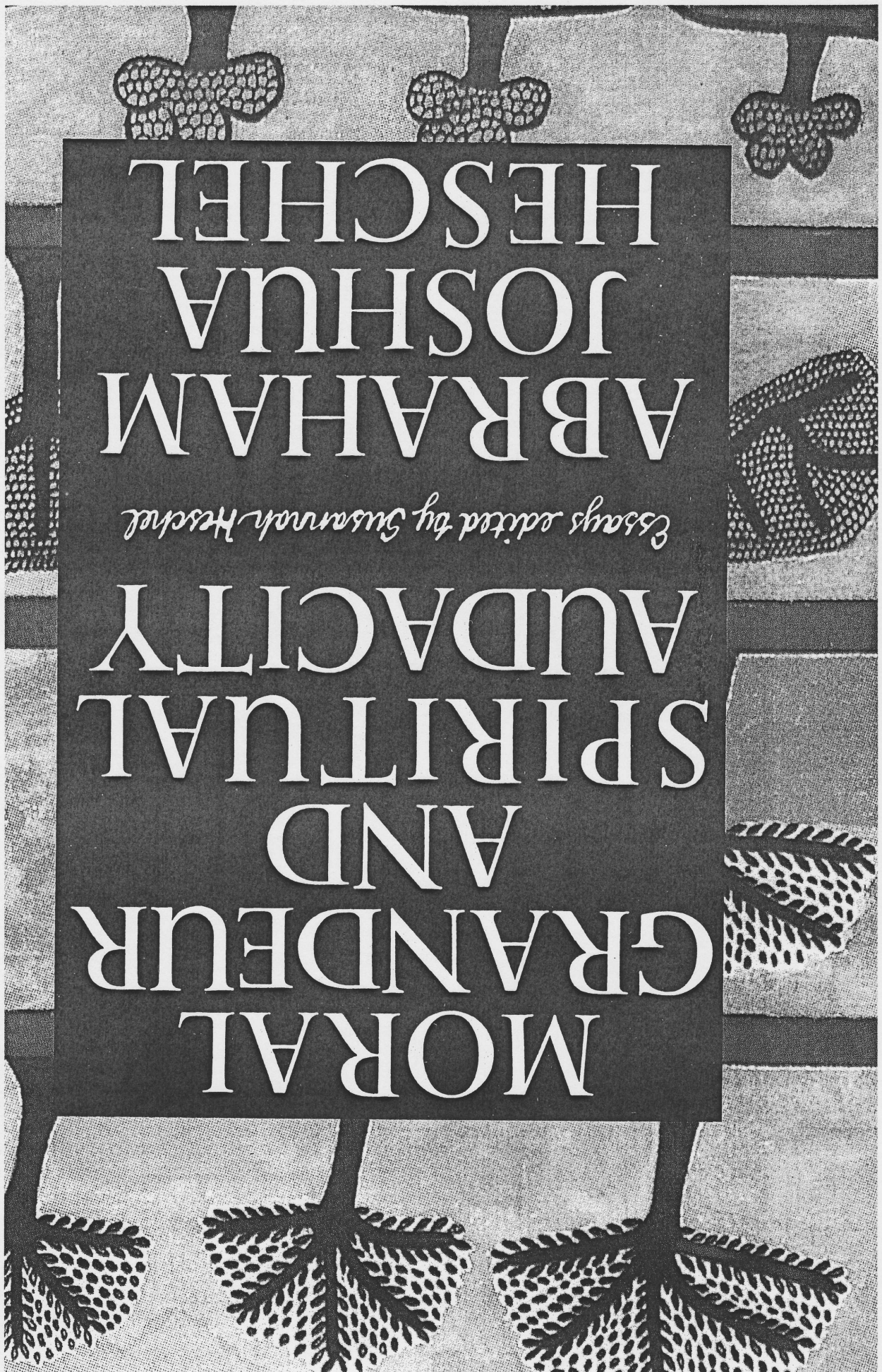


1996

MORAL
GRANDDEUR
AND
SPIRITUAL
AUDACITY
ABRAHAM
JOSHUA
HESCHEL

Essays edited by Susannah Heschel



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Introduction

BY SUSANNAH HESCHEL

TO PRESIDENT JOHN F. KENNEDY, THE WHITE HOUSE, JUNE 16, 1963

I LOOK FORWARD TO PRIVILEGE OF BEING PRESENT AT MEETING TOMORROW AT 4 P. M. LIKELIHOOD EXISTS THAT NEGRO PROBLEM WILL BE LIKE THE WEATHER. EVERYBODY TALKS ABOUT IT BUT NOBODY DOES ANYTHING ABOUT IT. PLEASE DEMAND OF RELIGIOUS LEADERS PERSONAL INVOLVEMENT NOT JUST SOLEMN DECLARATION. WE FORFEIT THE RIGHT TO WORSHIP GOD AS LONG AS WE CONTINUE TO HUMILIATE NEGROES. CHURCH SYNAGOGUES HAVE FAILED. THEY MUST REPENT. ASK OF RELIGIOUS LEADERS TO CALL FOR NATIONAL REPENTANCE AND PERSONAL SACRIFICE. LET RELIGIOUS LEADERS DONATE ONE MONTH'S SALARY TOWARD FUND FOR NEGRO HOUSING AND EDUCATION. I PROPOSE THAT YOU MR. PRESIDENT DECLARE STATE OF MORAL EMERGENCY. A MARSHALL PLAN FOR AID TO NEGROES IS BECOMING A NECESSITY. THE HOUR CALLS FOR HIGH MORAL GRANDEUR AND SPIRITUAL AUDACITY.

ABRAHAM JOSHUA HESCHEL

"MORAL GRANDEUR AND SPIRITUAL AUDACITY"—I can't imagine a better phrase to describe my father's work. The essays in this book are gathered from his many academic and popular articles and lectures, and like the telegram above, which he sent to President Kennedy, they show us a religious leader who held both God and human beings together in his thoughts at all times. Political and social problems were his major concern, and what gave his politics such strength was the religious insight he brought to bear on them. For him, politics and theology were always intertwined. After the civil-rights march in Selma, he said, "I felt my legs were praying." Even as social protest was for him a religious experience, religion without indignation at political evils was

also impossible: "To speak about God and remain silent on Vietnam is blasphemous," he wrote.

My father was a unique combination of a Hasidic voice of compassion and mercy, always seeing the goodness in other people, and a prophetic voice of justice, denouncing hypocrisy, self-centeredness, and indifference. My father wasn't interested in assigning blame or claiming victimhood, but as the Bible does, he showed us a vision of who we might become. His was a voice of inspiration, not argumentation, rooted in Jewish religious thought. What he once wrote of East European Jews applies to him as well: "Jewishness was not in the fruit but in the sap that stirred through the tissues of the tree. Bred in the silence of the soil, it ascended to the leaves to become eloquent in the fruit."¹ So, too, Jewishness infused my father like the sap of a tree, and his eloquence was the fruit of his deep Jewish piety and learning.

Particularly extraordinary is the diversity of those who regarded him as their teacher: Catholics, Jews, Protestants, whites and blacks, liberals and conservatives, pious and secular, Americans, Europeans, Israelis. His life challenges our conventional expectations. Here is a rabbi whose books were praised by Pope Paul VI as helping to sustain the piety of Catholics; an Orthodox Jew with a white beard and yarmulke marching for civil rights and demonstrating against the war in Vietnam; an immigrant from Poland whose work is included in anthologies of exceptional English prose.

My father described himself as a "brand plucked from the fire of Europe," rescued from Poland by an American visa just six weeks before the Nazi invasion. His survival was a gift, because he became a unique religious voice in an era in which religion was in grave danger, according to his own analysis. The Hasidic Jewish world of Eastern Europe in which he was raised was far from the environment in which he wrote and taught in the United States. He came from a rebbe's family in Poland, from a Jewish civilization that was suddenly eradicated in the middle of his lifetime by the Germans, in whose universities he had studied and in whose language he had written about Jewish religious thought. Despite the horrors he experienced—the murder of his mother, sisters, friends, and relatives, the destruction of the world which had nourished him—his life continued to reflect the holy dimension he was able to evoke in his own original and unique words.

Words, he often wrote, are themselves sacred, God's tool for creating the universe, and our tools for bringing holiness—or evil—into the world. He used to remind us that the Holocaust did not begin with the building of crematoria, and Hitler did not come to power with tanks and guns; it all began with uttering evil words, with defamation, with language and propaganda. Words create worlds, he used to tell me when I was a child.

They must be used very carefully. Some words, once having been uttered, gain eternity and can never be withdrawn. The Book of Proverbs reminds us, he wrote, that death and life are in the power of the tongue.

MY FATHER was born in Warsaw on January 11, 1907, the youngest child of Moshe Mordechai and Reizel (Perlow) Heschel. His mother and father were each descended from distinguished Hasidic rebbes, a family of nobility in the Jewish world. Nearly all the great Hasidic leaders of Eastern Europe, those who inspired and led the pietistic revival that began in the eighteenth century, were among my father's ancestors. He cherished and revered them. I remember as a child how often he used to take small, fragile books from his shelf, Hasidic *seforim*, show them to me, read a little with me, and tell me with awe about the great-grandfathers who had written them. This is your inheritance, he would say. Far from feeling burdened by the greatness of his heritage, he felt gratitude, humbleness, and reverence for his ancestors. "I was very fortunate," he told an interviewer, "in having lived as a child and as a young boy in an environment where there were many people I could revere, people concerned with problems of inner life, of spirituality and integrity. People who have shown great compassion and understanding for other people."²

As a small child he was accorded the princely honors given the families of Hasidic rebbes: adults would rise when he entered the room, even when he was little, recognizing that he was a special person. He would be lifted onto a table to deliver *drushas*, learned discussions of Hebrew texts. He was considered an *illui*, a genius. His world was one of intense piety and religious observance, and he felt grateful, as he described much later, that he grew up surrounded by people of spiritual nobility. As the baby of the family, he was loved and fussed over by his older sisters, Sarah, Devorah Miriam, Esther Sima, and Gittel, and his brother, Jacob. He was teased and coddled the way youngest children of large families are. He was only three years old when his oldest sister, Sarah, married their first cousin, the Kapitshinitzer rebbe, and he remembered being at the wedding, running around excitedly among the adults. Even as a small child he took his religious obligations very seriously. He seemed amused and embarrassed when he told me that when he was sent as a five year old on an errand to a female neighbor, he would ask that the object he was borrowing be placed on a table—according to ultra-Orthodox custom, a man should not give or receive from a woman's hand.

His was a large extended family. His mother was the twin sister of the Novominsker rebbe, Alter Israel Simon Perlow, who lived in Warsaw, and there were many cousins, nieces, and nephews. The family's first tragedy came in 1916, when my father was nine years old and his father

died during an influenza epidemic. It was devastating for the family. Shortly before I turned nine, I developed a fear that the same thing might happen to me. I asked him, over and over, how he could survive such a terrible thing. He used to say, in a way that was so sad for me to hear, that he just wished he could talk to his father again, just once more, even for one hour.

As a teenager my father began publishing his first articles, short studies, in Hebrew, of talmudic literature, which appeared in a Warsaw rabbinical publication, *Sha'are Torah*, in 1922 and 1923. When he grew older, he began to read secular books, in addition to his Talmud studies. He said his mother worried at not hearing him chant Gemara while he studied, knowing that he was reading what he should not. Finally, with the approval of his family, he decided to go to Vilna to study at a Gymnasium. There he completed his examinations on June 24, 1927, at the Mathematical-Natural Science Gymnasium. He also became involved with a Yiddish poetry group, Jung Vilna, and published, as his first book, a volume of Yiddish poems, *Der Shem Hamefoyrosh: Mentsch*, written during his years in Vilna and published in Warsaw in 1933, dedicated to his father's memory.³ The poems were greeted warmly in the worlds of Yiddish and Hebrew *belles lettres*; they brought him to the attention of, among others, Chaim Nachman Bialik, who wrote to him from Israel with an enthusiastic letter of congratulations.

Among my father's childhood friends from Warsaw few survived. One who did was the Yiddish writer Yechiel Hoffer, who immigrated to Israel and wrote autobiographical novels in which my father appears as a young man. Another was Zalman Shazar, a Zionist and Hebrew writer who later became President of the state of Israel. They remained good friends throughout their lives; letters from Shazar to my father, written in Hebrew, address him, "To the friend of my soul, master of joy, son of holy people." In 1970, on the occasion of President Shazar's eightieth birthday, my father wrote a tribute to him in Yiddish: "He is a Jew who lives with visions. He carries in himself a song that calls and awakens sleeping souls."* My father also gave President Shazar a mezuzah that had once stood on the doorpost of the synagogue of the Baal Shem Tov, the founder of Hasidism, in the little East European town of Mezibizh.

After Vilna, in 1927, my father went to study in Berlin, to participate in what he felt was the great center of European intellectual and cultural life. He enrolled at the Hochschule für die Wissenschaft des Judentums

* "A brokhe dem nosi" (Greetings to President Shazar on his eightieth birthday) in *Die goldene Keyt*, Tel Aviv, No. 68 (1970), p. 26. Shazar sent a telegram to the Israel Bonds dinner honoring my father in December 1970: "To Abraham Joshua Heschel, my cherished friend . . . The descendant of so saintly a line now brings to American Jewry sparks of holiness and true radiance."

and at the Friedrich Wilhelm Universität, today's Humboldt University. On April 29, 1929, he passed examinations in German language and literature, Latin, mathematics, German history, and geography, given to foreign students by the University of Berlin, and became a matriculated student.* He studied philosophy as his main concentration at the university, with secondary work in art history and Semitic philology. At the Hochschule he trained in the modern scientific study of Jewish texts and history. His teachers there included some of the great names of German-Jewish scholarship: Chanoch Albeck, Ismar Elbogen, Julius Guttmann, and Leo Baeck. Down the street from the Hochschule was the Orthodox rabbinical seminary, founded by Esriel Hildesheimer. The theological differences between the two seminaries could not have been greater, and it is amusing that they were located at either end of "Artillerie" Street. While most of the students and faculty at the two seminaries did not interact, my father was one of the few able to move easily between the two institutions, sustaining friendships and respect at both.

In December 1929, my father passed examinations at the Hochschule in Hebrew language, Bible and Talmud, *Midrash*, liturgy, philosophy of religion, and Jewish history and literature; and in May 1930, he was awarded a prize by the Hochschule for a paper on "Visions in the Bible." He was also appointed an instructor, lecturing on talmudic exegesis to the more advanced students. On July 16, 1934, he passed his oral examinations and was granted a rabbinical degree by the Hochschule, with a graduating thesis on "Apocrypha, Pseudepigrapha and Halakha."

When I was growing up and asked my father for stories about his early life, he described the efforts of each of his professors in Berlin to convince him to write his doctoral dissertation under that professor's direction. They considered him highly gifted and each wanted him as a student. But the support he received from the university's faculty began to change after 1933.

Just three weeks after Hitler came to power, my father took his oral examinations for his doctorate at the University of Berlin, on February 23, 1933. His examiners included Max Dessoir (philosophy), Heinrich Maier (philosophy), Albert Erich Brinckmann (art history), and Eugen Mittwoch (Semitic philology). He was questioned about a remarkably broad range of topics. Dessoir and Maier asked him about Descartes, Leibniz, Kant, Husserl, materialism, and metaphysics. Brinckmann focused on Italian Renaissance art, and Mittwoch asked about the prophet Amos, especially Chapter 4, and the prophet Hosea. Dessoir noted that

* These tests were supplementary to those he passed in Vilna and granted him admission to study at a university.

my father seemed nervous and inhibited.⁴ Not surprising, considering Hitler's accession to power.

My father's dissertation, entitled *Das prophetische Bewußtsein* (Prophetic Consciousness), was submitted in December 1932 and evaluated by his two main professors, Dessoir and Alfred Bertholet of the theology department, who held the chair in Old Testament, with an interest in Religionsgeschichte (phenomenology of religion).^{*} Both Dessoir and Mittwoch lost their positions at the university in 1935 as a result of Nazi anti-Semitic purges of the faculty; Bertholet retired in 1937, replaced by Johannes Hempel, an active member of the pro-Nazi German Christian Movement.

My father's doctoral degree was expected† a few months later, but there were difficulties. His dissertation had to be published in order for him to receive his degree, but he had no money for publication costs. Worse, it became increasingly difficult after Hitler came to power for a Jew to publish an academic book in Germany. For the next few years, he submitted requests every few months to the dean of the faculty for extensions of the deadline for publication; the dean granted his requests, always saluting him in the language of the day: "Heil Hitler." Finally, in the spring of 1936, the book, *Die Prophetie*, was published by the Polish Academy of Sciences, of Cracow, with costs underwritten by the Erich Reiss Publishing House in Berlin.⁵ My father, who was otherwise not well inclined toward Poland after the war, always expressed gratitude toward the academy for that publication. Without his official degree from the university, he would have had difficulties escaping Europe. Moreover, the academy had been willing to intervene with the Polish consulate to secure governmental permission from Germany to distribute the book of a Jewish author in German bookstores.⁶ With special permission, the University of Berlin accepted a non-German publisher as legitimate, and my father was finally

^{*} Max Dessoir, born in Berlin in 1867, was editor of the *Zeitschrift für Aesthetik und allgemeine Kunstwissenschaft*; he became a full professor of philosophy at the University of Berlin in 1920. Alfred Bertholet, born in Basel in 1868, became full professor of Old Testament theology at the University of Berlin in 1928.

† Dessoir's evaluation was enthusiastic, critical only of technical aspects, including organization, neologisms, and language. His comments are primarily a summary of the main argument, concerning divine pathos. He notes, for example, that divine pathos is not a predicate, a part of God's essence, but arises in response to human deeds. Pathos endows a personal God, he writes, with moral norms, gives God a chance for self-expression, and lies at the root of our own religious feeling.

By contrast, Bertholet was more restrained in his comments, criticizing the dissertation for failing to give greater emphasis to what Bertholet saw as the prophets' feeling of being threatened by God for noncompliance. The dissertation, Bertholet wrote, should have paid more attention to examples of prophecy outside the Old Testament, to what he called the predecessors of the pre-exilic prophets described in the study.

awarded his diploma on December 11, 1935, three years after completing his work.

When *Die Prophetie* finally appeared, the reviews were highly favorable. The book received notice in popular and academic journals, Christian and Jewish, in Germany and in other countries. The distinguished Old Testament scholar Otto Eissfeldt, writing in a German Protestant theology journal, praised the book, calling its understanding of the God of the Bible "correct and important," and saying that the book "deserves the attention of Old Testament scholars as well as theologians generally."⁷ The evaluation in *The Philosophical Review*, published in the United States, was that the book "may well be regarded as one of the most important contributions to the general philosophy of religion that the last few years have produced."⁸ The positive response is even more remarkable in light of the growing calls by many Protestants in the Third Reich for eradicating the Old Testament from the Christian canon. To prove their devotion to Nazism, some Christians had called for a purging of everything Jewish, and even declared Jesus an Aryan whose goal was the elimination of Judaism from the face of the earth. As a Jewish book, the Old Testament had no place in Christian Scriptures, they argued. If the Nazis wanted a *Judenrein* Germany, they would create a *Judenrein* Christianity, and they believed that being a true follower of Jesus meant being an anti-Semite.

While such attacks against the Old Testament and against the Jewishness of Jesus had already arisen in Germany during the nineteenth century, they grew in intensity during the late 1920s and '30s with the rise of the so-called German Christian movement, a pro-Nazi group of Protestants that included bishops, pastors, professors of theology, as well as laypeople. It quickly became a powerful force within the churches. Many years later, in his 1965 inaugural address at Union Theological Seminary, my father reminded his audience that the Nazis attacked Christianity as well as Judaism, and he called for both communities to unite against the threat:

Nazism has suffered a defeat, but the process of eliminating the Bible from the consciousness of the Western world goes on. It is on the issue of saving the radiance of the Hebrew Bible in the minds of man that Jews and Christians are called upon to work together. None of us can do it alone. Both of us must realize that in our age anti-Semitism is anti-Christianity and that anti-Christianity is anti-Semitism.⁹

After completing his university studies, my father continued to live in Berlin. He taught at the Hochschule, as well as at the Jüdisches Lehrhaus in Berlin, and he served as reader and editor of a series of books, "Judentum in Geschichte und Gegenwart," for the Erich Reiss publishing house. He witnessed Hitler's accession to power on January 30, 1933, followed by

the burning of the Reichstag in March, as well as the book burning in April, in a large open square in the middle of the University of Berlin. His disgust at what he witnessed was expressed in an anonymously published Yiddish poem, "A Day of Hatred," which appeared in a Warsaw newspaper. My father told me the chilling story of the evening he attended a concert in Berlin and Hitler suddenly arrived. Everyone present had to rise. As soon as possible, my father left the hall. And he used to describe the abandonment he felt from Christian colleagues who did not speak up on behalf of the Jews. I can imagine how he must have felt, having completed a book on the prophets, to witness Protestant and Catholic professors of the Old Testament debating whether the Christian canon should consist only of the New Testament. Even some who spoke up on behalf of the Old Testament defended their position by arguing that the Old Testament was not really a Jewish book; Judaism, they said, was a degenerate, post-biblical phenomenon. Still, my father received help, as did many others, from the anti-Nazi Quaker community in Frankfurt am Main, whose leader, Rudolf Schlosser, became his friend. My father delivered a powerful lecture, "The Meaning of This Hour," to the Quakers of Frankfurt in February 1938 on the responsibility of religious leaders in Nazi Germany. Schlosser and his colleagues, in turn, were very helpful to my father, writing letters of character reference to the American consulate in support of his visa application.¹⁰

Most remarkable to me is how my father continued, during those years in Nazi Germany, to nurture his own religious life. For several months he rented a room from a Frankfurt Orthodox Jewish family named Simon, whose daughters recently told me that in 1937 my father never wavered in his piety, even continuing the custom of *nagel wasser* (rinsing the hands first thing upon awakening, in order to begin the day with a prayer).

Throughout the 1930s my father tried to secure a position outside Germany. He sent letters and copies of his publications to colleagues throughout Europe and the United States, seeking help. He had published several scholarly essays on aspects of medieval Jewish philosophy, as well as books on Maimonides (also published in French translation, in 1936) and Abravanel (published in Polish translation in 1937), and some shorter essays in the popular press, and they were all well received.

The offer to write a book on Maimonides came to him as a surprise. In 1935 he had visited Erich Reiss, owner of a publishing house in Berlin, to recommend the work of a friend. Reiss was so impressed by my father that he asked him to write a book on Maimonides, whose jubilee year was being celebrated, and within two weeks of feverish work, the manuscript was completed. My father was just twenty-eight years old.

The book was praised in German newspapers as "ideal," "rich," and a

"work of art." The biography presents the historical and political context in which Maimonides lived, together with a remarkably clear summary of his thought, but it also tries to understand his personal conflicts and struggles and how they are reflected in his thought. What emerges is a complex, sensitive human being, in sharp contrast with the somewhat austere figure presented in other studies. For my father, the central issue was not how to reconcile Maimonides's philosophical and halachic writings, or solving the extent of his rationalist, Aristotelian interpretations of Judaism, but evoking his inner, spiritual life. He shows, for example, the devastating impact of his brother's sudden death on Maimonides's reconsideration of the problem of evil, and concludes: "Maimonides never lost his faith in the just and meaningful working of the universe. His experience did not turn him against God but, to all appearances, against himself."¹¹ The book also raises the question of Maimonides's own efforts to attain prophetic inspiration, a controversial topic he discusses in far greater detail in a Hebrew essay published in 1945.¹² Ultimately, the biography is a spiritual as well as an intellectual portrayal that broadens the image of Maimonides from a strictly rationalist philosopher to someone with profound spiritual concerns as well.

During the 1930s my father lectured frequently around Germany to Jewish groups and began to achieve recognition from scholars and intellectuals. He describes, in his personal correspondence, his enthusiasm when he met people whose work he admired. In March 1936 he spent several days in Frankfurt and began a friendship with Ludwig Feuchtwanger, Martin Buber, and Eduard Strauss, all of whom had read his book on the prophets.

In November 1936 Buber asked my father if he would be willing to become the director of the *Mittelstelle für Jüdische Erwachsenen Bildung* in Frankfurt, and after an exchange of letters, my father accepted the offer when the two men met in Berlin on January 22, 1937, just after my father's thirtieth birthday. On March 3, 1937, he left Berlin and moved to Frankfurt. A few days later he was invited to Buber's home, where a lively debate about *Die Prophetie* took place. In a letter dated March 26, 1937, my father wrote:

The last days in Frankfurt were lovely. Many people from throughout Germany took part in the conference of the *Mittelstelle*. Between Feuchtwanger—a very spiritual man—and me a friendship developed. We understood each other excellently and wished we could spend a few days together. Perhaps for that reason I will one day visit Munich. The most delightful was a discussion with Buber, to whom I gave my article in the *Rundschreiben* to read. He: "It's a level too high! The part on prayer [text] is good, the part on praying [what prayer is] does not belong in the *Rundschreiben*." I: "The assignment is not to learn to read the

text but to learn how to pray. The second is more important." Friendly quarrel. Buber pushed Eduard Strauss into the discussion by saying, "Heschel is a lovely youngster, but so stubborn!" This discussion went on so that I long with joy for the next one . . . It went so well and I think about the next time with a happy heart.

In another letter my father described some of his differences with Buber: "In the decisive question I have to say no to him. An apotheosis of the Bible is not permissible. The holiness of the Bible is due to its origins. There is no autarky in it."

Soon after arriving in Frankfurt, my father completed his short biography of Abravanel,¹³ the distinguished Jewish philosopher who lived during the period of the expulsions from Spain and Portugal at the end of the fifteenth century. The book was published as part of the celebration of the five hundredth anniversary of Abravanel's birth, in Lisbon in 1437. Aware of the parallels between those experiences and the situation of the Jews in Nazi Germany, my father conceived the work as a book of comfort for his fellow European Jews. He concluded by pointing out that the Jewish expulsion from Iberia was followed by the conquest of the New World, which took place without their participation. "Had the Jews remained in the Iberian peninsula, they would certainly have participated in the actions of the Conquistadors. When the Conquistadors arrived in Haiti, there were 1,100,000 inhabitants; twenty years later there were only 1,000 remaining."¹⁴

Just as he did in his books on Maimonides and on the prophets, my father sought to portray something of the personality and character of Abravanel. With all the tragedy he had experienced, he wrote, Abravanel identified not with Jeremiah and his lamentations over the destruction of Jerusalem but with Isaiah and Ezekiel and their optimistic promises of messianic redemption. "No Jew can read this sentence in these historic days without being moved," wrote one reviewer in 1937.¹⁵

His desire to comfort the German Jews was accompanied by some chastisement. In a brief but extraordinary article, "Die Marranen von Heute," published in the newspaper of the Berlin Jewish community in September 1936, my father described the German Jews as inverted Marranos.¹⁶ Unlike the baptized Jews of Spain, who were Christian on the outside and Jewish on the inside, the German Jews today, he wrote, are Jewish on the outside but not on the inside. Persecuted for being Jewish, they are ignorant of Judaism and its spiritual riches, so that their inner lives are empty. Feuchtwanger wrote to him that the article "spoke to my soul" (*war mir aus der Seele gesprochen*),¹⁷ and invited him to write for the Bavarian Jewish newspaper which he edited.

My father's contacts with the Christian communities of Germany were mixed. Many of his professors were Christian, and his books were generally well received by them. But he was also appalled by the lack of action on the part of Christian leaders on behalf of the Jews. He used to tell me about a Jesuit librarian who said he could not speak out against the Nazi treatment of the Jews for fear that the Nazis would close down the library. Given such attitudes, my father's later writings on the imperative for religious people to speak out against social injustice reveal a personal dimension. At first-hand he knew Christians who were anti-Semitic; later he wrote that religion cannot coexist with racism: "Racism is satanism, unmitigated evil . . . You cannot worship God and at the same time look at man as if he were a horse."¹⁸

Securing a position outside Germany was not easy. He was invited by the Society of Friends in England to teach at their school in Woodbrooke, but he was unable to obtain a visa for England. In February 1938 he received an invitation from the Jewish community of Prague to teach at a rabbinical school they were trying to establish, beginning in the academic year 1938-39.¹⁹ The Jewish community in Czechoslovakia had secured a promise of support from President Edvard Beneš in April 1936, and Charles University had agreed to house the seminary in its philosophy faculty. The budget had been established and the course of study was planned, but the political crisis at the end of September brought the project to an end.²⁰ In renewed contacts during the spring of 1938, however, my father remained interested; a second letter, dated March 17, 1938, thanked him for his "expression of willingness to enter into negotiations."

MY FATHER'S TIME in Germany ceased abruptly. At the end of October 1938, Jews living in Germany but holding Polish passports were suddenly arrested and deported. He had rented a room in the large home of a Jewish family named Adler in a tiny, quiet, residential section of Frankfurt. Suddenly, in the middle of the night, the Gestapo arrived and gave him one hour to pack two suitcases. He quickly gathered his manuscripts and books and then carried two very heavy suitcases through the streets of Frankfurt to police headquarters, where he was held overnight in a tiny cell. The next morning he was put on a train packed with deported Jews. He told me he had to stand for the duration of a three-day journey to Poland. Denied entry into Poland, the Jews were held at the border in miserable conditions, many remaining for months. The local Poles refused to give the Jews food. My father was fortunate: his family soon secured his release, and he joined them in Warsaw. For the next ten months he lectured on Jewish philosophy and Bible at Warsaw's Institute for Jewish