's eleven!"

Alexander was really horrified. He could have sworn it wasn't a minute past eight. Was it possible that he had had so much to drink?

His father came over to the telephone.

"You must have emptied one glass too much, old chap. At any rate we're glad that everything is all right and congratulate you."

As he was returning to the salon, he was struck by a whiff of Mrs. Lemke's perfume. Surely she couldn't be at home yet. He peeped through the half-open door and saw two boys sitting on Mrs. Lemke's bed immersing each other's heads in two bottles of perfume and Eau de Cologne. They were so drunk that they answered Alexander's questions only by beaming benignly at him and at each other.

In his room one of the girls, for years engaged to a member of the Frankfurt presidium, attached herself to a worker in the Höchster I G Farben Plant, a good friend of Alexander who had been coming to the University as soon as the factory whistle blew. She was giving him a gymnastic demonstration. At the moment she was exercising

on the floor smiling up to the worker while her fiancé looked daggers out of the window.

Richard Hertz was chasing a girl who had been reading his palm, shouting in a stentorian voice and gesticulating in a manner worthy of Napoleon, "Stop there, you hussy, I want to kiss you."

At midnight the nearest neighbors appeared in a committee to ask whether the guests couldn't amuse themselves with just a little less noise. With the best will in the world they couldn't fall asleep amid such a din.

At one o'clock all the occupants of the other floors, some in nightshirts, appeared and more insistently demanded something approaching the silence due to that ungodly hour.

At dawn, when one after the other of the exhausted guests staggered down the stairs, the salon looked as if the Vandals had raided it.

Before he went to bed, Alexander cleaned the floor, gathered together the broken bottles and glasses and arranged the lavatory.

His greatest regret was that the evening had cost him his victrola and records. In a philosophical discussion with Hertz and a girl, whom he had not invited and who galled him with her ostentatious pseudo-intellectuality and extreme readiness to argue, he had, undoubtedly under the influence of liquor, proclaimed that material things were of no account to him.

Taking him at his word, the girl had asked, "Not even your victrola and records?"

"No. Not even my victrola and records."

"Well, then I'll be glad to relieve you of them. Give them to me."

He had had to abide by his word. The precious

victrola and almost two dozen and a half records for which he had pinched pfennigs for months were gone.

If only he could have broken them, instead of giving them to her.

* * *

In the morning Alexander was greeted by the maid who let tumble from her lips, "Mrs. Lemke's locked up all your things, skis, everything. She says you owe her rent for the bathroom and money for that spoiled piano top. About two hundred and fifty Marks. She won't give them back till you pay. You know she came home at dawn. She was mad as a grasshopper and she didn't even sit down before she did that."

Mrs. Lemke was still in bed, even though it was twelve noon and the burning August sun was beating down on the masses who, in their Sunday clothes, were streaming to the polls to ratify the stand of the Nazi-Steel Helmet-Communist ticket.

"Mrs. Lemke," began Alexander, still angry about his sacrificed victrola and records, "I understand you confiscated my things because you think I owe you two hundred and fifty Marks. Is that correct?"

Mrs. Lemke threw off the coverlets as if to display the fine tan she had acquired during her vacation. "Don't get excited, it isn't good for you. I'll give all your things back to you. Only sit down for a while," and, as she really meant it, she moved her two hundred pounds a few inches nearer the wall.

But Alexander was in no joking mood. "I'll count three," he shouted. "If my things aren't beside me

when I'm through, then I'll break everything in this room."

Without delay, he began: "One, two, three."

Crash went the glass in the door.

Bang went the porcelain teapot on the fireplace mantel.

One after the other went the other ornaments.

"Stop!" cried Mrs. Lemke.

She bounced out of bed to the telephone. "Hurry, police, an attack!"

She ran over to the wardrobe. "Here are your skis. I'll bring your trunks in a minute. They're upstairs." She wrapped herself in a coat and ran off.

Alexander stopped.

He stared at his hands. Bleeding from several wounds, they looked as if they had had a blood bath. He ran over to Miss Kramer who, like the other roomers, had come to see what all the noise was about.

"Do you have some bandages? I think I need them. I shouldn't have done it with bare hands." As she didn't have any bandages, she tore up one of her shirts and tied up his cuts.

"You're wonderful," she breathed, not quite sure whether to laugh or to be sympathetic.

"It will be a while now before that old hen lays her hands on somebody else's things."

By the time Mrs. Lemke was puffing down the stairs with Alexander's trunks, the vice squad, an officer and seven men, had appeared.

Brushing the dust from her coat, she pointed to the wreckage. "My roomer, Mr. Roth, did that. He owed me money for the bathroom rent and for spoiling the piano and he's a Marxist."

The officer knocked at Alexander's door behind which the culprit was thumbing his copy of the penal code. Hastily glancing through the sections dealing with self-defense in case of confiscation, he opened the door.

"What has happened?" asked the officer, behind whom all the roomers except Mrs. Lemke's paramours had gathered to give Alexander moral support.

"Mrs. Lemke confiscated my belongings. The law says," and he pointed to his book, "that a citizen has every right to recover his property when it is unlawfully taken. She should have gone to court about the rent; I gave her the address of my lawyer long ago, Mrs. Crohner, 2 Gallus Street, but she locked the things up herself. If she would have decently asked me about the piano, I would have had it fixed. I had a right to do what I did."

Alexander's explanation was the least bit faulty. The law allowed the destruction of doors and closets behind which one suspected the confiscated articles to be hidden. The glass in Mrs. Lemke's door and the porcelain over the fireplace were not in this category, but the legal aspect was unimportant.

The officer knew Mrs. Lemke as a "pain-in-the-neck" to the police.

"You'll have to settle with her yourself," he said to Alexander.

Then he turned to Mrs. Lemke. "How many times more are you going to call us here? This job will cost you twenty-eight Marks and in the future, if you can't get along with your roomers, try empty rooms for company or maybe you would find a judge more sympathetic." He gave his command and the police about faced. . . .

As soon as they had gone, Mrs. Lemke continued her battle by threatening to complain to the University authorities. She wore off steam by drumming together all her relatives and embellishing, for their benefit, the story of the morning's happenings. She appealed to her lovers, but even they insisted on strict neutrality, giving her all possible sympathy but refusing to meddle. On the whole, Mrs. Lemke had a very bad day and an even worse night. All the advantages of her long vacation in Switzerland went straight to the dogs.

In fact, she actually trembled the next morning when she rose earlier than usual and left for the office of Mrs. Crohner, 2 Gallus Street.

* * *

Alexander, on the other hand, had his breakfast as was his custom at the very dry Alcohol Free Restaurant on the Bockenheimer Warte opposite the trolley depot. Two crisp rolls, butter, jam and a pint of milk.

With eminent satisfaction that undoubtedly aided his digestion, he read in the newspapers that the referendum had failed. In spite of the strange bedfellows that had joined against the Social Democratic government of Prussia, the vote they mustered, nine million, eight hundred thousand, was thirteen per cent less than was required to make it valid. He perused the relative percentages in the various provinces of the Prussian state and then went out to the Institute where he had an appointment with Dr. Radbruch and where he planned to do some work for himself.

On the second floor of the quadrangular, gray

stone building, Professor Kleinmann hailed him into his office.

"There," he said very pompously, "you have it. My latest work translated into Japanese." He pointed to a handsome, leather-bound volume, and then he displayed reprints of his articles from the present year's Elster Lexicon and many other magazine articles and brochures. He became expansive about his travels. He was very proud of the old French books he picked up in the book stalls along the Seine. But even more proud was he of the pretty girls who had lighted his way. He was anxious to describe their features and traits and he was obviously crestfallen when Alexander, with the excuse that Dr. Radbruch was waiting for him, left.

Professor Berani's assistant was in the library busy with a large, yellow catalogue. "I thought you were standing me up," he said when Alexander approached. "I'm about through now."

" 'I-as-an-old-ar-rtiller-ry-officer-r' kept me waiting. It seems that he is on the look-out for people he can drag in. He feels so good when he is showing off."

Professor Kleinmann had acquired his nickname, "I-as-an-old-ar-rtiller-ry-officer-r" in his Planned Economics Seminar. Once he had asked the East Elbian Countess von Imhoff, tall, stately, with a perky, turned-up nose, "Fr-reilein von Imhoff, now tell me, how would you pr-roceed to wr-rite a disserr-tation on the impor-rtance of planned economy the wor-rld over-r today?"

"I would read Grinko's book on the Five Year Plan, the books of Professor Emil Lederer of the University of Berlin, and of Professor Heimann from Hamburg."

But Kleinmann felt jilted. "No, no, Fr-reilein von Imhoff," he lectured. "I as an old ar-rtiller-ry officer-r in His Majesty's Imper-rial Austr-rian-Hungar-rian Ar-rmy, I would do it in tr-rue mili-tar-ry fashion, quite differ-rent fr-rom the ver-ry be-ginning. I would go to the libr-rar-ry, dr-raw out Elster-r's dictionar-ry of Economics and ther-re look up Pr-rofessor-r Kleinmann's ar-rticle on Planned Economics. After-r I r-read it car-refully, I would have the pr-roper-r per-rspective. Then I would r-read over-r his suggested r-refer-rences, and, after-r that, wr-riting the paper-r would be ver-ry simple."

Alexander and Dr. Radbruch went up to the top floor where the assistant had his office. "I have all my material in here," Radbruch said, as he drew a portfolio from the bookshelves. Alexander was looking through it when his friend, Emil Ginsberg, who must have heard his voice through the thin partition which separated his office from Rad-bruch's, came in.

"Have you heard the news? The tramp's dis-appeared."

Radbruch looked astonished.

"What happened?"

"I remember being introduced to a tramp in my workers' high school class a few weeks ago, but I don't know anything else about him," put in Alexander.

"Then I'll tell you the story." Radbruch gave Emil a chair and he himself sat on the desk. Pass-ing his cigarette case, Emil began, "About six weeks ago, Giesela Feind brought this man here and said that she had met him in the South of France when she was there a few years ago. He is a tall, lanky

fellow with black eyes, long straggly hair and a toothless smile. You must have seen him around. He told Professor Hochheim he'd been tramping since childhood and that now he had decided to settle down. Not only that, but he offered his experiences to the Institute for a study on hobohemia. Hochheim fell for it, hook, line, and sinker. He immediately gave him the room next to his secretary, a hundred and thirty Marks a month and new clothes. The protege settled down for exactly six weeks. In the meantime, Giesela arranged to have him help her with her doctor's thesis on 'The Proletariat and Pauperism' and one night she even took him to a meeting of the authors' union. Somebody gave him his manuscript for a novel so that he could correct the chapter dealing with tramps, and today that fine fellow disappeared with two hundred Marks Giesela gave him as an advance for his help, the manuscript, and an overcoat which he found in the library. Now he has great possibilities for the future. He has money, clothing, and a novel. He can easily get another advance from a publisher for the book or God knows what."

"But Giesela can stop him," suggested Radbruch with his hands crossed over his rollicking paunch, the corpulence of which belied his youth.

"Oh, no, she can't either. First of all, she doesn't want to become a laughing stock, and then, of course, she doesn't want anybody to find out she was soliciting help for her thesis. I'm the only one who knows about that."

"Not any more; now there are three who know it," laughed Alexander.

"That's quite true, but I hope you won't use the information."

The telephone rang. Radbruch, who answered, passed the receiver to Alexander. It was the librarian.

"Mr. Roth? I've already rung your room. There is a call from outside. Mr. Hertz calling. One moment, please."

"Richard."

"Yes, Mrs. Lemke's there? I suspected as much. She got up too early this morning. Yarns about me? Yes, she can talk. . . . I didn't do anything. I only broke some of her porcelain. I left the rest of the apartment intact and maybe I'm not sorry. . . . Why did I do it? Why, the sweet little woman only confiscated my belongings yesterday. . . . She thinks I owe her money, but I don't agree with her. . . . The maid rented me the apartment with the bathroom. Now, I guess her vacation cost her too much so she wants me to pay extra. . . . The police were there and everything. Don't worry, they didn't even do anything. . . . What do I suggest? Well, I think you might give her the needles. . . . Just tell her I know the editor of the 'Searchlight' and that her private life would make a swell headline. Her husband sleeps in the kitchen, you know. Who? Me? . . . I'm not conceited enough to bother with dissatisfied wives, but she tried it on me. She just gave me the works yesterday. . . . You'd better watch out yourself! Tell her I might drag her to court, and that the witnesses I can bring may make her trouble before the judge. . . . You call it extortion? What do I care? I don't want to pay. Anyway, I'll be right over. We'll see. Good-bye."

Alexander left immediately for 2 Gallus Street.

By the time he arrived, Mrs. Lemke's demands were very much moderated.

"Your medicine worked," Richard, who was a law clerk in Mrs. Crohner's office was all smiles.

And Mrs. Lemke. . . .

"If only I could, with God's help, get rid of that terrible man."

"That's easy," answered her roomer. "Just sign this paper in the lawyer's presence releasing me from all claims, and I'll move at the end of the month."

"But my porcelain and the broken door glass?"

"You're entirely responsible for what I did. Nobody told you to lock up my skis and trunks."

"And the telephone bill," she sobbed, undoubtedly referring to the swollen bill she received on her return from Switzerland. "Mr. Roth certainly didn't mark down all the calls he made."

"If you get fresh, you won't get anything." Alexander indeed had marked down carefully every call he made but he found Miss Kramer's column very convenient for that purpose. His conclusion that her father could pay the extra tax was not entirely unjustified.

"And that spoiled piano top?" Mrs. Lemke seemed on the verge of a new tempest. She was sparing no effort to get as much as possible.

"Well, I'll fix that."

With the help of Mrs. Crohner, they finally agreed on ten Marks damages.

Alexander who had once remarked to Devorah that he hated Jewish landlords because they were too curious, now decided that they were to be preferred. His next room was in a Jewish home.

CHAPTER VII

Early in June, 1932, Uncle Boris appeared in Frankfurt without any announcement with the categorical statement that Alexander had studied enough.

"I'm going to Bad Nauheim. This time you have no examination. You're coming with me. I won't take 'no' for an answer. I must have somebody to write my letters."

Without any ado he went over to Alexander's closet and began to throw his clothes and linens into a bag.

"Stop being so good to me, Uncle. Before I go, I absolutely must see some one in the Anatomy Building." Alexander wanted at least to say goodbye to Devorah, with whom he had been reconciled shortly after his examination.

"Where is this, what did you call it?"

"Anatomy Building, Uncle. Oh, it's far. We have to take the trolley."

"All right, I'll go with you."

They took the car to the Hippodrom and walked along Garten Street, noisy with many painted prostitutes who were going to the clinic for the weekly examination required by law. They passed through the arch that led to a footpath at the end of which was the Anatomy Building.

"This must be a beautiful place to be sick in," remarked Uncle Boris glancing from the rowboats along the Main to the hospital buildings beyond the open fields and rows of tall trees.

At the student entrance of the building, Alexander asked the concierge to call Miss Berg, the histology assistant. He returned after some minutes with Devorah.

"This is my very dear Uncle Boris who is at the moment dragging me off to Nauheim because he needs a vacation. Miss Berg, Uncle Boris."

As Devorah was rather well acquainted with Alexander's relative from his stories, she was not too surprised when he picked up her gold necklace, examined it carefully, shook his head and concluded, "Can't be real."

"You're quite right, comes from the five and ten." She followed Alexander a few steps away while he explained to her what had happened. "You can come down for a week-end," he consoled.

"I've just told Miss Berg," he said turning to his uncle, "that we'd like to have her come to see us for a week-end."

Instead of answering directly, his uncle cross-examined him. "Is she your fiancee? No wonder you weren't anxious to go with me and made me walk all the way out here."

"That's characteristically Jewish. I ask you a question and you answer me with a question. Come now, you're inviting her yourself, aren't you now?"

"Yes, yes, of course, I am. But be sure to write me a post card before you come. You see, we are going to stay at Adler's Kur Hotel. Strictly Kosher, you know. We have to make reservations for our guests. Adler must know in advance on account of the meat buying."

She walked them back to the open fields.

"Do you know my son, Dr. Gerhard Abramowitsch?" asked Uncle Boris on the way.

"No, the only one of Alexander's relatives of whom I know is Dr. Erich Roth. We use his textbook here," Devorah answered well aware of the feud between the two doctors. The forecast result was quickly forthcoming.

"Hm, my son has more medicine in his little finger than the blown-up professor has in his whole head."

Nevertheless, in the trolley, Uncle Boris showed that he had been favorably impressed by Devorah.

"You have something real there. She has a past and a future."

All Alexander's coaxing couldn't get the Uncle to explain his mysterious remark further.

At one o'clock they had lunch in the Bourse Cellar. Promptly at two-thirty, they were at the train which was not scheduled to leave for an hour, that was Uncle Boris' custom. He considered himself late if he was not an hour early.

The Main-Weser express took them through Vilbel and Friedberg, the fertile plains and the dense woods of the Wetterau, past the peaks of the Taunus to the heart resort, Nauheim. . . .

* * *

In front of the brilliant, very modern station, preparations had been made for Uncle Boris' arrival. A crowd of habitual health seekers who knew him from former years were already there. A porter from the hotel presented him with a bouquet of roses and relieved him of his luggage. A Chicago real estate millionaire had conceived and executed an original idea. On the horse of the cab that had drawn up to transport Uncle Boris to Adler's he had hung a poster bearing the inscrip-

tion, "The heart resort extends a hearty welcome to its Russian Grand Duke."

Perhaps happiest of all to see him again was Mrs. Prokesch, a Viennese citizen of New York. She loudly osculated him on both cheeks, and Alexander escaped similar treatment only by pushing his Uncle into the cab and taking the seat beside him.

Down the main street of the town went the cab followed by those to which the crowds in the station had scurried. Waving handkerchiefs and hats, the procession, which was reminiscent of a triumphal march, attracted the glances of numerous passers-by to whom Uncle Boris nodded his head with genuine royal dignity. Some of them, who recognized him, turned to greet him, prompting him to remark, "Everybody in this town loves me." So much moved was he by the show that he even wiped a tear from his eye.

Mr. Adler bowed too many times, inquired after his health and assisted Uncle Boris to his suite. He had hardly unpacked before he called Alexander, who had the room next to his, and ordered him to begin his duties as secretary.

"First, we must write to Dorele about our safe arrival and the parade. Then to Moritzchen who is in Leipzig, then to Gerhardchen, to your parents, to Tapsichen and Scherychen, to my foreman, Ziehen, and to my competitors, Cohnreich and Levi. They'll just about bust when they hear I got here first." He drew from his writing case ten cards which he had managed to salvage from last year's vacation. Alexander had the doubtful pleasure of smearing them as he dictated.

"Write so it can be read! Who do you think is going to take time enough to figure that out?"

"But Uncle Boris, I thought you couldn't read German."

"Go on, write. This'll take all day. Moritzchen says you have a doctor's handwriting."

At supper, Uncle Boris encouraged Alexander to put away immense quantities of food.

"I have to pay for it anyway," he pointed out. "Why should you leave anything? After all, I didn't come here to give Mr. Adler a present."

"If you promise not to tell them at home that I fell upon the food like a starved cadaver, I'll do my humble best."

Uncle Boris promised.

"Do you see her over there?" he continued pointing to Mrs. Prokesch. "Her husband died, and he left her just lousy with money. She comes here every year because she hopes I'll take her."

Mrs. Prokesch felt his stare upon her back and turned to reward him with her most adorable smile. With her eyes opened wide, she threw him a French kiss, and he returned it in short order.

"The old goose," he whispered to Alexander as he racked his brain for some pretty speeches to send across the tables to the wealthy American. After supper, she stopped at Uncle Boris' table.

"Do you know," she said to Alexander as she coquettishly embraced the old man's shoulders, "if Mr. Abramowitsch didn't come here, the place would be empty. In the Spring, many of us begin to ask when he is expected, because we don't want to miss him. The heart grows stronger every time he opens his mouth."

Uncle Boris paid sixteen Marks daily for his and his nephew's room and board. This did not include the cost of his baths, which he took at five in the

morning and at three in the afternoon and which was, as he put it, "exhorbitant." These expenditures he owed to his name, to the name of his firm. Otherwise, his economy was almost miserly.

One afternoon, Alexander saw him steering for the hotel flanked on each side by a young lady. Despite his seventy years and declining mental vigor, his carriage was still that of a cavalier. In his gray, striped suit of English tweed, his silk shirt and matching handkerchief, he really gave the impression of a Russian grand duke.

Before Alexander could escape with the book he was reading, his uncle had spied him. Introducing him to the ladies whom Alexander guessed to be English from their names, Uncle Boris suggested, "Can't you leave your infernal books? The ladies would like a cup of coffee. Come over to the restaurant on the lake for a little while."

At the restaurant the waiter took their orders. In his best, formal style, Uncle Boris asked the ladies what they would like.

"A pot of coffee," each replied.

"And you, Alexander?"

"Ice cream."

"Ice cream?" Uncle Boris' face was suddenly very long. "Mr. Waiter, I'll take a cup of coffee."

"Sir, we serve coffee only in pots."

"I'll take a cup of coffee," spluttered Uncle Boris. "You want me to get coffee poisoning?"

"We make no exceptions to the rule. Shall I bring you a pot, Sir?"

"I asked you for a cup of coffee."

The waiter looked helplessly around. Both ladies intervened in his favor, but to no avail.

"Bring me the manager."

"May I be of any service to you, Mr. Abramowitsch?" The manager knew Uncle Boris from former years.

"I ordered a cup of coffee, and he tells me I must take a pot."

"But . . ." the manager was about to protest.

"No but! I demand a cup of coffee!"

All eyes in the restaurant were focused on their table, and Alexander wished himself far away.

But the worst was yet to come.

When they were ready to leave, Uncle Boris called the waiter who, without asking any questions, handed him the bill for the four.

"First, you want to poison me with your coffee, and now you expect me to pay for everybody. I want a separate bill for my cup of coffee and my nephew's ice cream."

"But you invited us," came in a duet from the ladies.

"Yes, but I invited you for fresh air and not for coffee."

For that evening, the Kurpark, which was ordinarily unlighted except for street lamps, had announced illumination. Those who had season tickets were admitted free. For others, the fee was two Marks.

Uncle Boris gave his ticket which all bathers had to have to Alexander with strict instructions to rush past the officer so quickly that he would not have time to compare the photograph on the card with the bearer's face. He himself was so well known by the guard who enjoyed his jovial conversation that he was no longer asked for his pass card.

In the park, colorful lanterns had been hung on every tree. From the midst of bushes lights glim-

mered, and even the flower beds were tastefully decorated. People walked or sat on benches, happy to enjoy the evening breeze in such lovely surroundings.

Only Uncle Boris was disappointed.

"Where are the fire works?" he asked his nephew.

To the explanation that illumination didn't mean fireworks, he querulously replied, "But I like to see the rockets go up."

No amount of talking could make him desist from his whim to have fireworks, and after this idea revolved in his mind for a while, he was convinced that he had been cheated.

"I'll see the manager about this," he shouted.

The manager, a fine, old man, who had come to see that all his orders had been carried out, was only too easy to find.

"This whole affair is a swindle!" Uncle Boris yelled at him. "I have electric lights in my home in Berlin. I don't have to come to Nauheim for that. I demand that you return the extra admission that I paid for my nephew."

The manager, anxious to avoid a fuss at all costs, politely apologized for the misunderstanding and led them to the cashier's box.

"Give Mr. Abramowitsch two Marks," he instructed, and Uncle Boris, convinced that the two marks belonged to him, pocketed them smugly and returned to the hotel with Alexander.

* * *

The next morning as the impressed secretary was coming out of the bath room his uncle surprised him

with the announcement, "I've found a match for Dorele."

"A match for Dora?"

"Yes, he's a Londoner, rich as they come, has movies, the biggest one in every city."

"But how does he know her?"

"I showed him her picture, and he fell in love with it right away. He thinks she's exquisite. Wants me to bring her right down. What do you think?"

"I think? What can I think? Where'd you pick him up? Can I meet him sometime?"

"He's staying in the hotel, I'll show him to you."

At breakfast, Uncle Boris pointed to a table behind Alexander's back.

"There he is with his secretary. But don't turn around now."

Breakfast over, Uncle Boris invited the cinema magnate and his secretary for a walk. While he went ahead arm in arm with the no-longer-very-young or handsome object of his schemes, Alexander had a conversation with the girl.

She came from Kirchhain, a little town between Marburg and Kassel. To escape the narrow bounds of its material and spiritual life, she had early emigrated to America. There she found employment, first in a New York hosiery mill, then in a Philadelphia department store, finally in a college outside Boston as a secretary. In pursuit of a man she loved she went to England. After a while, he dropped her like a hot coal, and she again needed a job.

"Mr. Robert Lewis hired me," she concluded, pointing to her bow-legged and somewhat corpulent employer.

"I heard he has a movie in every large English city."

"Who told you that?" she snickered. "All he has is two cheap places in East End London."

"Then why does he need a secretary for his vacation?"

"I'd like to know myself."

The conversation turned to America.

"I love America," she said. "It's so broad, so carefree, so democratic." She described university life on the campus, the significance of football games and betting to the students, the leisure activities of a fraternity house. Alexander wanted to know the differences between the Republican and Democratic Parties, but she didn't know of any. She spoke of the Negroes who dance through the streets even though most of them eke out miserable livelihoods as bootblacks, porters or factory workers.

"We don't know much about them here. We know about their jazz and the effort of Negro women to straighten out their hair in imitation of white women."

"Well, many white women return the compliment. They burn their hair to get Negro kinks."

The advance guard stopped and waited.

"Mr. Lewis has a sticking pain in his heart," said Uncle Boris with real sympathy for his future son-in-law. "We better take a cab and go back."

"But think of the expense, Uncle," parried Alexander provocatively.

"What expense?" returned Uncle Boris. "Mr. Lewis will pay."

"The pain is gone. I can walk," answered Mr. Lewis imperturbably.

"I haven't got my pay yet," whispered the secre-

tary to Alexander. "So far, he's only paid my board. I wonder when I'll get it."

No sooner had they returned to the hotel than Uncle Boris brought out paper, ink, and a pen.

"Here, write Dorele a letter," he commanded Alexander. "She must come at once. It would be a shame for her to miss such a wonderful opportunity."

"But he has pains in his heart, Uncle. He can't be very healthy."

"Oh, they passed quickly enough."

"Sure, when he has to pay for cabs. Besides, his secretary told me that he has two dinky movies both in the East End of London, the poorest quarters."

"What does his secretary know? Do you think my office girls know everything? I questioned him exactly as to the state of his fortune while we were walking. Now write."

Alexander wrote to his uncle's dictation:

"Beloved Dorele:

"I have a wonderful shiddach for you. Come down at once. Bring your best clothes and don't forget your pearls and the diamonds. I can't have you walking around here like a schnorrer. Be sure to tell the maid to take good care of Tapsichen and Scherychen. My heart aches for the poor dogs. They can't talk."

While Uncle Boris sighed noisily and wiped the tears which this sad thought had provoked, Alexander added a short postscript. "If you don't come, you won't miss anything. Marriages for money are against my principles, and what is even worse, the man your father has in mind has no money. With best regards, Alexander."

* * *

Dora did not come but Devorah did. One Sunday morning she arrived and found Alexander surrounded by many guests in the lounge lost in a heated discussion.

Mr. Stone of Chicago had started it by branding the German Democrats and Socialists cowards for granting citizenship to an Austrian unnaturalized subject instead of expelling him from the country without ceremony.

"And the audacity of him competing in the election for president with von Hindenburg. All we need is Hitler as president of Germany."

"We weren't very far from it," put in an Alsatian grain trader. "In the first March election, Hitler polled eleven million votes. In the second election, he increased his following to thirteen and a half million, only six million less than von Hindenburg."

Uncle Boris seconded everything anybody said with a nod; what Mr. Stone threw in especially was gospel truth to him. Alexander, on the other hand, protested. He had taken it upon himself not to argue with the guests, but the "know it all" manner, especially of the Alsatian, goaded him to break his resolve.

"Hitler's citizenship rights are of no importance," he began, exaggerating consciously. "It seems to me that foreign countries are responsible for what is happening."

"Yes, I agree with you," interrupted the grain trader. "The French should have marched to Berlin. Clémenceau wanted to. But the English stood in his way."

"That's exactly what I didn't mean. Against whom was Clémenceau going to march? Against Imperial Germany? That was all gone. The Kaiser

had fled. Against those who fanned the flames of war? They had passed from the scene. Now you had a democratic Germany which sincerely extended the palm of peace. And what was the answer? The marching of French and English troops into the Ruhr? Believe me it was that more than anything else that made National Socialism a mass movement. Had the Entente stiffened the neck of the Republic by concessions in foreign affairs instead of trampling it in the dust and forcing obedience to the Versailles Treaty, Hitler would be unknown today. In the face of rightist banging on the diplomatic table, reparations have now been cancelled. And what's the effect of that? It only reinforces the impression that chauvinist methods bring results."

"Our Wilson," declaimed Mr. Stone, "was opposed to revanche politics and in favor of a lasting peace based on understanding."

"But the Tiger outwitted him," remarked Alexander getting up to leave.

"Wait a moment," put in a man from Schaffhausen as he pulled at Alexander's coat. "I've always heard it said that Hitler is saving Germany from the Bolshevist menace. Is there any truth in that?"

"Have you seen anything that really smacks of Bolshevism here? Hitler's only point in broadcasting that is to win the support of foreign countries and of the money interests."

"But Thälmann won many votes in the last election. Why, at home in America, they say that every third German is a Communist," and Mrs. Prokesh punctuated her remark with a conciliatory smile.

"Tommyrot. Whoever told you that was purposely misstating the facts. I know how many Communists there are in Germany, one hundred and

fifty thousand maximum. It's true that Thälmann won four million votes in the last fight for president, but this number would have been considerably smaller if many Social Democrats, who justly realized that von Hindenburg represented the right, had not made an exception in this election and cast their votes for the Communists."

But the Alsatian was still not satisfied.

"If that's the case," he expostulated, "Germany should be divided up. Then we'd have peace. We on the frontier hate the sound of Prussian military boots, and we know because we've lived, indeed suffered under their heels." His excitement reached such a pitch that his wife found it necessary to intervene.

"Calm yourself, Männe; think of your heart. You're wasting all the benefits of this expensive vacation on this idle discussion. For the sake of your heart, stop." She turned to Alexander. Her eyes were flashing now.

"This is all your fault," she shouted at him. "You started it."

He swallowed the sarcastic reply which the situation certainly warranted. "I didn't ask your husband to take part," he said simply. "Next time see that he doesn't."

And he pushed his way to the outskirts of the group where he spied Devorah.

CHAPTER VIII

Very early in the morning of the 22nd of June, Alexander left Nauheim for Frankfurt. Weeks before he had borrowed books from the University library and now he was on his way to Victoria Avenue to return them.

In front of the main entrance of the University in Merton Street he noticed a formation of some three or four hundred uniformed National Socialists assuming their positions. As there were only about thirty or forty National Socialist students in the University, this was obviously a party demonstration.

He grasped the books tighter under his left arm so that in case anyone nudged him too violently, he would at least have his right hand free. Just as he reached the last step before the door, several cries of "There goes the murder leader," came from the troop. Apparently some of the students whom he recognized in the crowd had followed their cordial personal greetings to him by exposing his leadership of the Red students to their fellows.

He hurried to the fourth floor, relieved himself of his books and hastily retraced his steps to the Honor Court where his group had its assigned meeting place. As it was Wednesday when the roster in Economics and Law was particularly light, only a third of his comrades were present. In compensation, however, the Social Democratic student association and the Jewish fraternities had put in an appearance of almost a hundred per cent. As he ap-

proached the Court, he was met by the chairman of the Social Democrats and by some of his own sympathizers.

"It's lucky that you're here," began the chairman. "We've talked back and forth for some time but we can't hit on a plan. You must have noticed the Brown Shirts outside. We expect an attack."

"I don't know anything. I've just come back from Nauheim this morning. Are the provost and the police sanctioning this?"

"Well, then I'd better enlighten you. Briefly, this is what has happened. Yesterday the National Socialist students appeared in uniform. We thought first of making out a case against them on the basis of that ordinance which forbids uniforms in the Prussian universities, but then we thought it was bad sportsmanship, so we did nothing but stay here in the Honor Court waiting for provocation. At the same time, our being here was a kind of counter-demonstration.

"Apparently some of the professors complained because the provost sent for Engel, their leader and ordered the withdrawal of the uniforms but not until two o'clock. Engel confessed that the uniforms were worn because the National Socialist Party had ordered it, but he agreed to the eight to two o'clock limit. Professor Bring told us all this later. As for the provocation, it did come. At eleven o'clock, about ten Nazis marched from the provost's office to where we stood and tried to force a passage through the Jewish ranks. Schock was in front. You know him. He's a higher Storm Troop leader. I couldn't see exactly what was happening. Anyhow, there was a fist fight. It ended

up with the Jewish boy Ohlau stretching Schock out on the floor. The Nazis disappeared. Ohlau went to the provost and apologized but made it very clear that no apology would be forthcoming if the encounter had taken place off campus. The provost called for Schock, told him of the apology, and asked whether he was satisfied. As is typical of these skunks, the guy found it unacceptable. The demonstration today seems to be their next move. That's all that happened."

"Hm, let's count heads first. Girls step aside! . . .

"We're about sixty strong. Anybody just itching to go to lecture?"

No answer.

The Jewish and leftist leaders put their heads together and then Alexander announced: "One delegation to go immediately to the provost to demand that the demonstration be disbanded. One person to telephone the police. In the meantime, we march to the main entrance to prevent any of those gangsters from entering the building." Alexander had a word with Marum, the organizer in his group, who immediately proceeded to arrange the ranks.

A Catholic student, who even in his excitement did not forget his pomp, breathlessly announced, "Fellow students, the Nazis are at the door. Stadelmann has addressed them demanding revenge for the Brown Shirt knocked down by your people in the Honor Court yesterday. Two Americans, very Jewish in physiognomy, have already been maltreated. They will storm the building at any moment!"

"We know. Thanks for the information. We march to the entrance at once."

Alexander turned to give the command, but Marum was already issuing the order, "Atten-shun, forward, march."

They marched out to the landing before the door.

Indignant and scornful shouts from the Nazis greeted them. "Heil Hitler! Germany awake!" rose as blisters from their ranks.

The stairs were stormed, but the superior strategic position of the Jewish and leftist students made it possible for them to hold their ground in spite of their slim numbers. Each one of them fought in hand to hand combat with five assailants. . . . Attack after attack was repulsed until finally a group of policemen with drawn revolvers was seen running up the street. The Nazis scattered to the four winds. The defenders, considerably strengthened by Catholic sympathizers and others, remained in the same position.

The seriousness of the situation had even reached the provost. He himself now came to the door and pushed through the students to Alexander.

"Order your men back into the building. I'll have all the doors closed."

"It's very nice of you to come to order us back now, now that we're getting support," Alexander returned still in an embittered fighting mood. "Why didn't you prevent the Nazi demonstration in the first place? Why didn't you prevent that Nazi student from speaking against us? Why did you let them wear uniforms and parade all morning yesterday? Look at them," he continued pointing to some wounded comrades. "You could have prevented all that if you had come in time."

The provost looked stunned. "Go back into the

building now. Everything else will be investigated in good time. I promise to have the doors locked."

As Alexander could not oppose the orders of the provost, he commanded his men to about face but at the same time assured them that since the doors would be locked no further attack was possible.

Improvised bandages tied up the wounds.

Many of the students were about to go to their lectures because they thought everything was over. In disorganized groups they were leaving their fighting ground when they heard a cry from the general direction of the provost's office.

"The Nazis! They're coming!"

While the Jewish and leftist students with their allies were walking from the main entrance back to the Honor Court, the Nazis had circled around the building to the Victoria Avenue door. This entrance led to an open, grass covered court, part of which was used as a parking place for automobiles and bicycles. At one of the four corners of this court a small inconspicuous door to the main building was left open by the concierge, himself a Nazi. In front of this door, the Storm Troopers hastily gathered for final instructions, and then, under the leadership of their fellow students Graf and Haas, they entered the basement of the building, rushed up the stairs and invaded the corridors connecting the main hall and the Honor Court. To the accompaniment of shrill whistles which Alexander and his companions misinterpreted as police signals they now leaped upon the last ranks of the retiring liberal front just passing the provost's office.

The students turned immediately to meet the Storm Troopers with their fists but were beaten back to the Honor Court.

Here began a real life and death struggle. Unarmed students fighting with bare hands met the encounter of well experienced, well armed Storm Troopers who outnumbered them many times.

A girl from the sidelines shouted at the Nazis, "Sons of bitches." A Nazi struck her with his blackjack. Two students hurried to her rescue, only to be surrounded by ten Nazis.

Gradually, the Nazis fought their adversaries back to the stairs behind the elevator.

Every step was contested.

The Storm Troopers did not hesitate to trample over wounded bodies and to press the heavy nails of their boots into bleeding faces.

Suddenly Alexander, who had shed his jacket and was fighting in rolled up shirt sleeves, noticed the plaster statues of some dead professors on the floor above. A grin flitted across his face. A comrade guessed his intention, left his column which immediately moved up to cover the vacancy, jumped up the stairs and hurled one of the statues with all his might down at the Nazis.

Bang!

The first Nazis were wounded.

A second professor traveled the same route.

Girls broke into the office of the Academy of Labor, loosened the legs of the chairs and handed them to their comrades. Now, with chair legs and statutes as arms, the sides became more evenly matched.

The front ranks of the Nazis broke.

The fight continued until a shrill signal resounded through the air. The Storm Troopers froze in their positions. The next moment they were in flight back

through the side door out into the court and over to Robert Meyer Street.

But why? The students looked at each other. Were a few statues sufficient to defeat their attackers?

One distinguished the strains of a song. He called the attention of the others to it.

Yes, there it was.

"Do you hear the march of our camp?
Do you hear their iron tramp?
Soon freedom will ring
Come brothers, march with us and sing."

The marching song of the Reichsbanner! The guards of the republic! The Iron Front had come to give their university sympathizers relief. . . .

Two immediate problems faced the boys now. Those who were badly wounded had to be taken to the hospitals, and so some one had to telephone the city hospital for ambulances.

Then, it was urgent that they make plans for similar contingencies in the future. While the Nazis, who discarded their Swastikas and uniforms in an effort to lose themselves in the melee were fleeing before the Iron Front fighters, Alexander was discussing the situation with the leader of the Social Democratic group. They decided to summon all the radical and liberal students to a general roll call that afternoon in a restaurant in the workers' quarter of Bockenheim. Those not present were to be notified by messengers. At the meeting they planned to present as concrete suggestions the immediate formation of a united liberal student organization in the University and a regular patrol service to warn of untoward occurrences and to spread the alarm in the workers' quarters.

As the provost had ordered the University, including the cafeteria, closed at twelve o'clock, Alexander and some of his friends went off to the Alcohol Free Restaurant on the Bockenheimer Warte. While they were having dinner, they were interrupted by numerous reporters who asked for interviews. How they smelled out their tracks they didn't know. They were of service to them, however, because they told them of the Frankfurt broadcasting announcement, obviously dictated by the Nazis: "Five hundred Social Democratic and Communist workers attack the University and beat the Nazi students."

Alexander, who had met the director of the broadcasting station socially, telephoned him at once.

"I have been the victim of misinformation," the man apologized, "but I've had the article in the second edition of the 'Frankfurter Zeitung' read on the air to correct any mistake."

In the afternoon, while an officer of the Iron Front fighters, a former World War captain, organized the Social Democratic and Communist students into companies of five and taught them jiu-jitsu, the presiding officers of the two groups prepared a communiqué for all the papers and worked out their next move, a meeting of workers and students in the Volksbildungsheim to be addressed by the two student leaders and to be protected by the guards of the Social Democratic Party, the Socialist Labor Party and the Communist Party. Since they felt that the united front which they had formed so spontaneously must be spread to the people in general if such happenings were to be prevented in the future, they hoped to climax the meeting by forming a cartel of all leftist and liberal parties.

When Alexander returned to his home, he found beside the weekly letter from his parents a letter from the Hessen-Frankfurt office of the Communist Party. It accused him of admitting a group which belonged to the Socialist Labor Party into the ranks of the Red Students and of breaking all precedents in allowing it to hold its own factional meetings.

Had he forgotten his Marxist-Leninist education? In conclusion, the letter stated, "When you opposed the referendum you went unpunished. It seems that this has encouraged you to embrace further opportunist policies, but you have overtaxed our patience."

Alexander laughed mirthlessly. "That's a worry to those idiots. They object because I admitted some members of the Socialist Labor Party into the Red Student Group, and so they'll break up the organization altogether."

He was too nervous to work on his doctor's thesis so he called up Devorah who already knew what had happened.

"I telephoned you several times earlier, but the landlady said you were out so I waited for you to call me."

She described how the news spread from one professor to the other in the hospital and how the dean had dismissed all classes at the request of the provost.

"The most amusing reaction came from Dr. Schreiber, our assistant professor in the anatomy department. After his lecture, he sighed and remarked, 'As a Democrat of long standing, I can't understand such cruelties.' "

They made a date to meet at the Rumpelmeyer Tea Room in the evening.

* * *

The protest meeting was scheduled to begin at eight o'clock. Shortly after five o'clock when the factories shut down the Volksbildungsheim was completely full. The organizers immediately hired the much larger Zoo Auditorium. By six o'clock, the second place was so overcrowded that the police roped off the doors. At eight o'clock, lanes of people, swarming from metropolitan Frankfurt and surrounding towns, stretched between the two meeting places. While the Social Democrat, quiet, retiring and colorless, opened the Volksbildungsheim meeting, Alexander spoke at the Zoo.

The platform was decorated with flowers which the suburban workers had presented, and as he pushed his way to the speaker's table, many bouquets were pressed into his arms.

One was tied with a black, red, and gold ribbon inscribed with the words "Iron Front."

When he mounted the stairs to the platform, the representatives of the Republican guard shouted, "Three cheers for Comrade Roth! Liberty, liberty, liberty, hip, hip, hurrah!" This was immediately followed by a Communist cheer, "Three cheers for our comrade, Red Front, Red Front, Red Front, hip, hip, hurrah!"

Alexander understood the mood of his audience. He knew that while they were in this hall, he held their hearts in the hollow of his hand. But he was only too conscious of the fact that when they left they became individuals, swayed not by his words, but by the newspapers, circulars, and party leaderships. He determined to make the most of his brief opportunity.

He always took his opening words from the lips

of his listeners and the two cheers were his cue this time.

"Friends," he began, as soon as a semblance of order had been restored. "We no longer need two cheers. The Iron Front and the Red Front belong together; one Common Front devoted to the cause of Democracy and freedom; one organization and one cheer."

He treated the real reason for the meeting, the attack of the Brown Shirts on the leftist and Jewish students, merely as an example.

"When one camp begins a civil war," he asked, "should the second turn the other cheek? The Democrats and Socialists of Germany are still strong enough today to defeat the Swastika without bloodshed. Fundamental to such a victory, however, is the cessation of strife between their parties. In its shortsighted struggle for power, each has been willing enough to join a Common Front if and when it was granted control over the others. This is equivalent to demanding the dissolution of all parties except its own, and, therefore, up to this time, all efforts toward union have failed."

As he proceeded he spoke his mind more and more recklessly. He attacked his own party leadership, freely stating that their program for "United Front among the rank and file" was a swindle, a hoax through which the Communist Party hoped to win the Social Democratic and Catholic workers to its standard. He attacked the bureaucracies of the labor parties as too idle to think and too selfish to do anything which threatened their comfortable swivel chairs. As proof of his point, he quoted the letter which the Communist district leadership, whose horrified faces looked up at him from the

first row, had sent criticizing his move in admitting the Socialist Labor Party students into his group. He requested that the Communists participate in all the demonstrations of the Iron Front. To both groups he recommended the formation of anti-terror units in all plants and districts. "If you do not wish to assist in the ultimate triumph of National Socialism, which has just given us an advance taste of its practical functioning," he concluded, "then unite into a republican, common front, even if you can do that only over the heads of your paid officials."

He spoke for the second time from an open car to the crowds on the street, and for the third time at the Volksbildungsheim where he forced the leadership of the Social Democrats to swallow some bitter truths. It was his last address as a representative of the German radicals.

The next morning, the Communist "Arbeiterzeitung" carried on its third page the caption, "Alexander Roth, Student, Expelled for Flouting Communist Principles." A brief report of the meeting followed. It minimized as much as possible the favorable attitude of the workers toward inter-party unity. The closing words of the article were a true revelation of the prigishness of the Communist leadership, "Perhaps Alexander Roth's head was turned by the applause of these meetings. Nevertheless, it is our painful but noble duty to warn the masses against new illusions and to dam with every Bolshevist force the horrible effects of misleading talk on the subject of unity. A United Front made up of irreconcilable revolutionary and evolutionary factions is impossible. Fire and water will not mix."

* * *

Besides the five Nazis, Engel, Stadelmann, Graf, Haas, and Schock, the names of Ohlau and Roth were included in the list of defendants in the University trial.

The Board of Judges consisted of a representative of the provost, a representative of the University Council, the deans of all the schools and seven vice-judges.

The defense of the Nazis had been undertaken by Dr. Giese, a law professor who was hailed as a good Democrat in University circles. The case of the two Jewish students was to be pleaded by Assistant Professor von Kappen.

In the very beginning, Professor Bring, the Dean of the Law Faculty, had offered to act as attorney for Alexander, but it was inadvisable to appoint him, a Social Democrat, except in a final emergency. When Alexander, following his advice, approached von Kappen, an old Prussian aristocrat and World War commander, he accepted gladly.

"You know, of course," he said "that I can't agree with your political opinions. You would probably call me a reactionary or a romanticist. But that's another story. I have looked over the investigation of your case and while I'm afraid that Ohlau can't go unpunished, you must be completely exonerated. You were not the attacker, and what impresses me, an army officer, most, is your courage. I'm most happy to assume the responsibility for your defense."

The trial opened with the reading of the protocol of the investigation by the chairman. In it were repeated all the details of the encounter between the Brown Shirts and their opponents.

More interesting was the questioning of the defendants and the witnesses.

Engel, the leader of the National Socialist student group, was accused on two counts: first, as he himself confessed to the provost, he had issued a call to the Nazis in the Bockenheim district to appear on the twenty-second of June at nine o'clock at the University; second, he had solicited the assistance of rightist fraternity members in the main hall for his cause.

Now he admitted only the second point, denying what he had admitted in his conversation with Dr. Adelung. Unfortunately for his case, however, the dean of the law school, who had been a witness to the interview and who had even taken notes, showed his denial in its proper light.

Stadelmann was charged with delivering an inciting address in the immediate vicinity of the University. The son of an important government official of Frankfurt, elephantine in proportions, he also tried to play the role of blissful innocence. Yes, he had given a speech, but its purpose was to calm the assembled Storm Troopers. Of course, in order to catch their attention, he had to begin with some sharp words. That he had been interrupted by the arrival of the "Jews," before he had an opportunity to get to the real point of his speech, was certainly not his fault.

The defendants, Graf and Haas, were accused of having led the invasion of the University building and having participated in the fight. While Graf valiantly pleaded guilty, Haas successfully denied his implication in the fighting as there were no impartial witnesses who followed him after his entrance in the building.

Schock was suspected of a part in the disturbances. (His attempt to break through the Jewish Circle in the Honor Court was not even mentioned.) The hearing uncovered no definite proof against him.

Ohlau who was charged with attacking Peter Schock without provocation had been advised by his fraternity to leave his defense to von Kappen and to say as little as possible himself. Instead of objecting to the words "without provocation" in the protocol, he maintained a gloomy silence which impressed the judges as an admission of guilt.

The trial became dramatic when Alexander gave his testimony. The days before he had spent in bed suffering from streptococcic throat with high fever. According to the law, he could demand postponement of the trial or absent himself, but all the arguments of Devorah, who had nursed him day and night, were of no avail in keeping him at home. He insisted on appearing.

Buried in a deep, leather armchair, the most comfortable one in the room, he looked more like a prominent visitor than a defendant at the trial.

"Keep your seat," warned the chairman, as Alexander tried to rise when his name was called. "You are charged with giving your men the command to march to the front entrance, a move which directly brought on the encounter. You are also charged with summoning Bockenheimer unemployed, through a side entrance of the Honor Court to reinforce your group. As your sympathizers could have scattered in the lecture halls where classes were just beginning or disappear through the rear exits, you have made yourself guilty, if the protocol is correct,

of disturbing the peace and order of the University building."

Had Alexander been of the calibre of most of the other defendants, he could have destroyed the purely formal accusations of the judges. He could have told them that not he but Marum, now the provisional leader of the Communist students, had given the command to march to the main entrance, that somebody else and not he might have called the unemployed workers, that he, moreover, had resigned his membership in the Communist and Red student groups and was consequently without a political stake in the outcome of the trial. Such thoughts, however, never entered his mind.

When asked what he had to say in his defense, he began, "I have no defense. I can only accuse. In the name of ten seriously wounded Jewish and Socialist comrades, I accuse the Frankfurt National Socialist Party of having perpetrated a cowardly attack on the University. This party and not the students who participated in the attack should be brought before this bar of justice. At the order of their party the National Socialist students illegally appeared here on June 21 in full uniform. With this provocative act begins the chain of events being reviewed here today. It is regrettable that Dr. Adelung did not immediately expel the law-breakers. It is still more regrettable that he did not accuse the party leadership before a court, and that by these sins of omission he encouraged the Storm Troopers to appear before the University, four hundred strong, the next morning.

"It is grotesque and against every principle of justice that the attacked should appear here as defendants. Ohlau was only defending the honor of his

group when he knocked down Schock. What would the Nazis have done if their opposition in full uniform had tried to break their circle and to elbow a path through it? As far as my part is concerned, I did not issue the command that you mention, Mr. Chairman, but to make it perfectly clear, I must admit that I intended to give it and would certainly have done so, had some one not preceded me."

"Who gave the command?" interrupted the chairman. "We are not here concerned with your intentions."

Alexander answered with a "wouldn't you like to know" gesture. "I'm not here to inform on my comrades."

"But we have witnesses to the fact that you did give the command."

"Please bring them forward."

The leader of the Steel Helmet Troop was brought in. Questioned by the chairman, he swore to his impartiality. Hemming and hawing raucously he orated, evidently gratified to be in the limelight, "I saw and I heard the defendant give the command."

The chairman turned to Alexander to see if he had any objection to make.

"I cannot admit such evidence. The premise, the witness's impartiality, is a falsehood. The witness is a leader of the University Steel Helmets, an organization whose coalition with the Nazis is no secret."

The next witness was Miss Adelung, the daughter of the provost. Alexander knew that she was an intimate friend of the Steel Helmet leader. Just that morning he had seen them walking on Merton Street, arm in arm.

She boldly declared, "Mr. Roth gave the command."

"Did you see him give the command?" asked a law professor.

She nodded her head.

"You couldn't have made a mistake?"

"No."

"Where were you and where was Mr. Roth when you saw him give the command?"

"I was in the Honor Court behind a column near the window that faces the garden. Mr. Roth was facing his group at the other end of the Court on my side just in front of the steps leading to the corridor."

"I demand a reenactment of the scene," heckled the professor. . . .

The judges, the defendants and their counsels left the room for the Honor Court. There Alexander took the position described by the witness, and the tallest professor stood near the window at which Miss Adelung alleged she had been. The suspense was broken when the professor protested that he could not see Alexander at all.

Other professors tried, but it was useless. The accusation was disproved.

The calling of witnesses to assist the defense, the Catholic student who came to warn Alexander as to what was happening and numerous others who had been close by, was hardly necessary. Most amusing was the testimony of Marum who insisted that he knew very well who gave the order and was positive that it was not Alexander. His self-conscious laugh caused the chairman to ask him whether it was not he himself who had ordered the men to the main entrance. But as the Communist Party had given him no instructions to take the blame upon himself, he remained silent.

The second accusation was likewise easily refuted. Numerous witnesses testified that Alexander had not left his comrades for a moment between his arrival in the Honor Court and the end of the battle.

Finally, von Kappen tore his responsibility for the whole encounter to shreds.

"Mr. Roth's marshalling of the leftist and Jewish students at the main entrance was merely a strategic move against the troops outside the University. How unfavorable their stand in the Honor Court was may be judged from what happened after Dr. Adelung ordered them back into the building. And the suggestion that the Jewish and leftist students should have been cowardly enough to scatter in lecture halls or flee through back doors must be dismissed as unworthy by all those who respect the honor of students and of men."

The trial which had begun at nine o'clock in the morning lasted with an hour's recess for dinner until four o'clock the next morning.

The verdict was as follows:

"The defendant Schock not guilty.

"The defendants Graf and Stadelmann are sentenced because of the disturbance of the University life, specifically the disturbance of the peace in the University building, to expulsion.

"The defendant Engel is sentenced because of the disturbance of the conduct of University life, specifically the disturbance of the peace in the University building and its environs, to expulsion for a second offense.

"The defendant Ohlau is sentenced because of the disturbance of the conduct of University life, specifically physical assault on a fellow student, to expulsion for the next offense.

"The defendant Haas is sentenced to inclusion of a written reproof in his matriculation book.

"The defendant Roth is dismissed with a verbal reproof."

Each of the culprits was handed a bulletin which the University authorities planned to distribute among the whole student body. It read:

"Since our nation has arrived at a new sense of unity from the experience of factional, religious wars, tolerance of differences of opinion has become the bulwark of our statehood. Where this tolerance is not respected, ugly strife and exaggerated self-righteousness replace it. Not only those who were mature when the call to arms was sounded in 1914 but even those who grew up during the confusion of the War and post-war years must remember how men of every persuasion, every social class rallied to the flag and sacrificed themselves for the Fatherland. We decry every instigation of one group against another, and we especially regret every manifestation of anti-Semitism. There is only one criterion of merit, and that is moral and spiritual dignity which is not dependent on blood, but on the will to self-fulfillment." . . .

By the time that Alexander reached his apartment he was overcome by such a feeling of homesickness as he had never experienced before. He wanted above all else peace and he knew that he could not find it here in Frankfurt where everything reminded him of the conflicts within himself and with others. Although he was still ill a sudden resolve led him to pack his half-dozen belongings. He gave Devorah, who accompanied him to the station, her first kiss and left for a week-end in Berlin.

CHAPTER IX

Boundless as the earth over which it has been dispersed since the destruction of its national existence is the soul of the Jewish people.

Grandfather Roth with his iron self-discipline and absolute faithfulness to the law built a wall around the Torah. A wall? Rather it was an unpenetrable, barbed wire fence. He clung to every tradition handed down through the centuries but now in danger of absolute submergence beneath the pressure of the new emancipation doggedly, uncompromisingly.

Knitted into his raison d'être as a result of centuries of occupational discrimination and acclimation to the life of a merchant and money seeker, the Jew had learned to worship tachlis—advantage.

Tachlis?

The gold piece purchased his freedom and that of his family. With his control over the purse strings, a very attenuated control at best, he purchased the right to live for himself and for his dear ones.

Tachlis.

Anything that was not tachlis was valueless to him because it gained him no respite from his continuous flight before his pursuers. And this tachlis would have bestialized him, would have transformed him into a miser had not the Mosaic law, had not the Torah intervened. He was commanded to take spiritual exercise, to plow the acre of his soul, to concentrate on altruistic deeds, deeds without ad-

vantage. So the pious Jew put on his Tefillim, said his blessing when he broke his bread, thanked God for food and drink and repeated the prayer of his people three times a day.

Grandfather Roth, too, who like his ancestors, had been raised on German soil, prayed as the Jewish law had ordained. He sanctified the Sabbath and the Holy Days, wore sackcloth on the Day of Atonement and obeyed every order of the law from the most pleasant to the most irksome, from the most minute to the most important. He did not inquire into reason or consequence. He felt as a soldier who had not the right to question. His devotion to the law increased as the spirit of the time undermined the structure of Judaism; as it temptingly said, "Not the form but the content, not the body but the soul, not the words but their meaning."

"You shall stamp the words of the Torah into the hearts of your children, you shall train them in spiritual exercise."

Grandfather Roth taught Samuel, his son, but his method differed from that used by his own father in teaching him. He saw the destruction being wrought by the times; he smelled the mould that was eating the cloth and he feared for the Torah. Mocking the spirit of the time he had built his wall, more a barbed wire fence, around the Law and he taught his son that the Law was a severe and unrelenting task master. He did more than teach his son; he beat the Law into him. When Samuel, the son, somewhat romantically inclined, grasped his pen on the Sabbath, the day of rest, to scribble down the lines of a poem that sang within him, Grandfather beat him, even after the son had grown to manhood.

Samuel, the son, would have been lost to Judaism which had become a rigid skeleton to him had not his soul been warmed by a movement which could appeal to the love and spirituality of Jewish youth, Zionism.

The upbuilding of a "Judenstaat," itself a nineteenth century inspiration of the man Theodor Herzl, must have appeared insane to the sober, advantage-loving Jew. "Judenstaat," a laughing stock. All the hundred per cent citizens of Jewish faith, all the notables, the doctors, the lawyers, the merchant princes of Israel, all the snobbish rationalists of necessity formed the opposition. But the noblest of the Jews rallied to the standard of Herzl. The Jewish East cheered him. In a sober and irreligious period the Jews coalesced into a people which no longer complained of anti-Semitism, no longer looked to the Gentile for approval, no longer played the role of a Tantalus grasping vainly for emancipation. Instead, they wore the mantle of Judaism with dignity.

Samuel learned to pray again. He rediscovered the beauties of the Sabbath. He looked into the lights of the Menorah and relived the Maccabean struggle to make Judaism supreme over Hellenism. He went back to nature on Lag-b'Omer and as he sat in his Succah he felt something of the satisfaction that comes to those who harvest what they have laboriously sown. Judaism awoke like the Sleeping Beauty; it lived again and it filled the hearts of all its believers with pride.

Samuel Roth liked to observe Friday evening in the Liberal Synagogue on Oranienburger Street. He was not disturbed by the organ, the modernization of the sermons or the German prayers interspersed

in the ritual. He enjoyed tremendously the old hymns which he knew from childhood and during the sermon of the Rabbi he forgot the cars of the worshippers that waited outside, the neatly ironed, gold banded Talessim and stove pipe hats in the House of God. He prayed, he quoted the Torah and, at the same time, his fate. Unlike his father, his eyes did not wander to the prayer book of the man beside him to see whether he, too, was praying correctly. He fulfilled wholeheartedly the command of the Torah, "Love thy neighbor as thyself." His door was always open to all who cared to enter. In every man he saw his friend and brother.

The peaceful relationship, the broadminded tolerance of their parents saved the two sons from the painful opposition which often develops between the parental and filial generations.

Lazar, the younger one, asked for very little. He tried to make his life as comfortable as possible. Upon his graduation from Gymnasium, he began his medical studies. His parents, relieved of the support of the older son, renounced movies, concerts, theater and all other small pleasures which they might have enjoyed, in order to meet the expense of his tuition. He was a proficient sportsman, a champion in the Zionist Bar Kochba Club; he participated in all their matches. His friends were all there and all his leisure belonged to the club. When he paid God an annual courtesy visit on Yom Kippur, he did so more to please his mother, who looked down on her son from the ladies' balcony with pride, rather than of his own volition. He was very much interested in tachlis; he was very worldly wise and skilled. In some respects, he had much in common with his shrewd maternal relatives but thanks to

the daily example of his parents he was correct to the smallest detail, honest and not in the least reckless. He was very tall, slender, blond and bright eyed and, in spite of all his earthly materialism, an incurable optimist. Not only was his appearance very different but his character was also diametrically opposed to that of his brother.

Alexander went to school with open eyes. He had felt something of the cruelty of a shocking war, of the power of death over life. He had a vague presentiment that the time into which he was born lacked wisdom and order. He had sometime, somewhere, come across the metaphor that the world was a net of steel rails over which a train packed with people but unguided by an engineer ran in utter confusion. He had joined the Blau Weiss, rather stumbled over it and remained there for long years seeking a firm foundation. Zionism, as his parents had informally taught him, was, he thought, a worthy cause, a noble ideal into which he could pour his youthful, bubbling energy. Theodor Herzl, the man whose picture hung over his father's desk, was his hero, his ideal, his star. To work as he had done for the rejuvenation of Israel seemed to him the most worthy life goal. But the Zionism which his father had espoused at the age of nineteen and the Zionism which Alexander experienced after the War were no longer the same. The life-sapping spirit of modern times, the feeling of saturation and self-satisfaction had even gnawed at the heart of the most religious movement inspired by Judah in centuries.

Alexander wandered from Herzl to Achad Haam, from Achad Haam to Martin Buber, the herald of action and principle. But he found no solution.

What was the Rabbi saying there at the altar? "A people of priests were you ordained to be. It was for you that Jacob wrestled with the angel. Instead of this you have begrudged your mission; you are men who quarrel with your fate; you hate your fate. You have lost the open glance of your ancestors; you squint at your surroundings. Your eyes question the Gentile to divine his judgment of your acts. You debate whether you are first Jews and then Germans, or first Germans and then Jews; and, making an issue of the problem, you incidentally reveal that you have lost respect for your own worth. You have set up the outside world to be your judge. You are careful not to startle your neighbors. You have revamped the prayers of your people to make them modern, reasonable, logical. You have moved the Holy Tabernacle, the Torah from its former position in the midst of the people and pressed it to the wall. You have made a science of Judaism and catechized the principles of Mosaic law. You have substituted for the training of the child by the father an hour a week in a religious school. You have discarded traditional observances and so you have robbed your children of the memory of a Jewish life in a Jewish home. And all this you have done to please the outside world, to satisfy your judges, to win emancipation.

"But he to whom emancipation is more than a means to an end, he to whom it becomes an ideal, he sets the world of the stranger above his own; he degrades himself; he debases his own character. The Jew Heinrich Heine once sardonically remarked, 'Judaism is not a religion. It is a misfortune.' Accordingly, he bound his life to that of a French Christian girl who did not even know that

her husband was a poet, but when he lay alone on his death bed, his parched lips murmured: 'There is no one to say Kaddish for me.'

"Regard for the world of the stranger leads only to intermarriage and conscious denial of the Jewish fate, which is a solace only to those who love it and not to those who try to escape it. Regard for the world of the stranger causes the Jew to chase his own shadow. A Nationalist, a Socialist, a Bolshevist, he is always engrossed in some movement; he believes in anything, in everything except in himself."

Departing from his usual custom, Samuel Roth had gone with Alexander to the old, Conservative Synagogue at the Kottbuser Tor. Here there were fewer top hats and more creases in the Tallessim. At the synagogue at the Kottbuser Tor, Alexander had been received as a Bar Mizvah into the community of Jewish men. Here, before the assembled congregation, he had delivered a carefully prepared Torah reading. Here he had struggled with the other children for sweet challe on Succoth and here he had fallen over chocolates and bonbons thrown from the gallery on Simchath Torah. When they tried to decide at home whether they would go to the synagogue and which one's service they would attend, Alexander had felt irresistibly drawn back to this place.

"You shall serve your God with joy. Combine the serving and the command, 'You shall' with joy and find joy in the privilege that you may serve," continued the man in the gown on the altar platform. "Learn the Torah and draw your strength from it. Even if you are of unclean mind, study it, for it shall cleanse you. Pour your forces into a

Jewish mold; if you refuse, they will be dispelled to nothingness. Free yourself from the bonds of money. Free yourself from the worship of illusory progress. May those who hold the reigns of government deny you emancipation if they can justify it to their own conscience. May they mock you, if God is with you. For every Jew that is murdered in a pogrom, the world sacrifices an ounce of its fight for tolerance. Each time that a Jew is maltreated because he is a Jew, the Gentile pierces his own heart with the arrow. Overcome your lameness; stiffen your neck; stand erect; hold your head high. Absorb what is foreign, and be not absorbed by it. Become complete personalities like Maimonides, Jehuda Halevi and all the other geniuses of our people. Become self-confident; become again a nation of priests!"

The Rabbi had spoken. They sang again the old familiar melodies; they wished each other, "Gut Shabbos" and scattered in every direction.

* * *

At home the Sabbath candles were burning. Mother had lit them and blessed them. The table was set in festive style. Beside Father's plate lay the Sabbath challe covered with the gold embroidered, blue velvet napkin. After father, Alexander and Lazar, who had stayed home with mother, had washed their hands, Father raised the Kiddush cup, filled with Rischon le-Zion wine and chanted:

"In six days the Lord made heaven and earth and on the seventh day He rested from all His work.

"Then He blessed the seventh day and hallowed it. And so we men too celebrate it as a day of rest and holiness."

He sang the blessings for Him who creates bread and wine and then Mother, who had stood beside him with glistening eyes, ladled out the soup. On Friday the afternoon meal was cold and the hot dinner was served after sunset, lecoved Shabbath. Usually, it consisted of soup with noodles, fish, vegetables, potatoes and compote. But tonight, in honor of Alexander's visit, there was his favorite noodle charlotte, a pudding made with plenty of raisins and blanched almonds.

They talked. Lazar told about the Berlin-Potsdam relay race in which the Bar Kochba would participate the following Sunday as an A class organization. He had been in training for many weeks and he was very optimistic because last year, in spite of the fact that the club was short of men and each of them had to cover several hundred meters, their blue and white flag with the Magen David had come in eighth.

"This time we have many more runners," he said lost in dreams as to what would happen.

Mother thought that she would not go this year. Last year she had stood and watched her youngest, stick in hand, run past the goal, and her excitement had reached such a pitch that she decided not to risk it again.

After dinner they sang the Shir Hamalos to the melody of the Hatikvah, the Zionist national anthem. Then Father recited the concluding grace. He wanted one of the boys to say it, but Lazar refused and laughed, "It would take me too long." And Alexander, who was a better Hebraist than his brother, was anxious to have Father repeat it, because he wanted on this evening at home to relive his boyhood days, and grace from Father's lips, like

the Sabbath candles and the Kiddush, was part of the picture.

"We praise Thee, Oh Lord, of whose gift we have eaten," began Father in the melodies which he had learned from Grandfather. "God" reads the first verse, "in His love, grace and mercy daily invites all creatures to partake of His bread. For every creature that He has created, He has created food." Just as this first thesis is cosmic and all inclusive in its implications, so the second is absorbed with the more limited national aspirations of the Jewish people. "We thank Thee," it continues, "for the beautiful land which Thou hast given to our forefathers; we thank Thee for delivering us from Egypt; we thank Thee for choosing us to bear Thy command."

The unfortunate truth that Palestine no longer belongs to the Jewish people is strangely ignored. The faithfulness of the Jew to his homeland, to the land of his forefathers is exaggerated even to the extent of anachronism. But he is perfectly conscious of his wishful thinking, for the very next lines beg national refulfillment of the Lord: "Be merciful to Zion, be merciful to Jerusalem, Thy holy city."

And now, following the cosmic and the national, the personal appears. "Feed us and keep us, save us from all need, save us from begging of the hand of flesh and blood. Give us from Thy holy and generous hand that we may not be shamed, save us, Lord, from shame forever." Tragically, the Jew admits that so long as, unlike other people, he is detached from his national soil and is daily threatened with grasping again his wanderer's staff, his daily bread is not assured. Not the fear of starvation

that oppresses him so; it is the fear that he will be forced to beg from door to door.

Fear, hope and confidence are inseparably mixed. After a few more lines of prayer for the individual table and human as well as national salvation, all these apparent paradoxes are resolved in a quietly spoken conclusion which frankly admits that even lions may be destroyed by starvation. There is misery in the world, but those who seek God cannot starve. "I was a child, now I am grown old and yet I have never seen a righteous man who himself or whose children were forced to beg for bread. Give Thy people strength, oh God, and bless them with peace."

They put away the little, black silk skull caps which Mother had made, talked for a while and then, as was their custom, they went early to bed.

PART III

CHAPTER X

Nine months later.

Alexander was on his way to Devorah's.

Since his last visit to Berlin he had grown older. His drive, his aggressivity, his fanaticism had subsided. He thought more and things did not seem as simple as they did before.

Black and white?

He realized that there were shades between. He had advised his friends in the student group and outside in the Odenwald to join the Social Democratic Party. Despite its weaknesses it was the only spiritual force against the whims of dictatorship. He should have found his place there too . . . if he had a place in German politics at all. Strange that since the days of June of the preceding year he thought in many respects like Devorah.

Was he going back?

He listened to the conversation of his neighbors in the trolley car. Politics. Politics. It was an exciting time. Brüning had fallen. Van Papen's Cabinet had collapsed. Schleicher had resigned. The Yunkers and some of the heavy industrialists had favored these changes. Democracy had become too annoying to them. It cost too much. Hitler was in power. The people in the car whispered when they spoke his name. They talked about van der Lubbe, the Reichstag fire. "This wonderful big building."

How little this all meant to him now.

"Renegade Roth" the Communist papers had called him. Was he a renegade? He wanted peace, democratic freedom, a modicum of security which he felt society owed even to the humblest in its ranks and an equal opportunity for all to make their way in the world.

These ideas he never had abandoned.

What he rebelled against was a party bureaucracy that aroused the hatred feelings of the masses and nullified their fundamental rights wherever the exercise of its power required it. Was it his fault that he no longer saw only black and white, that he had begun to think more and to do less? That he had become sober? That he had ethical standards which those who defamed him lacked?

Strange, this life. Uri von Massen, his friend, was too weak for it. He could no longer study. He only stared at his books with empty eyes and murmured nonsensical phrases. Alexander's landlords had taken gas on the evening of the 30th of January. They could not live under Hitler's regime. Was he also too weak? Was it weakness that caused him to avoid the campus, his former comrades? Was it weakness that explained his moving to Bornheim at the edge of the city, into the apartment of a woman who was never there and left him to himself? Was this all weakness?

He braced himself and smiled.

Hopla! We live.

He had grown older, but he was not weak. He stopped at the Zeil to see Stadtrat Schmidt whose office was on the Römerberg. He found the gray-haired, tubercular husband of his new hostess greatly excited.

"Think of it," he broke out without a greeting. "My janitor, a paid member of the Social Democratic Party, ran a Swastika flag up on my building this morning. None of the men would go up and take it off, and so I had to climb up and pull it down."

"You see, the Nazis have won. What do you think of the Reichstag fire?"

"The Reichstag fire? A new Zinovieff bluff. But this time, nobody will believe it. Even the German Nationals are leaving the man hunt to others."

"I can't be quite as optimistic. I watched the people in the trolley car, and everybody, excluding the conductor who was probably a trade union member, agreed that the Communists were just the ones to do something like that. 'And van der Lubbe,' they said, 'admitted he was a Communist.'"

"But that's idiotic. Nobody expects even Communists to kill themselves. Anybody who has a grain of sense left ought to be able to see through this election bomb."

"I don't know. The masses believe anything, especially what is fed to them from above. Reichschancellor is to them Reichschancellor, and government is government. They don't consider who's on the throne."

Alexander hurried to Kaiser Street, there to board the Number Fifteen trolley for the Municipal Hospital. The streets were brown with Storm Troopers who wore revolvers and knives slung on their belts with careless pride. The pavements resounded to the continuous tramp, tramp of their iron heels.

As there was a grippe epidemic and ninety nurses had succumbed, Devorah, besides her regular job in the dissection room, had taken a temporary position

as nurse's assistant. In answer to Alexander's question as to how things were going, she explained that at home they had repeated all night that she must break with him. The Reichstag fire should be enough to convince her that she was on the wrong track. At any rate, she would bring misery to the whole family.

"I argued that you've been out of politics for months, but it didn't help.

"Father shouted at me, 'I just got a miserable job inspecting at Tietz's, and now I'll lose it because you're a romantic fool. He'll drag you into jail, and you'll drag Mother and me after yourself.' He even threatened to go to the dean and have me expelled, and God knows what. The worst part is that Mother is a worthy second. A week ago, she got a job at Pels', the clothing store, as a buyer."

"You mean as a salesperson," interrupted Alexander.

"No I don't either. She goes around buying things in competing stores and incidentally she sees what they have to sell, the prices and everything new on the market. She also watches their salespeople to see how they are working. She's still a lady and she gets a hundred Marks for acting it. But now, she feels just as Father does, that through me, she'll lose the position. When I was leaving for my service this morning, I repeated again that I was a slave only of my own conscience. That was the last straw. She went over to the window and was going to jump. I pulled her skirt just in time. And here, it's even worse. The radio booms all day. The minute I shut it off, some other nurse turns it on. The nurses are all in love with the Brown Shirts.

They crow the Horst Wessel song from the time they go on duty 'til they go off and they probably go right on afterwards, but then, I don't hear them. I help two other nurses who are still Social Democrats drown them out with, 'Brothers, to Sun, to Freedom,' and when we all sing, you can't make out anybody's words."

"I never thought that you were a political figure," teased Alexander.

"A political figure?" Devorah looked surprised.

"Well, you're singing political songs demonstratively."

"If so," she laughed, "it's only to anger the Nazis."

* * *

In the middle of March, Lazar passed through Frankfurt on his way to Palestine. He hoped that he could open up a photography studio in Tel Aviv. His medical studies had been abruptly ended when his father had been given notice that, because he was a Jew, his services would not be needed after May 1. Pension, of course, was out of the question even though he was a World War veteran.

In fact, many things had happened during the last hectic weeks in Berlin.

Uncle Erich, the medical director of the Pankow Hospital, was dismissed.

Uncle Boris was detained for three days in a concentration camp at Oranienburg. Thanks to his old age and a gift of twenty thousand Marks extorted by the Storm Troopers, he had regained his freedom. It was all due to one of his jokes.

He had been on the Potsdamer Square where he was entertaining a companion. "Do you know what

happened when Goering went to heaven and met Moses?" he queried. "Well, he said, even though you are a Jew, I have to give you credit. But be a good fellow and confess. You made the fire in the burning bush yourself, too, didn't you?" Uncle Boris did not realize that a Nazi was listening. . . .

Very humbly he described to Mother what he had seen in Oranienburg, but she could not persuade herself that her brother was telling the truth.

"Things were not even that horrible in Czarist Russia," she cried to him.

Then on March tenth the "Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung," the organ of industry, carried the following article: "Indeed, since last Monday, things have been happening in Berlin and in the Reich which the government cannot tolerate under any circumstances. The intention and motivation of those who have indulged in these acts in disconcertingly large numbers are difficult to fathom. The most tragic part of the situation is the fact that many of these atrocities are perpetrated by boys between eighteen and twenty-two, many of them still in school."

From the time Mrs. Roth accidentally came across this comment, she knew no peace.

"Alexander must leave Germany at once. He has meddled in politics, and his religion is against him. He must cross the border immediately."

It had been drummed into Lazar's ears that he must take his brother with him to Switzerland. The parents had even sent some extra money along to cover Alexander's traveling expense. But Alexander was not to be convinced.

After the assumption of office by the incoming administration, a National Socialist, von Westrem,

who honestly tried to prevent atrocities, had become Police President of Frankfurt. When he heard that the National Socialist lawyers of the city were inciting the Storm Troopers to arrest Professor Bring, their most serious competitor, he had placed the Social Democratic professor in the custody of the police for protection. It was rumored in the town that he even offered to send him meals daily from his own kitchen, but Bring refused this favor, dryly remarking that he preferred to be treated as all political and Jewish prisoners. During the term of office of this police chief, who once said that it was brutal to punish men for their religious or political convictions and that he considered it his duty to defend the state from those only who continued to attack it and not from those against whom old scores could be found, Frankfurt earned the reputation of a real paradise. Of course, here as elsewhere in the Reich, the offices of the Communist, Socialist Labor, Social Democratic and Center Parties had been closed. Of course, here as elsewhere, a detachment of Storm Troopers and Steel Helmet men invaded the trade union house and confiscated all of the papers, materials and treasuries, but the functionaries went unmolested so long as they were content to leave the building quietly, with the knowledge that they had no jobs to which to return.

Lazar had to continue his journey without accomplishing anything.

On the trolley car which Alexander took to go home after he had escorted his brother to the train, he saw the uniform of a Storm Troop officer. It was Stadelmann, who had been expelled from the

University after the student riots of the previous June. Whether Stadelmann did not see Alexander or whether he pretended not to see him was not clear, but that the Storm Trooper, who was now in a position to cause Alexander the greatest discomfort, missed his opportunity was perfectly obvious. He got off at the Hauptwache, while the Jewish student continued to his residence which was unknown to the Nazis, since Mrs. Schmidt had asked a Social Democratic functionary in the police department to destroy the registration cards in both the local and central residential files.

At the corner of Kettler Avenue, Alexander picked up his mail in a Jewish drug store, another precaution for the suggestion of which he was indebted to his hostess.

There were two letters for him, one without a return address. He opened this one first.

It was from Lisa. She had never written to him before.

It read: "I got your address from your parents, but I didn't tell them anything because I didn't want to cause them any unnecessary sorrow. Dietrich Wendel has unveiled himself as a Nazi. He must have been a Nazi for years. He has betrayed all the leading Communist and Social Democratic men whom he knew and he has a complete list of the Berlin Red students. Felsen and Marlitz are already in prison, and I would have been too if I hadn't been accidentally warned. I got home from school today just in time to see my mother with manacled wrists and ankles carried into a Storm Troop car. A neighbor whispered into my ear that she had dropped pamphlets from the roof and had been

caught. She pretended not to see me at all. For the next weeks, I'll stay with a friend.

"The Communist Party is again giving me a headache. I can hardly bear the untimely efforts of the bureaucracy to sling mud at the Social Democrats. Their lies in the illegal 'Rote Sturmfahne,' that they will overthrow the Nazi dictatorship in a few weeks, that their numbers have doubled since Hitler's accession to power, when even the blind can see that the trend is the other way, just gripe me.

"The only one who has been warning us against the danger of National Socialism since 1929 is Trotsky. People have scorned him as a counter-revolutionary working for the destruction of Soviet Russia, but in my estimation, he is the only one who has correctly analyzed the Western European as well as the Russian situation. I remember very clearly the answer to his brochures given by Münzenberg in the 'Revue,' pointing out that Trotsky exaggerates the Nazi danger to attract attention away from the Social Democrats and that he minimizes the strength of the Communist Party under the leadership of the Third International, which would never allow the triumph of National Socialism in Germany.

"I would like to know what you think of my opinion and I would also like to know what you intend to do. Are you still in favor of withdrawing from politics? As a Jew, you are, of course, in even greater danger than people like us. I would advise you, therefore, to go to a foreign country.

"Perhaps now what you once called 'a united front of all decent people' will form to fight this machine of intentional barbarism. However, I as

a child of the proletariat can believe only in the power of my class. With it I stand or fall. Write to me without a name in care of Post Office North 61, Number 4. In case we never see each other again, farewell.

"Yours,

"LISA."

The other letter was from Devorah's father.

"You have abused my confidence," it opened. "I have forbidden my daughter to see you but I have just learned from a perfectly reliable source that her bicycle stands for hours outside your apartment house almost every day. This would be wrong in normal times, but today it's utterly impossible. Marriage for the two of you cannot even be considered.

"If you have a grain of honor left, I hope you will use it to break every connection with Devorah.

"Sincerely yours,

"THEODOR BERG."

Mrs. Schmidt came to the apartment. While in the beginning she had stopped in only once a week and had sent her maid to put things in order, she now came every evening. She lifted her veil carefully, took off her hat, dropped down on the sofa and suddenly began to cry pitifully.

"The Storm Troopers have just taken my husband," came through her tears. "You should have seen them drag him all over the Römerberg. If von Westrem had not rescued him and placed him under protective arrest, he would have passed out in front of me. . . . Now I have only you left."

"Me? I have a vague recollection that you have

a son about my age. Besides, your husband won't be there forever."

Mrs. Schmidt groaned but got up and went to the desk. "Did you get a letter from your parents?"

"No, but there is a letter from Berlin, from a former comrade of mine and a wasted sheet of paper from Mr. Berg."

"From Mr. Berg?" There was the shadow of a malicious gleam in her eyes.

"If I were you, I'd send this Devorah to the devil. Her parents don't like you. You aren't good enough for them. Well, I'd be too proud to chase their daughter." Her voice, a moment ago a wail, had become strangely firm.

A light dawned in Alexander's mind. Perhaps she was Mr. Berg's reliable source? Perhaps she had gone to their home and blackballed him so that she could have him herself? Devorah had often said that she looked at her with green eyes. But what was Mrs. Schmidt to him? Just a friend like so many others. He was still in her apartment only because he was too lazy to look for another place, and because she continuously pressed him to stay. He often wanted to pay her as he would any other landlady, but she was consistently energetic in her refusal. Was she trying to buy him? Was her solicitude for him more than friendship in a troubled time? He looked at her. There was so much physical intimacy in her regard that he was shocked.

"Lotte Schmidt," he shouted at her hoarsely, "I see through you now. You were at Berg's. This letter is your work. But you have deceived yourself. I'll leave your mouse trap today."

The woman turned colors and went into the

adjoining room. Alexander began to gather his books and belongings; but as the silence began to oppress him, he looked to see where she was. He found her in the balcony room which he had used as his sleeping chamber, stretched on the couch, her eyes closed, drawing short, noisy breaths. On the bureau was a narrow bottle labeled, "Veronal, twelve tablets, 0.5 grams." As there were only two left, she had apparently taken ten.

He grasped her shoulders and shook her.

"Lotte," he yelled, "wake up. What did you do?"

No answer.

He shook her even more violently; she groaned and her eyelids opened. With her irises rolled into a corner, she looked at him.

"Did you take the veronal?" he screamed. She nodded her head slightly and her eyelids dropped with the effort. Her breathing became again sharp and loud.

"Because I charged you with going to Berg's?"

"How could you think such a thing of me?" she answered very normally.

"But you did go?" he repeated, cold and unrelenting.

Again no answer.

He left her, ran to the drug store and telephoned the nearby hospital. "Veronal poisoning, 43 Kettler Avenue, third floor."

Two doctors arrived within five minutes, and while Alexander led them to his hostess, one asked him approximately when the patient had taken the veronal. When they heard that it could not have been more than half an hour ago, they reassured him confidently.

"Oh, in that case everything is simple," said the taller one, as the other looked at the veronal bottle and felt Mrs. Schmidt's pulse. They took off their jackets, rolled up their shirt sleeves and put their aprons on.

"I guess that's the bathroom," put in the shorter one, opening the door and busying himself with the water faucet behind him.

As the patient refused to swallow the pipe and bit her teeth together, another tube was skillfully inserted through her nose.

"Marvelous," thought Alexander. "The boys certainly know their stuff. Here I am standing like an ox before a mountain." As soon as the stomach pumping, during which Mrs. Schmidt had grabbed the side of the couch as if she were in great agony, was over, one of the doctors gave her an injection and wrote out a prescription.

"There's nothing to worry about now," he told Alexander. "See that she gets twenty drops of this medicine in a few tablespoons of cold coffee three times a day. Otherwise, see that she doesn't get into a draught, and if she sleeps for a long time, don't be disturbed."

Alexander nodded.

The other one asked whether they had a family physician.

"No."

"Then we'll see that someone stops in, in the morning."

Exactly as forecast, Mrs. Schmidt soon dropped off into a peaceful and profound sleep. Alexander took paper and pen from the desk, and in order to be on hand when she awoke, he made himself comfortable in the balcony room.

"Dear Lisa," he wrote. "It's late now, and the hour as well as a personal quarrel which I just had with my landlady are certainly not conducive to logic of the sort with which I would like to answer your letter. But I write anyway because no one knows what the morrow will bring and if I write now I can hope that my answer will reach its destination.

"I hardly need to tell you how unhappy the news of your mother's imprisonment made me. It's a paradox that it is always the brave and the decent who are made to pay.

"What you think about the Communist Party I can understand. I can only say that my feeling toward Communism as a whole is that in Russia, compared to the Czarist regime, it may be, but I am even beginning to doubt this, a step forward; in Germany, as long as democracy prevailed, it was a big step backwards.

"As to what you say about Trotsky; he certainly analyzed our situation better than his Russian adversaries and their German servants. But what was his suggestion? Revolution, Communism. Communism with a different, with a smarter bureaucracy perhaps but with the same limitations of the freedom of the press, freedom of speech, freedom of thought. Instead of Trotsky, Stalin would have had to emigrate.

"Lisa, you yourself warned me—do you remember?—we were in the Tiergarten—of certain evils entwined with the German Communist movement. I realize now that they are fundamental, deeply rooted in the Communist disdain of democracy.

"Communism, as I learned in the books of Marx

and Lenin, means an end to every kind of slavery, the leap into the empire of freedom. It took me a long time to realize that this is a fallacy. In reality the Communist Party cannot even tolerate the membership of an orthodox Marxist movement in their student organizations. Everyone who doesn't swear allegiance to its principles, and they change from time to time, is a chief enemy, a chief enemy as if men of different ideas cannot live together peacefully in this world, as if Cain must always kill Abel. No, Lisa, Communism is a doctrine which denies humanity just as National Socialism does.

"Communism, I thought, means an end to the economic control of certain classes over others. Even in that I was mistaken. I saw my error in Russia, although I tried not to see it. I closed my eyes and, had not the fight of the Communists against the former Prussian Government, had not all my personal experience taught me better, I would probably still walk along with closed eyes and a dogmatic mind.

"The former Prussian Government? The more I think about the past, the more I realize that the Social Democrats were the only ones in Germany who tried to create that synthesis of economic security for the social whole and maximum personal freedom for everybody. My opinion may be wrong. It's perhaps too soon to tell.

"I entered politics too young. I've seen too much of it, and it has left me in doubt about things to which I would have given positive answers before. But I'm not sorry. I feel my apprenticeship is behind me, and that a new period of my life will begin now. I think that it is unnecessary to be a

member of a party to be a man. One should take a stand regarding the problems of our time when one has to, a stand as unprejudiced as possible. There may be a kernel of truth in every party system, but the whole truth? Where is it?

"You remind me that I'm a Jew. I'm a Jew and a German, a German and a Jew. These two factors have molded me, but I think that a man can be faithful and honest in answering the demands of both these nationalities. To the Jewish people I am bound now more than ever before. I see the need for a Jewish national home, and the Messianic dream has new meaning for me. Germany is the country of my birth. I speak her language, and her forests, mountains, valleys, and lakes are the stuff of my childhood memories. I will never let anyone cheat me of this Germany, least of all men who have elevated the Machiavellian dogma that might is right, to the ruling ideal of the state, who glorify superficial accomplishments under the false impression that it is for the benefit of the nation and who, resorting to the most immoral and brutal means, incite one people against another.

"I know from history that in the world of reality, the animal in man has often, if not always, held the upper hand; and that the humanistic ideals of tolerance and justice have usually been pushed into the background by the power of arms. But the amor intellectualis of which the Jew, Spinoza, spoke, the demand for peace and good will always reappears. Apparently this ideal is the possession only of a spiritual aristocracy, but my Jewish training teaches me that when the Messiah comes, the world will be full of it, and for it I will fight wherever I may be.

"It is difficult for me to think that I really may never see you again, but I know what political fights in times like these may do. I don't want to become sentimental so I better stop. Kindest regards.

"ALEXANDER."

CHAPTER XI

Judah die! Boycott. Von Westrem "in recognition of his meritorious service to his Fatherland and to his Party in the days of National Revolution" was pensioned by the Prussian Ministry of Interior.

At the dot of ten o'clock on the first of April, church bells tolled and military signals filled the air. Regiments of Storm Troopers with drawn bayonets marched to every Jewish shop and every Jewish lawyer's or physician's office. The leader pasted on a window or the door a large yellow circle on a black background and two Storm Troopers took military positions at the doors.

Crowds jammed the streets. They had never witnessed such a spectacle before. Woe to him who dared to enter one of the beleaguered places.

"Don't you know that this is a Jewish shop and that if you buy there you are betraying the German people?" Some of the Storm Troopers spread their legs so wide before the doors that no one could pass. Whoever ventured to try it in spite of this human fence was photographed, and the Nazi press threatened to publish these photographs with exact names and addresses during the next week.

Did the German people cheer now? Were they enthusiastic? Was this division of the people into Jews and Gentiles the fulfillment of their instincts, their desires, their will?

No fist struck at a Brown Shirt.

No shouts of "Stop" were heard.

All talk lapsed into silence as soon as a uniform

with its resounding tramp, tramp moved into sight, but among themselves the men and women of the German people whispered, "It isn't right."

"This is too much."

"My neighbor is a Jew, and he is a very nice man."

"My best and most unselfish friend is a Jew."

"I'll use Dr. Levy anyway."

Many who believed in Hitler as in Christ apologized for him. "I'm sure the Führer doesn't know about this. If he knew what these rowdies are doing, he'd stop them."

This first of April proved that the German people were basically decent, clean and civilized, and that even fanatics and sadists could not elicit the response of a pogrom. But this first of April of the year 1933, a Sabbath, proved something else. The shops and offices of religious Jews were not open to be closed for their proprietors had barred their doors at sunset the day before as their God had commanded.

Devorah came out to meet Alexander. He could not risk being seen in town any more. Even more dangerous was the University campus. He should have taken his doctor's examination that day, but the authorities did not even invite him to come. He had obtained some hint of the boycott when he went at noon to pocket his mail at the pharmacist's. The yellow spot and the Storm Troopers had preceded him.

To console the disturbed proprietor and his family, he visited their apartment, two doors above his own. Their little twelve-year-old daughter had come home from school crying. Her classmates had pasted a yellow label on her back and had scribbled all over her desk, "Jews don't belong in a German

class." Her teacher had disregarded her during all the recitations, and when she raised her hand had remarked to the others, "Such Jewish nerve. Thank God our Führer has finally decided to get rid of these parasites." Desperate, she had run to complain to the principal and to ask for his protection, but she had indeed knocked at the wrong door. "Tell your parents," he answered bruskly, "that this is a German school. You can expect nothing. You are only a very unwelcome guest."

She was lying on the sofa now. "I won't go back to school," she sobbed. "I won't go out of the house."

Her mother looked at her and wrung her hands, but her father had taken out his prayer book, had put on his skull cap and was praying silently.

After the Treaty of Versailles, when the French occupied Alsace-Lorraine, they had fled, leaving all their possessions behind them. They were Germans and they meant to be governed under the Reich. It had taken them years to attain the security which the little pharmacy implied, and it was only with the help of wealthy relatives that they had been able to reestablish themselves. Now the government under Hitler tendered them an appropriate "thank you" for their patriotism.

Devorah described what she had seen in the city. All the Jewish business men of the Zeil were forced to gather with buckets of water before the Hauptwache Tea Room. Escorted by young Storm Troopers, they were marched from street to street and directed to wash the red and white election slogans of the liberal parties from the pavements. Among them Devorah had seen a white-haired man whom she judged to be at least eighty. She tried

to help him but was pushed back with the handle of a bayonet "Father," she continued, "has lost his job again. The National Socialist Cell in his plant demanded that all Jews be fired, and yesterday I surveyed my ground in the dissection room very carefully. The Assistant Professor, Zeiger, and Dr. Schreiber treated me as if they never saw me before. Zeiger even had the audacity to say, 'Your part-time job here is over. I, as a National Socialist of long standing, could have told you that long ago. You know when a carpenter saws, there is sawdust.' I wonder what they'll do with Professor Bundschuh. He's a genuine Swiss Democrat. I still have his little Ghandi pamphlet in which he says, 'Nationalism for the sake of nationalism is barbaric.' "

"Isn't this Zeiger the one who commented on our student riots with the words, 'I, as an old Democrat, can't understand it'?"

"That was Schreiber. But he's just as bad now."

They both decided to take a walk to Bergen, following a route that avoided the city the whole way. Alexander was not known there, but to make sure that he would not be recognized, he wore a hat, an article of clothing for which he never had any use. He pulled it low on his forehead.

"Are you going to stay on at Mrs. Schmidt's?" asked Devorah, as they tramped through the fields and breathed in the spring.

Alexander nodded. "But she is going to let me pay her from now on. And she is coming to the apartment only when necessary, just as she did before. She is decent in her way. She thinks it would be too dangerous for me to move now. On Kettler Avenue, I'm comparatively safe. In that, I think she's right."

They turned away from the suburb inhabited by city officials whose lemon-yellow houses gleamed like the breasts of canaries. The road leading into it was barred with a poster: "Jews Are Not Wanted. The Road To Palestine Does Not Lead Through This Town," and to enforce the sign, there was an armed Storm Trooper who was surrounded by a group of curious children.

On the swimming pool of the village was another sign: "Jews Not Allowed."

And even the playground was ornamented with a placard: "This Grass Is Not Meant For The Flat Feet Of Jewish Children."

The landscape seemed to have changed its complexion. Trees and sward glimmered as they passed by, and warnings of "Jews Not Allowed" darkened the yellow-green of April.

"They don't want us," murmured Alexander. "It's just like the Middle Ages again except that then we spent our days in the world and were locked in our ghetto at night. Now, the ghetto is in the world. Goethe and Lessing with their cosmopolitan and panhuman ideas have lived in vain. They don't want us."

"Whom do you mean by 'they'? How can you generalize that way? It's only a very small group of Germans who favor this rowdyism. There are others who have retained their ability to think. Maria's mother came over yesterday to tell me that they had to hang up a Swastika outside the house today. She wanted to tell me before I saw it myself and she wanted to tell me why they were doing it. 'It's a question of bread and butter for us,' she said. 'We have four children, and if my husband doesn't do as the Nazis tell him, he'll lose his job. As long

as he goose steps with them, they'll let him alone. There is even a chance that he'll be advanced because the firm has to get rid of the Jewish general manager. Don't think we feel good about what's going on or that we've changed our attitude. I guess you won't feel like coming in while the flag's outside, but later, I hope, you'll still want your Italian lessons.' She's been giving Maria and me Italian lessons for two years. That's only one example. Take Fritzchen. I met him this morning in his new Packard. He drove me home so that, as he put it, I wouldn't see too much of the monkey business, and he greeted me, 'See what your nationalism will bring!' He never could understand my Zionism and he always teased me, 'If you Jews aren't liberal, where can you expect to find liberals?' Incidentally, he admitted that the 'national revolution' has cleared his father's market of Jewish competitors to whom they had been losing considerable business lately."

"Competition, competition always plays its role. Why doesn't someone have the courage to shout from the housetops that he is not a Nazi, that he won't give up his Jewish friends? Why hasn't someone the courage to tear down these signs?" asked Alexander rhetorically.

Devorah shrugged her shoulders. "How many people are there who are willing to fight for a cause, and what good would it do if individuals martyred themselves?"

They walked silently for a while.

In Bergen the church bells tolled.

"Miss Moeve asked Mother not to come in today. She thought she would be too excited and wouldn't be able to hold her tongue. And, there, by the way,

you have an example of someone who is not afraid of competition. When the government announced that only Jews could be fired and only Aryans employed, she went to the boss and asked him to give Mother a written contract as a salesgirl, dating it back a few months so that it could not be questioned. She's the personnel manager and she's a Catholic. She hates the Nazis."

But Alexander was not listening. "Max Weber, the Heidelberg sociologist, traces anti-Semitism back to the dietary laws, that the Jew invites the Gentile but can't return the call. Even in antiquity, he says, there was anti-Semitism. The heathens were frightened by the Jewish idea of a sole, impersonal God who had no consort, no ancestors, no descendants, who was eternal. Then the Jews voluntarily isolated themselves. The hatred that developed has been transmitted and intensified through centuries."

"The reasoning's not bad. Many Jews, perhaps millions, have assimilated during the process of history; they have disappeared completely, but a nucleus has held to faith and tradition and has remained as a strange element among the other peoples. Our abstract monotheism, our dietary laws are only two evidences of our special, racial integrity."

"You believe in race and blood?" asked Alexander.

"To a certain degree, yes. But the fact that there are human races does not necessarily imply race hatred. Only the primitives, the barbarians hate the stranger, brand him as their enemy; and, as we know, in psychopathics and the mentally diseased the primitive reappears. Here you have the best explanation of what's happening today. Take Streicher for an example. If you had ever seen

the productions of certain patients in insane hospitals, their pornographic letters, then you would understand exactly why Streicher writes in the 'Stürmer' the way he does. Only a man who lacks every moral control can enjoy the dirty photographs and stories he dishes up to his readers so much. The perversion of instincts is clearly revealed."

"Did you read in the last edition of the 'Stürmer' that every Jew, by law of the Talmud, has to violate every Gentile girl he sees from her third year on? As Mr. Streicher was bold enough to put down the exact page of the Hebrew text, I investigated the case. And what do you think I found? A Jew who has sexual intercourse with a Gentile girl is to be punished by the death penalty through stoning." Alexander laughed bitterly.

"The dangerous thing is that there are always elements in the masses that are charmed to read that kind of stuff and who are inclined to be affected by it. Therefore, I really fear for Germany's future. One could say that during and after almost every revolution, cruelties occur because in those times the worst of the mob gets loose, but in the end, the saner instincts of the masses, in the members of the new government itself, overcome the spirit of the mental hospitals. Here I see no solution, as, at the top of the pyramid are men who can never satisfy their psychopathic impulses and who always will carry unrest to the people. . . . It's almost Passover again, Alexander. I wonder if we'll have a new ritual murder story."

"Yes, Devorah, and I can't go home. My parents are all alone. Lazar is away. I'm away, and my father has no job. And this Passover hits home more than any one before."

"When my father read the Hagadah and came to the Rosho, and quoted, 'What does this service mean to you?' I often asked myself, despite all my Zionism, 'What does this service mean to me?' We in Western Europe have separated ourselves from the rest of Jewry. Pogroms, depression and slavery were the special lot of Eastern Jews. We did not know them in the West, and what one doesn't know, one cannot feel. If Moses would arise among us today to lead us from this new land of bondage, would all the Jews follow? We are no better than other peoples, we've become accustomed to security and outside comfort. We are slaves, even if we don't recognize the fact. To be free, one must fight. Liberty, to be kept alive, must be conquered and reconquered all the time."

CHAPTER XII

A few days later, Alexander's bell shrieked repeatedly. Outside was the pharmacist.

"There's a telephone call for you from the police. Come into my shop, there's no one there."

Following an impulse, Alexander had tried on his ski jacket. He hadn't had an opportunity to touch his skis this winter, and so he put the jacket on to see whether it still fit him. He followed the man just as he was.

"Police Inspector X calling from a public booth. Names are dangerous. I'm the one who destroyed your registration cards. The Nazis have trailed you. Your name is on their list. They'll be at your place in at most an hour."

Click; the other had hung up the receiver.

Alexander could ask no questions nor even thank his informant. He thought a moment and then requested the pharmacist to telephone Devorah Berg and to ask her to write to him without a return address in care of the Central Post Office, Paris, France.

"I'm slated for important visitors," he continued, and extended his hand.

"The barbarians are coming; I thought so," answered the other, shaking it sadly. "Good luck to you." Responding to a sudden thought, he took a little bottle from the shelf of a show case.

"Here, take this. It's better than concentration camp. I carry it with me all the time."

"I hope I never need it," laughed Alexander, and ran out.

Lotte Schmidt was speeding down Kettler Avenue in the car of the Stadtrat.

She waved from a distance. "I know everything. Get in right away. We'll pick up Otto at our garage so we'll have someone driving who knows the car."

The chauffeur was already waiting. He still wore the three arrow pin of the Reichsbanner-Iron Front on his coat lapel.

"O. K., let's go." Without wasting any words, he changed seats with Mrs. Schmidt, who went to the rear of the car. As he started he pointed to the box which usually held rags and repair tools. Alexander saw two revolvers.

"Are they loaded?"

Otto nodded. "We won't stop for a second. If anybody stops us, we shoot. I'll drive you to Saarbrücken. This'll be my third time over that road. I've changed the plates each time. Dr. Hannes of the Hessian Ministry of Interior was first, then Reichstag Deputy Tramer of Wiesbaden, and now it's your turn. I'd like the boss to go with us, too, but he won't hear of it. 'Fourteen years I have served the black, red and gold flag of the Republic. Now that the Nazis are trampling it, shall I desert?' " He imitated the deep, resonant voice of the Stadtrat. "Who knows when they'll arrest him again?"

Mrs. Schmidt made herself heard from the rear. "Inspector Wirl called me first. He did not know how to get in touch with you. It's a good thing, but I was coming to the apartment anyway. Dr. Radbruch called me up to tell you through me that the Nazi students were planning to reopen the trial

concerning the riots last year. He thought you ought to leave the country. He's packing himself. He has no job. Professor Berani's been pensioned." She handed Alexander a paper already opened. "Read this. It'll give you some fun."

Alexander glanced over it as the car skimmed the road at a hundred and twenty kilometers an hour. Under the headline, "Nest of Conspirators Discovered," came an article unveiling the mysteries of the Institute for Economic Research. Hochheim, Pol, Kleinmann, and Leren were relegated to the staff of the Marxist army. Alexander fairly burst with laughter.

"It's pretty good. I'm sure the worthy professors never dreamt it." The article intimated that the whole staff had fled the country but had left behind, besides their books and archives, outlines which proved that here, in the halls of learning, a stone's throw from the Frankfurt University, the world revolution was being planned.

"4000c + 1000v + 1000p = 6000. 2000c + 500v + 500p = 3000."

These formulae, the latest discoveries in poison gas, were found on a blackboard and in several notebooks belonging to Professor Kleinmann. Alexander recognized immediately the symbols of Karl Marx's "Capital"—constant, variable capital, and profit, in their reproductive cycle.

"Such a conscience must be a convenience; I'd like to borrow it some time." Nor was this all. Under the article about the Institute was another of the same magnanimous proportions devoted to himself. He had studied at the expense of the University but had used all his time for organizing attacks against National Socialist students. Never-

theless, throughout, he had remained true to his Germanism and in his personal conduct he had been beyond reproach. A few weeks in a camp would turn him out a useful citizen. Unfortunately, however, this remedy could not be administered as he had escaped to London fourteen days ago and was now writing atrocity tales about his Fatherland for the English press. Alexander threw aside the paper. He gathered two things from the article. The Nazis were not yet aware of his Jewish descent and they were deliberately trying to mislead him by pretending that he was out of the country so that they could set their traps better.

Twilight was beginning to fall when they reached the frontier between Germany and the League-governed Saar Basin.

"Waldmoor," announced Otto. "Look around and breathe deeply. Who knows when you will see Germany again?" Alexander actually looked around.

"Spring," he thought; "blossoming trees, babbling brooks. How much this landscape is part of me!" But his farewell reverie was crudely interrupted.

"What the hell!" boomed Otto, as he slowed down the car. "The bandits are lowering the barrier. What now?"

The sudden lurch of the car awoke Lotte, who had been sound asleep in the back. "Are we there already?" she asked sleepily.

"Unfortunately not," answered Otto, quickly master of the situation again.

"Keep your eyes on those babies," he said, winking at the guns. "I'll be a smoothie first, but if it doesn't work, I'll let 'em have it and raise the thing myself." He hid his three arrow pin, opened the window to his left, and waited quietly for the cus-

toms official and the attending Storm Trooper to approach.

"Your papers," mechanically greeted the Storm Trooper.

"What papers?" returned Otto in the very same voice.

"Don't you know that you need a stamp on your passport to show you are free to cross the border?"

Otto opened the door.

"Heil Hitler!" he saluted. "I couldn't see that you were a Storm Trooper, comrade; send him away," he pointed to the customs official. "We don't need any civilians."

The customs official took a few steps back.

Otto fumbled through the papers in his pocket, drew one out, read it and showed it to the Storm Trooper.

"We are from the Frankfurt Administration," he whispered importantly. "Out to get a guy in Saarbrücken, Jewish swine, of course. The dame, she'll rope him. We'll do the rest." He pointed to Alexander. "Savvy?" and he smiled astutely.

The Storm Trooper looked at the paper. "Frankfurt Administration, Stadtrat," he nodded significantly. "You coming back this way?"

Otto nodded.

"Good-bye, I'd like to get a crack at the devil. One in the jaw."

"One?" laughed Otto.

The Storm Trooper motioned the customs official to raise the barrier.

"Heil!" he saluted, clicking his heels.

"Ass!" shouted Otto at the top of his voice as he stepped on the gas.

* * *

Alexander walked along Bahnhof Street.

Dark, gray, cold.

That was his impression of Saarbrücken. He could actually smell the coal that was dug from the bowels of the earth surrounding the city.

The signs were German, the names of the shopkeepers sounded German. People looked German.

Only from the administration headquarters of the United Mine Works waved a soiled blue, red, and white flag bearing some French words.

"Yesterday, I was in Germany," he said to himself. "Today I am in Germany, and yet I'm not. League country. Yesterday Lotte gave me this letter of recommendation to Max Braun whom I'm going to see now, and a hundred Marks note. I've got to get it changed into French francs to pay the hotel. They were really afraid to let me out because I have no baggage." He turned into a crowded side street and was attracted by a circle before a window. Filling a gap left by some one, he read a violent attack from the "Neue Saarpost, the Independent Organ for German and Christian Culture," against the persecution of Catholics in the Reich. The eighth wonder in the world! He was really astonished. A German paper which had the courage to write something which Goebbels did not dictate!

Max Braun sat in his office in the building of the "Saar Volksstimme." A handsome, intelligent man whose fair hair was shot with gray. He read Lotte's letter and asked about her and her husband. Alexander described how Stadtrat Schmidt had been arrested, how Lotte had driven him over the border to Waldmoor, and how, as soon as she had seen him safe in Saarbrücken, she had gone back to the Reich through Einöd. Braun questioned him

as to his identity. Was he the Alexander Roth who had fought for a united front among the leftist and democratic parties? Alexander nodded.

"Then I know you already. I've followed you step by step. Too bad, it was all in vain." Braun got up and paced the room with giant strides. "We outside of Germany saw what was coming, but we couldn't do anything, we couldn't do anything."

"1935 brings the Saar election. Will it go back to Germany?" Alexander also arose from the chair which had been offered him when he had entered.

"Yes, January 13, 1935, the fate of the Saar will be decided. Before January 30, 1933, the Saar was a hundred per cent for reembodiment into the Reich. There was a United German Front in the Saar, everyone, from the Communists to extreme rightists, was in favor of Germany. Since then, there are two Germanies here. The Germany of National Socialism and the Germany of the status quo which hopes for an early end to Hitler. We must correct German history to save it from the falsification of National Socialism. All Germans outside of Germany must be bound by oath into a confederation that will fight the destroyers of the true Germany."

"So you give Nazism in the Reich at least two years to live?"

"I give it much more. Had the Democratic and Socialist Parties not left the fray in so cowardly a fashion, had they outdone their half-measures of former years in one grand struggle at the finale, then some day the oppressed German people might have looked to them for relief, but as it is, even Catholic Bavaria has submitted."

"There the Catholic Church with its corporation ideas has even prepared the way. Now they'll

suffer too and they'll find out that a totalitarian state, whether Bolshevist or National Socialist, interferes with the church more than a democratic system which allows room for the free interplay of ideas. One totalitarianism excludes the other."

"We have here one hundred and fifty thousand Catholic voters. Everything depends on them. I only hope that what has happened in the Reich has taught their leaders a lesson."

"Have you felt the terror that rules in Germany here?"

"It's beginning to manifest itself. You may have heard that Hitler referred to me at the first so-called Reichstag meeting in the Potsdamer Garnison Church as a 'traitor and a separatist.' A couple of weeks ago, the Reich's government had some agents take my pulse again to see whether I had changed my mind or whether I was holding out for the status quo as before. As I showed them the door rather abruptly, they are beginning now."

Max Braun laughed. "Do you know? My grandfather was a peasant at Adenau near Coblenz; my mother comes from the Netherrhine, from Mörs. I was born in Neuss. For five years, I was an elementary school teacher and then I enlisted as a volunteer in the World War. We've been Protestants for centuries, and now the Nazis call me a Polish Jew."

He was silent for a few minutes and then continued. "The saddest part of the picture is the attitude of the Communists here. Do you know what their slogan is for the January 1935 election? 'Back To Germany Even If They Hang Us.' Their Landesratsdelegate day before yesterday, to the sat-

isfaction of the Nazis, labeled me a friend of the French."

"Against stupidity even the gods fight in vain." Alexander wanted to go. He would have liked to ask Max Braun whether there were any vocational opportunities that he had come across. But he felt that this would be an imposition. The man already had enough sorrows aside from troubling himself about jobs for refugees from Germany. He extended his hand, but Max Braun waved him back into his chair.

"No, no, do you have money to live on? What are your plans?"

"All I have is a hundred Marks which Lotte Schmidt gave me. If the Nazis have searched my apartment, as I was promised, that may be all. My clothes, my books, my money and other valuables were all there."

For the first time Braun noticed his ski jacket. "Were you going to try the mountains?"

"Not exactly. I was just trying it on when I was warned to leave at once. I hoped to get my doctor's degree and to land a university post. But now, of course, I don't know what will happen to those plans."

"We are considering an impartial newspaper to mirror the opinions of all the emigrants. It will be called the 'Deutsche Freiheit' and Catholics, Jews, Socialists, and German Nationals—it's getting too hot for some of them even—will contribute to it. How would you like to be one of the correspondents?"

Alexander was most enthusiastic. It was more than he dared to hope.

"Before that begins, suppose you work for the

'Volksstimme.' Were you planning to stay in Saarbrücken?"

"No, I wanted to go to Paris to continue my studies at the Sorbonne."

"So much the better. We have plenty of correspondents here. You can write every week from Paris, anything that comes to your mind, whatever you see. Of course, the fate of the refugees from Germany will be most interesting. Will they find work? How do they accommodate to changes of occupation? But you understand, I don't have to go into that. I'll give you an advance of five hundred francs, that's about eighty Marks. We can't pay much. Perhaps not even enough to take care of your minimum needs, but in Paris you can go to the Matteotti Fund or the Jewish Distribution Committee. May I donate a suit of mine? Don't be bashful, there's no disgrace in being a refugee."

Alexander thought a moment. First he wanted to wait to see whether Lotte would send him any of his things. She had faithfully promised to forward whatever was left.

"Are you going to leave for Paris today or would you rather rest here a day or so? You could stay at our apartment. We could put up a bed in the study."

"No, I think I'll go today." In Alexander burned the desire to hear from Devorah, to whom he had not even said farewell.

Max Braun went with him to the cashier and signed a form for five hundred francs.

"I'll give you one week. From then on, I expect to hear from you punctually. If there is any money here, I'll send you your salary as regularly as possible. If I want anything special, I'll write to you.

Remember that my door is always open to you. If there is nothing in Paris, don't hesitate to come back. Disregard what I just said. I was speaking as an editor. But I really believe that the man comes first and then the job."

* * *

In front of the Jardin du Luxembourg is a safety island which looks like a tongue cut into the heavy traffic of the Boulevard St. Michel. It is meant to be a protection against the speed of the automobiles and buses which are somewhat outmoded and duck-like in their clumsiness. In the midst of the island is a lantern about the middle of which is fastened a box containing tickets. Each passenger who intends to take the Number Eight trolley, which goes from the Gare de l'Est to Porte d'Orleans, takes a number and is admitted to the vehicle after all the numbers preceding his have been accommodated, a democratic system which minimizes the value of healthy elbows.

Alexander stood for two hours on the little island. He was watching a shabbily dressed boy about seven years old who shouted at definite intervals, "L'Ami du Peuple." Coming from his lips it sounded like "L'Ami du Pup." His voice was hoarse when he put down his heavy pile of papers and leaned his whole weight against the street lamp. He made out his accounts, shifting coins from one pocket to the other, evidently finishing his balance sheet by including the value of the unsold papers. His customers were few and far between, an occasional very well dressed man with white gloves in his left hand. The masses of Paris read their news

in other papers. His cries of "L'Ami du Pup" became softer and softer until they were almost inaudible. Then he sank down and sat on the cold, dirty stones. Other newsboys passed by joking with him, happy that they had sold out and could now go home to sleep. A spoiled child with a very thin governess, whose lips were drawn up snobbishly, walked past. He kicked the crumpled heap of the newsboy vehemently and pointed at him. Other pedestrians were more sympathetic. Some even said a few friendly words to him. Quite a few bent their heads to read the headlines of the paper. One woman even went so far as to turn it over to read the lower half of the front page, but none of them bought the paper.

Twenty more papers.

Alexander had missed twenty-four trolleys. He knew that if he still wanted to see the von Weiningens that night, he had better hurry, but the pale, transparent face of the newsboy held him there. He was sympathetic; no, much more than that. He was angry at everybody who passed by without buying a paper, and that woman who actually read it without paying for it, he would have liked to give her a swift kick.

What should he do?

Buy the papers and send the boy home? But what would he do with so many papers? And this reactionary organ of all things!

The boy's lips moved only mechanically now, and while his right arm still embraced the papers, his head had dropped down to his chest.

"Get up there, I'll take the rest. Here's the money; by now you ought to be in bed." The little

boy looked at Alexander with astonished eyes and slowly disappeared. . . .

On the trolley car, Alexander reproached himself because he realized that he should think at least three times before he parted with a centime. That morning, he had returned the hundred Marks to Lotte Schmidt. She had sent him a letter in which she reported herself well and said that she could now send him some of his clothes and books. From Devorah, there had only been a card, but she promised to write at greater length as soon as he answered.

* * *

The family von Weiningen now lived in a dark, shabby two-room apartment in a rear house. While the boy slept, the Regierungsrat and his wife strung little pearls by the gas light of the kitchen. They were more than a little surprised when Alexander knocked at their door, and he could not help catching his breath when he saw these formerly wealthy people at their new occupation.

Mrs. von Weiningen offered him a kitchen stool.

"Sit down and tell us about yourself. We thought of you often and asked other refugees what had become of you." Alexander had to tell everything that had happened since the Fastnacht Ball, when he had seen the von Weiningens for the last time. He described his break with his political past, told of his flight, of the conversation with Max Braun. He could also give them news of their mutual acquaintances in Frankfurt. Wecker had joined the Nazis. Orchansky was in Switzerland. Mrs. Lemke had told the Nazis that he had revolutionary propa-

ganda material in his room. He refused to go back to Russia where he was threatened with a trial for supposed opposition tendencies. Ernst von Ramin was in Prague with Otto Strasser organizing the "Black Front."

After Alexander was finished, Mr. von Weiningen reciprocated. He had been falsely accused of left radical tendencies, and accordingly, as soon as the Nazis assumed power, he had been pensioned, but every uniform, every new law had been a dart to his heart. Finally, he had decided to give up the comfort of Berlin and to take his family into exile. "The boy goes to school here and in six weeks he has acquired an excellent French."

"That's because he had a year's conversation with his Mademoiselle in Berlin. Now it's showing up," interrupted Mrs. von Weiningen.

Her husband nodded assent. "You see, we are doing home work here, but I hope to establish a little toy factory. They have nothing like it here, and it used to be my hobby when I was in Nurmberg. I'm quite an expert now and I think it will bring us a normal income."

Alexander had glanced a number of times at the open room. "Did you leave your furniture and everything in Berlin?"

"Yes, the boy's governess was a National Socialist. We didn't know it, of course. When she heard that we were planning to leave, she reported it, and my bank account as well as the house were expropriated."

"But we don't let that trouble us; better so than to be in jail or a concentration camp," commented the Austrian heiress.

"But you did not have to fear those extremes," noted Alexander.

"Don't say that," continued Mr. von Weiningen as he put his work away. "Enough for today. . . . I said many things which the new government certainly didn't like to hear." He smiled bitterly. "If my wife and I were young now and just getting married, we'd probably be hailed into court as race criminals. No, in a country where such things are actualities, I can't breathe. If people of different races or nationalities would like to live together and the state can possibly prevent it, then. . . ."

Mrs. von Weiningen prepared tea. As she set the table, she remarked to Alexander, "Do you know that I first learned how to cook here?"

Alexander looked up at her without answering, but Mr. von Weiningen complimented, "Where there's a will, there's a way." After a while, he went on. "Hitler has taught me the best lesson I've ever learned. We who believe in democracy made many mistakes. Immediately after 1918, we should have given the generals the air along with the Kaiser. Instead of this, we gave them pensions and the necessary leisure in which to undermine the foundations of the Republic. The reactionary judges of pre-war years should have been dismissed too. The whole civil service should have been reorganized. I experienced it myself. I tried to maintain an impossible position. The middle and lower ranks of officials were either Monarchists or Nazis, often both. They were very skillful at sabotaging the orders of the ministries and at robbing the people of their rights within the framework of the Constitution. No wonder the people are disgusted with democracy and with liberty. It has been nothing

but a cloak behind which reactionaries have oppressed them."

"Aren't you exaggerating now? Weren't the years in which the Social Democrats held the reins of government, in spite of all the blots, among the brightest in our history?"

"That period was too short to impress the minds of the masses. The Social Democrats and the other republican parties lacked something fundamental which the chauvinistic right had—unity, audacity and the will to take a risk.

"Among the Weimar leaders there were certainly many idealists. But to the world at large they seemed to concentrate exclusively on wage problems and economic statistics. The Nazis, on the contrary, gave their adherents a uniform, a flag, a belief, a religion. They fathomed the character of the German people. We were too dumb or too proud to stoop to such means. Now we have the answer."

"And tomorrow, they will get their answer, Mr. von Weiningen. Parades and radio speeches can't satisfy the stomach for long."

"Of course, but you forget that the German people is accustomed to hunger. Then, it's relatively easy for a dictatorship to hold dissatisfaction in check. If that doesn't succeed, it can always resort to war. In such an instance, it will be the fault of France, or the Jews outside of Germany or Lord knows what. Economically, they are already regimented for war."

"Do you think they'll nationalize industry?"

"They'll go at least as far as Italy, which next to Soviet Russia is certainly the country where the abolition of private ownership in the means of production and the submergence of personal initiative

have progressed farthest. They won't give their financiers any pleasure."

Mrs. von Weiningen asked Alexander how he had discovered their address.

"I got it this afternoon at a meeting of the French League for the Protection of Civil Rights. Why weren't you there?"

"We had to do our daily quota of pearl necklaces," she answered, "and besides, we find these discussions by emigrants useless. Each one is sure that he was right, and I think that those who saw what happened should be too frightened to worry today about having been right. They should prefer to have made a mistake."

After promising to come back again, Alexander left. He walked down Montparnasse. In front of the outdoor tables of the Café du Dome, he saw Goldenburg and Hertz in an animated conversation with a number of young men. Goldenburg had a bandage around his head.

"Concentration camp," he explained.

* * *

Early the next morning, Alexander left the small students' hotel at 4 Rue la Place in the Quartier Latin. He hoped to accomplish three things. He wanted to register with the Jewish Committee and to get the meal tickets he had heard about at the League meeting from them. Then, he planned to go to the Sorbonne to find out whether he could complete his studies there. Finally, he was interested in seeing Charles Wolf, the editor of a literary Parisian periodical. His name had been given to him by a Wiesbadener lawyer who lived in the same

hotel and who had suggested that since Mr. Wolf was especially interested in Jewish journalists, he might give Alexander a chance. . . .

Outside the office of the "Comité National pour les Refugiés Alemands," an agency built up chiefly with funds donated by Baron de Rothschild, stood a motley crowd of men and women, young and old. Newsboys peddled the "Gegenangriff" and the "Action," apparently anti-Nazi papers in the German language.

Alexander was handed ticket number 314.

"How many have they interviewed?" he asked a man a few ranks ahead of him.

"Oh, about thirty. Who knows whether we'll get our turn today?" He spoke Yiddish and appeared to be an East Jew.

"But it's only eight o'clock now. When is one supposed to get here?"

The other smiled. "There are some people who stay here all night. Sleep on the stones."

A lady turned to Alexander. "I am really refreshed to hear German again. Most of this rabble are not German at all. I don't understand what they are doing here."

The man whom Alexander had addressed first now faced the lady angrily. "Would you like to drag your distinctions between German Jews and East Jews even to this place? I come from Leipzig. I had a fur business there that I was forced to leave overnight. As a refugee, I'm just as good as you are."

The lady read the sign above the door with emphasis: "Pour les Refugiés Alemands, for German emigrants. You should have gone to Poland or Russia or wherever it is you come from."

A respectable old gentleman joined the conversation. "Are you still feeding your German ego?" he asked rather bruskly. "Suppose circumstances would have forced you to flee to Warsaw and there you were told that German Jews could not be assisted; they receive only East Jews who had lived in Germany. As for you, you could go to Paris, but they had no time. I'll tell you what I heard and what I really believe. In Poland and Rumania the Jews have fasted, have given their last pennies to help the emigrants coming from Germany. The refugees have been welcomed everywhere because the Eastern Jews felt the blow which Hitler leveled against us as if it had been directed at them. You should be ashamed to speak of the East Jews in such a derogatory tone."

"The French Jews react very differently than you've just described. Some of them give money, that's true, but that's about all." A neighbor, who had contributed this comment and who had introduced himself as a former member of the editorial staff of the "Vossische Zeitung," broke off suddenly. Beside him French was being spoken. From a citoyen had stepped an elegantly attired lady and gentleman who now approached the office of the Committee. The clients who had guarded the door carefully lest someone precede their turn now hastily stepped aside. Without so much as honoring the crowd of refugees with a glance, the couple entered the building.

"I want to tell you something," resumed the former editor after he had told his small son to stand still without pulling at his hand, "You may be right as regards that lady, but there are many among us who are not German Jews at all, who

never even saw Germany. They heard back in their Galician villages that you can get free board here, and they've come in a hurry. Schnorrers."

"But it should be easy to discover them," protested the old man.

"How? They lie about the color of the sky. If you go by papers, then many genuine refugees don't have any either. What can you do? When I was here last time there was a man standing in front of me who told the investigator that he came from a place near Vienna. As some of the Austrian Jews have actually fled because they were afraid things would go there as they have in Germany, she was ready to give him the same assistance we get. By chance, she questioned him a little further, 'From where near Vienna do you come? Where was your home?'

" 'Oh, an hour away.'

" 'Have you papers?'

" 'Yes.'

"And the shyster actually brought out his passport. It was from Lodz.

" 'But that's more than an hour from Vienna. Even by airplane you couldn't get there in an hour.'

" 'Did I say anything about airplane? I meant by telegraph.' "

Alexander laughed. "But that's a joke."

"Not at all. It's tragic; it actually happened."

There was a sudden commotion at the head of the line. The supervisor had come out and called with self-conscious dignity, "The next ten."

Had Alexander seen that face before? He wondered. Wasn't he Stein of the Frankfurt Reichsbanner? Stein recognized him with more certainty. As he tried to control the rest of the people who

threatened to follow the first ten, he suddenly shouted, "Professor, professor, what are you doing out here? Director Lapelle is waiting for you." Stein was pointing at him, but as what he said did not apply, Alexander looked around.

The irredoubtable Stein had called another supervisor and was coming over to him.

"Professor," he continued in a stentorian voice, "Why are you waiting down here? The Director is waiting to see you upstairs."

Alexander followed him inside. The line devotedly stepped aside. Once on the stairs, he asked, "Are you Stein of the Frankfurt Reichsbanner?"

The other nodded.

"Then you must know that I am not a professor. What's the idea?"

"I didn't want to see you wait down there, and the only people who get preference around here are rabbis and professors. So I called you professor." Stein led him straight to the director who, with a few others among the investigators, was a French Jew. The rest, who sat at a long table lined with filing boxes, were Germans. Alexander recognized some of his Frankfurt acquaintances among them.

He was registered on a list of white-collar unemployed, given some meal tickets, and, even though he protested that he had a few hundred francs in his pocket, he was allotted fifty francs for the following week.

He left for the Sorbonne.

As it was lunch hour the information bureau was closing. An employee on his way out stopped long enough to hand him a bulletin and to tell him that, to the best of his knowledge, the Sorbonne conferred the doctorate only on those who received their

bachelor's in France. "To the best of my knowledge, your German credits will be recognized only in Holland," and with this, he disappeared.

Alexander read the regulation governing graduate degrees at the Sorbonne which the clerk had just mentioned in the bulletin. Very disappointed, he considered the relative merits of dinner or an interview with Charles Wolf. The meal tickets were for a kosher restaurant in Rivoli Street, but as they could be used at any time and were not forfeited, he decided to cross the "Boul. Mich." for Condé Street and the editorial offices of the "Germinal." He wanted to stand on his own feet as soon as possible and not to be dependent on the Committee.

The baroque structure at 16 Condé Street bore no sign, placard, or any mark that would indicate the offices of the "Germinal." Alexander checked the address in his notebook and rang the bell.

The concierge answered.

"Charles Wolf? Oh, Professor Rubbish is at the corner bar sipping apéritifs. Just a minute, I'll go with you. I, too, feel a consuming thirst."

On the way, Alexander recalled the Wiesbadener lawyer's remark that Charles Wolf was Heinrich Mann's French translator. Hence, the "Professor Rubbish."

Charles Wolf had a fine, spirited head, very Jewish features and a carefully cut, de Maupassant beard in the style of the students of the Quartier Latin. He greeted Alexander in perfect German. He came from Alsace and had emigrated to Paris with a mastery of the language.

"An apéritif?"

Alexander shook his head.

"Have you had dinner?"

Hot under the collar, Alexander assured him that he would soon. He could really appreciate something to eat as he hadn't even had breakfast.

"You won't refuse a glass of coffee?"

Alexander did not.

Not only did he drink the black liquid that smelled of anything but coffee beans, but he helped himself to a hard boiled egg which was on the plate and a slice of white bread.

Charles Wolf ordered Marcel who was swallowing one apéritif after another at the bar off to the office.

"Here is my key. On top of the papers you'll find 'Le Capital,' the finance and business periodical. Do me a favor and bring it in here."

Marcel slowly pocketed the key and even more slowly dragged himself from his apéritifs.

"Do you know?" explained Charles Wolf, "journalists here are not as well paid as in the Reich. I get as much as the concierge. If I didn't work as a translator for Grasset, you've surely heard of the publishing house, I wouldn't be able to live. I tell you this because I don't want you to be disappointed. The correspondents and co-workers naturally get less than I do. There are many around who pay to get themselves printed instead of the reverse. We call them 'the sons of the fathers.' But frequently they are the fathers themselves. There are no great prospects in this game. I have a friend, a feuilletonist like I am, who never gets paid on time. When the subscriptions come in, he gets his money, but never all of it. Recently, he lifted the lamps, pictures, and leather armchairs from the offices, and the concierge who was extra specially well-paid to watch the place helped him." Alexander

had the strange feeling that Charles Wolf and Marcel were the friend and the concierge respectively.

Marcel brought the paper.

"Here is a circular from some bankers in Germany. It strikes me as insipid. Write me a comment on it, feuilleton style, readable, about a column and a half. I'll correct it, if necessary. I'll try to get fifty francs from the administration for you. You'd get three times as much in Germany." Wolf invited Alexander to accompany him to Grasset. He showed him the building, introduced him to several department heads and presented him with a number of their latest publications; novels, scientific works which he ordered packed for him in the delivery room.

"Shall I send them? What's your address?"

"Hotel Rue la Place, quatre. But I can take them with me."

"You're staying at a hotel? Isn't that rather expensive? How do you manage?"

"What can I do? For the immediate future, I have a journalistic contract with Saarbrücken, and today I went to the Jewish Committee."

Wolf telephoned a friend of his. "Is your roof apartment open? I have a very good friend of mine, a refugee, whom I'd like to put in there. He's at a cheap hotel, but even that'll be too expensive in the long run."

Evidently the friend agreed for Wolf took out a paper and pencil.

"Here is my address, and here is the address of my friend. He is a philosophy professor at the Sorbonne and he has a whole house. You can stay in the apartment as long as you want without paying. You'll have a bedroom, a study, a kitchen and

a bath. You can even cook occasionally if you care to, but I want you to come to our home for supper every evening. We'll be glad to have you. We can go to the theater, the movies or stay home afterwards. I have an excellent folklore collection which I think will interest you." Wolf emphasized the importance of moving at once to save expenses. He said good-bye because he had to get back to work.

"But don't forget, we expect you tonight at seven. . . ."

Alexander paid his bill at the hotel and packed the soap and toothbrush which he had bought in the Saar into his pocket. He stopped at a store at the corner of Boulevard St. Michel and Boulevard St. Germain and purchased a shirt, a pair of shorts, a pair of pajamas, a handkerchief, a pair of socks and some writing paper. With these, his total effects, he boarded the métro for his new home. On the train, he read the article which Wolf had shown him. It was a letter dated March 30, 1933, from a famous German banking firm to a Paris bank.

"To our friends in foreign countries: The publicizing of atrocities supposedly occurring in Germany is, of course, the work of politically interested strangers, and it deranges not only German finance but also the normal trade conditions binding Germany with the rest of the world. This atrocity propaganda is based on lies and falsification. Complete silence reigns in Germany, and every impartial visitor can easily convince himself that no one is molested or hampered in the exercise of his personal or professional duties.

"We hope that you will advertise the true state of

affairs in your circles, and help to stop at once the boycott which threatens German industry.

"Very truly yours,"

By the time he arrived at his new apartment, where he was very cordially received and invited to come down whenever he was in the mood, it was already six o'clock. As he was at least an hour's ride from Charles Wolf's, he merely changed his shirt, postponing until later the writing of his article. . . .

Madame Wolf, apparently warned by her husband that they were to have company in the evening, had prepared a real German supper. Roast pork, sauerkraut, potato balls and beer were served in her kitchen-dinette. In addition to Alexander, there was another guest, a Miss Sophie Eberhard of Maastricht who was studying French in Paris and who insisted on practising with Fernande, the lady of the house. As soon as the "German," as Fernande called Alexander, had answered Wolf's questions as to how he liked his new home and indirectly informed the women who his landlords were, such a cackle began between the two females that Alexander, whose ear was unaccustomed to the rapidity with which they spilled their words, was convinced that not only the French woman but also the foreigner had an excellent vocabulary at her disposal.

He could gather from the conversation only that the wife of the professor was a native of Marseilles, that she had lived for years with a lover on the Riviera, that at his death she had become sole heir to a large fortune including a villa in Cannes, that she had come to Paris with her money, there to meet the penniless professor to whom she was bound by

the monthly sums which she lent to him and which he could not return. Fortunately, when she had squandered her inheritance, the professor found a position, and with his salary they covered the needs of both. He was in love with her, but she was interested only in the dividends on the capital which she had invested in him.

After dinner they adjourned to the living room where Wolf connected his victrola and played records, folk songs of many peoples: Chinese, Arabic, Russian, French, German, Yiddish, and Hebrew.

Fernande, who was almost as tall as her husband and who expressed in her black eyes framed by dark, straight hair cut in a sweetheart bob, self-confidence and satisfaction with the world, preferred the Norman shepherd songs and proudly commented, "I am from Normandie."

Alexander, on the other hand, who had vainly looked for the leather armchairs and paintings which had disappeared from the executive offices of a certain publication, asked for a repetition of Kol Nidre. . . .

From that day on, he was a regular guest of the Wolfs for supper. Very often Fernande and her friend Sophie, who proved a witty and agreeable companion, picked him up in the afternoon. As his apartment was about ten minutes walk from the Bois de Boulogne, on clear days they walked for half an hour through the charming lanes, rode on the lake or sat in one of the open air tea rooms before they descended to the damp, sweetish depths of the métro which delivered them at 8 Rue Boulard, the home of the Wolfs.

This spring in Paris was beautiful, but Alexan-

der's pleasure was incomplete. He could not acclimate himself to the Bohemian existence to which he was doomed. This eternal waiting until one of his feuilletons would be accepted and then until it would be paid for spoiled his peace with the world. In fine, his discussions with Charles Wolf and Fernande, his nightly excursions into the cafés and bars of Paris could not replace his profession.

Certainly, he liked to write. From each of his articles he reaped the satisfaction of the creator.

But to write for daily bread. . . .

He had a distant relative in Paris, a Monsieur Steindecker, a banker, a cousin of his deceased grandmother. One day he presented his name to the doorman at the cold, formal, elegant Steindecker apartment near Place Victor Hugo.

Monsieur Steindecker, a tall, old man, French to his finger tips, met him in the hall, remarked that he was indisposed and had appointed his wife to deal with him. The young man remained for whatever would come in the hall. After some minutes a maid, who had walked past him several times, asked him into the salon.

An hour elapsed before gray haired Madame Steindecker in formal attire breezed into the room and asked him what he wanted. Alexander politely explained in good French that he was an emigrant and hoped that the family could give him some advice as to finding a position or perhaps give him letters of recommendation to others who knew of opportunities in his profession.

Madame Steindecker did not have time to let him finish. "You came at a very inopportune time," she said so quickly that her words tumbled over each other. "We are having a wedding here in a few

days and you must understand that that's enough excitement. My husband has to go south to recuperate. He's worked too hard. We've given money to the Jewish Committee to help the refugees. Go to them and tell them you are related to us. Now you must pardon me, it's time for dinner. I think the maid has already rung."

Alexander was outside.

Even a glass of water had not been offered to him.

"We have given money to the Committee; our conscience is clear. The sum donated by Steindecker and Company will be printed in the press, and all France, the whole world shall know of our philanthropy. Why should we be concerned with the individual? He pulls at our heartstrings. So annoying! Throw him out!" He suddenly remembered some phrases from the Day of Atonement service, "Break your bread with the needy, welcome the erring poor into your home; to him who is naked you shall give clothes, and withdraw not your hand from those of your flesh."

He was not naked. He did not ask for food or clothes. He asked simply for a bit of information that would help him reconstruct his shattered world; a friendly face, a reassuring hand, surely that was not too much.

Madame Banker had such sorrows, such excitement. "A wedding in the family," he ruminated. "Surely she had arranged the marriage of her banking house with another or perhaps she has even bagged an industrial concern. Then the children have added to their coup of choosing wealthy parents and a country in which they were unmolested, the

cleverest touch of all—they were doubling their wealth."

When Alexander descended to the métro to go to Rivoli Street for his dinner, he felt as if he had been struck in the face.

CHAPTER XIII

Following Professor Bundschuh's advice, Devorah had communicated with the University of Basle asking whether her German credits for her medical degree would be recognized there and whether she would be eligible for a scholarship even though she was not a Swiss citizen. A prompt reply came from the Secretary of the University, Mr. Vogel, accepting her credentials, promising her a scholarship if she proved her need, announcing the opening of the summer semester on April 22 with May 15 as a final registration day and concluding with an elaborately scrawled signature.

But even this very favorable news did not crystallize her plans. As soon as she realized that Germany had declared her Jews homeless, she had wished to emigrate to Palestine. She had written to Alexander on this subject, and he had been sympathetic to her viewpoint even though he emphasized that he could not make up his mind to join the Aliyah.

Her parents, however, refused to allow her to go to Palestine on any condition. "The child must finish her studies. Basle is far enough. But in God's name, rather Basle than Palestine," complained Mrs. Berg; and Mr. Berg as usual echoed her sentiments, "In God's name, better Basle than a country in the Orient."

As Alexander, too, was of the opinion that she should complete her studies, and as Dr. Bundschuh reiterated that it would be wise to have a medical

diploma before going to Palestine, Devorah finally agreed to wait another year and to get her M.D.

In the "Frankfurter Zeitung" she had read that numerus clausus were about to be introduced for Jews, and that all "Jews and Marxists" at the University were to turn in their matriculation cards. The leadership of the Nazi students, it announced, would choose which of these students would be allowed to continue their studies. "Ôte-toi que je m'y mette"; at the University, this catch word was literally enforced.

On the second of May, the first day of the semester, Devorah rode on her bicycle to the University. When she came to the entrance on Victoria Avenue, she was met by two uniformed Nazi students on duty there. After their "Heil Hitler" greeting to the tall, blond girl, they gallantly offered to watch her bicycle. They were not a little astonished when Devorah without relinquishing it asked shortly, "Where can I get rid of this matriculation card? I'm Jewish."

"That's impossible. At least you must be a case for special clemency."

"I'm not interested in your special clemency. I don't care for your favors."

With excessive politeness, they directed her to the main entrance on Merton Street. It was crowded with many pale, anxious Jewish boys and girls and at least twice as many arrogant, provocatively sneering Nazi students who flaunted their new power by toying with their revolvers.

Devorah again asked a Nazi for directions to the office in which the cards were being collected. He fussily escorted her to the bursar's office where at a long table sat the whole leadership of the Brown Shirt intellectuals insolently handing to each Jew,

herded in like a prisoner, a form to fill out. When Devorah laid her card on the table, one of the young officers, somewhat embarrassed, asked her why she did so.

"Because I'm Jewish."

"Jewish?" He stuttered, "You can't be a full blood. You must be a case for special clemency."

"Let me have one of those papers," she replied curtly.

She looked at it. "Name. Nationality. How many grandparents of Jewish race? Date and Place of applicant's birth. Were you in Germany before 1914? If so, how many years? When did, a, the family of your father; b, the family of your mother settle in Germany? Birthplace of parents. Date of acquisition of German citizenship. Did members of your family fight at the front? If so, father, brother, son. In what capacity? Killed or wounded? I swear that what I have written, is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Signed."

Devorah put the blank back on the table. "Now I'd like to tell you something," she said in her loudest voice. "I'm a full blooded Jew and I'm proud of it. I was the only Jewess in a class of twenty-eight. I was also the only one whose father served at the front. The fathers of the 'Aryan' girls, who do not need to sign this dishonorable paper, carefully kept to the rear or remained in the German Fatherland." At this point she drew out of her bag the decorations earned by her father. "My father was for two years observation scout at Verdun, preceding the first trench. For Germany my father fought against the French who never had injured him. For Germany he was wounded and for Germany his nervous system was wrecked for life. And

let me tell you frankly now, I, his daughter, am very sorry that my father did not follow the noble example set by the 'Aryan' fathers of my classmates. Take your form and take these medals, you already have my matriculation card. I renounce any place I may be given in a National Socialist University."

She disappeared leaving behind her scores of astonished faces.

At the newsstand at the corner of Victoria Avenue opposite the University, she met Maria Rath. The girl asked her to dismount, and as they guided her bicycle, she spoke to her.

"I want to tell you what's going on in the anatomy department. The students won't listen to Professor Bundschuh any more. There are rumors afloat that he has supported or donated money to the Communist Party for years. Imagine Bundschuh, a Communist! They say he's accepted graft. He doesn't care for Germany and his chair at Frankfurt. He proved it himself by going on that French expedition a few years ago to Madagascar. You should warn him. You're on good terms with him."

"What's the source of the rumors? Who's spreading them? The chief will certainly ask me where I got my information, and as things stand, you'll have to take the whole blame."

The girl could not mention any names.

However, since Maria especially liked Professor Bundschuh, and thought he should be warned of the rumors circulating about him, she repeated what she had told Devorah to the son of the professor who was her brother's classmate. He dutifully reported the accusations to his father with the outcome which Devorah had foreseen.

"They must have heard that I was called back to my Homeland!" shouted the rather deaf professor. "Now they want to make it impossible for me to assume my post there." He went immediately to the University judge and instituted suit for libel, naming Maria Rath, the only name that he knew, as defendant.

* * *

With a summons ordering her to appear before the University Court, Maria rushed to Devorah. Could she get Professor Bundschuh to withdraw his charges? As she was already suspect because she had so many Jewish friends, she now feared that she would be punished as an "agent provocateur."

Fortunately, Devorah, in the meantime, had recalled that as early as last March two Jewish students in the special anatomy review class for the "Physikum" had told her of "disgusting remarks" made by Assistant Professor Zeiger and Private Docent Dr. Schreiber who were anxious to oust their superior and to step into his shoes. She called the two students and asked them whether they would be willing to repeat their statements of last March before the University judge. Both of them were leaving for Italy, where doors had been opened wide to all German Jewish students that very day. As the next best thing, they agreed to send signed evidence upon the request of the judge and left their addresses with her.

On the tenth of May, Alexander's birthday, Devorah went to the apartment of Professor Bundschuh. He was pathetically glad to see one of his former students in this troubled time. Before she

could open her mouth, he was already talking about himself.

"Do you know, Miss Berg, that yesterday when the books were burned my pamphlets on Goethe and Ghandi were included?"

"What one inwardly desires, but cannot reach, one burns. Congratulations, Professor!"

"Sh, sh, sh," and he waved her back to her chair as he closed the window. "Be careful, you'll get into trouble," he continued as he sat down heavily.

"All my life I have preached peace and justice. Nobody hates extremes, right or left, more than I do, and now, I am accused of being a Communist. Have you heard any of the rumors spread in the anatomy lecture about me?"

Devorah took the opportunity to do Maria a good turn. "Yes, I've seen Miss Rath, and she told me about the University trial you've begun. I came to tell you that she is not responsible for the rumors, that it was her respect and admiration for you that led her to warn you through your son. She told me about it on the second of May, but I foresaw that she would be blamed because she had no witnesses."

"But that was very ill advised of the young lady, even if she meant well. I can't withdraw the trial. It's a question of honor now. I must be without blemish for my Homeland and if I retract, they'll surely think that I had a reason for it. I can't see my way out. It's stupid. Miss Rath was the only name that I knew and that I could mention."

Devorah now introduced what she had heard from the two students.

"Hm, hm," the professor was horrified.

"My constant co-workers! What have I done to them? Almighty gold!"

After a few minutes he continued, "Would you be good enough, Miss Berg, to act as witness for me and to repeat what you just told me to the University judge?"

Devorah was not very anxious. "I'm leaving in four days for Switzerland, Professor Bundschuh. I have to go or lose credit for the semester."

"I'll have you called as soon as possible."

Two days later the mailman came with a registered letter from the University. The University judge, secretly surprised that there were still students willing to defend a professor suspected of Communism, protocoled Devorah's words. Although according to the evidence given by the two Jewish students, she emphasized especially the motives of Professor Zeiger and Dr. Schreiber in circulating the rumors, the protocol did not even mention their names, and Maria Rath still stood as the instigator of the libel.

"But this is not correct. The part of Professor Zeiger and Dr. Schreiber must be included."

"Oh, that's not so important."

"To me, it is."

The trial was dismissed by the University authorities for lack of evidence.

CHAPTER XIV

Gare du Nord, Brussels, Amsterdam.

In Brussels, Alexander spent his last franc to transport his luggage from one station to the other. As he was about to enter the train, the control man asked for his luggage ticket.

"Luggage ticket?" He had only a ticket for himself.

"Yes," the control man explained. "Only the French train takes so much luggage free. Here you have to get a special ticket."

What could he do? Good advice in this case would have to be expensive to be useful. It was late in the afternoon. Check his trunks which Lotte Schmidt had, unfortunately, sent to him, and run to the city? Surely there was a Jewish Committee.

From a kosher butcher opposite the station, he got the address of the Committee and hurried to the office, always afraid that he would come too late. On the door was posted a notice announcing the removal of the business office to the old city. Asking his way, running, asking again, he arrived at the new headquarters a few minutes before the closing hour. There were only a few people waiting so his turn came soon enough.

"Do you have an application on file?" he was asked.

"No, but I don't want regular assistance, only twenty Belgian francs to transport my luggage to Amsterdam."

"All right, but first sign a card."

That formality attended to, he was directed to another desk.

"Money? As a general rule we don't distribute any cash. Only meal tickets and room tickets. If you can use these, you can have them."

He explained again his needs, more urgently, more graphically. The clerk glanced at his application blank again.

"Roth? Roth? Related to the former chief Rabbi of Holland?"

"Yes, my great uncle."

The man went to the director to see if an exception could be made.

"He's no Schnorrer. A great nephew of the former chief Rabbi of Holland."

Alexander was given his twenty francs.

On the trip to Amsterdam, one of his many Jewish co-travelers must have noticed his name on his luggage. However that may be, during the night a quarrel raged as to who would have the pleasure of inviting him to his home.

"A good name is a blessing," greeted Mrs. van Tyn, the co-director of the Dutch Committee. "You can be envied. Every door in the country is open to you."

Regarding the completion of his studies in Holland, however, she was very skeptical.

"Our University regulations are very much like those of France. The information you got at the Sorbonne must be incorrect. I am sure that we require a Dutch bachelor's as prerequisite for the doctor's. You certainly don't want to do all that work over."

She assured him of support from the Committee for the first months in Holland and introduced him

to its workings. Its central office was in Amsterdam and there were branches in the Hague and other cities. The budget was contributed not only by Dutch Jews but also by Gentiles who had taxed themselves heavily to meet the emergency.

From the time that the dependent emigrant left the station, he was protected by the Committee. An arrow in the station directed him to the office. Apartments were rented for families. Children were immediately placed in the proper schools. The best food, necessary clothing, and laundry were all provided. Single persons were given rooms with Jewish families. Small pleasures like movies and concerts also had their place in the program. A swimming pool and gymnasium were open once a week to the foreigners. Lectures in Dutch and in Hebrew were conducted in the Committee headquarters. Young Zionists, interested in settling in Palestine, were directed to the Hachsharah and trained in agricultural work and handicraft. Especially professional placement and vocational rehabilitation had been given careful consideration. "Our object is to leave only those alone who choose to be left alone. For the others, we try to create a home that will replace the one they were forced to leave. . . ."

Soon after Alexander's arrival Lotte Schmidt came to secure a position for her son with an exporter friend of hers.

A week after she had seen Alexander across the border she had helped an editor of the Frankfurter "Volksstimme" escape. As Otto was in prison for implication in underground Social Democratic Propaganda work she had driven the car herself. Outside of Basle at the Hauenstein the car had skidded and turned a complete sommersault. By

the merest chance neither of the occupants had been seriously hurt, and only a few scars on her face remained as a lasting memento. This trip was her last rescue from Germany. Wirl, the faithful policeman, had telegraphed her to remain across the border.

While in Switzerland she had used her good offices to obtain a trade union Emigrant Committee Fellowship for Alexander. She confirmed the information Devorah had already written. He would have no trouble getting his thesis accepted in Basle. Lotte had left it with a National Socialist Physician who under cover of his party membership helped his liberal and Jewish friends. If Devorah carried out her plan of returning home for the summer vacation, she could call for it and take it with her or what was much safer, in view of its subject and the strict censorship, she could send it by the same express company which had delivered Alexander's trunks.

Lotte herself intended to settle in southern France where she had relatives. Her husband was again in custody of the police. Why? No one knew. Her son faced an uncertain future, and as for her, her life was behind her.

She had brought Alexander copies of the illegal Social Democratic and radical papers. He had to strain his eyes to read the tiny print on the very thin paper.

"United Front Among All Opposition Parties," they now agitated, now, after the battle had been lost. Alexander laughed bitterly. But his laugh froze on his lips. On the third page heading the list of "Our Dead" was the name of Lisa Mann. The report explained that she had been found hung in her prison cell in Moabit. Whether she had com-

mitted suicide or had been murdered by the guards was not clearly established. She had been arrested because she had gone out in the evening dressed as a door to door pedler carrying a bag. At trolley stations she rested it on the pavement and pretended to wait for a car. When she thought herself unobserved, she picked it up, leaving a stamp on the stones printed automatically by the bag. This done, she went further. The stamp read, "National Socialism Means Starvation and War."

CHAPTER XV

"Uncle Leopold shot himself! I didn't dare write it to you." With this shocking bit of information, Mrs. Berg greeted her daughter when she came home from Basle. "It seems that some Nazi physician in his neighborhood brought false charges against him to get him out of the way. We are not sure; we don't really know. Anyway, he was brought to the Brown House. A twenty-four year old whippersnapper named Peter Schock presided at the trial. People say he had a Jewish girl friend who committed suicide. All we are sure of is that Uncle Leopold detached his wooden leg, threw it on the table and shouted:

" 'I lost my own fighting for you. Do you think you can scare me now?' He drew out his revolver and sent a bullet through his temples."

Uncle Paul had liquidated his business to keep the flourishing enterprise built up by his father and grandfather from falling into the hands of the Nazis. Uncle Artur had succeeded in distributing his money in foreign banks in the nick of time, and he was now establishing a hosiery mill in Italy. Mrs. Berg's brothers warmed their gold pieces, and complained that the grain market was as quiet as a cemetery. Uncle Julius' son had left for America, and Uncle Carl's only daughter, Alma, was trapsing around in Palestine.

Zionism had never been so popular in Devorah's family and circle of friends as it was now. Under the pressure of changed conditions many who had

formerly placed the burden of anti-Semitism on Zionism now beat their breasts and swore that they had always believed Zionism to be the only solution to the Jewish problem. But there was something strange about this Zionism, something far removed from the old longing for Jerusalem to which the Jew clung since the time when he wept at the waters of Babylon. Foreign elements had penetrated the constant love and hope; there was something which smacked of National Socialism, the desire to goose-step, to wear a uniform, to be chauvinistically and ostentatiously national.

"It's a deep tragedy," remarked Devorah to her mother "to watch might forging Jews. When I see how they behave, I begin to think that the period of assimilation is not behind us but before us."

Mrs. Berg had not changed her mind. "I can't be influenced," she said. "I am a German Jewess, a German National of Jewish faith. If I have to suffer because I am bound to Germany, all right, then I'll suffer. I am sure I am not alone."

She was not alone. There were many who could not shift their allegiance so quickly from the beloved flag of the German Reich, whether it was the Black, Red and White of the Empire or the Black, Red and Gold of the Republic to the Blue and White flag of David which the Nazi Government had deigned to recognize. They mourned the good old days which had begun with the French Revolution and had ended so abruptly in January 1933. They insisted that they too were human beings, but to their argument the spider-like, dark-haired, dark-eyed minister of propaganda answered: "To be a human being is of no importance. Even a flea is an animal, but none the more desirable for that. We don't want

the Jew. He has nothing to find in our German community."

Hard to be a Jew in such a time.

How many had ever considered the implications of being a Jew?

How many of them were aware of their own position? How many of them attached the slightest significance to the accident of their Jewish birth? Since the medieval separation of Germans into a Jewish and Christian nation had lapsed and since the Jews were no longer constrained in "Judenhöfen" and "Judenstrassen," they had been assimilated, at least superficially, into their non-Jewish milieu. With the exception of some imponderabilities of social life, the utterances of the Jews could no longer be differentiated from those of their Christian neighbors. So far had the assimilation progressed that many Jewish parents allowed their children Christmas trees under the impression that it was an old, German custom, and that they were being patriotic by observing it.

Now the expulsion from every form of accustomed activity, district, state, and national, political as well as social, was requiring of them the creation of new culture patterns that would dictate a response for every moment from the Jewish cradle to the Jewish grave. . . .

The day before she planned to go back to Basle, Devorah went to the home of the physician who was keeping Alexander's thesis. He was extraordinarily cautious. Denunciations had become the rule in Germany. From the least skilled worker to the highest ranks of the economic ladder, no one was above spying. Each man suspected his brother of being mysteriously connected with the secret police,

and accordingly the man wasted no words. Devorah had to give numerous descriptions, mention many names and show references before he was convinced that she was a friend of Alexander's.

With the leather briefcase containing the typewritten pages she went to the express office that Alexander had recommended. The clerk, after glancing into the briefcase, haughtily informed her that the firm did hot ship suspicious documents into foreign countries. Before it could be sent, it would have to be read carefully by an official.

"But it's a doctor's thesis," protested Devorah. "If you don't want to send it, give it back to me." She was about to take the briefcase when the clerk grabbed it.

"Wouldn't you like that? 'Trade Unions, Strikes, and the Business Cycle.' Who can tell what it contains?"

He went to the telephone.

"Storm Trooper Loose, Detachment Twenty-seven, Altstadt, Frankfurt, employed at the Lehmann Express Company, calling. A package was just brought in which seems to contain treasonable writing. The young lady who brought it is still here. Please send an officer."

Devorah wondered whether she ought to run away, but that would be equivalent to admitting that there was something wrong with the thesis. So she waited patiently until the Gestapo representative arrived. She was taken by him to the police precinct.

Where had the briefcase come from? She had kept it and was now forwarding it to the owner.

What was her relationship to the owner? He was a friend.

Did she know that he was a Jew and was spreading lies about Germany in foreign countries? She was a Jewess herself. That he was spreading lies about Germany she did not believe.

At the end of the hearing she was sent to an investigation prison. The typewritten work would have to be read, and then they would see. It was only a poor excuse to say that it was a doctor's thesis. . . .

Devorah was a prisoner, a political prisoner who was not allowed to read, to write or to exercise in the court.

Day and night the electric light burned in her cell to rob her of the comfort of darkness and sleep. Every night she was dragged before the investigating judges, and every time the same questions were put to her. "What was the purpose of the pamphlet? Who were Alexander's friends in Frankfurt? Would she induce him to come back to Germany?" A typewritten letter was presented to her for her signature, but she refused to sign.

The weeks became months, and still the electric light burned.

CHAPTER XVI

Alexander needed a new passport. His was to expire in the middle of September. Accordingly he went to the German Consulate in Amsterdam to renew it. He was greeted with a raised arm and "Heil Hitler." Should he return the salutation? If he did, the Consul would think that he was a protagonist. He did not look Jewish despite his dark hair.

He needed the Consul.

If he did not, it would be clear that he did not belong. His forefathers had been martyred with the "Sh'ma Yisroel" on their lips because they would not say one word, one word, which could have saved them, "Baptism." They never uttered it.

Here it was only a question of a trifle, a passport.

"Heil Hitler?"

Never.

"How do you do?" returned Alexander calmly, and that "how do you do" precluded further discussion. If he wanted to renew his passport, let him go back to his residence in Germany and get another.

This meant that by the fourteenth of September at the very latest, he had to be in Basle.

Without a passport, he was a lost creature. Not Belgium nor France nor Luxemburg nor Switzerland would allow him to cross their borders without a passport. Protected by the Jewish Committee were some refugees without certificates, but they were allowed to remain in Holland only as long as the Committee boarded them. Woe unto them

when the Committee ceased to function. Holland was a criterion of generosity in this respect. In other countries, refugees without passports were handed over to the police, jailed for a day and then transported under guard to the next country in the darkness of night. The second country again jailed them for a day as soon as they were discovered and relieved itself of the unwanted guests in exactly the same manner. If, as it happened, the circle was completed and the refugees found themselves in the original country of their escape, they were punished with six month's or a year's imprisonment.

He went to the French consulate in an attempt to get a transit visa through France. The official shrugged his shoulders and explained that the latest orders from Paris forbade him to grant passage to German nationals unless they could prove six months residence in the country they were leaving. In keeping with the principles of democracy, the doors of France had been opened wide when the Nazi regime began. More than ten thousand refugees entered during the first few weeks of Hitler rule. As in the days of flight from Russia and Italy, France had admitted more immigrants than all the other countries of Europe together. On the verge of an economic crisis herself, she now withdrew her welcome.

The dilemma seemed irresolvable.

To go through Germany was suicide, and passage through France was made impossible by the new regulations from the Quai d'Orsay.

In despair, Alexander resorted to a trick. He sent the passport by registered express to Berlin with a letter asking his father to go to the Embassy on the Pariser Square to request a transit visa through France for his son who was employed dur-

ing the day. He couched his idea in the vaguest terms so that the censors would have no reason for punishing his parents. It was within the realm of possibility, of course, that they would confiscate the passport as soon as they saw it, but as it was useless in its present form, he took the risk.

During anxious days of waiting and hoping he busied himself with the acquisition of funds for his trip. Aunt Sarah, the surviving wife of the chief Rabbi had commanded him to come to her for any help he needed, especially when the committee would cease to support him. But this was out of the question. The old lady, bed-ridden for years, lived on the humblest scale. With a heavy heart Alexander repaired to the Committee. Mrs. van Tyn was attending a convention in Geneva and her substitute, after examining his records drew together his eyebrows in deep thought and informed him that the Committee had done everything it could. Alexander disliked to argue with him. The man spoke as if he would donate the money from his own pocket.

Should he write to Mrs. van Tyn? But where in Geneva could he reach her, and besides the time was too short. If at least, some money from Saarbrücken for his latest articles came! . . .

Three days after he had written to Berlin, his passport was returned, registered express. Father had obtained the visa through France.

Alexander went to a pawn shop where he traded in the gold watch and diamond stick pin which Mrs. Schmidt had carefully sent to him in a tie.

"An emigrant doesn't need such decorations." He reassured himself as he parted with the legacy left by his grandparents.

CHAPTER XVII

The Bergs had no idea where Devorah was. She had told them that she was going for a walk and would pack the things she would need in Basle as soon as she got home. The walk lengthened into hours, and they became uneasy. They telephoned all her friends.

Days passed. They went to the police presidium. The officer in charge promised to undertake a search.

Weeks passed, and there was no sign of their child. In despair they wrote to Alexander at his Amsterdam address which they found in Devorah's writing case. Had he heard from her? Had she run away to him? Would he please answer immediately.

Alexander had not communicated with Devorah in Frankfurt intentionally. She had expressly written from Switzerland to ask him not to correspond with her while she was in Germany. His hand writing always frightened her parents. That he had no letter from her did not bother him. Probably she considered it inadvisable. They would see each other in the autumn in Basle anyway. He had no worries about the doctor's thesis either. Surely Devorah had decided to bring it along herself instead of sending it by express.

After a long delay the letter of the Bergs was forwarded to his Basle home. Devorah had disappeared.

He telegraphed her parents saying that he had no idea of her whereabouts. At the same time he

sent a registered letter to the express company inquiring about a brown, leather briefcase containing a doctor's thesis which somebody had surely sent him through them.

The company replied that the briefcase with its contents had been confiscated by Mr. Michaelis of the State Secret Police. Now it was self-evident to Alexander that something had happened to Devorah.

But what could he do? Go to Germany? It was doubtful whether he would be of any use to her, and that they would hold him was certain. And then there was no one else outside of Germany who could fight for her. Was she at least still alive? The thought of his connection with her misery tortured him; because he was egotistical enough to want a doctor's degree, she had to go to prison. "Trade Unions, Strikes," that sounded dangerous enough, but with his name signed to it? Should he begin suit in Basle against the express company for turning the briefcase over to the police and indirectly free Devorah? Could the University authorities of Basle help him? They had received him especially cordially and shown personal interest in him.

He sent a registered letter to Professor Berani in which, without stating any reasons (because of the censorship), he requested a written document stating that under Dr. Berani's supervision he had written a thesis entitled, "Trade Unions, Strikes, and the Business Cycle" that had been submitted to the graduate faculty of Political and Social Sciences of Frankfurt University and had already been accepted. Mrs. Berani answered that her husband was in New York and could be reached at the New School of Social Science or the Commodore Hotel where he

was temporarily living. Alexander telegraphed his teacher immediately promising all the details in a letter which followed. Seven days, seven days of waiting before the document arrived.

He enclosed it in a letter to Devorah's parents which he had a Swiss friend mail in Lörrach on the German side of the frontier. In it he instructed them to take the letter to Mr. Michaelis of the police, explaining straightforwardly that they thought their daughter was being held because she had tried to mail the briefcase. It would be wise for them to tell exactly how he had communicated with Professor Berani, and to emphasize that the other professors of the graduate faculty of Political and Social Sciences could also identify the dissertation.

Two days later Devorah was released, pale and thin, with hollow cheeks and twitching eyelids.

Mrs. Berg herself brought her to Basle.

She had a long conversation with Alexander. At the conclusion she implied that she no longer opposed their engagement.

CHAPTER XVIII

Hungry for fresh air, human rights, and security from the tyranny which had suddenly conquered their Homeland, both young people felt that they were in a new world.

Ancient culture saturated Basle with its gardens, springs, pointed towers, and rushing Rhine, its hinterland of rugged, ice-capped mountains, its population of quiet, secure, solid, very democratic, very bourgeois men and women lacking every trace of haughtiness, of servility, of prejudice; this grandiose combination of men and nature meant a new happiness from day to day.

While Devorah lived in the villa of a Swiss Jewess, Alexander joined the household of Nationalrat Friedrich Schneider whom he had accidentally met at the office of the Social Democratic government paper of Basle in which the Nationalrat had the post of editor-in-chief.

The tall, heavy set man with the large head, reddish brown hair, the wide, energetic, clever forehead and kindly, blue eyes was chary with his words but everything he said was to the point. He wasted no verbage on Alexander, but when the Trade Union Committee, in order to spread its help farther among its many applicants reduced his allowance, he invited him to be his guest. His wife did his laundry and later, when Alexander's fellowship was a meagre third of what it had started out to be, Schneider, whose salary was most modest, himself paid part of the unwaivable fee charged for Alexander's doctor's examination.

Alexander's thesis was marked magna cum laude by the faculty. The oral he passed summa cum laude, and, as a result, his name was suggested as an addition to the economic and sociological extra mural lecture staff of the University.

Basle might have been the first step in his University career, but at this point the Cantonal authorities intervened and reminded him of an agreement which he and every immigrant had been forced to sign promising never to accept a regularly paid position in Switzerland. His only means of livelihood, therefore, remained in the field of journalism; and, as even in this field every contribution except foreign correspondence would be questioned if not forbidden, this special branch seemed to be the only way out.

But to travel in foreign countries, one had to have a passport. Alexander's had run out in September.

A passport.

Somebody contributed a good idea which he followed. He wrote to his birthplace, Fürth in Bavaria, for a nativity certificate. In a few days, he received a letter confirming his birth in Fürth but showing that his family had moved to Berlin when he was four years old. Therefore, it was necessary to apply to Berlin for the certificate. He wrote to Berlin enclosing the letter from Fürth. (Fortunately, the last time he had stayed with his parents, he had registered in Berlin and later checked out leaving no address. As the authorities were under the impression that he had left Germany at this time, July 1932, the Berlin police did not consider him a refugee.) Ten days after he mailed his letter, he was asked to send the Swiss equivalent of ten marks and, three days after the money was received in

Berlin, he had his certificate: "Alexander Roth, born tenth day of May, 1908 in Fürth, Bavaria, is a Prussian National and therefore a German citizen. This certificate shall be void after March 19, 1939. Signed, Prussian Police President."

With a thumping heart, he went to the German Consulate. Outside the entrance there was the same Black, Red, and Gold sign which had been posted after the war. The Basle representatives of Germany were not yet of the new guard. The "Heil Hitler" greeting was prominent by its absence. Instead of the picture of the Führer, there was one of a German passenger ship. Alexander reported that his passport had expired. He had, therefore, sent for his nativity certificate and hoped they would grant him a new passport on that credential. Without a single question, the Consul signed a new passport to be void in 1939.

Alexander traveled for the Swiss papers to Paris, London, Prague, reporting interviews and writing articles on pressing situations. He always returned to see Devorah and to write his features for the "Deutsche Freiheit" of Saarbrücken in Basle's peaceful atmosphere.

Eight weeks after Devorah had passed her Medical Doctor's examination with honors, they both toured Switzerland and France. Nationalrat Schneider drove them to Berne in his car, and then they hiked and hitch-hiked along the Lake of Thun to Interlaken, from Interlaken to Wilderswil, then over the mountains to the valley of the Kander, up the Kander to Kandersteg, into the Vallais, down the Rhone, passing the base of St. Bernard, around the French side of Lake Geneva to Anemasse where

they boarded the trolley car to Geneva, from there in three rides back to Berne and from the cozy capital with its arch-roofed sidewalks home to Basle. Switzerland, which to thoughtless, leisured tourists of all countries implies merely luxurious hotels, hanging trains, record mountain climbs, admission-charging waterfalls, lakes and glaciers, opened to them its soulful landscape.

On this hike, Alexander learned something painful, something which spoiled the splendor of the landscape and the pleasure of his whole days with Devorah.

It was at the Gemmipass. They had just climbed in the burning sun the thirty-second and last serpentine of the rise. After turning each bend, they looked down into the valley below. The smaller and more fairylike the houses, the village church, the verdant meadows, the foaming Kander, the white Landstreet which glistened through the dark pine forests became, the more impressive and bare did the lonely giants of the mountain world appear to them.

On the first serpentine hundreds of meters below them, Alexander distinguished a small vehicle.

"That's a gemmicart," explained Devorah who was more familiar with the place. "It has two wheels, a seat for one person and is drawn by a mule. It's just about as wide as the way and the guide walks beside the mule. In difficult places, he has to do most of the work. The people who hire them don't like to or can't climb. I wonder when they'll get up to us."

Their pass now led through a valley hanging between peaks which rose gradually on either side. The rumbling of the cascades was suddenly silenced,

and the pines became increasingly stunted and far apart. The glorious, red splendor of the Alpine roses and wild strawberries was replaced by scrawny clumps of grass which finally disappeared in a desert of stones, the Spitalmatte. On both sides of the valley rose naked escarpments, or were they mountains? In this awe-inspiring, omnipresent silence and loneliness, in this completely barren and unaccustomed environment, the two climbers had completely lost their sense of distance.

Behind the gray, zigzag, stone walls on their left the almost perpendicular, snowcapped Ballhorn and Altaels scraped the blue sky. Devorah and Alexander had to shield their eyes, so bright was the sun on the snow-covered heights. At a point just beyond a diminutive, wooden bridge crossing the gurgling stream whose falls they had seen before, the gemmicart caught up to them.

Devorah recognized the guide. He told her what had happened in his family, in the village below since her last stay and then he asked her whether she had heard what happened to him on the Gemmipass the week before. She shook her head, and he began his story.

"Well, last week I took two Germans like you up the mountain. The man rode in the cart and the woman climbed on foot. I learned afterward that he was a little bit off his noodle. Your Hitler made him crazy. He and his wife, a tiny, little thing, escaped to our Switzerland. As soon as they came, he had to be confined in a mental hospital, but after about six months, he got better. They let him out, and he only had to report for periodic examination. They have friends who have a little cottage down in Kandersteg. As they only use it from August

on, they put it at their disposal. Your Hitler took everything away from them, but they had to live. . . . She thought he'd enjoy seeing the country from the top of our Gemmi but she was afraid the climb would take too much of his strength, so she hired the cart for him to go up in, and thought they'd come down themselves. Up at the Wildstrubel Hotel, I had just unharnessed my Sebbi and he was drinking his water, when I see this fellow pull open the door of the glass veranda and rush out, shouting, 'Yes, yes, I'm coming, I'm coming!' He ran down the Leukerbad Road and straight down the wall he jumped. And you know, Miss, that whoever jumps down there never stands up again. His little bit of a wife was two steps behind him, and I can still hear her calling, 'Uri, Uri, wait!' I was too far away. I ran behind her but by the time I got to the drop, I couldn't see either one."

Alexander and Devorah stood on the height of the Gemmipass and looked down into Vallais. Darkness was quickly enveloping the valley, and occasional lights were already blinking in the distance. The surrounding mountain tops were bathed in flames as if the setting rays of the sun hated to depart and lingered on in a last embrace. The snow-blanketed peaks on the horizon were glittering gold.

"At least they chose the most beautiful spot in the world," said Devorah slowly to Alexander, "and certainly it was the best thing they could do. After all you told me about Uri von Massen, he must have been a schizophrenic. What did he have to look forward to? Years and years of suffering from an almost incurable mental disease. His recovery could have come only as an improbable accident. And Masha? Alone, without him, in a foreign country. . . ."

CHAPTER XIX

The editorship of the "Deutsche Freiheit" decided to make a survey of the immigration possibilities open to German refugees. At the end of July, 1934, Alexander was dispatched to Palestine to write a series of articles describing the general situation in the country with special reference to its absorptive capacity in relation to the German Jewish emigrant contingent.

Could he use this opportunity to take Devorah and settle there with her? Although a few Swiss papers had also contracted to print his reports, his total earnings were just about sufficient for one passage and a brief stay. Then, one of the papers was required to deposit a three-hundred-dollar bond with the British Consulate in Basle as a guarantee that he would leave Palestine at the expiration of his tourist visa. Besides, Lazar, also first a tourist, but now the possessor of a regular certificate, had already applied for permission to have his parents, who longed to leave Hitler Germany, join him. Of course, the parents had prior rights, and Alexander would not do anything to endanger their immigration permits. Last but not least, there was something in his mind, something puzzling and indefinite which prevented him from thinking of Palestine as a place of permanent settlement.

While Devorah, who was aching to accompany him, found a position as a volunteer assistant in the Friedmatt State Hospital for Mental Diseases, Alexander embarked on the "Sphinx" from Mar-

seilles for the land of the fathers which was now to become the land of the sons.

In Alexandria his astonished eyes had their first glimpse of the Orient. Camels, horses, donkeys, trolley cars, autos, brown, yellow, and black men, men in colorfully embroidered robes, men with tarbush or kefijes on their heads. At the walls of the houses huddled women in black silk tunics suckling their children. Beside them crouched beggars extending scrawny, brown-black arms. Merchants sat in front of their bazaars smoking incessantly through long water pipes with amber mouthpieces. Porters, around whose muscular bodies a few rags clung, elbowed their way through the streets warning the throng to step aside with loud "Auas." Water sellers clambered along rattling their brass cups. Barbers shaved out of doors. Rug sellers offered Damascus products. Arabians, Jews, Armenians, Persians, Moroccans, Abyssinians, men and animals were all in the streets. All joined in an ear-splitting din, which did not subside until midnight when the inhabitants went to sleep in their homes, gardens or on the street.

Through Jaffa Alexander entered the country which Moses, the leader, saw only from afar. Lazar, sunburned and blonder than ever, met him at the customs house. After a short cab ride past poor, mud huts, a few palms, some green grass and prosperous white villas, they were in Tel Aviv, the first modern Jewish city in the world.

But as ever in the eternally continuing and eternally renewing stream of life, one comes, another goes.

And he who passed away when Alexander set foot on the holy soil of Erez Israel was one of the

shining lights of the Jewish people, their poet, Chaim Nachman Bialik.

Alexander remembered the words of that song which he had memorized at thirteen and which today is sung in every kvuzah, in every kibbuz, at every Jewish festival gathering, Bialik's "T'chezakna." And now he stood thirteen years later, more mature but still as easily moved as then, at the corner of Allenby Street under the blistering heat of the sun of Palestinian summer, waiting for the funeral procession to pass from the Ohel Shem through the center of the city to the cemetery outside. He, with thousands of Jews—Russian Jews, Polish Jews, German Jews, American Jews, Yeminite Jews, from the cities, from the colonies—stood and mourned. The Tel Aviv police authorities had declared a halt of all activities. The workers climbed down from the iron girders of the buildings, the busses were not running, and the restaurants and soda pop stands were closed. Only a few Arab boys disturbed the peace. "Eskimo Ice," they shouted as they pushed their way through the throng. Realizing that there was no competition, they raised the price every other minute. From the houses waved Blue and White flags at half-mast, and the imposing Histadruth building displayed the Magen David bordered in funeral black. Jewish masses had lost their best friend, a spiritual leader, with whose inspiration even democracies cannot dispense, an ethical standard bearer in whom the people have faith and around whom they rally.

Jewish police on horseback made a way for the procession, and the mourners on the sidewalk joined in the march. Many more than a hundred thousand

people paid their last respects to the greatest Hebrew poet of our generation. Without fanfare, without top hats and frock coats, in every-day working clothes, their sincerity and devotion were all the more evident.

Alexander toured the country. He paid a visit on the Ninth of Av to the Wailing Wall and stood with weeping women who kissed the holy stones, with men in white Talessim, with the hundreds of visitors who annually come to this monument of Jewish past and Jewish grandeur.

He lived through the release of Staffsky, the alleged murderer of Chaim Arlosoroff. The court of appeals had reversed the death sentence imposed by the lower bench on the grounds that a second eye witness to the crime was lacking. In King George Street in Jerusalem wine was flowing. People congratulated each other as at a wedding. Gray-bearded men fell on each other's necks and kissed. The Jewish sections were crowded with cheering masses. In her delirious happiness Staffsky's mother had embraced the British soldiers who escorted her son back to her. She had hugged and kissed them, and now every detail was described with proper elaboration, and every newcomer who mingled in the enthusiastic crowd found some new minutia to add.

People could not believe that a Jew had murdered a Jew. People did not want to believe that such a thing was possible. They preferred to have an Arab guilty of the crime. Wasn't Sima Arlosoroff a beautiful woman? Perhaps some Arabs who had seen her walking along the beach of Tel Aviv with her husband were filled by the momentary desire to remove the obstacle to their designs. Anyone

who had seen Arabs in the bazaar streets of Jerusalem and Jaffa staring with hungry, covetous eyes at the breasts and naked arms of unveiled women could see the logic in such an explanation. A Jew could not be the murderer. The court and the government had been stormed with appeals made in the belief that the defendant was an innocent man. Even foreign rabbis and communities had sent protests. Jews could steal, there were robbers and thieves among them as among every other people. But a Jewish murderer?

Alexander visited his cousin Moritz who had become a real estate man in Rechaviah. He was welcomed by him with the words, "I am crazy to have come here instead of staying with my family in Berlin. Imagine giving up a wonderful business, although it wasn't so wonderful any more. The heat here is unbearable and I've never seen such a lack of discipline. Whoever is not a member of the Histadruth is not a human being. You know, all that the Jews need is a Hitler or a Mussolini."

He visited Uncle Erich, who had been offered a post directing a Palestinian hospital and who was very happy in his new situation. He saw German Jewish doctors and lawyers quarrying stones along country roads. They were learning Hebrew at their work. His dilapidated bus skipped over the same country roads as it hurried to the Emek.

* * *

Sarain. Alexander removed his knapsack from the baggage rack and stood at the entrance of the Emek. He was met by Arab boys on swift donkeys who greeted him in Hebrew, "Ma schlomecha?"

"I'm fine," he answered.

In the fields the Fellaheen thrashed grain standing on their wooden thresh sledges. They guided their mules in a circle, just as their ancestors had done for centuries before. The village itself was dead. Only a few children played in front of the mud huts. Alexander walked a few steps, and before him stretched as far as his eye could see the valley, the Emek Jesreel.

"Draw off your shoes, for you stand on holy ground." So was Moses instructed, the Bible tells us, when he spoke with his God.

"This ground here is holy, too," thought Alexander. "Bathed in the blood of Jewish youth who, far from modern civilization, far from the comforts and conveniences of the cities, undertook a life of struggle and hardships, drained swamps, and converted a desert into an oasis.

"Draw off your shoes, for here in the rain of bullets from the muskets of thieving Bedouins was cut down the life of many an eighteen or twenty year old boy, a student, a pioneer, a chaluz, the unknown soldier of your people. Here in the malaria swamps the flower of the Jews died not for honors or for medals but for the ideal of establishing an old new home for the poorest among peoples; more beautiful, more peaceful than ever before, at peace with the Arabs and with every other nation in the world."

Three thousand years of tradition are wrapped up in the colonies which lay before his eyes. At the source of the little stream, Ein Charod, which springs from the site of the Gilboa mountain range, Gideon ordered his men to dismount and drink. Those who lapped as dogs he sent home; the smaller group who stooped on their knees, he retained.

At the foot of Givath Hamore, the Midianites whom Gideon defeated were encamped. On the slope of the mountain is Endor whose wise woman conjured up for Saul the spirit of Samuel on the eve of his last battle, and at the point where the Emek and the Jordan valley meet stands the ruin of Beth Shan from whose walls the body of Saul hung the morning after the battle. Alexander passed through a miniature forest beyond Chugim, a kibbuz. To his left was Kfar Y'cheskal, one of the oldest Jewish villages in Palestine, and then, there suddenly rose before him the white children's house of Ein Charod.

He had been walking about an hour and a half. The sun had risen to its noonday height when he reached the first houses of the kibbuz. From the Chadar Ochel, the fortresslike dining room, the dinner gong was already sounding.

There is something very wonderful about the welcome of the Chaluzim.

You are a stranger who does not live or work with the others. Yet you come into the dining room with the others, you sit at a large, wooden table with them and they would think you crazy if you tried to pay.

You are a stranger and yet you are given a bed in one of the stone houses or a straw cot in a tent just like the others. You may walk in the gardens, the stables or the fields as if you were at home and you are at home.

Zieseling, the elected head of the collective, a farmer with the face of a philosopher, showed him the community. It was like a little city with wide streets and large gardens. The houses were grouped

around the three principal buildings, the children's house, the school and the Chadar Ochel. Six hundred men, women, and children live here, six families to a house. The ground, ten thousand dunam, was leased to them by the Jewish National Fund. On the road which leads into the colony were the storehouses for grain and food, the stable, housing forty-two horses, riding and draught animals, a barn for two hundred cows, a cross between east Frisian and Dalmatian breeds, and the chicken roost.

Outside the living quarters they met one of the shomrim who patroled the grounds day and night.

"It's just as in the time of N'chemya," said Zieseling, "with one hand we plow and in the other we hold the gun, for there are times when the voice of the desert becomes audible again."

He brought the guest to the apartment of Chassyah at whose home he was supposed to sleep.

"Her husband is away for the week in another kibbuz. His bed is empty, and so you may use it."

Chassyah was tall, broad shouldered and dark. She was playing in her garden with her two children whom she saw only at meals and in the evenings, as during the rest of the day they were taken care of by experienced teachers and trained nurses in the children's house and its playgrounds. How attractively they were dressed! How healthy they looked! How happily they played!

Chassyah found the quartering quite understandable. While her boys used Alexander as a horse and galloped him around the garden, she went to the laundry for clean linen. In a kibbuz, not only are the means of production owned in common, but all the personal things of life are also possessed by the group. Everyone draws his clothing from the

common stock. Everyone gets his tobacco or cigarettes from the common supply. He who requires more, gets more; those who need less are given less. The big library provides everybody with literature, both belles lettres and scientific works. Periodicals and newspapers in Hebrew, Yiddish, English, Russian and German hang in the reading room where those who wish can play chess or study after work. Everyone who joins the community gives up his money, books, furniture and even such clothing as he has beyond a certain minimum. He who leaves the collective for a vacation to hike through the country or go to a resort, when necessary, is given his expenses from the common treasury; very little if the community is poor, and more if it has attained some security. The sick and the dependent are supported by the community. Parents in foreign countries who can no longer work are sent money or brought to the kibbuz. Concerts, plays, motion pictures offered by the cities, education, travel, everything is paid for from the cooperative earnings of the community.

Few Europeans and Americans could have found comfort in Chassyah's room; two couches, a closet with clothing for the day, a can with dark red roses on the window sill inside the mosquito netting. No table, no chairs. Whoever wanted to sit down sat on the edge of the bed. One picture, the photograph of Chaim Arlosoroff.

The gong called them to supper.

The brightly lit dining room was full of workers who had washed and dressed in white linen. The tables also had been covered with white cloths. Everyone sat around and talked before the meal was

served by the kitchen group, which changed every month. When the dishes had been cleared, they discussed briefly their working plans for the next day. Then they left in small groups for a very special entertainment.

Around the improvised stage boards had been piled on each other for benches. The children, for whom a show had been prepared, were already sitting on the first rows. They sang Hebrew songs and their anticipation was so keen that they applauded at every movement on the stage, even when the wind blew the curtain aside.

The orchestra, two violins, a guitar and a piano, played the overture, "A Song of the Sea." "Hashlamah" was the title of the play which had been written and produced by members of the kibbuz. It depicted the search for new pioneers in the countries of the Diaspora. During their travels, the delegates come to Poland where they are received by bearded, orthodox Jews who lament their agricultural life. "They're real peasants, atheists; they milk on Sabbath." But they soon forget their complaints, begin a religious chant, join hands and wildly dance in a circle. Their wigs fly off and their costumes are torn to shreds.

The children laughed, applauded and joined in the songs. As soon as the curtain was closed, they stormed the stage and when some discovered their parents in the cast, they nagged them until they got their wigs and costumes. Immediately they proceeded to reenact the play.

It was night; a pale moon looked down upon the dark earth and the Milky Way in its full glory studded the sky with such brilliance as Alexander

had never seen before. The children were long asleep, but Alexander still sat on the theater ground with some old friends from the Blau Weiss who lived and worked here. One of them, who, when they marched through the Lüneburger Heath and up the Rhine had played the guitar, was playing now. He played until the others, driven by a common impulse, arose, placed their hands on each others shoulders and began to dance the horah. First slowly, then faster and faster in an ecstatic whirl, until they were so breathless that they could carry the words of their song no longer, "Emek, Emek avodah; Emek, Emek horah." The Emek, the great valley, work, the horah, the dance of Jewish Palestine.

* * *

Alexander rode on a slow, local, Palestinian train, and with the other passengers he helped to drag a stubborn mule, who felt quite at home in the middle of the tracks, out of the way.

From the terrace of the Haifa Technikum, he looked down on the glittering, white city, the harbor in the bay, the electric equipment of the Ruthenberg plant, smoking factories and the infinitely blue sea.

With Chasan, a mighty peasant with a university degree, he stood on the roof of the new school building of Mishmar Haemek, and on the horizon he saw the mountains of Galilee and the eternally snow-capped Hermon. Chasan spoke about Jewish-Arab relations.

"Jewish colonization has certainly benefited the Arabs," he said. "The growth of cities and improvements in transportation have enlarged their market for every agricultural and industrial product. The

taxes, of which more than fifty per cent are paid by the Jewish minority, are expended chiefly for Arab services. In contrast to the constant emigration of Arabs before the Jewish influx, Arabs now stream to Palestine from every side, even from Egypt. While formerly the Arab worker earned four or five piaster a day, his pay at present in Jewish colonies or their Arab environs is four times as much, often equal to that of the Jewish laborers. Every Arab is entitled to the medical services in the hospitals of Hadassah and Chupath Cholim. Wherever Arab peasants and workers wish to organize cooperatives or trade unions, they have our help."

In Tiberias, on the shore of Lake Kinereth, Alexander visited the grave of Maimonides. In the old ghetto of Safed he met the head of a Y'chiva who taught in Arabic so that, as he put it, he would not waste the language of the Bible. In the Arab quarter of the city clustered between the peaks of Upper Galilee, he was introduced to an Arab in whose villa, in the midst of his women and children, there was extended to him rare hospitality.

At Daganyah, on the border of Transjordania, he sat in the chair which Masaryk, the Czechoslovakian president, had occupied. He slept on the roof of an old, stone house surrounded by tall palms, and heard the Jordan murmur.

He wandered to Semakh in the Transjordanian state of the Emir Abdullah, and, when he returned, he met Gita, the nursery school teacher at Mishmar Haemek, who had accompanied him to Tiberias where her parents lived and where she now entertained him.

"When I was very young, I took part in the Russian Revolution," Gita reminisced while she pre-

pared dinner in the kitchen. "Many Jews thought they, too, were emancipated at that time. During the period of War-Communism, I put my services at the disposal of the army and later I lived as a 'sympathizer' in Moscow but in 1924 I decided to emigrate to Palestine. I wanted to devote myself to the cause which I never had forgotten and which interested me most, the creation of a Jewish Homeland. It can never be Biro Bidjan; it must be Palestine. I was asked whether I would insist on leaving and when I answered in the affirmative, I was sentenced to Siberia. With a group of young Zionists, many about sixteen years old, we started out. To make our punishment more severe, the guards took our furs and overcoats, and we froze on the march. But the worst was that we were separated from each other. I went on a hunger strike and I learned later that the others did so too. As a result, we were reunited in a little town where the boys found manual work, and the girls built up log cabins and kept house.

"Nine months later, I was ransomed by relatives in foreign countries. As soon as I was out, I worked for the release of the others, and now we are all here."

She spoke very casually in a matter-of-fact tone, as if she were describing some ordinary detail of life which she had just recalled. After a few minutes of silence she confessed, "I never thought I'd be able to forget it, but time has played its role, and it's all a vague memory now. . . ."

"K'tavou el haarez," when you come into the land, you shall again plant trees, sang the farmer on the bus which went from Tiberias through Afule and

Tulkerem to Petach Tikwah on Erev Shabbath. He pointed out to Alexander through an open window a monument, Givath Hashloshah, the hill of the three.

World War.

The Turkish Government compelled Jews who were citizens of Entente countries to join its labor battalions. There were many cases of illness and death in the camps, which led to wholesale desertions. Those who were caught were tortured and shot. Finally, ten Austrian Jews offered to act as hostages for their brothers of Entente nationality. They were taken to Damascus, and three never came back.

Sabbath in Rodges. "You shall have no image before me; neither from the heaven above, nor from the earth beneath, nor from the water under the earth."

God is everywhere. Even in the field where the sixty chaluzim facing Jerusalem held their Sabbath services. Even in the dining room where as soon as the sun was declining in the firmament, they gathered for Havdalah, and the oldest comrade dipped a lighted candle, which had been handed to him, into a dish moistened with wine, while a young chaluzah passed around a box of snuff as a symbol that the brightness and aroma of the day of rest had given way to the commonplaces of the week.

* * *

At the end of his trip, Alexander traveled to Ben Shemen, the children's republic on the edge of the Herzl Forest. The adjustment of German Jewish youth who had aged beyond their years under the

pressure of governmental anti-Semitism, their assimilation into the life of the Sabres, their cause was nearest to his heart. He had seen in Palestine hundreds of those children who in Germany had been relegated to the Jew benches. Hadassah, the generous women's organization of American Zionism, had undertaken their care as it already had assumed the responsibility for the country's medical services. Alexander always felt himself drawn to the children and he turned to them again now.

Graceful, waving palms; sturdy, old oaks; muscular, sun-tanned youth, Jewish boys and girls on horseback, behind the plow, in the shops, in the gardens, in the orange groves, in the power house. Eight hundred dunam of land, numerous draught animals, thirty cows, modern, airy, stone houses and school buildings, athletic fields and a swimming pool surrounded by bushes and flowers.

Akiba, the history teacher, showed Alexander the settlement which had been founded in 1927 by fifteen Kovnoer boys and girls and now numbered more than three hundred. They, as their thirty teachers, who taught them the more important branches of agriculture, home economics and handicrafts, two foreign languages, Arabic and English, literature, history, geography, physics and chemistry came from every corner of the Diaspora and amalgamated here into one society, Jews of Palestine, Jews to whom tradition and memory gives the right to live on their own soil.

Two of the teachers and many of the older students knew Alexander from Germany. They bombarded him with questions concerning his impressions of the country, Germany, National

Socialism and the plight of the Jews. Each voiced his own problems, but Alexander had come to listen to them, to learn and not to teach. They fitted up the library with a couch, an oil lamp, a typewriter, two vases of flowers and invited him to stay as long as he wished. They requested only that he, like every other foreigner who came to their village with something interesting to tell of the world outside, address their Sabbath meeting.

As soon as Akiba saw the guest comfortably settled, he transferred his position as guide to the chug, a small group of older boys and girls.

There were many other chugim in Ben Shemen, but the circle Elchanan, Shoshanna, Yaacob, Nechama, and Eli was The Chug.

"They hold all the important, bureaucratic positions in the colony: Yaacob, culture commissioner; Eli, president of the youth. I'm against the chug," attacked Franz, a fifteen-year-old, curly-haired boy from Munich, when they all sat together on the floor of Shoshanna's room discussing life in the children's village.

"You oppose the chug only because you are independent enough to live alone," countered Alfred, likewise of the German children's aliyah. "I'm not in it either but I can very well understand why a large community like this breaks up into small circles of friends. I belong to a special organization too, the 'German Jewish Workmen'."

Elchanan, a Sabre, who was leaving the following month for Daganyah, hotly answered the accusation of bureaucracy. "Why are we always elected, Franz? Why don't they elect others? Because they know we can take the responsibility. Moreover, do

you think we voluntarily formed this group? If we had decided to choose the best, the most responsible, the oldest students and tried to make a chug out of them, we certainly would have failed."

"At least, there are some orderly chaps in this chug," put in Nechama, a girl who had come to Palestine from Austria eight years before with her parents and who had gone to school first in Jerusalem. "The girls in my class are good for nothing. They are too individualistic. They are concerned only with their own comfort. I'm not at all satisfied. When I came here, I thought we would have a real communal life and I thought we would have some freedom. I find we don't have liberties enough."

Elchanan consoled her with a gesture. "You forget, Nechama, that the organizers were pioneers more than students. They, of course, had more liberties. We come into a bed they made and we have to take over the forms they created."

Yaacob feared that the discussion was veering away from the point. "If you're going to report on us to the outside world, then it isn't fair to mention only the chug and Nechama's bellyaches. I propose that we make you a survey of our course of study and self-government."

"When the culture commissar speaks, the masses remain silent," sarcastically interrupted Franz as Yaacob began.

"Babies are extra-legal." Everyone laughed. "Quiet please, that's true. They are not in the course of study, they belong to the teachers or to the workers. We begin with the kindergarten group from three to six. They live in families of ten to twenty children, each with its own housemother.

They have their own garden in which each has a head of cabbage which he learns to raise. They help set tables and wash dishes. The rest of the time, they play in the Herzl Forest or romp through the fields. Sometimes they come to us, and we explain the machines and plants to them. Otherwise, they go to the Shomer, and he tells them fairy-tales.

"The kindergarten is followed by a transition grade in which the children learn to read and write. This group has its own Plugath Bayit, a troop for house cleaning, which also holds everyone strictly accountable for a nap after lunch. Then come the eight to fourteen year olds, the Chevrath Yeladim, which is divided into four sections, each with its own dining room, bedroom, and kitchen, connected with the central commissary. They work two hours in the gardens and in the barns. Occasionally, when we mobilize, they work an extra hour. Now, for example, that we are building the Arlosoroff House, they've all cooperated and put in overtime."

"Even our director, Dr. Lehmann, has done something on that," interrupted Alfred.

"That's the way it is," mourned Shoshanna, "even in Italy when they build a new palace, Mussolini condescends to lay the corner stone."

Yaacob paid no attention. "The Chevrath Yeladim has its own storage room for linen, soap, stamps and whatever else it needs. It even has its own doctor on the spot."

"Yaacob speaks like the illustrated papers," jeered Shoshanna, as she vainly tried to dislodge Nechama who was comfortably resting her head on her legs.

"The children are periodically weighed and get extra portions, like the teachers, when they need them."

"Everyone at my table gets them and I have to watch," wailed Eli. Still Yaacob refused to be rattled.

"The Chevrath Yeladim has its own shops and a good deal of academic work to cover. Besides the Plugath Bayit, they also have a culture committee. Each group elects two representatives to the school council, which settles all quarrels and prepares for the general meeting of all Ben Shemenites."

"And the class council relieves the teachers of their difficult job," was Alfred's conclusion to the picture of the Chevrath Yeladim.

"Now it's our turn. We're organized into the Chevrath Noar, the youth organization, subdivided into two sections with forty in each. Each group has its own sponsor. We do everything for ourselves; prepare our meals from what is dispensed by the Chadar Ochel, set the tables, wash the dishes, launder, iron, mend and darn. We take everything very seriously and we work very hard. We get up at five, you must have heard us pass your door, shower, breakfast and go to work at six. New members work in every field until they decide on a specialty. Most of us are already specializing. For example, we major in cereal crops and minor in truck farming or we major in agriculture and minor in animal husbandry. General things like harnessing, plowing and sowing the boys can all do, and the girls get special courses in home economics. Some of us become craftsmen in the shops, but most of us prefer agriculture. Besides, we are all interested in sports, especially swimming and games. For a year now, Chanan Eisenstadt from Frankfurt has been worrying about our musical education.

Many of us have studied the flute because it doesn't take much practice. We have an orchestra and a glee club. On week-ends we often visit the colonies and kibbuzim. Two years ago, we went to Egypt for vacation and last year we were in Syria. Whoever leaves Ben Shemen gets a diploma which is acceptable in any agricultural college. But most of us go straight to practical work. To give you an example of what we are expected to know, I mention the subjects assigned for the last examination. The gardeners were given, 'Intensive and Extensive Gardening in Palestine'; the farmers, 'A Criticism of the Cooperatives.' We can research anywhere we wish in preparation. Our self-government is complete. We have a right to admit or refuse new applicants. We are responsible for our own regulations. We have our own committees corresponding to those of the Chevrath Yeladim, with some additions. Our highest governing body is the Sichath Chevrah, a meeting of the comrades of both groups. Its delegates go to the pedagogical council and take part in the management of the whole colony." Yaacob was finished. He turned to Franz, "You have the floor now. Tell how certain cliques have monopolized the power and are ruling the others."

Franz did not intend to forfeit the opportunity. He assumed an impressive pose and declaimed in his best style, "Democracy is admirable when it is practiced, but to use the name as a veil is nothing short of despicable. The council recently decided that we were never to speak to a boy who has been expelled from Ben Shemen. That should have been submitted for referendum. And that there are cliques, there is no doubt."

Elchanan jumped up. "Franz, that is not true."

But Franz was not to be discouraged. "The chugim want to be the elite in our community. Perhaps they are. But when they toot their own horns, I lose my respect for them. They breed inferiority comlexes in the others." He meant to say complexes, but this sophisticated expression would not come out correctly.

"He wants to become a psychoanalist or whatever you call it," laughed Chaya, a colorful, little Russian. "He always has a copy of Freud in his pocket."

"It's my turn, Chaya. One at a time. I'm not so partisan that I can't see the advantages of the chugim. They are like Hachsharah groups which prepare for later vocations, but human beings never feel so alone as when they see others building up impenetrable circles."

Yaacob, Alfred, Shoshanna, and the rest still had plenty to say when Akiba knocked at the door.

"Truce," he called. "The bell has rung. Come to supper."

Alexander looked around the dining room, at the ornaments on the walls, at the many young faces and he could not repress a memory, the memory of the Odenwald School in his beloved Bergstrasse. Both schools had coeducation and both had the same problems.

"When we get the children early," Akiba had observed when they sat in the garden after lunch drinking good Russian tea, "we have no trouble. But when they come to us with prejudices acquired from their parents or former teachers, then it's difficult. Last spring, we had some trouble. A little girl from Berlin wrote to her parents and told them that something terrible had happened here, that

they must come and take her home. A boy had met her after work and told her that from that time on he would take care of her. If she was willing, they could go out walking every evening. Surely he was asking something which she had been taught was strictly forbidden. As the parents communicated with us about the matter, we were able to dig out all the details. We had requested our children to be friendly with the new arrivals from Germany, to talk to them, to walk with them and to make them feel at home. Evidently, this boy was merely carrying out our instructions in his own way."

At exactly eight o'clock everybody gathered in the dining room for a concert. The one-armed Chanan conducted as the orchestra played the "Kleine Nachtmusik." And how the young musicians played! And how the young audience, with their happy faces and bright eyes, responded! Alexander could feel the electricity in the air and their inward exultation and he knew that he would never forget Ben Shemen. After the last tones had died, they sang Hebrew songs and danced the horah until it was bedtime. Only the chug still had to take a walk, and, of course, Alexander had to go with them. They grasped his arms and walked singing and whistling to the edge of the Herzl Forest. There they encamped and sang German and English scout songs, Hebrew songs, Russian songs, everything in one grand mixture. Those who did not know the words carried the tunes to "la, la."

"Everyone has as much heaven over his head as he has ground under his feet"; these words of Bialik, the dead poet, stood as a warning, as a spur over the Sabbath meeting of all Ben Shemen youth when Alexander spoke on the eve of his departure.

He spoke about his impressions of the country, about the shock it had given him. He spoke German, he spoke Hebrew, whichever glided from his tongue more readily. "I come from Western Europe," he said, "from Germany, where we Jews lack the physical components of nationality; land, language, and customs. The only thing that bound us to our people was our descent, that chain of fathers and mothers who had handed down to us their life, their suffering, their greatness and their faith. Some years of my life were ruled by the impression that, in spite of the pull from the depth of my soul back to my people, superficial characteristics are the deciding ones. In these years I was lonesome, even though I had many friends. Those were the years in which I paid my allegiance to Communism.

"Let me say some words about those years.

"When I began my studies at the Berlin University I soon experienced the anti-Semitism which plagued almost all German institutions of higher learning. I observed the formation of the first Nazi Storm Troops in the halls of my Alma Mater, the daily increase in the number of swastikas in the lecture rooms, the swelling packs of the 'Völkische Beobachter' distributed among the students, and I knew that Jewish and liberal students were no longer safe.

"I realized that this movement was a rebellion of the sons of the impoverished middle classes who were fighting for the old privileges which war and inflation had taken from them. They hated the Weimar Republic. Demagogues had promised them wealth and power. 'Break the Treaty of Versailles, restore the army, overthrow the other nations, invade foreign countries and you will have power.

Destroy Jewish competition in your own land and you will have jobs.' Under the old slogan of 'Down with the Jews' the masses of the students rebelled against the consequences of a war which the leaders of the Kaiserreich and not those of the Republic had lost.

"I looked around for means of defense. The Jewish groups were passive. The Zionists concentrated entirely on Palestine, Hebrew, T'nach. The non-Zionists mimicked the rightist Gentile fraternities, scarred each others faces with sabres, drank beer, studied little and boasted that they were at least as patriotic as the Nazis. The liberal non-Jewish students poked fun at the Nazis but did nothing. The only ones who seemed firm in their fight against the swastika were the Communists. They engaged in counter-demonstrations. They had battles with the Nazis in the lecture halls and on the streets. 'When we get the power in Germany,' they said, 'there will be an end to Nazi sport. The classless society that is our goal will remove all competition among men. There will be true democracy, peace and freedom.'

"I approached them and was caught, caught by an idea which superficially looked beautiful and by a leadership which preached it but did not practice it, more, which negated it in reality.

"I learned how to pick all the flaws in capitalist society, in German Democracy perfectly. I was able to draw everything into the mire, everything except the Communist Party.

"By accident I went to Russia to a student convention. I visited factories, schools, courts. I saw the pale faces of political prisoners in their cells, and for the first time it dawned on me that there

was not that freedom here of which I dreamt. I felt something of that nightmare which envelops the Russian masses and inwardly I was horrified, but outwardly I remained a protagonist of the system.

"The Communists could use the most unscrupulous methods to attract the masses. They might burn today what they had adored yesterday. I trusted them. They had taught me that the purpose was holy enough to merit the use of all means.

"In August 1929 the riots broke out here in Erez Israel. Arabs attacked Jewish worshipers at the Wailing Wall, burnt forests and orange groves. In Safed there was a pogrom. I immediately rose to the defense of the Jews. They were not the attackers. The Communist leaders, however, favored the Arabs to get Great Britain into trouble. 'Zionism, under the cover of creating a Jewish homeland in Palestine, yields up the Arab workers to the exploitation of England,' they wrote in their papers. The few Jews in the Communist ranks, all students who like myself were driven into the arms of Bolshevism by the Nazis, shouted 'Bravo!' They were not hurt. They had broken with their Jewish milieu. They felt as outcasts and were proud of it. The more superficial Communism was attacked by their parents, relatives and teachers, the more justified they felt their stand to be. I was probably the only one who was ashamed of belonging to the Communist movement at this time. In August 1929 the fog in which I had lived began to lift.

"Two years later, as you will recall, the Communists joined the Nazis in the referendum against the Social Democratic Government of Prussia. They feared it, because its progressive attitude made

a Communistic revolution superfluous. I saw the danger of this move and I tried my best to reconcile the Communist adherents with democracy. I hoped for a united front of all freedom loving people. I hoped in vain. Nazis and Communists skillfully divided the ranks and destroyed the first German Democratic Republic.

"Nazis and Communists, and I say this with emphasis, in reality their difference is really not significant. Both preach force and describe humanity as divided into two opposing camps—capitalists and workers in Communist ideology, the German nation and all other nations in the Nazi picture. The worker without class consciousness in the Marxist sense is a traitor to the Communists; the German by birth without chauvinist interest is a traitor to the Nazis. Both need enemies, but they do not grant them the same liberties as they allow themselves. Woe to the capitalist who is class conscious; he is an exploiter, a profiteer. Woe to the foreign nation that seeks its own advantage; to Nazi Germany, it is imperialistic. Both the Nazis and the Communists expect their enemies to stand idly by and be destroyed, while the Communists establish the dictatorship of their party and the Nazis, the hegemony of Germany. Both glorify the might of the state, of a bureaucracy which narrows the realm in which the average citizen can move unpunished. Both believe in party leadership instead of in popular sovereignty, party leadership which feeds the soul of the masses with high-sounding, empty phrases and programs which can immediately be stamped as propaganda, which breaks every humanitarian principle. Recall the thirteenth of June in Germany, the murder of General von Schleicher and Captain

Röhm. Recall the persecution of the opposition factions in Russia. Recall the absence of objective law, and the way it muddles the lives of people in all the dictatorial states. Right is determined by the whims of the leader or the party in power, while written statutes, the products of centuries of human development, are conveniently discarded as worthless. Under both systems, youth is steeped in historical falsification and prejudice. Consider Germany, where innocent boys and girls are taught that Jews, in obedience to the command of the Talmud, rape Gentile girls, where the 'Stürmer' dares to attack us as poisoners of wells and murderers of Christian children for Passover. Again, in Russia, not only the former capitalists but even Socialists and old guard Communists are painted as demons, merely because they disagree with parts of the platform of the faction in power. There, too, youth grows up uncritical and unaware of the real significance of events, which show their true face only to those who have the opportunity and the desire to penetrate behind the barriers of the regime.

"Both National Socialism and Communism pretend that they are the only alternatives which humanity can choose. This choice between Scylla and Charybdis is their greatest propaganda lie, for the third and saner way, the path of gradual evolution, of liberal and social democracy, they do not even recognize.

"Both National Socialism and Communism warn us that Europe is on the verge of decline. States, whose citizens submit to every pressure and who finally ask for the yoke themselves, must disappear. Athens and Rome, regardless of the heights they

attained, were doomed at the moment when their citizens lost their will, and democracy was destroyed.

"European culture is in danger. The highest, the noblest achievements of man, individual liberty and freedom, are threatened by the boots of soldiers.

"Let us rescue European culture, let us nourish the spiritual and cultural inheritance of Europe.

"All of our people who fled from Russia and Poland without any conception of their destination, carried in their hearts the picture of their native village, of their birthplace. We Western Jews are accustomed to choosing our goal and preparing carefully to reach it but we do not love our former home less.

"Along with the unextinguishable memory of the mountains, lakes and forests of Germany, we bring the work of Goethe, Kant, and Lessing to every country which opens its doors to us. Let us make them a part of us, just as the words of the prophets and the songs of the kings of Israel are engraved in our souls.

"Two thousand years ago on our own soil, in keeping with the teachings of Jewish law, men of our own people created that Christianity which has for centuries ennobled European humanity. Today modern barbarians cast it aside because it is Jewish in its origin and because it is to their advantage to substitute the principle that 'might is right' for its ideal, 'love thy neighbor as thyself,' to worship many idols with feet of clay instead of the one God before whom all are equal.

"We Jews of the twentieth century have been tempted at times to think that we are members of a very old people which has fulfilled its debt to humanity. Let us, therefore, assimilate and dis-

appear among the nations of the world. Today, we are forced to realize that our task is not completed; even more, that it is perhaps just beginning.

"Surrounded by a world of chaos and war, we must keep our faith in justice, in brotherly love, in peace and in freedom. Surrounded by a world in which personal, party and national egoisms celebrate orgies, we must build Erez Israel, not only as a home for ourselves but as a home for humanity.

"I was in the Emek. I met our pioneers. Their interpretation of people and nation omits all connotations of chauvinism and national hatred. They are setting up a new society by sacrificing their own life and labor, without depriving others, without parasitic demands on the government. In the first real Christian or real Jewish community—both are equally applicable—freed from the power of money and egotistical purpose, they built on neglected, swampy wastes flourishing settlements of human happiness. Flourishing settlements of human happiness? Is that not the longing of all cast in the shape of human beings? Even of those who gird their hearts with ruthlessness and shield their souls with steel breastplates?

"Darkness encircles us. Let us kindle a light in our ancient land."

The same evening, Alexander left Ben Shemen. Elchanan and Shoshanna walked with him to the road where he was to catch the bus for Jaffa.

"Tomorrow your boat's leaving for Europe."

"Yes. The time here has seemed very short."

"Will you remember us when you get back?"

They shook hands in farewell.

"Lehitraoth b'Erez Israel."

CHAPTER XX

When Alexander returned to Basle, he found a letter inviting him to a reputable American University. Professor Berani and the Swiss teachers had written to numerous institutions to find him a place where he could teach and pursue his scientific work. They had obviously been successful.

"America. Again a new land," he thought, inwardly glad that he did not have to turn to Palestine for the substance of material existence.

"I wouldn't mind giving up my profession to become a pioneer," he said to Devorah, who felt his inner conflict and urged him to accept the American offer in any case. "It isn't that the political conflicts in the country frighten me either, but last time I saw Uncle Erich in Berlin he told me that I had no right to Palestine and he is right. Palestine must be deserved. Only those who have worked indefatigably in the Diaspora and whose love for Judaism is unshakable have earned a place in the Aliyah. There must be thousands who, like me, were indifferent or even inimical to Zionism, yet who now under the pressure of material and political deprivation turn to Palestine for refuge. But my conscience won't let me join them. I don't know whether my path will cross Palestine again. More than likely, I'll build up a home for myself, for you and for our parents in America. In time, we will spread our roots in this country which generously offers me its hospitality. But of one thing I'm sure, the voluntary return to Judaism must come before the return to Erez Israel. I'm not a stranger to my

people or its faith. It's only that I've been on a sojourn for a number of years and now I'm going home."

Two days before the steamer was scheduled to leave from Cherbourg for the Republic across the Atlantic, Alexander called his parents. He had already written them that he was going to sail to America. His mother cried into the telephone but could say nothing. Samuel Roth, too, was excited and cleared his throat several times.

Then, in a perfectly firm and controlled voice came from the capital of the Hitler Reich across hundreds of kilometers the traditional words with which the Jewish father blesses his children:

"Y'vorech'cho adonoi v'yishm'recho; Yoair adonoi ponov ailecho veechooneko; Yeeso adonoi ponov ailecho v'yosaim l'cho sholom."

"May the Lord bless you and keep you; may the Lord cause His face to shine upon you and be gracious unto you; may the Lord lift up His countenance upon you and grant you peace."

THE END