Philip Roth’s brilliant tales often provoke readers, like many of his reviewers, into a search for deep meanings. I propose instead that we pay attention to the surface of his writing, to what the novels say and complicate and recomplicate as the reader follows their complex and surprising plots. I suggest that we learn to pay attention to the satirical edge of his writing, in which characters not only get everything they desire but more, and that more turns their desire inside out, revealing its dark underside. For Roth works by what I call narrative entrapment: over and over again he writes in the first person, making us think that we are reading an autobiography and thus a more-or-less truthful account of his life rather than a fictional, made-up tale. The result of this first-person telling, which often features a writer about the age of Roth himself at the time of the writing of the particular book, is to fool us into reading it as if we were going to learn the real truth about Philip Roth, the man. And the mischief his tales make is the result of our own projection: we read these novels to revel in gossip, only to discover we have been digging up the dirt not about others but about our own deepest, darkest desires.

Perhaps for this reason Philip Roth has become, as he himself puts it in Operation Shylock, “the writer Jews love to hate.” Since 1960 each one of his books has become a public event, each one a site of cultural argument and contention. For he has chosen not simply to entertain his readers and not only to enlighten them but to bring his exploration of the meanings of their lives as modern Americans and ethnic Jews to a place where they will participate with him in the satire. As Alan Cooper notes, for Roth, “Jewishness is the perfect condition for exploring the American promise
of freedom."² Roth carries his premise to the point where he not only writes about stereotypical characters but leads his readers to acknowledge the ways in which they are implicated in these characters’ experience, limited understanding, and ultimate destiny. In terms of literary tradition, his is the satire not of Aristophanes, the Greek playwright, but of Juvenal, the Roman; it is not a satire about others but a pulling-out-of-the-rug from under the speaker, the narrator, the reader. It wreaks havoc with the assumptions by which we run our lives; the comedy catches our attention with its laughter, leading to the jeremiad that demands we face the difficult meanings of the lives we have made for ourselves.

Consider the following passage that introduces the protagonist of *American Pastoral*,³ whom Nathan Zuckerman, the narrator of the novel, had taken as his role model in their high-school years.

The Jewishness that he wore so lightly as one of the tall, blond athletic winners must have spoken to us too—in our idolizing the Swede and his unconscious oneness with America, I suppose there was a tinge of shame and self-rejection. Conflicting Jewish desires awakened by the sight of him were simultaneously becalmed by him; the contradiction in Jews who want to fit in and want to stand out, who insist they are different and insist they are no different resolved itself in the triumphant spectacle of this Swede who was actually only another of our neighborhood Seymours whose forebears had been Solomons and Sauls and who would themselves beget Stephens who would in turn beget Shawns. Where was the Jew in him? You couldn’t find it and yet you knew it was there. Where was the irrationality in him? Where was the crybaby in him? Where were the wayward temptations? No guile. No artifice. No mischief. All that he had eliminated to achieve his perfection. No striving, no ambivalence, no doubleness—just the style, the natural physical refinement of a star. (20)

Seymour Levov’s life is an American success story. The greatest athlete in the history of Newark’s Weequahic high school, he enlists in the Marines at the end of World War II, despite the anti-Semitic reputation of the Corps at that time. The war ends with the dropping of the atomic bomb on Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Levov becomes a Marine drill instructor and a star athlete in its postwar baseball and basketball teams. At the end of his tour of duty, he is invited by the New York Giants to play for them, with an excellent chance of reaching the major leagues. Despite his love for baseball, Levov opts instead to enter the family glove manufacturing business. He joins his father in the factory and learns the business from

² Ibid, 2.
the bottom up, working in the tannery, the cutting room, the sewing and assembly line, and eventually bringing it extraordinary success.

He marries an Irish girl from nearby Elizabeth, New Jersey, who, like him, is blessed with incredible physical grace. And her good looks have catapulted her to the role of Miss New Jersey and almost led her to the prize of Miss America. They live not in the closely built development of Newstead (nicknamed, a New Jersey developer friend of mine told me recently, Jewstead), but in rural Morris County, near the village of Old Rimrock, on a country estate. He commutes to downtown Newark as Brenda's father did before him; his wife, however, raises prize cattle. And they name their daughter Merry for her bright eyes.

This brilliant beginning, an American success story if we ever saw one, becomes the desperate tale of the good man with the best of intentions that produce terrible results. It highlights the Jewish American tragedy of his generation and the one preceding, which will leave the taste of dust and ashes in Seymour's mouth. Throughout this reflexive fiction, the reader engages the difficult quandary faced by Nathan Zuckerman, the narrator of the tale: How is he to tell the tale of Seymour Levov and honor its contradictions?

Nathan Zuckerman meets Seymour Levov at their high-school reunion and is shocked when the star athlete and successful businessman who had been just ahead of him in high school makes a point of talking to him and making an appointment for a future meeting. Levov, it turns out, wants Nathan, now a well-known author, to write his father's biography. While Nathan is thinking the offer over, Levov dies and Nathan despite himself is thrust into the biographer's role.

In reconstructing the story of father and son, Nathan confronts the complexities of his own American and Jewish experience. Nathan in this novel writes not the story of one man but of three American Jewish generations: a sad spiral of immigrant achievement by the father, second-generation success and ascent to the inner heart of American life by the son, and third-generation repudiation of their values by the daughter. It is not inconsequential that Seymour Levov is in everything Nathan's antithesis. Even at their last meeting, Levov is the picture of strength and American vigor, while Nathan is physically weak and, as a result of medication, incontinent. Levov is decisive in his actions, while Nathan is obsessive and neurotically self-conscious. Everything Levov does defines him as American, down to his nickname of the Swede, so different from the Yiddish-inflected name of Nathan.

Levov lives in the country, and his wife raises cattle while he commutes to his Newark factory, a mechanized extension of his dexterity and physical skill. Merry, his daughter, ran away when she planted a bomb that killed the local doctor during a Vietnam war protest by the
Weathermen, which she had joined in high school. In one of the bravura passages of the novel Levov takes a young woman on a tour of the factory in exchange for what he hopes will be information about his daughter’s whereabouts. As they talk, Levov creates a beautiful pair of gloves for her, demonstrating the craft he and his father have built into their factory. When this young woman puts on this perfectly fitted pair of gloves, Levov’s pride in his workmanship is justified. It is the moment when he is the Hemingway hero of American culture, the man of skill and knowledge; and the gloves serve also as a metaphor for the sexual power of this athletic personality.

Zuckerman admires Levov; in his eyes Levov can do no wrong. By contrast, Zuckerman, the writer, is marked by the understanding that writing and his life are all about getting it wrong and wrong again. The art of the writer is trumped by the skill of this consummate, deft worker of fine leather, the self-made, independent individualist who has managed to keep his factory going in the heart of Newark through thick and thin, riots, and the fires that engulfed the inner city.

Levov’s creation—the fine pair of gloves he has made on the privileged tour he gives this young woman—is the golden bowl of the novel, that Jamesian moment of perfection. It is also the shattering of identity. The proffered gloves become not the moment of exchange that yields information of Merry’s whereabouts and the hoped-for meeting and reconciliation. Instead, they become the occasion for a set of vicious responses that skewer Levov on the accusations of war-mongering, while simultaneously seducing him into further encounters in the hope of finding his beloved daughter.

“Nothing gives me greater pleasure ... than giving you these lovely gloves. Here,” he said, “with our compliments,” and, smiling, he presented the gloves to the girl, who excitedly pulled them onto her little hands—“Slowly, slowly ... always draw on a pair of gloves by the fingers,” he told her, “afterward the thumb, then draw the wrist down in place ... always the first time draw them on slowly”—and she looked up and, smiling back at him with the pleasure that any child takes in receiving a gift, showed him with her hands in the air how beautiful the gloves looked, how beautifully they fit. “Close your hand, make a fist,” the Swede said. “Feel how the glove expands where your hand expands and nicely adjusts to your size? That’s what the cutter does when he does his job right—no stretch left in the length, he’s pulled that all out at the table because you don’t want the fingers to stretch, but an exactly measured amount of hidden stretch left in the width. That stretch in the width is a precise calculation.”

“Yes, yes, it’s wonderful, absolutely perfect,” she told him, opening and closing her hands in turn. “God bless the precise calculators of this world,” she said, laughing, “who leave stretch hidden in the width.” (131–32)
And then at their next meeting, Rita confronts the Swede.

"She hates you."
"Does she?" he asked lightly.
"She thinks you ought to be shot."
"Yes, that too?"
"What do you pay the workers in your factory in Ponce, Puerto Rico? What do you pay the workers who stitch gloves for you in Hong Kong and Taiwan? What do you pay the women going blind in the Philippines hand-stitching designs to satisfy the ladies shopping at Bonwit’s? You’re nothing but a shitty little capitalist who exploits the brown and yellow people of the world and lives in luxury behind the nigger-proof security gates of his mansion." (132–33)

Something Nathan sees in Levov’s eyes, a shadow perhaps, expresses their deeper affinity. They are, we discover as the novel unfolds, each other’s double. Nathan has those street-smarts that Levov has lost. Nathan is the Jewish intellectual with the Hebrew-Yiddish sekhel (good sense) that knows Levov’s suburban life is but a glossy version of exile. Through Nathan’s eyes we observe Levov building an American life and embracing the values of success—hard work, skill, devotion to the task at hand—in the belief that Eden will come again in this New Jersey garden.

What Levov has willed into forgetfulness through the insistent force of his body and will and desire is the central insight of Nathan’s understanding. He helps us comprehend and acknowledge the terrible cost of Levov’s success. American Pastoral charts the underside, the canker, the worm at the heart of the dream. Nathan’s description of Seymour Levov as the mythical American Jewish hero drives us into the contradictory intersections at the center of his character.

The plot of the novel leads Nathan, and with him the reader, to want Levov to succeed. But we discover in dismay that “there was a tinge of shame and self-rejection” that leads to his daughter’s repudiation of all he stands for. By the end of the novel, Levov’s ability to calm the “conflicting Jewish desires” he awakens has been undermined by his personal experience and the social history of Newark; their contradictions have led not to a triumphant spectacle but to a tragic life.

Nathan believes that Seymour Levov has escaped their common Jewish fate:

Where was the Jew in him? You couldn’t find it and yet you knew it was there. Where was the irrationality in him? Where was the crybabies in him? Where were the wayward temptations? No guile. No artifice. No mischief. All that he had eliminated to achieve his perfection. No
striving, no ambivalence, no doubleness—just the style, the natural physical refinement of a star. (20)

Levoy, the celebrity, is by definition larger than life and therefore, in this American tale, absolved even of the taint of being the ultimate outsider, the different Other, the Jew. Nathan's schoolboy adulation turns Seymour into a heroic role model, with the status endowed by the sports pages of our newspapers, and thus an American Jewish icon.

Roth's prose articulates the identity politics of three American Jewish generations: "Conflicting Jewish desires awakened by the sight of him were simultaneously becalmed by him; the contradiction in Jews who want to fit in and want to stand out, who insist they are different and insist they are no different resolved itself in the triumphant spectacle of this Swede." The unfolding events of American Pastoral, however, reveal the tragic dimensions of the bargain Seymour has implicitly negotiated with American culture. Its ironic dimensions are revealed as Nathan, the hero-worshiping narrator of this tale, who calls to mind Nick Caraway, the narrator of F. Scott Fitzgerald's The Great Gatsby, is led to a series of observations. In the course of the novel, Swede Levoy, the heroic athlete with majestic control, has his power stripped from him as he searches for his beloved daughter in a modern version of an inverted Shakespearean tale, part King Lear, part Pericles.

Roth has taken his exploration of the politics of American Jewish success farther than any other writer, for he has imagined it as a central conundrum of the modern situation. The universality of the experience is not a matter of abstraction but, instead, of the fullness of imagined experience in all its particularity, drawing on Jewish history, from the waves of immigration to the Holocaust and modern Israel. It is no accident, then, that several of his novels take us to the Jewish State and engage the politics of the American understanding of and participation in its success. Marx, the American Jewish soldier or the "Defender of the Faith," is succeeded by Alexander Portnoy, Assistant Commissioner of Human Rights of the City of New York in Portnoy's Complaint, who has great difficulty believing he has any rights as a human being at all and who, for all his sexual virtuosity, discovers that in Israel he is impotent. In addition, Roth's fiction is populated by a gallery of sympathetically drawn, complex Israeli figures who encounter their American Jewish counterparts.

Perhaps the most revealing encounter of Israeli and American characters comes in Operation Shylock, whose implicit Shakespearean theme Roth leaves the reader to decipher in a brilliant bit of fictional legerdemain

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that focuses on the question of agency. In the process, Roth also highlights the relation of word and deed, soldier and artist, not only in terms of the Western tradition of action versus meditation, but also in terms of a Jewish articulation of their interrelationship.

For this is the book of the writer and literary critic caught in the middle, ensnared as American and Jew and modern thinker. Its protagonist is not the young, callow prize-winning writer Nathan Zuckerman of *The Ghost Writer* or *The Facts*, not forever-adolescent Ralph Baumgarten the beat poet, nor boychik Alex Portnoy, living in the middle of a Jewish joke. This is the story of the responsible middle-aged just-about-sixty-year-old intellectual-cum-public-figure, the writer, cultural critic, and now central character of a confessional narrative, Philip Roth, who finds himself in the middle of the tragicomic absurdity of modern Jewish life. Up for grabs in this novel is not the circumcised Jewish phallus, though to be sure it gets its comic comeuppance, but the condition of its near relative, the Jewish conscience. And the measure of this book is that along with Philip Roth we join in asking what its role should be in our “real world.”

In *Operation Shylock* Roth's strategy is at the heart of first-person narrative. He begins by seducing us into listening to his difficulties. Halcion taken to ease the pain of a botched knee operation has led to the edge of a nervous breakdown. Now, mostly recovered and off the insidious drug, freed from its mind-altering power, he is on his way to Israel to interview his friend and literary colleague, the Holocaust writer, Aharon Appelfeld, when he discovers someone in Jerusalem is impersonating him.

A professional journey turns out to be a personal one in which Roth must protect his fragile identity as a writer, an American, and a Jew. With him we must confront not only the double in person but the message he is spreading under the imprimatur of the famous writer, namely, that the answer to the problems of the Jews and the Israelis in the era of nuclear proliferation is Diasporism. This Philip Roth impersonator, eerily similar to the original, believes Israelis should return to the Europe where they developed their liberal habits and settle once more into that interrupted history. What about the continuing anti-Semitism of those Europeans, you ask, as does Roth. The answer, we discover with him, when we meet the luscious consort of the imposter Philip Roth, is simple: sign them all up for ASA, the twelve-step treatment program of Anti-Semites Anonymous. After all, it's already brought Wanda Jane "Jinx" Possesski to the brink of recovery, as evident by her love for this Jewish man.

Once in Jerusalem our Philip Roth observes the trial of John Demjanjuk, accused of crimes against the Jewish people. This is another case of identity politics: the judges must decide if he is, in fact, Ivan the Terrible, the guard who drove the Jews into the gas chambers of Treblinka
with sadistic glee, or only an Ivan look-alike, nothing more than a retired Ukrainian-born auto worker from Cleveland.

What counts as evidence for identity, Roth wonders as he wanders through a haunting and dreamlike city. It is a place stuffed not only with Holocaust memories but the panoramic history of Western culture, so much so that it induces some visitors to imagine themselves as famous historical personages in what is called, according to a distinguished psychiatrist, the Jerusalem syndrome. Is it only his sanity that is at stake? The reader is caught up in these questions just as much as the embattled and bedeviled narrator who has no time to eat or sleep once caught in this world of mirrors. Roth deploys the conventions of the detective novel for the purposes of his satiric fiction.

Outside the courtroom our Philip Roth encounters not his haunting double but his college roommate from the University of Chicago. Once suave and debonair, George Ziad, the exotic American intellectual is now a harried and paranoid Palestinian patriot, convinced the Israeli secret service is out to destroy him. After the glad embrace in the street, George tells Philip he must come with him to Ramallah, his hometown, to learn the grim truth of the Israeli occupation. Our Philip cannot decide if George’s evident agitation, and his return to the land of his father which he had forsworn, is the result of a political or psychological malfunction. Then George tells him to go to Athens, where a meeting with important people awaits him. We guess, with Roth, that Arafat will make his entrance there. If it is not Roth who is crazy, then what kind of a crazy world are we living in? Is this all a relapse into the Halcion-induced nightmare? Are we caught with Roth in a spy story orchestrated by the PLO or the Mossad, the Israeli secret service, as we careen through mirroring conflicts, personal and political? Amplifying their claims and driving them to the edge of absurdity, the narrative destabilizes them all.

Take the moment when Roth is returning from Ramallah and the visit with his friend, George Ziad, to Jerusalem. It is late at night, and Roth has no way of knowing whether the old Arab taxi driver is just making conversation when he keeps asking him, “Are you a Zionist,” or testing him to decide if Roth should be liquidated by PLO agents. Suddenly the driver pulls over and jumps out of his car. Roth is panicked. Minutes later he discovers his driver has a stomach problem and has jumped out to satisfy an urgent call of nature. They resume their journey through the back roads till the driver gets another message. This time as Roth is standing outside the car in the dark, the driver signals that he is all right by turning his flashlight on and off several times. Suddenly jeep-loads of Israeli soldiers and a helicopter with a blinding spotlight descend on Roth, who as he is pinned against the car and then knocked tumbling along the highway keeps yelling, “English. I speak English. Don’t hit me, God
damn it, I’m a Jew!” When things get sorted out, the young lieutenant hands his wallet back to him and tells him that, incredibly enough, he has just finished reading one of his novels that day. The Israeli fills in the story as he drives Roth to Jerusalem:

Gal told me that in six months he would be finishing four years as an army officer. Could he continue to maintain his sanity that long? He didn’t know. That’s why he was devouring two and three books a day—to remove himself every minute that he possibly could from the madness of this life. At night, he said, every night, he dreamed about leaving Israel after his time was up and going to NYU to study film. Did I know the film school at NYU? He mentioned the names of some teachers there. Did I know these people? “How long,” I asked him, “will you stay in America?” “I don’t know. If Sharon comes to power ... I don’t know. Now I go home on leave, and my mother tiptoes around me as though I’m somebody just released from the hospital, as though I’m crippled or an invalid. I can stand only so much of it. Then I start shouting at her. ‘Look, you want to know if I personally beat anyone? I didn’t. But I had to do an awful lot of maneuvering to avoid it!’” (168–69)

Gal’s acknowledgment of the difficulties of his situation makes his mother cry:

“She cries and it makes her feel better. But then my father starts shouting at the two of us. ‘Breaking hands? It happens in New York City every night. The victims are black. Will you go running from America because they break hands in America?’ my father says.... A state does not act out of moral ideology, a state acts out of self-interest. A state acts to preserve its existence. ‘Then maybe I prefer to be stateless,’ I tell him. He laughs at me. ‘We tried it,’ he tells me. ‘It didn’t work out.’ As if I need his stupid sarcasm—as if half of me doesn’t believe exactly what he believes! Still I have to deal with women and children who look me in the eyes and scream. They look at me ordering my troops to take their brothers and their sons, and what they see is an Israeli monster in sunglasses and boots. My father is disgusted with me when I say such things. He throws his dishes on the floor in the middle of the meal.” (169)

In its desire to be accurate, this story pulls no punches:

“My mother starts crying, I start crying. I cry! And I never cry. But I love my father, Mr. Roth, so I cry. Everything I’ve done in my life, I’ve done to make my father proud of me. That was why I became an officer. My father survived Auschwitz when he was ten years younger than I am now. I am humiliated that I can’t survive this. I know what reality is.” (169)
Character and reader are entrapped by this narrative in their overlapping, overdetermined, Oedipal, familial, communal, national, and transnational histories, brilliant turn after turn making us doubt our own reality, as we hear in Gal’s account many aspects of George Ziad’s struggle with his Palestinian father. And, like the *dayyenu* of Pesach, just when we think we’ve heard it all, the story gives the irony another turn of the screw. It is 1988 and Gal continues his confession:

“I’m not a fool who believes that he is pure or that life is simple. It is Israel’s fate to live in an Arab sea. Jews accepted this fate rather than have nothing and no fate. Jews accepted partition and the Arabs did not. If they’d said yes, my father reminds me, they would be celebrating forty years of statehood too. But every political decision with which they have been confronted, invariably they have made the wrong choice. I know all this. Nine tenths of their misery they owe to the idiocy of their own political leaders. I know that. But still I look at my own government and I want to vomit. Would you write a recommendation for me to NYU?” (169–70)

The mixture of high and low comedy is characteristic of Roth. The legerdemain of these sentences leads out into the present and future of the action yet circles back into the past. The smells and sights of Europe meet the world of modern Israel, evoked by the writer born in Newark. This satire leaves no one untouched, as it defines the confusions of the situation in which all are enmeshed.

Mistaken identities take the satire into side-splitting farce. Such laughter, however, that echoes the vaudevillian roots of Roth’s comedic imagination, does not overwhelm the probing of identity-politics in this novel. Rather, it brings the questions of identity to a more serious level. Take the second meeting with Smilesburger, the American Jew now settled in Israel who, thinking he was the Diasporist Roth, handed him a check for a million dollars just as he was finishing his lunch with Aharon Appelfeld, the writer most his opposite. Like everyone else in this novel, Smilesburger is not what he seems, not just the retired jewelry store owner he claims to be. The God of the Jews who commanded us not to take the evidence of our senses as final and believe what we see, but to probe and question, presides over this fiction. So when Smilesburger, double agent like everyone else in the book, launches into a discussion of the campaign of the Chafetz Chaim against *lashon hara*, that terrible Jewish habit of character assassination plaguing the Jews for centuries, we sit back and listen, as does Roth himself. But what is it we are hearing? More disinformation? Or sincere preaching? Can the pyrotechnics and fireworks of these words be another way of seeking not to defame, by insulting everyone, author and audience included?
The testing of identity continues as the novel shifts location. When Roth and Smilesburger meet for the third time in a New York deli on the Upper West Side, the subject of lashing hara comes up again, this time with a new twist. We recall the scandals that made Philip Roth the writer Jews love to hate. Then he was accused of telling the secrets of the tribe to the goyim. Now he has spilled all the beans about Jewish mischief which "subverts all the strategies that the Jewish predicament imposes, affords immeasurable if transitory relief" but is "indifferent to threat, to enemies, to all the defenses." Roth's comment points to Operation Shylock as "a crisis I was living rather than writing." It "embodied a form of self-denunciation that I could not sanction, a satirizing of me so bizarre and unrealistic as to exceed by far the boundaries of amusing mischief I may myself have playfully perpetrated on my own existence in fiction."5 The explosion of comedic situations in this novel is thus a political clearing of the field through a personal dramatization of questions of identity.

This is not a narcissistic fiction but, by means of its comedic mode, an exploration of the hallucinatory identity-politics of modern life at the point where it meets abiding Jewish concerns. Operation Shylock gathers the prooftexts of modern Jewish life into a bundle of desperate queries. Kafka's catechism—"what have I in common with the Jews? I have hardly anything in common with myself"—is at the unspoken center of the idea of this book, balanced and amplified by the biblical passage Roth encounters two-thirds of the way through his pilgrimage. Despite his years of after-school Hebrew lessons Roth cannot decipher the sentence—of Jacob wrestling with the angel—written on the blackboard. Feeling its significance, all Roth can do is to deploy his rote-learned Hebrew and copy the sentence into his notebook, to stand there as another assessment of his ignorance and of modern American Jewish illiteracy in general: Vayivwater Ya'aqov levaddo vaye'aveq ish immo ad alot hashahar. What Philip Roth the character in this book does not know, Philip Roth, its writer, does, mirroring the rite of knowledge and self-discovery central to Jews and Judaism. Wrestling with the angel, Operation Shylock echoes the biblical account of how Jacob's name was changed, articulating the founding and traumatic event that made the Jews into the people Israel. (Was the antagonist the messenger of history? the beginning of the ongoing Jewish argument with God?)

For the reader, unlike the protagonist, this is a second encounter mirroring the doubling of Roth versus Roth. This Hebrew phrase takes pride of place in Operation Shylock, standing as its epigraph, followed by the English translation that adds its location in Genesis 32:24, and then

is amplified by a quote from Kierkegaard that concludes: “Existence is surely a debate.” Saul Bellow might have imagined a parallel situation as social comedy; Isaac Bashevis Singer would have made it a scene of psychological and erotic tension. What Roth has done is to articulate its uncanny dialectic through gleeful comedy that turns a reflexive, Aristophanic satire into Juvenalian manic terror. The instability of identity in this world leads to the insistent ambiguities at the heart of modern culture.

Caught in the interpretive acts into which he has been plunged by the action of this fiction, Roth, the character, is an ignorant critic riding the brilliant sweep of Roth, the writer’s, paradoxical modern irony. It is Roth’s revenge on those who, having left the urban world of immigrant culture (himself included) symbolized by Jewish Newark, think they have thereby escaped the destiny of their Jewishness.