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ATONEMENT AND SACRIFICE

A year ago, this journal's leading article explored in depth 'the stories of the scapegoat', that 'vicarious ritual atonement' which is the subject of the Reading of the Law as part of the Yom Kippur service, and it weighed the relevance of such an ancient (and by no means exclusively Jewish) ritual cult for our times and, indeed, for us. It seems appropriate to return to this theme as we take stock, once more, of our private preoccupations and examine our collective conscience, in the face of the forthcoming Festivals. Not least does this make sense because, since our last reflection, events have taken place in and around Israel, in respect of which we have been exhorted by George Steiner in his *Times* article to 'inure' ourselves to 'modes of survival' understandable only in others, and invited to grieve with him for our failure to apply to ourselves 'a double-standard of ethical, political exaction' — surely a disturbing thought if looked at in the context of atonement and sacrifice.

Is it derived from the fact that not one, but two, goats carried the people's guilt to their death, one, selected by lot, by exposure in the wilderness, the other by being dealt with at the altar? The latter act was the conventional rite, since the whole system of public worship was, in biblical times, arranged around the performance of sacrificial practices, strictly limited in the case of Judaism to produce of the soil and certain kinds of animal, the sacrifice of humans having been formally forbidden for all time by the Abraham-Isaac story recited on the second day of Rosh Hashana.

In modern times there has been a good deal of academic discussion on the subject of the sacrifice in ancient Jewish ritual and its residual retention in symbolic form in the traditional order of service. Thus, in the last century, Abraham Geiger suggested that animal sacrifices were at best no more than tolerated by the Jewish religion. Nearer our own time, Leo Baeck described the institution as a primitive aspect of religious worship. By now, the spirit of atonement had entered the human heart and replaced the altar offerings. This, too, is the way his pupil Emil Fackenheim conceives the present position,

with 'sacrifices of the lips' having indeed become the substitute for sacrifices at the altar — permanently in the eyes of some, as a temporary expedient pending the rebuilding of the Temple in the view of others. Progressive prayer books, of course, no longer carry any reference to the sacrificial cult.

Not that all nominally reformist thinkers are necessarily opposed to it on principle. Richard Rubenstein, for example, devotes one of the essays in his book *After Auschwitz* to a discussion of *Atonement and Sacrifice in Contemporary Jewish Liturgy*. Far from being embarrassed by the ritual, he believes that 'the archaic elements in religion are often the most meaningful'. For him the quandary of a notional choice between being a nation of 'priests' or one of 'prophets' is not incapable of a solution in favour of the former as long as only symbolism is involved.

At the opposite end of the academic spectrum we find the suggestion put forward by Richard Friedman in a book just published (*Who Wrote the Bible?*) to the effect that the true function of sacrifice is one of the most misunderstood matters contained in the Bible. It had, he asserts, no real connection with atonement for sin, but was, in fact, and more often than not, the only means by which the ordinary Jew could come by red meat as a meal for himself and his family, since the killing of animals, even for food, was a sacred act which only a priest could perform at an altar (and, eventually, only the altar, the one in the forecourt of the Temple in Jerusalem).

All these are very learned dissertations, worthy of consideration, particularly at this high point of the Jewish year. And we are free to choose whichever view we favour. It may be the one which seriously questions received interpreta-

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tions and asserts that the notion of atonement through sacrifice has always been a myth. Or the one which suggests, that, if it did enjoy respectable currency in the distant past, its significance has long been buried in the sands of time and need not bother us any longer. Or that which welcomes its sublimation into 'repentance, prayer and good needs'; or that which, in addition, hopes for its resumption when the Temple order is restored. Or we can avoid thinking about it altogether.

What we cannot avoid is recognition of the truth that, when it comes to making choices between expediency and morality we are on our own. And casting lots between the two will not resolve the problem. 'I am not sure whether ethical absolutes exist, but I am sure that we have to act as if they existed', wrote Arthur Koestler. That, not talk of double standards, is the essence of Yom Kippur. D.L.M.

STARS-AND-STRIPES STAINED

A book with the longwinded, but self-explanatory, subtitle 'The First Full Account of America's Recruitment of Nazis and its Disastrous Effect on our Domestic and Foreign Policy' has just been published in New York. The one-word main title author Christopher Simpson has chosen for his exposé — *Blowback* — neatly encapsulates what happened to the Washington-based practitioners of this monstrously ill-conceived Cold War policy: it blew up in their faces. But not very visibly, because the Intelligence officers involved (headed by CIA boss Allan Dulles) employed elaborate camouflage to disguise their nefarious plots.

It was only thanks to the relatively recent disclosures about Klaus Barbie's postwar 'career' that the curtain of secrecy began to lift. Christopher Simpson identifies other SS mass murderers recruited by the CIA in their unscrupulous and, as it turned out, unsuccessful endeavour to use Nazis to roll back the Communist tide in postwar Europe; prominent among them was Otto von Bolschwing — one of Eichmann's top aides in the Final Solution — who actually settled in the U.S.A. in the 1950s. The Immigration Department official charged by Dulles with circumventing the strict immigration laws in order to smuggle Nazi war criminals into the country was one Edward O'Connor, whose son Mark — *der Apfel fällt nicht weit vom Stamm* — acted as defence counsel for John Demjanjuk at the recent trial in Israel.

ZAHLUNG EINER LEISTUNG FÜR KINDERERZIEHUNG

In our April 1988 issue we reported on the above mentioned new regulation. Since then we have received various conflicting reports as to whether or not mothers whose children were born in Great Britain or other countries of emigration will qualify. We now have reliable confirmation that such mothers are NOT eligible for the new payments. Only mothers whose children were born in the former German Reich, or within the so-called *Vertreibungsgebiete* (i.e. Czechoslovakia) if the mothers belonged to the German *Kulturkreis*, will in effect qualify.

A TWELVE YEAR-OLD ON A KINDERTRANSPORT

My 12th birthday fell in the week of the Anschluss. Before I was a patriotic little Austrian, top of my form (2A) at the Humanistische Gymnasium, Fichtnergasse, Hietzing, who used to enjoy the mid-morning sandwich break in the school stairwell. Afterwards I became a Saujud, a target, together with nine coreligionists, for attack by nearly all the non-Jews in 2A, reinforced by the 30 Catholics from class 2B. If any teachers disapproved, they dared not show it. In Singing, we were told to go home early: our presence defiled the Horst Wessel song.

Eventually, I stopped going to school and told my father and stepmother that being beaten and abused did not seem a very humanist education.

My father was warned that the Gestapo had looked for him: he took me to live with an aunt and uncle in a very modest flat in Stumpergasse. From May I had a long journey to a Gymnasium in Wasagasse, now all Jewish. We had to run the gauntlet of stone-throwing boys from a non-Jewish school. This did not seem a very good education, either.

One day in Lainz outside the church I watched SA brownshirts forcing elderly Jews to kneel and scrub the street with acidified water. The locals approved, spat, and shouted abuse. In November I watched, horrified, as the Viennese fire brigade attacked my poor uncle's synagogue with axes and burnt it down.

Late on 17 December, father and uncle took me to Wien Westbahnhof, for a refugee children's transport to England, with what I could carry: one small rucksack and one small suitcase. We stood for hours — benches were for 'Aryans' — surrounded by SS-men. My old uncle cried as he kissed me goodbye. I never saw him or my sweet aunt again.

This was my first journey without anyone I knew, to another country. My eldest sister and her journalist husband had moved to London in 1933. My other sister had gone to visit her in February 1938. My father told me: 'Never rely on worldly goods. They can disappear overnight. Study at school, learn something — no-one can take away what you have in your brain'.

Shouts, then: 'get on the train'. I knew none of the few adults or of the other children, apparently all older. Eventually I fell asleep.

All day long on the 18th the train crawled across Germany with many stops. We could only leave the compartment for the lavatory. Harsh men with swastikas inspected our baggage. I had left the only country I knew and was going into the unknown. The daylight outside did not reach my heart.

Night fell again. I dozed fitfully. Sudden noise and lights: 3 a.m. in Holland. Many Dutch people had waited to overwhelm us with food and drink and smiles of welcome. It felt like leaving hell and coming to heaven. They liked us as children and human beings, once again. I still think of smiles when I think of Dutch people.

Later, in warm rooms in Rotterdam, with straw beds, we ate, washed, and slept. We caught a faster, cleaner train to Hook-of-Holland for the night-ferry to Harwich. I was seasick and never

saw the sea: night in Holland, fog in Harwich. A monster approached: the doubledecker bus took us to a summer holiday camp at Dovercourt Bay.

There was snow. We slept in cold huts. Many friendly, very busy adults fed us well with strange, new foods — porridge, toast, cooked breakfast, marmalade — and spoke strangely, in English. Welcoming boy scouts taught us 'Daisy, Daisy . . .' instead of Horst Wessel.

Life was not straightforward. The lavatories were marked LADS and LASSES — unknown words. I applied intelligence: LADS must be 'Ladies' abbreviated, so I went into LASSES, but not for long. I posted my weekly ration of letter and postcard to Vienna and London, not in the strange red cylinder, but in a Viennese postbox look-alike: unfortunately, the camp rubbish-bin. So I spent an extra week at the camp before my sisters learnt where I was, and was nearly adopted by mistake.

On 30 December I caught the train to London Liverpool Street station. Odd, all intermediate stations were called GENTLEMEN.

A fortnight in London with family was wonderful. A London Committee for Refugee Children (Julian Layton was prominent) was sending me as a boarder to Aberdour Preparatory School in Banstead, Surrey. In preparation, my sisters told me the facts of life and the younger took me to see the headmaster, one month after leaving Vienna.

Mr. Grange restored some faith in human nature. He was soft spoken — one did what he wanted to please him. Miss Dolby, the Matron, was friendly. She was not amused, however, by my greeting 'Good morning, Dame'. Her reply 'I'm not Dame of the British Empire' made no sense at all. The facts of life did not explain everything: my first lesson was 'Maths', and I nearly wept when all my sums were wrong. How was I to know that England used a quasi-Babylonian system, with 12 pennies in a shilling and 20 shillings in a pound? For weeks I met the comment 'It isn't done' with total incomprehension: whatever 'it' was, I had always just done it, so it *was* done. However, the masters made jokes and the other boys waited with smiles when I had to thumb through a dictionary before talking. After the Fichtnergasse stairwell, they seemed angelic.

A diary entry for 12 February, 1939: 'We went for a walk with Mr. Crosslé and talked about time, eternity, moon, earth, and gravity'.

I have never forgotten my father's words: 'Learn something: no-one can take away what you have in your brain'.

S. MICHAEL JAECKEL

The Executive Committee and Staff of the

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wish all members a
VERY HAPPY NEW YEAR

and thank them for their continuing
support

THE MEMORY OF A PEOPLE IS ITS PAST



This resonant phrase coined by J. L. Perez serves Nachum Gidal as epigraph for a work on which he has been engaged for 40 years and which he brought to fruition with the publication of *Die Juden in Deutschland von der Römerzeit bis zur Weimarer Republik*.^{*} His opus is a pictorial history distilling all our yesterdays, years and centuries which, though lavishly illustrated and quite bulky, could not be more different from what is known in the trade as a coffee table book.

The earliest documented evidence of a Jewish presence in Germany dates back to AD 321 when Emperor Constantine ordered the magistrates of Colonia — present-day Cologne — to appoint Jewish *decurioni* in their town. When Christianity was made the state religion of Rome, soon after, the position of the Jews worsened dramatically, but it improved again in post-Roman times under the trade-minded Emperor Charlemagne and his successors. The 11th century, when Worms (where Raschi taught), Speyer and Mainz flourished as centres of Jewish scholarship as well as commerce, was a halcyon period abruptly terminated by the onset of the murderous Crusades. In this way German-Jewish history went on alternating for centuries between fragile prosperity and recurrent catastrophe. Even for those to whom the outline of the story is familiar Nachum Gidal enhances it by counterpointing the text with excellent illustrations drawn from sculpture, painting, illuminated manuscripts, woodcuts, engravings and photographs. He does something else besides: he interpolates little-known facts, vignettes and even anecdotes that make history come alive.

Two prime examples of this in the book have to do with language. The first is the humanist Johannes Reuchlin's use of the phrase *conciues*

nobiscum — literally joint citizens with us, i.e. *Mitbürger* — in adumbrating the status Jews should enjoy in 16th-century Germany. (Not surprisingly, since Luther at the same time dubbed Jewry *dies verworfene Gezucht* — this depraved brood — nothing came of Reuchlin's plea.) The second concerns a variation on Rotwelsch, the German thieves' argot which abounds in Hebrew-derived terms (e.g. *ganoven* or *schmier stehn*) because poverty and marginalisation had brought Jews into intimate contact with vagrants and criminals. The variation is the peasant dialect of the Eiffel and Hunsrück region, an area long frequented by Jewish cattle dealers and grain merchants. Watching Reitz's epic *Heimat* on television I was intrigued by the protagonists' use of the Yiddish-sounding *eppes* for *etwas* (something). From Gidal's book I learn that until recently villagers at Neroth used *das süss is toff in der meloche* when they wanted to say that a horse was working well.

From language to literature: I also learnt that in an alternative version of *Die Räuber* Friedrich Schiller made the play's hero Franz Moor say to his Jewish accomplice Spiegelberg 'You want to bring foreskins out of fashion because the barber has already got yours'.

The fashion among Jews around 1800 was actually the very opposite. Conversion was in the air and Heine addressed the lines *Gestern noch ein Held gewesen/Ist man heute schon ein Schurke* (Yesterday still a hero/Today already a knave) to one apostate — although, of course, he himself became another. But while Heine's attitudes to Judaism at least remained ambivalent, two hardly less famous baptised Jews — one on the extreme right of the political spectrum, the other on the extreme left — showed no lingering regard

whatever for the faith of their fathers. Julius Stahl, the ideologist of Prussian Conservatism argued that German-ness was synonymous with Christianity and that therefore Jews should be denied equal rights; as for Karl Marx he equated Judaism with the spirit of capitalism.

Quite a number of Jewish capitalists actually had a social conscience; one such was the Silesian textile manufacturer Solomon Kauffmann. His colleague Josef Liebermann pioneered the printing of cotton in Germany and introduced himself to the Prussian king Wilhelm IV with the words 'I am the Liebermann who drove the English from the Continent'. (The speaker actually had more to boast about than he knew: one of his grandsons grew up to be the painter Max Liebermann, another to be the industrialist, politician and *Kulturkritiker* Walter Rathenau.)

Among the merits of Nachum Gidal's book is the diversity of its source material. To my surprise I learnt that the famous satirical magazine *Simplicissimus*, which I had always viewed as astringently left-of-centre, would on occasion publish cartoons prefiguring the poisonous caricature associated with *Der Stürmer*. And by the same token that the author can produce evidence that German antisemitism was more multifaceted than even a jaundiced student of that sad phenomenon would have suspected, he also shows the achievement of German Jewry to have been even more manysided that I had hitherto supposed. The roll of honour appears endless, extending from technical inventors to geographical explorers, from philosophers to photo-journalists, from art historians to athletes.

Not that Gidal is blind to the faults of the vanished community he celebrates in words and pictures. He criticises their lack of receptivity to the values of Eastern European Jewry and shows how from Moses Mendelssohn to the *Central Verein* the *Ostjuden* were viewed not as brothers, but distant cousins. But while he is a just corporate critic, he is a little too easy on some controversial individuals (such as the Nobel prize winner Fritz Haber whose involvement in the development of poison gas during the First World War caused his own wife to commit suicide.) But this is a minor blemish. What Nachum Gidal has produced is a work that can stand as a fitting tribute to the generations that made German Jewry the unique entity that it was. *Si monumentum requiris, circumspice*.

RICHARD GRUNBERGER

^{*} Bertelsmann Lexikon Verlag

To My Granddaughter

I've travelled a long way, you see,
As I was born in Germany;
It's not the distance that I mind,
It is the things I left behind:
Like childhood, mother tongue, the way
In which I thought my future lay.

With nose forever in a book —
My younger self had just that look —
But whilst I shared the Jewish fate
Of persecution and of hate,
Dare I still hope that you will find
The world enlightened, brave and kind?

MARION SMITH

'AMID THE ALIEN CORN'

Even when describing his comfortable middle-class Christian-Arab background he could not resist making debating points. Thus he claimed that, when his parents registered their marriage in Jerusalem during the time of the Mandate, the British official tore up his mother's Palestinian passport, since it was 'no longer needed by her and could be given to a Jewish immigrant'. In 1948 the family left to settle first in Egypt, then in Lebanon. He received most of his education in the U.S.A. and, after Princeton and Harvard, became Professor of Comparative Literature at Columbia University, New York. He gets on with his Jewish colleagues, and is astonished that the Israeli authorities regard him as an enemy. He receives occasional death threats (but does not say from whom). He wonders why there is no 'Law of Return' for him. He has seen *Shoah* and can understand its message, but alleges that it is being used to 'justify what is being done to the Palestinians'. He states that the internecine 'war of the camps' has only strengthened his position.

The series regained its composure in the last two instalments. Neither film director Raoul Ruiz, nor photo-journalist Abbas, seek to make political capital out of their situation as exiles, the one from post-Allende Chile, the other from Khomeini's Iran. Both live and work in Paris. Ruiz is Artistic Director of the Maison de la Culture in Le Havre and a director of intensely avant garde films of an often bizarre character, reflecting his need to use the cinema as an escape from even uglier reality. He revisits Chile once every year, but feels that he is now nowhere at home. Abbas specialises in reportage of Third World events and travels on a French passport. He is interested in facts, not propaganda. As far as Iran is concerned, he cannot be in it, but remains 'of it' and works 'around it' in order to record its contemporary history. He is engaged in a long-term research project on the current resurgence of Islam. He has not been 'traumatised' by exile and can thus observe events unemotionally, if not unmoved.

How to sum up these vignettes of not altogether typical refugees — the Jewish poet from Vienna, whose language is still German, the Czech novelist, whose heart is not in the New World but the Old, the singer, the propagandist, the film maker, the photographer? There was here, surely, a unique opportunity to probe the psychology of exile, to explore and explain the propensity to self-delusion, the mental clinging to the wreckage of no longer valid attitudes, the state of mind, in short, from which the emigrant escapes sooner or later but the exile never. These matters were indeed touched upon, but not really pursued. But as a record of some fascinating interviews, on which a future study may well draw for inspiration, the series had a great deal to offer. It may, on occasion, have strayed from the path of strict objectivity, but it was never dull.

Summer television is not usually noteworthy for the number of thought-provoking presentations. One exception this year was the series of profiles of persons who have, in one way or another, been in the public eye, indeed are there still, and who, though differing in age and temperament, political orientation and religious affiliation, have one thing in common — 'the exile's grief that fame can never heal'.

Exiles (BBC2, June/July) dealt with six people whose life and work are not, perforce, where they would wish to live and work; although for one, the poet Erich Fried (see page five, July issue), the options are less circumscribed in that he could, at least in theory, return to the city of his birth, if not his dreams. Not so the writer Josef Škvorecky, who now resides in Toronto, stripped of his Czechoslovak nationality. He was a schoolboy during the first, the textbook, years of Czech democracy. At the beginning of the Nazi occupation, he was sent to Germany as a slave labourer but, by a stroke of luck, was soon allowed to go back home. There he worked in a factory making parts for Messerschmidt fighter planes. He tried his hand at sabotage, but failed. Soon after the liberation he decided to become a writer and, in 1958, published his first novel. At the height of the Stalinist purges he associated himself with the intellectual underground; and, when the 'Prague Spring' turned into Winter, he fled to the West.

Škvorecky came across as a shy man of high moral stature. He told his story frankly and with much gentle humour. He illustrated his narrative by reading extracts from his three major novels. And he gave a most gripping account of the incident in 1942, when the Nazis invited the Swedish Red Cross to inspect Theresienstadt, in order to demonstrate that 'rumours' of extermination camps were 'unfounded'. To deceive the visitors, inmates were forced to create a holiday camp atmosphere by playing games, reading, joking, making music. Clips from their propaganda film *Der Führer gibt den Juden eine Stadt* (The Führer gives a Town to the Jews) showed to what cynical lengths the Nazis went to place on record this ghastly charade.

Škvorecky has come to terms with his fate. In the safety of Canada he keeps alive the spirit of the underground, publishing, on a shoestring budget, books which are smuggled into Czechoslovakia. But he knows that, for him, thoughts of return are illusory.

No such doubts assail Miriam Makeba, African singer and activist. For her, exile is a political statement, a platform, a declaration of defiance.

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She grew up in Soweto. A grandfather had fought with the British in the Boer War. When she was eighteen days old, her mother went to jail for a trivial offence against *apartheid* law. When she was old enough, she went into domestic service. But her singing talent was discovered and she was launched into a stage career. In 1959 she had a part in a clandestinely made film and came to Europe to promote it. She appeared on the BBC, obtained permission to enter the U.S.A. and achieved professional success and the opportunity for political involvement. In 1968 she married Stokely Carmichael, the leader of the notorious Black Panthers, whose flamboyant utterances did much to sour Jewish-Negro relations in the civil rights movement and beyond. Her career began to suffer and she left for the African continent where she is now 'at home' in her exile. She has twice addressed the United Nations on *apartheid* and is much admired by the people of the several African states who have conferred their citizenship upon her.

By interesting contrast, no Arab country has issued a passport to Edward Said, Palestinian academic and U.S. citizen. Described as a member of the Palestine National Council and supporter (if not member) of the PLO, Said was given a virtually free hand to harangue the viewer. His rhetoric was liberally interspersed with library film, including (inevitably?) some of the by now familiar newsreel shots of 'Israeli atrocities'. A curious interlude of so-called Arab 'black humour at the expense of Israel' was in the same vein. Said himself professed to be opposed to 'foolish, indiscriminate terrorism', but not to 'legitimate warfare against the Zionist oppressor'. He was allowed to make the astonishing assertion that it was the Zionists who 'introduced violence to the Middle East'.

JOGGING THE MEMORY

On 10 November 1938 Nazi mobs burnt down forty-nine synagogues in Vienna. Now, in the run-up to the 50th anniversary of Kristallnacht memorial tablets have been unveiled at four sites formerly occupied by synagogues: Zirkusgasse (II District), Neudegggasse (VIII), Hubergasse (XVI) and Kluckygasse (XX). The speakers at the unveiling ceremonies included Mayor Zilk, Professor Erika Weinzierl, Kurt Poldes (Aktion gegen Antisemitismus) and Kultusgemeinde president Paul Grosz. The last-named deplored the fact that Mayor Zilk's initiative in this matter had come up against the reluctance of many Viennese — house owners and tenants alike — to be reminded of the uncomfortable past.

In a separate, but related, development Dr. Zilk has ruled that a monument Against Fascism and War commissioned by the Municipality from the famous sculptor (and Waldheim opponent) Alfred Hrdlicka will be erected at the Albertinaplatz. The siting of the Hrdlicka monument — whose central figure is to be a Jew scrubbing the pavement — on the 'culturally sacrosanct' ground midway between the Opera House and the Albertina Gallery had been vociferously opposed by the *Kronen Zeitung* (which in Austria's black anniversary year is still the most influential opinion moulder in that country).

Siehe, der Stein schreit aus der Mauer

The stone in question, calling out from the wall, is a medieval Jewish gravestone from Nuremberg. After the Jews were expelled from the city in 1349, part of it was used as a step on a spiral staircase in the St. Lorenz Church. Now it rests as a memorial stone, in the hall of the Jewish community cemetery in Nuremberg, and is to serve as the symbol of a remarkable exhibition which opens in the Germanisches Nationalmuseum in October.

This one stone is a reminder of the innumerable persecutions and expulsions to which the Jews have been subjected throughout their history, but also of the strength, the 'Lebenskraft', which they have derived from their religion. But it is a symbol, too, of a widespread and genuine concern apparent in many parts of Germany at the moment.

While the Waldheim Affair in Austria has succeeded in exposing both the remorseless ambition of one man, and the hollow post-war myth of an 'innocent' nation, first 'victim' of Nazi aggression, the German mind is currently occupied much more positively, as a new generation seeks to rescue and preserve the terrible truths of the past.

I have just returned from a visit with a school party to Germany. On many occasions I found myself moved by the extent to which, on personal and municipal levels, efforts are being made to rediscover and commemorate as far as possible the vanished Jewish life and communities. Until the showing of 'Holocaust' some nine years ago, there was little discussion; it was, perhaps, too soon to begin to face up to the inconceivable. But much has changed since then.

The Holocaust is now treated seriously in the school curriculum (as indeed it shows signs of being here as well). In every bookshop I visited, books on Jewish subjects were immediately visible, and not only scholarly histories: twice I came across the books 'Wir wissen nicht, was morgen wird — wir wissen wohl was gestern war' and 'Schuldig geboren', those collections of interviews with, on the one hand, children of survivors whose families returned to live in Germany, and on the other, children of former Nazis. In Hamburg, which I visited earlier this year, extensive plans are being made for a permanent exhibition on the site of the former main Synagogue, next to the (still standing) Talmud-Torah-Schule. In Frankfurt, as the German press announced last week, similar plans are in hand for a permanent exhibition on Börneplatz, based on the old Judengasse (Jewish street). Nuremberg, as mentioned already, is giving wide publicity to its Jewish exhibition entitled 'Geschichte und Kultur der Juden in Bayern', to last from October until January 1989.

But what about the smaller places, the rural villages, which all had their Jewish communities? In Franconia (Northern Bavaria), a massive project is under way to collect information, photos, documents, personal histories, of every former family from the area. This was instigated

by the librarian of a school library in Hassfurt (whose work has already been of value to Beth Hatfutsot in Israel). Ten days ago, the town council there confirmed the commissioning of a sculpture from an Israeli artist, born in Hassfurt, to be set up on the site of the synagogue on the fiftieth anniversary of Kristallnacht. I was shown a leather-bound copy of a 1,000-page book published in 1700 called 'Entdecktes Judentum' ('Judaism revealed'), a (to our mind) horrifying catalogue of 'Jewish deeds', including all the familiar libels of desecration of the host, and murder of Christian children; no doubt in the past it served to justify attacks on Jewish communities, but now it, too, is revealed for what it was — popular lies cloaked in a guise of spurious academic references. In Rothenburg ob der Tauber, that beautiful medieval city which is the goal of every American tourist to Europe, there too a Jewish museum should open in due course in the Judengasse.

Germany is a land of tradition as much as England, perhaps more so. This tradition is inseparable from that of its Jews over at least 1,000 years. Modern West Germany grew from the ashes of Europe, as Israel did as well, and both countries are of similar age. Perhaps the passing of a generation was necessary before the question could be asked on German soil: Where now is my Jewish brother? Germany now seems to be trying to remember.

JOHN DUNSTON

John Dunston is the head of the foreign languages department at Bancroft's School in Woodford Green, Essex, and this article results from a visit he paid to Hassfurt leading a school exchange party on a foreign tour. He is the son of Jewish refugees and chairman of the Association of Children of Jewish Refugees. He was recently elected to the executive committee of the AJR. The exhibition referred to, 'Geschichte und Kultur der Juden in Bayern', was already announced in our May issue and takes place in Nuremberg from 25 October 1987 to 22 January 1989.

RETURN AFTER 50 YEARS

Johnny Blunt, alias Johnny Eichwald, arrived in this country, aged 13, in 1938 from Kappeln in Schleswig-Holstein. His family, the only Jews in this town, had lived there before the turn of the century. He became a chef, later he volunteered for the Army; after service in NW Europe he returned to the hotel trade.

In 1986 while browsing through old family photographs he came across a photo of his late father, taken during the first World War in German officer's uniform. Then he remembered that he only had letters and photos of his family without such material mementoes as the medals his father was awarded (including the Iron Cross, first and second Class). He wrote to the Military

Attache at the German Embassy in London. An appointment was made and 9 months later the medals were handed to him by Brigadier-General Count von Stauffenberg, the son of Col. von Stauffenberg who tried to assassinate Hitler.

This story appeared in Kappeln on the front page of the local paper under the heading *Shame of Kappeln*. Last November he received a letter from the mayor inviting him to a 'new Kappeln and old friends'. He accepted with reluctance, but once there, found the experience deeply moving. He learnt, for instance, that a neighbour who had given food to his parents was taken to a concentration camp and never returned. His most positive experience was the encounter with young people — exemplified by 37 sixth-formers who turned up to hear him relate his life story even when a heatwave had closed their school.

At Rendsburg, a regional centre, he discovered a former synagogue transformed into a Jewish Museum.

Johnny Blunt wants any readers born in Schleswig-Holstein who would like their (or other) names inscribed in the Museum's roll of honour to contact him via *AJR Information*.

HOPE FOR THE FUTURE

In July Association member Ilse Shindel received, out of the blue, the following letter:

Sehr geehrte Frau Shindel!

Last year the Städtische Gesamtschule Solingen took into its care the defunct Jewish cemetery am Erbenhäuschen. With the agreement of the Jewish community of Wuppertal, we — a few schoolboys and schoolgirls (12-13 yrs. of age) — visit the small cemetery each week to look after the last resting places of Jewish fellow-citizens.

Both at school and in the parental home we have heard about the horrendous injustice that was done to the Jews. We strongly desire that instead of ignorance and hatred, love and understanding should in future determine our attitude towards our fellow-citizens.

We have discovered in the municipal archive of Solingen, that you are the daughter of Alexander and Helene Leven. We have also established, that your relatives from Remscheid (Albert and Rosalie Leven) must be buried in the Jewish cemetery. We researched into this and have found the 4 graves. We do not know anything else about you. Therefore, we would be very pleased if you would send us some details about yourself, but we would also be very grateful for any response at all.

With best regards from Solingen Comprehensive School
Kai Drechsler.

The letter bore this addendum from the headmaster Wilhelm Bramann:

Sehr geehrte Frau Shindel,
As custodian of the *Arbeitsgemeinschaft 'Jüdischer Friedhof in Solingen'*, may I assure you, that our interest does not only lie in the care of graves, or dialogues with the dead so to speak, but also in establishing contact with the living.

Only thus can our work gain a dimension which will point to a better future. With best wishes.

HOLOCAUST COMMEMORATION

The programme of lectures, seminars, exhibitions and meetings that took place in mid-July at Oxford and London under the umbrella title of 'Remembering for the Future' was so extensive and varied that we could not possibly do justice to it. Instead we print, below, three items intended to convey impressions of the concluding events. The first is an extract from Professor Emil Fackenheim's address at the Sternberg Centre, the second a participant's account of the 'Winton Children's' reunion, and the third reflections on the Commemoration concert at Covent Garden.

THE ENIGMA OF BENDIN

I remember a picture from my childhood; it used to terrify me, but it also used to inspire me. It terrified me, because it was bearded old Jews fleeing from a pogrom with terror in their eyes. But it also inspired me, because they took with them what was most precious to them. Doubtless antisemites would have these Jews clutching bags of gold, but they were actually carrying Torah scrolls.

Now for the Jews in Germany until Crystal Night, the experience of the pogrom was alien. But the greatest of Germany's Jewish poets once put into words what this picture means: through the ages the Torah was the portable fatherland of the Jewish people. The picture from my childhood is out-of-date. That it was out-of-date was put briefly but powerfully by a chronicler in the Warsaw ghetto, who put down faithfully for posterity what happened and went on doing so until he himself was murdered. This is what he wrote:

'When the wicked ones came to Bendin, a small town in Poland in 1939, they headed straight for the Jewish quarter and a synagogue in it's midst, set it all on fire, and whoever came running out was shot down. But lo, a certain Schlesinger, his son and son-in-law rushed into the flaming synagogue, struggled their way towards the *Aron Kodesh* in order to rescue Torah scrolls. They emerged at the door, each carrying two Torah scrolls and were shot down by the wicked ones. Thus they died as martyrs'. The picture from my childhood is out-of-date. This is the new picture and we have to ask ourselves: what were they doing, the wicked ones, when they went on shooting?

I try to picture these people, after all they are human beings like ourselves. I can understand how when they went to the first Polish town and set the Jewish houses and the synagogues on fire and shot down people it was a little bit difficult. The second time was easier, the fifth or sixth time maybe they were smoking cigarettes while they were doing it. You get used to it. They shot them down like rats, but then they came to Bendin. Rats don't run inside burning buildings; whoever was doing it something must be holy to them. So my great question, which I think historians will never answer adequately, is this: how was it that when they saw Schlesinger, his son and son-in-law, emerge from the burning synagogue they did not lower their rifles?

There are many of us who can't bear to face that picture of Bendin because the Torah was still Torah to Schlesinger and his son and son-in-law, but it no longer provided the protection of a fatherland. We've got to engrave that image in our mind in the spirit of holy memory.

HE WHO SAVES ONE LIFE SAVES THE WORLD ENTIRE

There was a lot we wanted to say to Mr. Winton who brought us children out of Nazi-occupied Czechoslovakia in 1939. Until recently practically none of us realised that he had been instrumental in setting up the special rescue service in those dreadful days. He spoke briefly in his modest manner and paid a tribute to those no longer alive who helped him with his awesome task. Then he added that we must finally try to come to terms with our guilt feelings about the ones we had to leave behind.

In preparation for the meeting his transportee children had made a collection which resulted in a goodly sum. It was decided to present Mr. Winton with a gold ring with the biblical inscription 'He who saves one life saves the world entire'. This presentation was made by Dr. Elisabeth Maxwell.

Then the questions were fired at him. It is amazing how well he can recall those times. He is a truly young-looking man of nearly 80, with a beautiful voice. By general consent, we made him our honorary father.

Laura SeLO

COMMEMORATION IN MUSIC

Silence has fallen on the Royal Opera House. A Shofar has sounded and sent its summons into the hearts of the capacity audience who stand for one solemn minute. Six tall candles burn in a box, left vacant, by the side of the stage. What thoughts fill the air in this silence?

The Shofar blasts its piercing notes again and the audience is seated.

A concert followed, consisting of Dmitri Shostakovich's 14th Symphony, Benjamin Britten's *Sinfonia da Requiem*, and the *Adagio* from Gustav Mahler's 10th Symphony.

The music addressed itself to the sorrow of the hour, but only by extension. It challenged and made little concession to the less well accustomed ear.

I wonder, however, how close this programme came to meeting the feelings of the survivors present or, for that matter, of others whose thoughts were with the victims. They all must have come, as I did, ready to find a resonance.

Whether they did, or did not, it was incongruous to see so many people return with such ease to their trivia during the interval.

The applause and the flowers at the end might have been at any concert anywhere any time.

The candles having burnt down, silence then would have made the difference.

A. A. ROSENSTRAUCH

AUSTRIAN PENSION IMPROVEMENTS

The 44th Amendment to the Austrian Social Security Act which came into force on 1 January 1988 brings among other changes the following improvements regarding persons who suffered disadvantages in their social security rights because of political, religious or racial persecution:

1. Periods of emigration for all persons who left Austria between 4 March 1933 and 31 March 1949 aged 15 or over will be countable for social security rights, if social security rights were acquired before emigration or after 31 March 1959.
2. Persons who did not acquire such social security rights can now retroactively acquire these rights for the duration of their emigration if they reached the age of 14 years by 12 March 1938. They will have to contribute AS 204. — for each month of emigration between their 15th birthday and 31 March 1959.
3. Times of secondary education or university studies abroad between 4 March 1933 and 31 March 1959 will also be counted for social security rights.

Point 1 and 2 apply also to persons who are already receiving pensions. Point 3 applies to persons who have so far not received an Austrian pension.

Procedure of application:

- (a) Eligible persons who already receive pensions should apply to their respective pension authority. A possible increase of pension will be effective from 1 January 1988, if the application is submitted before 31 December 1988.

If the application is submitted after 31 December 1988, an increase will only be granted from the first day of the month following the date of application.

- (b) Eligible persons who at present do not receive an Austrian pension should apply to the Pensionsversicherungsanstalt der Angestellten if they have not yet acquired Austrian social security rights. If such rights have been acquired, applications should be submitted to the pension authority with whom these rights have been registered.

New pensions will be paid as of 1 January 1988 if the application is received before 31 December 1988. In all other cases pension payments will begin with the day following the date of application.

Persons eligible and wishing to apply for the recognition of social security rights should write to either of the following pension authorities:

Pensionsversicherungsanstalt der Angestellten, 1021, Wien, Postfach 1000.
Pensionsversicherungsanstalt der Arbeiter, 1092 Wien, Postfach 218.

Though the exclusive authority on such pension matters rests with the above mentioned institutions, the Austrian Embassy is ready to assist with further information on request. (Tel.: 235 3731 Sozialdienst).

SPOORS OF KAKANIA

Franz Josef being Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary, the Habsburg state was customarily referred to as *kaiserlich-königlich*. Abbreviated that read *k & k* — an acronym which gave rise to *Kakania* as a 'jokey' soubriquet for the Dual Monarchy. I put jokey in inverted commas because Kakania, with its lavatorial associations, was a ripe example of the type of gallows humour already prevalent in the centre of Europe before the onset of catastrophe.

That centre only held till 1918 — when nationalism, and wartime defeat, tore the multi-national Dual Monarchy apart and created in its place the successor states Austria, Hungary and Czechoslovakia. The capital cities of those three countries are the foci of Stephen Brook's *The Double Eagle* (Hamish Hamilton, £14.95) which probes the contrast between the tourist attractions of Vienna, Budapest and Prague and the lives of the local population. If Brook is more informative about the former *Kaiserstadt* than about Budapest — which is more vital — or Prague — which is more beautiful — the reasons are self-evident: he speaks German, and Austria is a country in which public opinion and published opinion converge. In Vienna he was able to find out at first hand what made the average Austrian 'tick'; in the other two capitals he consorted mainly with dissident intellectuals and this robs his account of some of the immediacy conveyed in the first, Vienna-related, section of the book.

Here, in the chapter entitled 'National Slumber' I came across this gem:

On the tram I would find myself sitting across from a pair of old ladies dressed as if in uniform. In cooler weather each would be wearing a fur or cloth coat (often beige) buttoned tightly on the neck; any gap remaining between coat and flesh would be bunged with a scarf tucked tightly behind the buttons. Footwear consisted of boots, or fur-lined booties during more clement weather. Heads would be covered with a beret or Tyrolean hat with feather. With legs slightly parted, the old ladies would fold their hands over their handbags and sit impassively until they reached their stop. They never closed their eyes, but were quietly watchful, and steadfastly refused to communicate with other passengers. I grew to dislike the sight of these grim tight-lipped women and their equally inexpressive but more bewildered husbands.

Accuracy of description is matched by accuracy of information. Brook is steeped in the political subculture of Austria and can explain the ramifications of patronage based on party membership as lucidly as the effect of Rent Acts on the state of Vienna's housing stock. In the wider political context he dissects the Waldheim *Skandal*, but falls into the error of focussing on the neo-Nazi Freedom Party — a marginal force in Austrian

politics — rather than on the People's Party spokesmen and *Kronzeitung* editors who, in response to the allegations of the World Jewish Congress against Waldheim, released the un-sleeping genie of Austrian antisemitism from the bottle in which he had been confined since 1945.

I fear that Stephen Brook is also somewhat maladroit in inserting an intra-British political slanging match he had with right-winger Roger Scruton in a Budapest apartment into the section on Hungarian politics. More importantly, just as in Soviet Russia the relaxation of censorship revealed the appeal of Jewbaiting to the atavistic *Pamyat* movement, so Hungary may be astir with xenophobic undercurrents, which, if released, would disturb the simple Party-versus dissenters key to Hungarian politics. Brooks offers his readers. (In 1956 Budapest Jews were at least as fearful of Cardinal Mindszenty as of Russian tanks).

Masaryk's Heirs

Czech politics are, of course, so deep-frozen that not even Gorbachev's thaw presages the end of Prague's ice age. What the author encountered in 'golden Prague' was a populace who far from supporting Charter '77, were trading their birthright as heirs to the estate of Thomas Masaryk for a mess of pottage in the shape of cars and weekend cottages. Sad to relate this corruption was compounded by another, whereby almost everybody Brook met with, from short-changing shop assistants to importunate waiters, practised blatant dishonesty.

But though he is a political animal, man — and especially Central European man — is also a food-guzzling, wine-swilling and (frequently) music-addicted creature. Though I cavil at some of Stephen Brook's political comments, I must award him full marks for his expertise in the spheres of gastronomy, vineculture and opera — all of which, in various degree, preoccupy the average Viennese, Budapest or Prager far more than politics.

All Souls' Day

Something which, of course, hardly occupies these 'good folk' at all is the fate of their formerly numerous Jewish fellow citizens. At Terezin, not far from Prague, Brook saw, and was revolted by, evidence of the Communist authorities' deliberate downplaying of Jewish suffering during the Second World War. But he felt most shaken by a quite apolitical, virtually existential, paradox: on All Souls' Day, when so many wreath-bearing, candle-lighting Viennese converge on the *Zentralfriedhof* that traffic jams build up for miles around, one section of the cemetery — the Jewish one, now gradually reverting to wilderness — remained totally deserted. To assuage his impotent anger at this heart-wrenching reminder of the Jewish tragedy Stephen Brook writes at the very end:

When I next visit Vienna I shall visit my friends and stand happily through the longest operas, and stroll in the Belvedere Gardens. And I shall also return to the Central Cemetery and walk for an hour through its alleys and groves and remember, just for an hour, what used to be.
RICHARD GRUNBERGER

AJR CHARITY CONCERT — A WHO IS WHO:

Norbert Brainin Violin

Norbert Brainin was born in Vienna and emigrated to England in 1938, where he studied initially with Carl Flesch and then Max Rostal. In 1946 he won the Carl Flesch Gold Medal Award and the following year formed the world-renowned Amadeus Quartet which he led with the same three colleagues for 40 years.

The Amadeus Quartet received world-wide recognition of their talent: the OBE by Her Majesty the Queen, Honorary Doctorates from the universities of London and York, the Grand Cross of Merit by the German Federal Republic and the Cross of Honour for Arts and Science by the Austrian Government. Deutsche Grammophon also presented them with one of the highest awards in the recording world, the Golden Gramophone.

Martin Lovett Cello

Martin Lovett was born in London, and began studying the cello at the age of 11 with his father, a cellist in the Halle and London Philharmonic Orchestras.

At 15, he won a scholarship to the Royal College of Music where his innate talent for chamber music was fostered by his teacher Ivor James of the Menges Quartet.

He is now a Professor of the Royal Academy of Music in London, and a Fellow of the Royal Society of Arts.

Arnaldo Cohen Piano

Arnaldo Cohen is a Brazilian of Russian origin. He started his musical studies at the age of five and took a degree in piano and violin at the Federal University of Rio de Janeiro.

While studying under the eminent Brazilian pianist, Jacques Klein, Arnaldo Cohen won a number of national competitions. He moved to Vienna in 1970 to continue his musical training.

A recent development in Arnaldo Cohen's career stems from his commitment to Chamber Music. With Norbert Brainin and Martin Lovett he performed the complete set of Beethoven piano trios and two concerts in Rome. This association led to the formation of the AMADEUS PIANO TRIO, which hopes to continue the tradition of the legendary Amadeus Quartet.

LIEBERMANN AND SÖDERSTRÖM

The strict symmetry of Chichester Cathedral. An affirmation of faith in stone. An echo of the eternal and an echo to the voice of Elizabeth Söderström. The almost forbidding austerity of the vaults. Below them, on the rostrum, a comely young woman of impish charm, unbelievable charm and presence. She sang for us, Swedish, English, German, we clamoured for encore after encore and when she could give no more, she said quietly, 'Thank you, good night' and our clamour ceased immediately and quietly we filed out of the church.

During the concert she had translated for us the words of the foreign songs. She told us what the words meant first and sang the song afterwards. When she came to the words of the Tchaikowsky piece she hesitated.

'It is called *None but the lonely heart*' she announced and hesitated. Well she might. For the original Goethe text from *Mignon* starts *Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt*, which cannot be rendered into English without a great deal of poetic licence.

When I first learned some of the words from *Mignon*, neither Herr Liebermann nor I even remotely imagined that one day, nearly forty years later, one of us would have occasion to listen to them in Chichester Cathedral. Herr Liebermann, it seems now almost certain to me, did not consider such an eventuality for himself. He must have been in his mid fifties when I met him in Sachzenhaus C. He was another victim of that train journey to Riga who could no longer walk properly.

Before Hitler came to power, Herr Liebermann had been the head of Radio Leipzig. A highly respected man then, he still was now among the Ghetto inmates who knew him. Yet he was a gentle benevolent person, short of stature

and hunch-backed. I forget how I met him, it could have been Erich who introduced us. Erich knew that I was keen on opera and Herr Liebermann's knowledge in that field was immense. I wanted to learn the music and the words of Mignon's aria *Kennst Du das Land?*

The words refer to Italy and tell of the land where the lemons blossom, golden oranges glow among dark leaves under blue skies. I see myself sitting opposite Herr Liebermann in the unheated, cold room on the first floor, among the hacked about pieces of furniture left by the previous inhabitants whose fate we only guessed at.

Later, when we came into contact with some of the survivors of the original 'big Ghetto', Latvian Jews who now lived segregated from us in the 'small Ghetto', we were told what had happened to the people who had occupied the dwellings which now housed us. Their death and the manner of it are now documented history.

Herr Liebermann had a blanket across his knees and breathed from time to time on his hands to keep the cold away from them. These were the very early days of our stay in the Ghetto. Everything, except hunger and cold, was disorganised. With thin and shaky voice he intoned the first bars of the aria, asked me to repeat it, corrected me when I made a mistake. He taught me the entire piece in this fashion. I remember it to this day. He would have taught me more had not the Dünamünde Aktion put an end to my lessons. That was, when in early spring, just as the first rays of the spring sun began to comfort us after the cold and bitter winter, most of the old and infirm were taken away after roll call which lasted for hours. Officially, they were to carry out light work in a canning factory at Dünamünde. In

reality, they were put to death by exhaust fumes in sealed lorries.

Perhaps I should have remembered to say the prayer for the dead for him in Chichester Cathedral. I did not think of it at the time. Elizabeth Söderström had temporarily dispersed the shadows of the past.

EZRA JURMANN

CHRISTIAN REAPPRAISALS

A background paper to the recent Lambeth Conference of the Anglican Church stated 'anti-Jewish prejudice promulgated by leaders of the Church provided the soil in which the poisonous weed of Nazism was able to take root . . . The murder of the six million and the extinction of an entire culture must bring about in Christianity a profound re-examination of its relations with Judaism'.

The same theme was touched upon by Sir Sigmund Sternberg in a recent address on Catholic-Jewish relations where he said, *inter alia*, that the Jewish scholar Jules Isaac (who greatly influenced Pope John XXIII) described the Christian teaching about Jews and Judaism as 'a teaching of contempt.' The American historian Raoul Hilberg traced the stages of this teaching of contempt: first of all, in the early centuries of the Church, Jews were told 'you cannot live among us as Jews' (this was the stage of attempted conversion); later on Jews were told 'you cannot live among us' (this was the ghetto stage). The final stage came in the 30's and 40's of this century when Jews were told 'you cannot live' (this was the stage of the Shoah).

Theological attitudes towards Jews are not academic abstractions, they have affected their very lives for centuries.

Just over 20 years ago, in 1965, there came about what the Catholic theologian Gregory Baum has described as the 'turning point' in Catholic/Jewish relations. In that year during the Second Vatican Council the document entitled 'Nostra Aetate' was published. This document represented the new teaching of the Catholics on the relationship between the Church and the Jewish people.

One of the most unjust accusations that has been levelled against the Jewish people is that the Crucifixion of Jesus made them all a nation of Christ-killers.

Nostra Aetate refuted this charge of deicide by stating that neither all the Jewish people alive at the time of Jesus, nor succeeding generations, could be blamed for Christ's death.

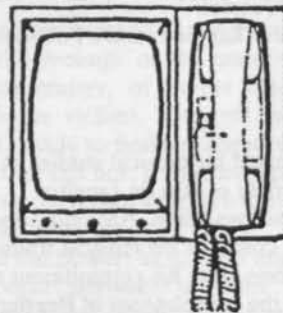
This rejection of the deicide accusation has gone hand in hand with repeated official Catholic statements of the blasphemous and unchristian nature of antisemitism.

'Nostra Aetate' has also set in motion a process of dialogue between Catholics and Jews. This is a movement of enquiry, of discovery and of study, a process naturally involving tension and pain within Catholicism which will not, please God, ever stop.

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PAUL BALINT — AJR

DAY CENTRE

For your convenience, we are now publishing the programme six weeks in advance

SEPTEMBER

Thursday 1st	Light English & Viennese Melodies — Malka Shinar
Monday 5th	'Flora Robson — Her life' — Eve Borrett
Tuesday 6th	a) Outing to theatre b) At the Day Centre — 'Musical Entertainment' — Justin Joseph
Wednesday 7th	'Jewish Life in Gibraltar' — Regina Lawton
Thursday 8th	Henry Kissin Entertains You
Monday 12th	CLOSED
Tuesday 13th	CLOSED
Wednesday 14th	Joy Hyman Entertains You
Thursday 15th	Clare Graydon-James Plays & Sings for You
Monday 19th	'An Artist's Career starting at the age of 60' — Suzanne Lackner
Tuesday 20th	CLOSED
Wednesday 21st	CLOSED
Thursday 22nd	Gerard Tichauer Entertains You
Monday 26th	CLOSED
Tuesday 27th	CLOSED
Wednesday 28th	Sunshine Singers
Thursday 29th	Classical Guitar Recital — Nicola Culf

OCTOBER

Monday 3rd	CLOSED
Tuesday 4th	CLOSED
Wednesday 5th	Gerald Benson Entertains at the Piano
Thursday 6th	Harrow Sing-A-Longers
Monday 10th	'Your Luck Cycles by the Stars' — Raymond Irons
Tuesday 11th	'The Beaufort Ensemble Plays for you' — Everton Nelson
Wednesday 12th	Violin & Piano Recital — Suzanne Pierrejean
Thursday 13th	'Behind the Lace Curtain — Prague & Budapest — in Lilac Time' — Naomi Gryn & Dr. Michael Harding

IN PRAISE OF OURSELVES

I feel I have to write to you to express my appreciation for all the kindness I receive at the Day Centre. I want to thank Mrs. Matus and Mrs. Lee for all the care they take of us and thanks to the volunteers who are so kind and help everybody in every way. Last but not least thanks to Helen for the lovely meals she provides.

The Day Centre is truly a Godsend and I look forward from one week to the other to attend; time flies there and now the lovely garden is a welcome added bonus.
19 Marlow Court, ALICE PICK
London NW6 7PS.

AJR CLUB NEWS

The AJR Club is open on Sunday, Tuesday and Thursday afternoon from 2 to 6 o'clock, at 15 Cleve Road, NW6.

Tea and supper are served by volunteers at nominal charges.

There is live entertainment one Sunday each month (except August), followed by tea, and video shows are held on all other Sundays at 2.30 pm.

On Tuesdays and Thursdays, Club members are free to take part in the Day Centre's concerts or talks at 2 o'clock.

New members will be made welcome and will soon feel they belong.

On Sunday, the 4 September, at 3.30 pm, the KOL RINAH CHOIR will sing to the Club, conducted by Johanna Metzger-Lichtenstern, accompanied by Paul Lichtenstern. Entrance fee (incl. tea): 40p.

Can you spare some time to entertain our members attending the Day Centre? If so, please contact Hanna Goldsmith on Wednesdays between 9.30 a.m. and 3 p.m. 328 0208 or evenings 958 5080.

Would members please note that we erroneously stated in last month's programme that the Day Centre would be closed on Wednesday, 14 September. **It will, in fact, be open.**

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One of our members has recently received a signal honour of which we print the details below:

CITATION — HONORARY FELLOW

Royal College of Physicians

ERNEST MARTIN FOULKES

There are two outstanding reasons for welcoming Ernest Martin Foulkes, an engineer, into the Fellowship of this College. The first lies in the contributions he has made to medical research in the way of innovative and appropriate instrumentation. The second arises from the great personal generosity of Dr. Foulkes and his wife, Senta, in creating a Foundation for the advancement of medical science.

Born in Frankfurt in 1902, Ernest Foulkes obtained a doctorate in engineering in Berlin in 1929 but in 1936 he was forced to seek refuge in this country. From nothing, he formed a company which made the machine tools then so much needed by Britain. After the war the company branched out into the production of centrifuges and other laboratory equipment: the company, MSE, was one of the first, in 1966, to win the Queen's Award for exports.

In 1974 Dr. Foulkes gave a very considerable sum to endow the Foulkes Foundation which, in collaboration with Gordon Wolstenholme and the Ciba Foundation, began to make possible the extension into medicine of the training of experienced scientists. In this country 93 young people with good scientific qualifications have been materially assisted to study medicine, and 6-8 more Fellowships are awarded each year. In recognition of these services, Dr. Foulkes was made CBE in 1978.

In 1982 Dr. Foulkes extended the operations of the Foundation to Israel, where it places particular emphasis on biotechnology, a subject appealing to Ernest Foulkes' eternally young and optimistic mind. In 1985, on the recommendation of the Israeli Academy of Science, Dr. Foulkes had the rare honour to be given the gold Independence Coin in celebration of the scientific achievements of Israel.

Ernest Foulkes is one of those illustrious people who, driven from his native country, has served with honour and distinction his adopted land. This Royal College is proud to admit him to its Honorary Fellowship.

ANNOUNCEMENT

Mr. Graham Phillips has been appointed Director of CBF Residential Care and Housing Association in succession to Mrs. Joan Leifer as from 15 August 1988.

Mr. Phillips brings with him a wealth of managerial and administrative experience having previously occupied executive positions in Industry before joining CBF Residential Care and Housing Association as a financial consultant in 1987.

DREAMS AND DELUSIONS

Professor Stern remarks in the introduction to his fascinating collection of essays* that Chancellor Kohl desires the German present to be detached from the terrible past. This is a vain hope. Nations are both cursed and blest by their history, and there can be no escape from their past. Germany's terrifying past — the Reformation, the Thirty Years' War, the illiberal unification, the Great War and the insanity of Hitler — haunt it as effectively as Russia's autocratic past haunts Gorbachov's efforts at reform. Professor Stern's essays are explorations of the deep themes of Germany's past and their hidden influence on its culture and politics.

Max Weber who spent much of his career analysing the emergence of Western nationalism characterized the recent phase of this story as the 'disenchantment of the world', the secularisation of the world under the impact of science and national capitalism. In his essay 'National Socialism as Temptation' Professor Stern begins the task of understanding the abrogation of the will of Germany's elite before the satanic powers of a National socialism which promised a new redemption, a new faith, a new community to replace the weakening religious and communal sense. Long in the making, the elites of Germany possessed psychic needs, as well as material interests, which made them vulnerable to the dramaturgy of the Nazis. A deep current of anti-modernism ran through German life.

There was a yearning for a fictitious community of fixed statuses, unproblematic morality and modes of deference; undercurrents of ruthless

idealism fed an admiration of war and a deep-felt desire for authority. These were the dreams and delusions of German history which left the nation's guardians almost helpless before the display and rhetoric of Hitler's National Socialists. Germany's traditional elites — academics, the Churches, the Officer corps the Civil Service — offered little defence.

'The so-called conservative revolution', writes Professor Stern 'and National Socialism had much in common: their critique of the existing system, their call for a national community, their striving for a new faith.' But the conservative revolution remained only theory and dream; it fought solely with ideas. Nevertheless, its advocates did National Socialism a great service. It was they who led the upper classes into the Third Reich.

Thus, the universities — the bastions of Reason — fell to the blandishments of National Socialism: large numbers of students voted for them in the election of 1930. At Tübingen, where the majority of the professors opposed the Weimar Republic, many joined the Nazis after January 1933; Tübingen was not atypical.

In 'The Burden of Success', Professor Stern considers the extraordinary success of so many Jews in Germany, the reaction to this success and the psychic burdens social ascent imposed, (George Clare's family history is also fascinating in this respect). Similar themes are examined in the final essay 'Capitalism and the Cultural Historian' which in part examines the career of Gerson Bleichröder who became the richest man in Berlin, displayed his wealth in sumptuous

feasts and gave much to charity. Yet he was never accepted. 'Berlin society is divided into two camps — those who go to Bleichröder while mocking him, and those who mock him but do not go', wrote Princess Radziwill.

Jewish success in pre-Hitler Germany was tinged with pathos, occasionally touched by tragedy. 'The Jews had made an unprecedented leap', writes Professor Stern 'but their success, partial in any case, had brought them grave costs as well. So many of them had willingly tossed most of their traditions aside. Different groups were predisposed toward different responses to anti-Semitism; some counselled still greater efforts at assimilation, others embraced a new Jewish nationalism.' No one, not even an Einstein, could escape the ambivalence, the duality of being Jewish in Germany. As a youth Einstein's unease with German Society sent him across the border to become a Swiss citizen. He returned as a famed professor and later became world-renowned, yet his discomfort continued though he was in a land whose awesome respect for 'genius' might have afforded him some security.

The fate of Jewry in pre-Hitler Germany and the collapse of Weimar into the pit of National Socialism are the principal themes of this collection of essays. They deserve attention not only for their intrinsic historical interest, but also because they shed light on our contemporary fate. We, too, seem to be living on rapidly diminishing moral capital. These explorations of a tragic history are written to be pondered on and to serve as warnings.

HAROLD FREEDMAN

* Fritz Stern *Dreams and Delusions*, Weidenfeld & Nicholson, £18

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

A MOVING STORY

Sir — Re your communication notice headed *Tribute to Us* (July 1988) I would like to let you know of yet another success of your search notices.

I myself was the subject of such a notice inserted in the March issue. It was with great joy and excitement that I read that my dear school-friend Charlotte Hillburn (Lieselotte Wiener) whom I had last seen 50 years ago in Berlin, was searching for me. Since 1945, when I was liberated with my son Nicholas Perl at Belsen, I was under the impression that everyone I knew had perished. Your notice led me to New York in May of this year, where I was united not only with my friend Lottie, but was put into contact with yet four more long-lost friends of my childhood and nursing colleagues at the Jewish Hospital Berlin, Iranische Strasse, where I had passed my state examination in 1941.

May you have many more successes!

3 Bower Close, (Mrs.) I. MURRAY (Perl)
Dunstable, Beds.

EDITORIAL BIAS

Sir — I fear that under the new editorship a new trend away from AJR Information's tradition of tolerance is developing. I resent the offensive attacks on Erich Fried and Tom Kempinski, two German political refugees; by attacking them in a tasteless language Richard Grunberger is betraying his own prejudices.

43 Nightingale Lane, WOLFGANG NELKI
London SW12.

I admit to a prejudice in favour of the disparate — but interrelated — notions of Western democracy and Jewish statehood, to both of which Messrs Fried and Kempinski are adamantly opposed. Ed.

PLAUDITS FROM NEPAL

Sir — In the past years I have only been a plain member and a diligent reader of 'AJR Information'.

My involvement with the rehabilitation of Vietnamese 'Boat People' since 1979, then searching for families of Tibetan refugees in Lhasa and finally settling here, has kept me from closer participation and contact.

I feel it is time at least to express my appreciation, admiration and gratitude for your dedicated work, your balanced way of relating to the British scene and your ingenious, as well as warm, method of keeping 'us' — I came with a Kindertransport to the U.K. in '39 — wonderfully informed, ably represented and in close contact. I wish you many more years of such contagious enthusiasm.

P.O. Box 4546, GERD LEDERMANN
Kathmandu,
Nepal.

FREUDIAN SLIP

Sir — R. Grunberger, in his article 'How Jewish was Freud' claimed that my father Martin did not know that hats are worn in synagogues. This is, of course, complete nonsense, comparable with stating that her Majesty the Queen does not know the National Anthem. My father was not religious, but he certainly knew full well the basic rules of Judaism, and he had a proper Jewish wedding on the 7 December 1919 at the Synagogue in the Pazmaniten Street, Vienna II. 'Stonehamme',
A. W. FREUD
Woodhurst Lane,
Oxted, Surrey.

Your father Martin's essay 'Who was Freud' in Josef Fraenkel's THE JEWS OF AUSTRIA (Valentine, Mitchell & Co, 1967) states on page 203 'Dressed in tails and top hat I went with my bride to a synagogue which had been built through her grandfather's bounty and in which her two uncles were functionaries. They escorted me on both sides in what was to be a first-class wedding.

When I entered the sanctuary I took my hat off — quite automatically — and my escort on the left put it back on my head with some vehemence'. Ed.

A MUSICAL PERSONALITY

Sir — I read *Choir Master of Two Worlds* with great interest. I had the pleasure and unforgettable experience to be present at one of Chemjo Winawer's choir rehearsals. He was not only an outstanding musician, but also a personality with an extraordinary original and open mind.

His greatest wish and ambition was to perform the St. Matthew Passion in Ivrit in Jerusalem. However, one correction: He was *not* the conductor of the *Friedenstempel*. I wish he had been, for I started my job as an organist there.

PAUL LICHTENSTERN

53 Greenfield Gdns.,
London NW2

BLOOD AND IRONY

Sir — The Germans may be famous for many things, but a sense of humour is certainly not one of them.

During my first return visit to my *Heimatstadt* Berlin since leaving it in 1936, I participated in a City sightseeing Tour.

At one stage near the Berlin Wall we got out and our guide, pointing at a slight mound on the ground explained that this was where Hitler's bunker used to be, and the very spot where he met his death when the Russians advanced on Berlin. When I said that I would very much like to lay a wreath in remembrance on the grave, he explained to me that this was *streng verboten*.

Well, you can't win them all.
58 Holders Hill Ave., LUDWIG B. LEVY
London NW4

SOLAR/LUNAR CONVERSION

The birthday of my grandmother fell on the second day of Pesach. She was born in Russia in 1876. I tried several times to acquaint myself with the intricacies of the lunar calendar but the pressures of our daily life prevented a successful conclusion. I was therefore very pleased when I saw an advert in the Jewish Chronicle offering a calendar conversion program on floppy disks for computers. I wrote to Mr. Greenberg in Jerusalem and enclosed £10 as requested — this was faster and cheaper than obtaining an international money order.

The disk arrived and I was very pleased. Mr. Greenberg is to be congratulated for having created this excellent program. It gives conversions from and into the Jewish Calendar. It also gives the weekly Torah reading should the date be a Saturday.

I learned that grandmother was born on the 10 April 1876. As she passed away in 1939 there are not many members of the family left who knew and remember her, but somehow this knowledge, unimportant though it may be, has brought me closer to her again after 50 years.

WALTER KAMMERLING

P.S. Should anyone be interested the full name and address is:

Mr. L. Greenberg, P.O. Box 4664, Jerusalem 92102, Israel.

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Bertha Leverton plans a 'Dovercourt Reunion' of all child refugees up to the age of sixteen who arrived in Britain in 1938/9 either on children's transports or unaccompanied. She wants intending participants to phone her at 01-958 5354.

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GERMAN-JEWISH AUTHORS' LEXICON

The Frankfurt-based *Archiv Bibliographia Judaica* recently began work on a large lexicon of German-Jewish writers. The encyclopaedia, projected to comprise 5 volumes, intends to present a cross-section of Jewish German-speaking writers. The German *Forschungsgemeinschaft* is financing the project. 'The purpose of the enterprise is to convey knowledge about the German-Jewish symbiosis to a wider public' explains Norbert Altenhofer, Professor at Frankfurt University. He links the fact that the *Forschungsgemeinschaft* is supporting it to the ongoing debate about the German past, in particular the German responsibility for the annihilation of the Jews. The termination of the great German-Jewish cultural symbiosis, he says, has again attracted much attention of late.

'The first volume of the projected encyclopaedia of writers could be available in three years', Renate Heuer, director of the *Archiv Bibliographia Judaica*, estimates. 'By the time the letter Z is reached, 8 to 10 years could have passed. It is intended, as far as possible, to have the authors speak in their own authentic voices. To this end, we have made abundant use of quotations; we have also tried, as best we could to ascertain the individual authors' attitudes to Judaism; their Jewish self-perception will form part of the biographical details wherever possible. To this end, we have analysed their correspondence, and of course also autobiographies and biographies.'

The lexicon should include all authors who have contributed importantly to our intellectual and cultural history. We have not selected qualitatively and shall therefore not only feature the likes of Kafka and Heine, but also unknown German-Jewish writers.'

SB's Column

Dramatic productions even without a theatre. Frankfurt, a city without its Schauspielhaus (the building has been put at the disposal of the opera ensemble, the Opera House having been destroyed by fire last year) will start the new season with Brecht's Edward II at the tramway depot in the Bockenheimer district.

Munich. The Kammerspiele plan a revival of Gerhart Hauptmann's *Und Pippa tanzt*, a play that made headlines in the Twenties but remained in oblivion for two generations who considered Hauptmann old-fashioned and (except for *Die Weber* and *Vor Sonnenuntergang*) neither classical nor contemporary. — The home of the Bavarian State Opera will remain closed until April 1989 because of intensive repair work. The ensemble, meanwhile, will visit Milan and Japan, and will give some Strauss and Mozart performances at the Cuvillie theatre.

Birthdays. Film Diva Camilla Horn is 85 years old. Her career started in 1926 when reviewers raved about her appearance as Gretchen in the (silent) Faust film. Very few actresses had such a long list of screen partners: she filmed with Willy Fritsch, Hans Albers, Rühmann, Gründgens, Louis Graveur and Walter Rilla; still active and attractive, she is often referred to as Grande Dame of the German screen. — Austrian composer Hans Lang who wrote music for many films and whose 'Mariandl' became the first post-war Viennese hit-song, and who set dozens of Peter Herz lyrics to music, celebrated his 80th birthday. Leonard Bernstein, composer and conductor, known all over the world as the *Music Guru* had his 70th birthday. Also 70 is Astrid Varnay, the American opera singer of Austro-Hungarian parentage; as member of the New York 'Met' from 1941 to 1956, she became one of the world's leading Wagnerian sopranos and an acclaimed successor to Kerstin Flagstad. Also eminent in

Richard Strauss operas, she sang in Bayreuth, Florence, and in Covent Garden between 1948 and 1968. In recent years Astrid Varnay appeared mainly in Munich where she was Clytemnestra in *Elektra* a few weeks ago.

Obituary. Fritz Kortner's widow Johanna Hofer, who has died in Munich, aged 91, was an actress in her own right. After promising beginnings in classical parts, she was 'rediscovered' by directors Peter Stein and Peter Zadek and hailed as an outstanding Frau Alving in Ibsen's 'Ghosts'. — Michael Jary, composer of innumerable evergreens who composed *Ich weiss, es wird einmal ein Wunder geschehen* for Zarah Leander, has died at the age of 82. He also wrote serious music during the Thirties and Forties but the NS authorities derided his attempts as 'intellektuelles Musikgestammel.'

MRS. FLORA LIVINGSTON — 95

'Flo', as she is being called by her many friends, was born in the little Bavarian town of Tauberbischofsheim into a family of strong Jewish background. She and her family twice became refugees: on emigrating to Italy in 1936, and on being forced by a Mussolini decree expelling all Jews who had come to Italy since 1924, to emigrate to England in 1939. Here, she and her husband joined the Leo Baeck Lodge, in which they both became very active members.

Flo took a particularly prominent part in the organisation of the annual charity functions of the Lodge, raising substantial amounts for the Lodge's Charitable Trust. She also served with devotion on other Committees and was made an Honorary Life Member of the Council in appreciation of her outstanding work. Her pleasant personality and humanity endeared her especially to all its members.

The warmest wishes of her many friends go out to her on this very special birthday. F.E.F.

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ART NOTES

HANS FEIBUSCH HONOURED

At a moving ceremony in the German Embassy on 19 July, the Commander's Grand Cross of Merit of the Federal Republic of Germany was awarded to the artist Hans Feibusch for his services to the arts and humanities. Feibusch will be 90 this year; at his studio he told me something about his life and antecedents. He was born in 1898 in Frankfurt, the son of prosperous, middle-class, highly emancipated parents. His grandfather was one of the founders of the *Frankfurter Zeitung* and used to receive many artists and musicians in his home. Hans Thoma was a frequent visitor.

Feibusch was educated at the Goethe Gymnasium and in 1916 went straight from school into the army. In 1920 he enrolled as a student at the Berlin Academy under Carl Hofer. He was immediately successful and in 1931 won the Prussian State Prize for which Max Liebermann wrote him a letter of congratulation. Commissioned to execute a portrait of Else Gentner-Fischer, a leading soprano at the Frankfurt Opera, he painted a life-size portrait of her and the picture was hung in the foyer of the Opera House; but with the advent of Hitler she, being a Jewess, was dismissed and the picture removed. Feibusch was shown the picture which had been preserved all the time in the Historische Museum at Frankfurt.

In 1933 he fled to Britain where he was befriended by Dr. George Bell, Bishop of Chichester. Since then he has painted many murals for churches, town halls and private

houses in Britain, including the West London Synagogue. In the early Seventies he turned to sculpture because of failing eyesight. But this has now been cured and he is currently engaged on commissioned portraits and large paintings in his studio crammed with the work of a life-time.

Gallery round-up

Ten years ago Anneli Juda held a 'Non-Objective World' exhibition. The present 'Non-Objective World Revisited' exhibition (to 15 October) is on the same theme, but shows some of the younger artists who still work in this tradition. The works of 40 artists are displayed and beautifully illustrated in a lavish catalogue. The artists include seven of German origin — Josef Albers, Ella Bergmann-Michel, Hannah Hoch, Robert Michel, Kurt Schwitters, Friedrich Vordemberge-Gildewart and Otto Freundlich. Freundlich (1878–1943) was born in Stolp (Pomerania) but moved to Paris in 1908, returning to Berlin in 1914 where he was active in the *Aktion* and *Sturm* groups. Postwar he went back to France, was arrested during the German occupation and died in Maidanek. One of his early works was used as the cover illustration for the catalogue of the famous *Entartete Kunst* exhibition in 1934.

Of all the recent exhibitions in London, the most poignant was that showing works by victims of the Holocaust at the RIBA galleries. Arranged by Dr. Elizabeth Maxwell and Roman Halter, the pictures are gruesome in part, yet often tender and intimate, a true reflection of how the artist's eye can see the realities of life and manifestations of the spirit even in brutally degrading circumstances.

Henry Moore stands supreme amongst modern British artists. His work can be seen at the major retrospective exhibition at the Royal Academy. The British Museum is showing 'The Age of Durer and Holbein: German Drawings 1400–1550' (to 16 October), with a well illustrated

catalogue prepared by Dr. John Rowlands (price £12.50 at the museum's bookstalls). This exhibition is certainly worth a visit, and from there to the National Gallery to see its most recent acquisition 'Winter Landscape' by Caspar David Friedrich (1774–1840), the first oil painting by this leading Romantic artist to enter a British public collection.

Harold Samuel (Lord Samuel of Wych Cross), the property tycoon, bequeathed his magnificent collection of 83 Dutch masters to the Corporation of London last year. The collection will be permanently housed in the Mansion House, but will be on display at the Barbican (until 20 October). The collection, described as 'the greatest art bequest this century', includes two works by Frans Hals, five by Brueghel, five by Ostade, three by Ruisdal, etc., etc.

Our old friend Ruth Collet will be showing 'Works in Mixed Media' at the Sternberg Centre (until 5 October). John Denham's next exhibition will be 'Originals for Advertising 1920's–1930's' (October 16–30), including pre-war works by Leonard Fries and Walter Nessler. The Ben Uri's annual Open Exhibition in September will include works by many contemporary artists, including Joe Rose, Pamina Mahrenholz, Peter Baer and Peter Ringel.

Outside London the successful sculptress Naomi Balke is exhibiting a work entitled 'Rebirth' at the Royal Society of British Sculptors' Open Exhibition at New College, Oxford (July–September) and is also having an exhibition of her sculpture in the Parish Church of St. Mary and All Saints, Walsingham (August 10–28). The enterprising City of Manchester Art Gallery will be showing 'George Eisler: People, Places and Politics' (24 September–23 October). The Austrian painter Eisler was brought up in Manchester as an exile from Nazism. These new works recall his childhood memories and also include a series of political paintings. A. SCHWAB

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As of 10 October 1988 our weekly Monday lectures will take place at the Communal Hall, Belsize Square Synagogue, 51 Belsize Square, London NW3 4HX

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Founded by a group of refugee intellectuals — the playwright Hans José Rehfisch and the cultural philosopher Prof. Hermann Friedmann among them — the Club is dedicated to open-mindedness in all cultural matters. Once a month we have invited the PEN-Centre of German-speaking Writers Abroad as guest with the 'PEN-Lese-bühne', a writers' forum.

The Club's annual membership fee is £8.00.

Should you be interested in joining, please write to or phone The Secretary, Club 1943, Mrs. Berta Sterly, 4 Grey Close, London NW11 6QC, Tel.: (01) 455-1535.

This announcement was made possible through a grant by the Cultural Department of the Foreign Ministry of the Federal Republic of Germany.

FAMILY EVENTS

Entries in this column are free of charge, but voluntary donations would be appreciated. Texts should reach us by the 10th of the preceding month.

Birthdays

Goodfriend:—Mr. F. Goodfriend will be celebrating his 85th birthday on 6 September. With love and fondest wishes from his family and friends.

Livingstone:—Heartiest Mazel Tov to our dear Flo on her 95th birthday. From all members of the Leo Baeck Women's Lodge.

Salomonson:—Mrs. Paula Salomonson will celebrate her 80th birthday on 3 October and Mr. Walter Salomonson will celebrate his 85th birthday on 5 October. 39 Ranelagh Drive, Edgware, Middlesex, HA8 8HN.

Marriage

Woolf/Aspler:—The marriage between Annette Helen Woolf and Dr. Joseph Stephen Aspler took place on 28 August in Montreal, Canada.

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Annette is the daughter of Mrs. Rita Woolf and the late Mr. John Woolf and Joseph is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Aspler of Montreal. Mazel Tov from family and friends.

Deaths

Callman:—Edith, widow of Dr. Felix Callman, our beloved mother and grandmother passed away in her 90th year 8 July 1988. She will never be forgotten and her memory cherished. Clive, Jutta, Vernon, Judy, David, Jessica, Jeremy and Tanya. Judge Clive Callman, 11 Constable Close, London NW 11 GUA.

Fuss:—Hans Fuss passed away 16 August in California, USA, aged 73. Sadly missed by all relatives and friends.

Herzfeld:—Mrs. Erna Herzfeld,

born Spitz Gnesen 10 June 1904, died 2 July 1988. Sadly missed by all the family.

Jacoby:—Kate Jacoby, of 63 Embassy House, West End Lane, NW6, passed away in her 92nd year on 24 July 1988. Mourned by her children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren and extended family.

In Memoriam

Goldschmidt:—Werner Goldschmidt passed away 2 August 1987. Words cannot portray the emptiness and loss. Else.

CLASSIFIED

The charge in these columns is 50p for five words plus £1.00 for advertisements under a Box No. To save administrative costs, please enclose payment with the text of your advertisement.

Es soll für tot erklärt werden:

STERN Margot (Marga), geb. entweder vor 1912 oder zwischen 1913 und 1916, beschäftigt als Zeichnerin bei einer Berliner Modeschule, soll ca. 1939 nach London, Hampstead-Heath emigriert und verheiratet sein.
Eltern: Simon Stern, geb. 22.8.1881 in Stropov, Kaufmann, Simon, geb. Pieberberg Frieda, geb. 21.4.1890 wohnhaft Hamm/Westf., Ostwall 35, später Brünn.

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Information Required

HES. Information wanted about Ignatz Hes, born in Papenburg/Germany, lived in London 1939-40/41, died in U.S.A. in 1955. Please write to Sabine Feldick, Umländerweg rechts 65, 2990 Papenburg 1, West Germany.

LOEWENSTEIN. Inge Loewenstein, born in Hameln, Germany. Arrived in U.K. before W.W.II. Address in 1943 Salford Royal Hospital, Salford. Would anyone knowing her whereabouts please contact the Jewish Refugees Committee, Drayton House, 30 Gordon Street, London WC1 0AN.

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OBITUARIES

THE NELSON TOUCH

Herbert Nelson — 'Mr. Cabaret' — died in New York in May, aged 77. The son of theatre owner Rudolf Nelson and cabaret singer Käthe Erholz, he was literally born into the world of cabaret which became his life. Having fled to Amsterdam in the Nazi era and gone into hiding after the occupation Rudolf and Herbert Nelson miraculously managed to carry on 'underground' cabaret performances satirising the Germans and to survive. At the end of the war Herbert emigrated to the United States where he met and married his wife Eva, a chanteuse. He worked for a time on the 'Voice of America' programme. There followed a series of successful cabaret productions, for which Herbert wrote the songs which Eva performed. In 1972 they began teaching cabaret as an art form at American colleges and universities, a novel subject which gained great popularity amongst student audiences in more than 70 cities. Herbert Nelson was also a talented pianist and *conférencier*. Together with Eva he appeared in a German TV film showing their many-faceted artistry. A collection of his songs entitled 'Kleine Kriege' appeared in Germany shortly before Herbert's death. Sadly he was unable to complete his memoirs on which he had worked in the latter years of his life.

JOSEPH OTTO FLATTER

Joseph Otto Flatter was born in 1894 in Vienna, where his study of painting was interrupted by war service in the Imperial Army. He came to England in 1934. Once here, he was wisely counselled that political developments made it preferable for him to settle.

Hitler's rise to power led him to discover his satirical talent; he drew a series of cartoons entitled 'Mein Kampf Illustrated' which was

successfully exhibited in London and in the provinces, but unfortunately completely burnt when Selfridges, the London store which showed his pictures, was bombed. After brief internment he was spotted by Lord Vansittart and commissioned by the then Ministry of Information to draw cartoons which were used in psychological warfare.

His works as official war artist span the duration of the war and are deposited in the Imperial War Museum in London. The 200 or so cartoons outline the story of the Nazi era, culminating in his sketches of the 16 accused in the dock at the Nuremberg Trial. Millions must have seen these cartoons, and recognised their distinct style.

After the war he concentrated mainly on picture restoring and researching into Old Master paintings. The final years of his busy life as artist were devoted to gouache paintings commenting on day-to-day political issues. He generously permitted the use of three of his oil paintings in the video *Facing the Anschluss*, a documentary made earlier this year to mark the 50th anniversary of the Anschluss of Austria.

DOROTHEA McEWAN

IRIS ORIGO

Her ancestors were American, Scottish and Irish, and she lived as a child in Kilkenny and Fiesole. She read so much that her mother was afraid that she would run out of books before she was grown up. She married an Italian count, and during the war they sheltered many refugees and escaping prisoners at their ramshackle estate. She was the

author of books on many subjects, ranging from St. Bernard of Siena to Byron's tragic daughter Allegra.

I came across her name in quite a different context, while collecting information about my aunts Anna and Paula Essinger's school, Bunce Court in Kent. In December of 1938 our school had run out of money. Most of the parents were no longer able to pay the school fees; in addition we had accepted many children who had arrived on the children's transports to Dovercourt Camp. Tante Anna gave a series of private lectures in London in order to interest a wider group of people in the plight of refugee children. After one of these talks a young lady came forward, and offered money to cover the 'guarantee' required by the government for ten children. And soon after Iris Origo — for it was she — sent a cheque for £1,500 to our school.

I have always been intrigued by the generous lady with the unusual name, but have only found out more about her on her death.

DOROTHEA M. POTTEN

Largest Synagogue to be Restored

The 3,600-seat Central Synagogue in Budapest's Dohanyi Street, the largest in Europe, built in 1853 in Byzantine style, and severely damaged in a wartime artillery bombardment, is to undergo a 30 million dollar restoration. The Hungarian Government will bear half the cost while the remainder will come from a worldwide fundraising campaign initiated two years ago by the Emanuel Foundation of New York. Its Honorary President is the actor Tony Curtis whose Hungarian-Jewish parents emigrated to U.S.A. after the last war.

The Emanuel Foundation will also provide for the upkeep of Hungary's Jewish cemeteries — numbering some thirteen hundred. A memorial to the 600,000 Hungarian Jews who perished under the Nazis is also planned.

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A TRUE EUROPEAN

Had he lived beyond the biblically allotted span Peter de Mendelssohn would have been eighty this summer. Born at Munich in 1908 he was practically pre-destined to be a European. His father had grown up in Estonia, and his mother in Spanish-speaking Argentina; assorted relatives spoke Russian, Danish and English. Mendelssohn's own English, taught him by the famous translator Willa Muir at the artists' colony of Hellerau near Dresden, was good enough to enable him to write books in that language during the thirty-odd years of his exile in Britain.

In the 1920s he had embarked on a journalistic career with the *Berliner Tageblatt*; after the Machtergreifung he worked on emigré publications in Paris and Vienna before finally settling down, with his wife Hilde Spiel, in London. Here he published the novel *Across the Dark River* (1939), the story of Jewish refugees adrift on a derelict Danube steamer, in the telling of which he used the melancholy landscape of the Burgenland as an appropriately dispiriting backdrop. During the war he worked for the British Ministry of Information and contributed to the London-based German language journal *Die Zeitung*, as well as publishing *The Hours and the Centuries*, a novel about Occupied France. Post-war he brought out a study of Nazi strategy entitled *The*

Nuremberg Documents. He spent most of the late Forties in Germany, helping, as press consultant to the Allied Military Government, to found several newspapers that were to mould opinion in the Federal Republic.

Back in London throughout the 1950s and 60s, he wrote a number of books designed to explain England to the Germans, one with the charming title of *Einhorn singt im Regen* (The Unicorn sings in the Rain). Simultaneously he engaged in research on diverse German cultural institutions such as the newspaper and publishing industries;

these researches bore fruit in, respectively, *Zeitungstadt Berlin*, and, *S. Fischer und sein Verlag*. (The influence Sami Fischer, a Hungarian Jew, exerted over the German publishing scene is indicated by the fact that Mendelssohn's study of him ran to 1,500 pages.)

Actually any study of Peter de Mendelssohn's own *oeuvre* would also need to be pretty large-scale. In addition to the aforementioned titles he produced biographies of Roosevelt and Churchill in English, and one of Thomas Mann in German. He also did a great deal of translating, particularly of works on archeology and art history. He even wrote a book about the filming of his prentice piece *Schmerzliches Arkadien* (Painful Arcadia — written when he was 22) decades later by the famous French director Julien Duvivier.

In 1970 Mendelssohn settled in the Federal Republic for good. Several years later, on the occasion of his 70th birthday, he was honoured with a festschrift entitled *Unterwegs*. That word, signifying en route, or embarked on a journey, nicely encapsulates the work of a man who not only led a peripatetic life but devoted much of his abundant talent to building bridges between England, France and Germany. Peter de Mendelssohn who died in 1982, belonged — alongside his Jewish colleagues André Maurois and Max Brod — to a select band of literary intermediaries between different cultures.

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