

AJR *Information*

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February 1992

£3 (to non-members)

Don't miss . . .

German pensions
announcement p9

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rises must
converge p15

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repeated p16

Planning
megadeath
with
paperclips

The Wannsee meeting in January 1942 at which SS high-ups conferred with bureaucrats about the murder of 11 million Jews has no counterpart in the annals of human infamy. No KGB document comparable to the Wannsee Protocol is likely ever to emerge: Stalin murdered haphazardly (as did the little Stalins like Pol Pot). Wannsee reinforces the point we have always made. Nazi genocide against the Jews was absolutely *sui generis*. It excludes comparison with any other atrocity in history. Comparisons, once deemed odious, now lead only to trivialisation! □

Vergangenheitsbewältigung – a categorical imperative

Overcoming the past

For all that Europe tantalises impoverished would-be immigrants from the Third World much of its soil is, thanks to Hitler and Stalin, manured with human remains. This obscenity is yet further compounded by the rationalisations of some Europeans – not only Serbs and Croats – who attempt to justify one set of atrocities by reference to another.

The newly sovereign Baltic states show a deplorable tendency to gloss over the war crimes of their own nationals by arguing that these occurred in the heat of battle against Russia, destroyer of Baltic independence. (The allies, of course, used a similar rationale in the Cold War when they assisted Gestapo torturer Klaus Barbie to escape to South America.)

Even the dread butcher of Lyons was, however, small fry beside the Croat *Führer* Ante Pavelic who escaped along the 'rat line' with the active help of the Vatican. The saving of *Ustashe* murderers from the hangman's noose is such a perversion of the concept of Christian mercy that it leaves the already dubious reputation of Pope Pius XII in absolute tatters.

The categorical imperative of *Vergangenheitsbewältigung* confronts all the countries and institutions of Europe whose immune system collapsed before the contagion of Nazi antisemitism. In recent months President Kravchuk of the resurrected Ukraine admitted his fellow countrymen's culpability in the Babi Yar massacre, and the Austrian Chancellor Vranitzky made a similar avowal of national guilt. (Alas, in the country which, unlike the Ukraine, has been a democracy since the war, Vranitzky's statement came 40 years too late.)

Even in Western Europe *Vergangenheitsbewältigung* leaves much to be desired. In France former Vichy police chief Bousquet lives in luxurious retirement, and in Belgium ex-Nazi collaborators have formed the Vlaams Block which is threatening the cohesion of the country.

Here we face a situation in which positive and negative aspects are precariously balanced. The United Kingdom is unique in Western Europe in 'lacking' a party of the extreme Right. This healthy state of affairs was reflected in the reluctance of individuals on the wilder fringes of Toryism to be seen publicly in Le Pen's company. On the other hand, though political antisemitism may be absent from the British scene, its social variant is not. The Maxwell debacle has revived stereotypical images of Jewish greed and crookedness current at the time of the Guinness Trial. (Politically, too, we have cause to worry when an – admittedly junior – member of HM Government like Alan Clark flaunts his friendship with that egregious muckraker of the past, David Irving.)

More importantly though, the past will not relinquish its baleful grip on a Europe aspiring to the status of a new secular Holy Roman Empire until Rome itself admits how often the fallibly human links in the chain sanctified by the term Apostolic Succession have fallen far short of saintliness. Europe, whether secular or Christian, can have no future unless it exorcises its ancestral demons.



Crusaders on the rampage

A treat in store

BBC will be showing a televised version of Christopher Hampton's *Tales from Hollywood* later this year. The play, staged at the National Theatre in 1983, deals with Ödon von Horvath's imaginary stay in the U.S.A. and his encounter with an illustrious band of emigrés: Heinrich and Thomas Mann, Bertolt Brecht, Lion Feuchtwanger etc. The TV cast will include Jeremy Irons, Sir Alec Guinness and Sinead Cusack. □

Inge Morath honoured

The Austrian *Staatspreis für Fotografie* has been awarded to Inge Morath who was born in Vienna and lives in the U.S.A. Her husband is the playwright Arthur Miller. □

Second thoughts in Bonn

The German government has revised an earlier decision to reduce the pensions previously paid to victims of Fascism in the DDR. All Jews living in East Germany had been in receipt of such pensions. □

Better late than never

After a debate lasting 19 years the University of Oldenburg has been renamed Carl-von-Ossietsky-Universität in honour of the Nobel Peace Prize winner done to death in a concentration camp. Ossietsky is the first anti-Nazi martyr to be commemorated in this manner. □

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Profile

Mancunian mentor



Rabbi Carlebach.

Photo: Newman.

Rabbi Felix Carlebach was born in Lübeck, Germany, 81 years ago. He looks much younger. His manner is best described as avuncular; a fine, wide smile and cheery white beard give one the impression of a sort of Jewish Santa Claus.

A glance at the Carlebach *curriculum vitae*, however, provides the reader with ample evidence of hard work and ambition fulfilled.

From 1933, when he was only 21 years old, to 1938 Felix Carlebach was the Deputy Headmaster of Jewish Secondary Schools, Leipzig.

Rabbi Carlebach left Germany in 1939, one of 200 rabbis and teachers who received special travel permits, arranged by rabbis Hertz and Schönfeldt, and were granted immigration visas by the British Consul in Berlin. He arrived in England, with his wife, Babette, penniless and unable to speak the language.

Within a very short time the North London United Synagogue had a new 'war-time' minister. Replacing the regular minister, who had been drafted into the armed forces, Rabbi Carlebach spent six years in London, in Palmers Green and Southgate. In 1946 he was offered the position of Senior Minister at the South Manchester Synagogue, where he remained until his retirement in 1987. He takes the credit for raising the unit from a 'war-torn and tattered community' to one of the U.K.'s premier congregations. In addition to his regular congregation the rabbi has been Honorary Chaplain and religious counsel-

lor to five Lord Mayors of Manchester, the High Sheriff of the Manchester Judiciary, Christie Cancer Hospital, Morris Feinman Homes for the aged and the Manchester and Southport Jewish Blind Societies. In addition to these special appointments Felix Carlebach has continued teaching and lecturing. His extraneous activities have included a term as President of the B'nai B'rith Dr Moses Gaster Lodge. He is Vice-President of the Council of Christians and Jews and President of the New Literary Society.

Recently, the city of Lübeck honoured its erstwhile son and made Rabbi Carlebach a Freeman of the City by decree of Senate. 'The people of Lübeck treated me like a long-lost king', he said of his visit. This is no small honour. Past recipients of the Freedom of Lübeck have included von Hindenburg, Thomas Mann and Willy Brandt. Felix Carlebach feels very much at home in this illustrious company and his pride in being given such an award is apparent in his eagerness to display the beautifully bound *Ehrenbürger* certificate with which he was presented.

The city of Manchester, too, has taken Felix Carlebach to its heart, the Hallé Orchestra performs an annual Rabbi Felix Carlebach concert in his honour. This special tribute is an indication of the many-faceted nature of the man. The Hallé pay their tribute not only in recognition of his work as one of Manchester's best known religious leaders, but also to an accomplished musician whose talent they acknowledge. His extra-curricular activities have included earning a degree in music and he is a well-known conductor who has performed in front of large audiences all over Europe. (He was personally asked by the Mayor of Lübeck to conduct the city's orchestra.)

The Rabbi describes his life's high-points with the aid of large scrap-books. While going through these he refers to himself in the third person: 'Here is Carlebach conducting', 'Here is Carlebach making a speech at the Town Hall' etc.

Rabbi Felix Carlebach is much admired in the 'Capital of the North', his congregants are almost as proud of his achievements as he is. In answer to the question: 'Do you think of yourself as lucky when you look back at your life?' the Rabbi answered: 'No, I was never lucky, just humble and grateful'. The Mancunian congregants with whom I spoke expressed themselves proud of, and grateful for, Felix Carlebach's works on their behalf.

□ M.N.

Reviews

Exploitation or exorcism?

Martin Amis, *TIME'S ARROW*, Jonathan Cape, 1991, £13.99

Allan Massie, *THE SINS OF THE FATHER*, Hutchinson, 1991, £13.99

Two contemporary writers have attempted the virtually impossible task of mirroring the Holocaust in fiction.

The horrors of the Final Solution would defeat Tolstoy's power to present them in the guise of a novel. However, the subject appears challenging to writers and the critic can but judge their performance. Both Amis and Massie have been attacked for their presumption, but I think that is a mistaken attitude. Neither effort is scurrilous, so Jewish readers should not condemn non-Jews for trying to tackle something that looms large in their nightmares, too.

Amis has adopted a completely experimental, 'post-modernist' style. He, who is on record as having said that he cannot operate except in context of irony, has in this instance gone further than in all his

previous work. The novel is 'written backwards', with everything in it happening in reverse. It is not just the unreeling of a story from the end to the beginning; no, taxis take people from their destination to their points of departure; meals are served from dessert to soup; natural functions happen the other way round; love-making begins with orgasm. It beggars the imagination, and quite often it beggars the ability of Amis (or anybody else) to sustain this.

What has all this to do with the Holocaust? The clue is the story of Tod Friendly in what he calls *okay America*. The reader soon realises that his dead-friendly man is not what he seems to be. Friendly travels all the way back to when he was Odilo Unverdorben, the SS doctor working under Uncle Pepi, alias Joseph Mengele. (Unverdorben – uncorrupted – is, presumably, the author's allegorical term for the human being which the later killer medic once was.)

Holocaust in reverse

The Holocaust happens in reverse, too. The killers start with the rescue and restoration of the victims . . . yes, even revivification takes place. With difficulty Amis saves himself from absurdity. In the end we arrive at SS recruit Unverdorben and stop short of the mass murder which has been dealt with by its reverse side on T. Friendly's way back. The epitome – and simultaneous negation – of this book is Treblinka station, a prop for the deception of the victims, with the clock forever at 13.27 and a huge arrow beneath it, with the legend 'Change Here For Eastern Trains.'

If readers can overcome their instinctive resistance to seeing the Shoah subjected to literary sleight-of-hand, they will find the novel surprisingly easy to read. It will make them think and take issue.

Allan Massie deals with time and his characters in a straightforward manner. But neither the times nor the characters he describes are straightforward. He, too, treats of the aftermath of the Holocaust, and he, too, is much concerned with one of the chief perpetrators: Rudi Schmidt, alias Standartenführer Rudolph Kestner, is modelled on Eichmann.

Another chief character is Eli Czinner. He is so patriotic a Jewish German that he, an absolutely outstanding economist, works for the Nazis under the aegis of Schacht until 1939. Well, it's fiction, and in fiction the unlikely is possible. But his English wife could NOT have met Cosima Wagner in

1938/9; that particular Frau Wagner was dead by then.

The plot unfolds in the 1960s, in Argentina. Czinner and wife Nell have a daughter, Becky, and she and Franz Schmidt, the son of Rudi, now a respected engineer, are lovers. Czinner, whom the Nazis had sent to a camp despite his devotion to their economic interests and who is now blind, objects. But the families consent to meet. Czinner recognises Kestner by his voice. He informs the Israelis and Kestner is abducted to Israel Eichmann-style.

The continued love story of Franz and Becky has been compared to Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*; Dante's Paolo and Francesca offer a better comparison, for the latter-day lovers live to be a burden to each other, and there is always the whiff of the Inferno.

Kestner's trial in Jerusalem is the high point of the story. His son is allowed to see him, and the monster explains how he turned into one. He is hanged, and Franz and Becky defy the world and marry. Had the novel ended there, people would tearfully rejoice that love makes the world whole. But it was not to be. From then on Massie's story becomes 'ordinary'; the hell-fire is damped down and mundane concerns, such as bisexuality and marital ennui, take over.

The novel's most offensive item is the reference to Israel as a 'National Socialist' state, though the remark is made by the monstrous Kestner, who has become philo-semitic and wishes the state well. He just can't change his spots entirely. Massie also intimates that we are all guilty and that the Jews themselves committed grim deeds in history. Our Scripture certainly bears him out – but look at the difference in scale and time.

□ John Rossall



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Singer's swansong

Isaac Bashevis Singer, *SCUM*, translated from the Yiddish by Rosaline Dukalsky Schwartz, Jonathan Cape, 1991, £14.99

This book 'celebrates' a solemn occasion – being the last novel of the last of the great Yiddish writers, and is, indeed, suitably solemn, not to say depressing.

Most of the characters are what the author calls them in his title: scum. That may be a harsh word to apply to human beings when much of contemporary literature is taken up with excusing the inexcusable, but Bashevis Singer disagrees. He describes miserable lives and an almost accidental murder, putting all this before the readers who must look in vain for mitigating circumstances. The main 'actors' are all Jews; turn-of-century Warsaw is no more than an interesting background. The scene of action is in the semi-Ghetto of that era. Had this book been written by a Gentile or a Jewish apostate, it would have prompted accusations of antisemitism.

Max Barabander has made money in Argentina. The tragic death of his teenage son has finished his marriage. But even this, a love match, is tainted. At the onset of the story husband and wife are estranged, tragedy having made her frigid and him impotent. His decision to travel and look for pastures new takes him back to the scenes of his origins. His parents are buried somewhere in a Shtetl, and he pretends to himself that he will see to their graves. He never does so, but it always remains a floating thought in his seething mind. What he really looks for are women to prove to himself that he is still the man he once was.

Starry-eyed

He seeks his prey among the *Luftmenschen* of this sleazy milieu. However, his first intended victim is virginal Tsirele, the daughter of an assistant rabbi. Full of anarcho-socialist ideals she believes that Jewry can find salvation in the coming revolution. Her father is saintly in the sense that he is completely unworldly, learned but purblind. The *rebbetzin* is a dominating shrew. Since Max cannot seduce Tsirele he asks for her hand in marriage. (Bigamy shmigamy, so to speak.) The rabbi is only concerned that Max doesn't look like a Jew. His condition: the godless Argentinian, who is clever at presenting surface ethnicity, must grow a beard. Tsirele is starry-eyed and ready to drop her politics for bridal dreams. The *rebbetzin* remains sceptical

and the rabbi gratefully returns to his religious texts and tasks.

With Tsirele on ice, Max hunts for female flesh elsewhere. He is successful in every sense of the word, with Reyzl, the not-so-young 'moll' of Shmuel Smetena, a fixer and crook past his prime. The white slaver sees Max as a better prospect. She doesn't want a husband, she wants a partner in her business of exporting poor Jewish girls into South American prostitution. Mad Max manages to seduce one of these girls, and in his spare time he makes a bid for a clairvoyant medium who 'puts him in touch' with his dead son who, lo and behold, addresses him in Polish (of which he never knew a word). Though Max realises the fraud, the medium, at least partly genuine despite appearances, will do for his other purposes.

It all ends tragically, but on the way Bashevis Singer's masterly touch is undeniable.

□ John Rossall

Memoirs of a German Jew

Herbert Freeden *LEBEN ZUR FALSCHEN ZEIT* 1991 Transit Verlag Berlin

The author of this autobiography is no stranger to quite a number of our readers, for it was he who proposed and named *AJR Information* back in 1941, and was its joint editor until 1950. Freeden was uniquely qualified for this task having cut his journalistic teeth in pre-war Germany as a regular contributor, first to the left-wing press, then to such prestigious Jewish weeklies as the Zionist *Jüdische Rundschau*.

That he is still a highly talented professional, with an enviable command of language and a fluent and convincing style, is amply demonstrated by this fascinating memoir. Given the nature of the times, the story would in any case be an absorbing one, but Freeden transcends mere reportage. His pen creates vivid images of this 'journey to the past' which almost makes one forget that this is not a fast-moving and exciting novel, but a serious collection of memories and well-considered arguments. Above all, the book bears witness to its author's passionate commitment to Judaism and the Jewish people.

Three emigrations designate the major stages of his life. His childhood years, before and during World War I, were spent

in Poznan – at that time Posen was a part of Prussia. In 1920, Freeden's father, proudly German, opted not to stay on in Poland and moved the family to Kassel. Young Freeden attended the *Gymnasium*, took *Abitur* and studied law at Munich at a time when Dachau was 'a placename still untainted'.

Kulturbund

Berlin beckoned. Life for a young and struggling journalist was far from easy. He earned little and his first serious love affair ended in tragedy. But the Berlin of the last Weimar years was stimulating in its sophisticated intellectual and artistic ambience. In January 1933, one chapter closed and another opened. Freeden's Zionism found expression in his writing in involvement in the activities of the *Kulturbund*. That he now, with hindsight, brands this organisation as a vehicle for the voluntary cultural ghettoisation of German Jewry, and a trial run for later events at Theresienstadt and elsewhere, may not be universally acceptable – but Freeden is not one to pull his punches.

After November 1938, he emigrated to Britain. Here his experiences resembled those of many others: Kitchener Camp, a London bedsit, internment on the Isle of Man, release into the Pioneer Corps, wartime marriage, return to civilian life and, once again, work for the Jewish community and the Zionist cause. The stay in Britain was for him an interlude, leading in 1950 to his third, and final, emigration: *aliyah*. He has since lived in Jerusalem working as a writer and a contributor to German-language papers, and travelling extensively to Germany and elsewhere to speak about, and for, the Jewish State.

The wrong century

Some sadness suffuses the chapters dealing with the last 40 years up to the *intifada* and the Gulf War. Clearly frustrated at the elusiveness of peace for our people in its homeland Freeden lets his mood veer towards somewhat uncharacteristic pessimism. He reaches the conclusion that both he and the Jewish State were born into 'the wrong century'. He contends that he himself should have lived a hundred years ago, and that Israel should have been established soon after the Balfour Declaration, before the Holocaust and before Arab nationalism had time to crystallise. I disagree with both propositions – with the latter because it is largely academic, and with the former because it would have left us without this fascinating life story of a remarkable contemporary.

□ David Maier

Psychoanalysis and Judaism

Yosef Hayim Yerushalmi *FREUD'S MOSES: Judaism Terminable and Interminable*. Yale University Press, 1991. £16.95

The specific subject of this study was Freud's last major work, *Moses and Monotheism*, begun in Vienna in 1934 and completed in London after Freud's emigration to this country. Its basic thesis is that monotheism is of Egyptian origin, that Moses himself was not a Hebrew, but an upper-class Egyptian who believed fervently in this new religion, and who freed the Hebrew slaves in order to perpetuate his faith. Unable to become accustomed to the rigours of 'belief in one invisible God and in the supremacy of morality over cult and ritual', the Hebrews revolted and killed Moses. They then attempted to expunge all memory of this murder and reminder of its cause but, after a lapse of several centuries, the Mosaic heritage was rediscovered and again adopted by the Jewish people.

Assessing Freud

This is the raw material of Professor Yerushalmi's investigation and he sets about his task using his own methodology. He begins by assessing Freud's place in the history of German-Jewish Enlightenment, with particular reference to his professed atheism which made him a godless, or secular, or, as the author prefers, a psychological Jew, cast in the mould of Spinoza and Marx. And thus the question is raised as to whether it was Freud's apparent ambivalence towards Judaism and all its implications which caused him to undertake a study of its founder, in whose image he perhaps conceived himself as the founder of his own quasi-religious movement.

How Jewish, then, is Freud's Jewish history? Yerushalmi concludes that, unlike other secular Jews, Freud remains in harmony with traditional exegesis in as much as he agrees that Jews did not choose their religion, that on the contrary, it 'chose' them through the agency of Moses. But we are told that Freud departs from orthodoxy by claiming for his psychoanalysis a status virtually akin to holy scripture. This heresy is not examined until the final chapter. Meanwhile the author moves from looking at the 'Jewishness' of psychoanalysis to Freud's complex view of Judaism and Christianity and of Jews as people and a people. And he agrees with others that this view was critically influenced by Freud's well-known Oedipus complex.

Strong disapproval

By way of a final *tour de force* we are invited to listen in on Yerushalmi's imaginary 'monologue with Freud', in which he takes issue with him on such fundamental assertions (in *Moses and Monotheism*) as the alleged murder and its subsequent suppression in biblical and post-biblical writing. He throws doubt also on the supposition that Moses was not Hebrew but Egyptian. But he reserves his strongest disapproval for Freud's belief in what might be called the 'withering away' of religion.

This final chapter constitutes a powerful, eloquent denunciation of antisemitic attacks on psychoanalysis as a 'Jewish science'. But the author also ventures to ascribe to Freud's 'Moses' monograph the hidden meaning that the movement which he had conceived was a 'metamorphosed extension of Judaism'. And he may well be right.

It is arguable whether a series of lectures can, without some measure of editing, be readily transformed into a book. But there can be no doubt that, with its lively text enhanced by appendices, notes and an extensive bibliography, this volume is a fascinating record of research and a substantial contribution to the literature on Freud's theories of the origins of religion.

Readers not immediately familiar with this subject may, now that their interest has been aroused, well ask if they would find in *Moses and Monotheism* a work of fiction, a latter-day talmudic tractate, an Old-New Testament or a medical treatise. Since Professor Yerushalmi himself leaves this question unanswered, thus teasing the inquiring mind, he might be persuaded that a sequel to the present book would be a worthwhile undertaking.

□ David Maier

A chilling distance

Shelley called poets the 'unacknowledged legislators of mankind' but he was wrong. Writers share all the weaknesses of common humanity; not even Nobel Prize winners of Literature are exempt.

In 1935 when some American playwrights urged Pirandello to protest against Mussolini's invasion of Abyssinia he responded with the cynical question 'What are you doing about the Red Indians?'

Elias Canetti is another Nobel laureate whom I – on cursory acquaintance – found less than *sympatico*.

Now we Jews can boast one more Nobel Prize winner for Literature in the person of Nadine Gordimer. She has received near-universal acclaim both as a writer and as an unflinching opponent of apartheid. It is a chorus of praise in which I cannot join wholeheartedly.

Demonstrating detachment

The reason? Nadine Gordimer's public statements demonstrate an almost chilling detachment from Jewish concerns. (She is the wholly Jewish daughter of a Lithuanian immigrant father and a better educated English-born mother.)

In a recent interview she stated 'Since no member of my family fell victim to the Holocaust, Israel was an abstraction for me. I had no emotional links with the people to whom it offered asylum and a home.'

Asked why she nonetheless visited the Jewish State in the 1980s she listed her concern about South African-Israeli co-operation in the manufacture of high-tech weaponry. When the interviewer justified this collaboration on the grounds that Israel was in no position to pick and choose allies she rejected his argument 'on principle'. Yet within minutes, when the conversation moved on to Nelson Mandela's appellation of Colonel Gaddafi and Yasser Arafat as 'comrades-in-arms' she said *expressis verbis* 'Given the position in which the ANC finds itself Nelson Mandela is forced to have strange bedfellows.'

So much for the logic of Shelley's 'unacknowledged legislators of mankind'!

□ R.G.

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Letters to the Editor

WALDHEIMER'S DISEASE

Sir – This article (November 91) combines in one person the well known sociologist and Government member Henri de Man (1885–1953) and the less known literary critic Paul de Man (1919–1983).

The remarks held to special obloquy refer to Paul de Man's French essay written in 1941 under German occupation supported by a vociferous antisemitic Belgian minority. It begins: 'Vulgar antisemitism takes pleasure in considering cultural developments since 1918 as degenerate and decadent because of Jewish influence . . . This concept entails consequences dangerous enough . . .' and ends by advocating a negotiated Zionist-style Jewish settlement outside Europe (as envisaged by Herzl and discussed at an international conference 1938).

Detailed circumstances suggest it was a deliberate dissenting attack clad in ironically subservient language as now known from similar Czech and Polish writings, a covert appeal to place Belgian Jews outside the reach of persecution before abolition of nominal Belgian independence.

The official Belgian investigating commission in 1945 completely exonerated Paul de Man in full knowledge of his wartime writings and activities but condemned Henri de Man for his illusory attempts, shared by King Leopold III, to save Belgian independence (and hence its Jews) by dealings with Hitler Germany. Henri de Man fled to Switzerland and died there.

American Jews supported Paul de Man in full knowledge, after consideration at a conference, of all his activities and writings including the mentioned essay. His dissenting technique was judged by conference to be similar to that used by Jews under Babylonian and Roman oppression.

Accusations of personal immorality, whether against Henri or Paul de Man, whether provable or not, may have evoked painful memories of similar attacks suffered by some older members of the AJR or by their relatives or friends.

Alleyn Road
London SE21

M. L. Meyer

CURATE'S EGG YEAR

Sir – I wish I could share your sanguine view about 1991 which in my view was very similar to 1938 as far as world Jewry is

concerned. A single leading power has emerged in the Middle East, which finds it in its interest to cultivate the Arab nations. In 1938, it was the United Kingdom, in 1991 the United States.

Chaim Weitzmann's words after the 1938 Evian Conference seem apt today: 'The world is divided into countries where Jews cannot live and countries where Jews cannot go.' In 1991 the countries where they cannot live are the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe and the countries they cannot go to include Israel, which is unable to absorb them in large enough numbers.

My hope is that in 1992 world Jewry, and, in particular, survivors of the Hitler period will do all they can to help Israel absorb the growing number of refugees.

North Mymms
Hatfield, Herts

Henry Toch

IDOL WORDS

Sir – Maybe we shall never know whether Hitler or Stalin was the greater villain, but in his book *White Nights* Menachem Begin had this to say:

The German extermination camps and the Russian labour camps were, the one as much as the other, works of the devil. But even the devil's works are various. The difference between the German and Soviet camps lies in one small word, and a whole world of difference lies in it: hope. The German exterminators gave their victims no prospect of living; the prisoners in the Soviet labour camps had such a chance.

Mr Begin's view seems to have been borne out by the refuseniks who survived the labour camps and are now in Israel. It seems to me that the scales are heavily weighted against Hitler.

Wembley Park
Middx

Ruth Willers

HANS ALBERS

Sir – During the pre-war Hitler years, when Hans Albers and Hansi Burg were no longer allowed to come together, they frequently met secretly in our home.

My father, Professor Dr Oscar Fehr, ophthalmic surgeon, was his friend. Our former chauffeur became an embezzling stormtrooper who blackmailed us, threatening to tell the Gestapo our secret. He took the money and, fortunately, kept quiet. This

did not, however, prevent him from painting the words *Fehr, Jude* on the pavement outside our house on Kristallnacht.

Fortunately, the Nazi years are beyond the comprehension of my three British-born sons. When I told them that we had been blackmailed by a stormtrooper they said: 'Could you not have gone to the police?'

Warwick Road
Bishops Stortford

Ingeborg Samson

PANKOW ORPHANS

Sir – As a result of the Kindertransport Reunion, I have met three others who were associated with the Jewish orphanage in Pankow, Berlin, before the war. We have had our own reunion on several occasions and have become good friends through our shared experience.

Could I appeal for others who were in this orphanage to come forward? We believe that several are, or were, in this country, for example Heinz Bloch, Erich Goldstein, Lothar Friedlander and Heinz Zupnik. We would love to hear from them or from anyone else.

30 Hugo Road
London N19 5EU

Leslie Brent, formerly
Lothar Baruch

TAKE A STAND

Sir – We consider it high time for so representative an organisation of former refugees and asylum seekers in this country, to take a stand in public on the Government's proposed asylum laws.

Public organisations, the churches, the Jewish Board of Deputies, the Chief Rabbi, Amnesty International and many others have expressed their dismay at the introduction of laws which have the purpose to deter as many fugitives as possible from choosing Britain as a refuge and remove a large proportion of those who do come in to the country.

How can we allow ourselves not to be among those who raise the voice of conscience and humanity? Have we forgotten under what circumstances we came to these shores?

Wood Lane
London N6

M. & E. Goldenberg

OUTING À LA JUIVE

Sir – Your correspondent in the October issue takes your article too seriously. I am sure John and Mary Behrend, my great-uncle and aunt, never served *gefillte* fish.

It was for the profound, if idiosyncratic, Christianity of the artists named that John and Mary (née Sandham) chose them, collecting Spencer's religious paintings and

commissioning his chapel to commemorate Mary's brother. John was a convert and more interested in the Marrano ancestors of his mother, Rachel Mendes da Costa.

Now if my uncle had 'come out' and commissioned Chagall . . .

Moor Park T. J. Halford
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STOATLEY ROUGH SCHOOL

Sir - If you were at the above School between 1945 and its closure and are interested in attending a reunion in May 1992 will you please write to:

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LEAVES FROM A BERLIN DIARY

Sir - Not many Jews can claim having come face to face with *Reichspräsident* von Hindenburg after Hitler's *Machtübernahme* in 1933. One of the very few chosen for this distinction was Ernst Silberstein, cellist of the Klingler Quartet. On the occasion of a reception at the Reichspräsidenten Palais in the Wilhelm Strasse in summer 1933 the Quartet gave a Command Performance in the presence of Hitler and his cabinet. When Professor Carl Klingler introduced Ernst Silberstein to Hindenburg afterwards, the aged President uttered the historical words: *Na ja, das Cello ist ja auch ein sehr schönes Instrument.*

Holland Park Avenue J. Rotter
London W11

SCHLOCHAU

Sir - The very word brings back some of my happiest memories of childhood school holidays in and around this delightful small *Städtchen* in West Prussia, 10 miles from the then Polish border. I remember most vividly the close-knit Jewish community and some of their names: Leibholz, Kirsch, Dobrin and Neumann. I remember with affection fishing for pike, for *gefüllte* fish, in the Schlochauer See and my excitement helping to shop for live poultry for *shabbes*. My grandfather was a livestock dealer, and

driving one of today's luxury cars does not compare with the sheer joy I experienced riding with him by horse and cart to visit local farms.

Some of the Jewish families made their names, first in Berlin, 200 miles away, and later worldwide. Perhaps the odd survivor may share my recollections as I plan a sentimental journey to Schlochau, now Człuchów, by road some time next spring. Perhaps readers with similar roots may be able to offer me the benefit of their own experience in visiting this, now wholly Polish, territory.

1a Clarence Road Werner E. Abraham
Four Oaks
Sutton Coldfield
B74 4AE

AN UNDULY VARIED LIFE

Sir - I had the pleasure during my recent stay as a guest of the city of Berlin to be present when A. J. Fischer spoke about his book *In der Nähe der Ereignisse* in the Collegianer Verein of the Französische Gymnasium. Let us hope that among the new generation of journalists there will be plenty of Fischers to prevent another Holocaust and help the creation of a better world.

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THE BROWN DANUBE

Sir - It should be noted that many of the Austrian Jews who contributed to Austrian culture, science and commerce were in fact converts to Christianity, some no doubt, for career reasons.

The Wittgensteins, for example, were devout Catholics and always sought to diminish or conceal their Jewish origins, even forbidding their offspring to marry Jews. After the Anschluss they gave their considerable foreign holdings for Führer and Fatherland and were in return declared to be Aryan.

To give him credit, Ludwig Wittgenstein, the Cambridge philosopher and a member of that family was thoroughly ashamed of these dealings.

Other Austrian Jews became violent anti-semites, even providing Hitler with some of the pseudo-academic basis for his ideology.

There was an insidious dimension to Austrian intolerance which generated this pathetic and humiliating self hatred.

However, none of the murderers seem to have been Jewish.

Machynlleth Manfred Landau
Powys

Über das fröhliche Alter

Wer achtzig wird, ist selber Schuld!
Man braucht dazu sehr viel Geduld
Und guten - oder bösen - Willen,
Sowie unzählige Pillen
Und auch Vertrauen himmelwärts,
Und schliesslich auch ein gutes Herz.

Was sich so mit den Alter paart,
Sind Mängel sehr verschiedener Art,
Die uns die Laune oft verderben,
An denen wir jedoch nicht sterben.

Der Grundsatz, besser sein als scheinen,
Ist gar kein Trost bei steifen Beinen.
Der Rücken schmerzt, das Knie ist steif,
So wird man weiter abbruchreif.

Und dann - zum Teile oder ganz -
Schrumpft auch noch die Gehirnschubstanz,
Was man zunächst dadurch empfindet,
Dass häufig das Gedächtnis schwindet;
Weshalb man Alles fein notiert
Auf Zetteln, die man prompt verliert.

Man wird halt dümmer, krummer,
stummer;
Was ist dagegen schon zu tun?
Nur leider wird man gegen Kummer
Niemals immun.

Man muss sich täglich neu bewähren,
Wo soll man sich denn noch beschweren?
Man resigniert und übt Geduld . . .
Wer achtzig wird, ist selber schuld!

□ Hans-Leo Hirtz

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Afternoon entertainment –

FEBRUARY

GALA WEEK

Monday 3

Hans Freund: An Afternoon of Music in February

Tuesday 4

Dorei Duo with Piano Accompaniment

Wednesday 5

WIZO Ladies Choir

Thursday 6

The Melody Lingers On with Jack Harris & Happy Branston

Monday 10

The James Chance Trio

Tuesday 11

Solo Piano Recital including Chopin & Liszt – Pauline Palmer

Wednesday 12

Songs from Many Lands – Lola Rand with Piano Accompaniment

Thursday 13

'Royte Klezmores' – Dena Attar (Violin) Julia Bard (Accordion) Carla Bloom (Clarinet)

Monday 17

Songs from Us to You – Geoffrey Strum (Tenor) & Johnny Walton (Piano)

Tuesday 18

Those You Have Loved – Musical Miscellany presented by Yacov Paul

Wednesday 19

A Touch of the Lighter Side of Music – Richard Moody (Baritone) accompanied by Robert Douglas (Piano)

Thursday 20

Laughter & Tears – Judith Black & Miranda Roger (Soprano) accompanied by Mark Williams (Piano)

Monday 24

Musical Pot Pourri – Thea Fry & Anne Holmes (Piano)

Tuesday 25

Solo Piano Recital of Light Classical Music – Thomas Kaurisch

Wednesday 26

Musical Memories from the Past – Ariane Prussner (Mezzo) accompanied by Elizabeth Upchurch (Piano)

Thursday 27

Duo Kinnor Play for your Entertainment – Madeleine Whitelaw (Piano) & David Richmond (Violin)

MARCH

Monday 2

The Ides of March – Geoffrey Strum (Tenor) accompanied by Johnny Walton (Piano)

The AJR at Work

Rekindling the lights



Chanukah at the Paul Balint AJR Day Centre (Left) and Balint House.

Photos: Newman.

Religious celebrations within the refugee community always have a special poignancy. The participants have borne a heavy burden. They have had to transplant their culture and maintain it, even through the hardest times. The Chanukah celebrations at the Paul Balint AJR Day Centre proved no exception.

Even the most secular observer would have been moved by the unselfconsciously enthusiastic rendition of *Maos Tsur* on December 3. The candles were lit by Mr Rolf Weinberg, who read an excerpt from the Revolt of the Maccabees out of a prayer-book that was a family heirloom having been passed down to him from his great-grandfather.

Following the short ceremony Lucy White and Juliet Davey (on violin and piano respectively) provided the afternoon's musical entertainment. The first piece was *The Skater's Waltz* by Waldteufel. It is hard to say whether it was the sense of belonging engendered by sharing the simple ceremony

or just the familiar strains of a popular tune that made the entire audience hum and sway in time with the music.

At Balint House, The Bishop's Avenue, the following day Cantor Marshall Stone lit the candles and led the singing at the first Chanukah party to be held in the new Home. Mr C. T. Marx, Chairman of the AJR, who also chairs the House Committee of Balint House, made a brief speech welcoming guests and wishing the residents well. There was no music to follow so the residents, their visitors and staff expressed good feelings and pleasure in each other's company through that other, most traditional, Jewish medium: lots of good food – prepared with the old recipe, *love and kishkes*, in mind. □ M.N.

Tuesday 3	The World of the Musical Stage – Valerie Hewitt (Soprano) acc. by Anne Berryman
Wednesday 4	Hans Freund: Spring in the Air
Thursday 5	Nights Relations – Barbara O'Neil (Mezzo) with Piano Accompaniment

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German Old Age Pensions for Victims of Nazi Persecution

An amendment to the German Social Insurance Law and a decision by the European High Court appear to make it possible for Nazi victims resident in the United Kingdom to obtain a German old age pension, subject to making voluntary contributions towards its grant. Previously this was only open to persons who had been employed and made social security contributions in Germany prior to their emigration, but this restriction seems no longer to apply.

The effect of the amendment and the high court decision is still not entirely certain. However, the German Federal Pension Office recommends that those Nazi refugees or their widows or widowers, who are not already in receipt of a German old age pension, should make applications to be allowed to make payment of voluntary contributions in order to obtain a German old age pension.

Applicants must (1) originally have been German nationals or have had a German cultural background, and (2) have left their residence within the boundaries of Germany as at 31 December 1937 or in Nazi-annexed territory after 30 January 1933. Persons who have not reached their 65th birth-

day on 1 January 1992 must submit applications by 31 March 1992, addressed to:

Bundesversicherungsanstalt für Angestellte
Postfach
1000 Berlin 88
Germany

We suggest the following wording (or its equivalent in German):

'I hereby apply to be allowed to make voluntary contributions to the Social Insurance Scheme for the year 1991 and onwards towards an old age pension. My full name is, born as a German national [or, if appropriate, with a German cultural background] on 19.... at As a Jew(ess) I was subject to Nazi persecution and emigrated in 19.... having at that time resided at

Persons who were already 65 years or over on 1 January 1992 should have submitted their application by 31 December 1991. In view of the fact that information on this matter was only received late in December efforts are being made by AJR to obtain an extension of this limit. The outcome of these efforts is not known at the time of writing.

However, even those who have passed their 65th birthday on 1 January 1992 can submit applications until 31 March 1992, but for voluntary contributions only in respect of the year 1991.

We wish to stress that the above information is not as detailed as we would like, but it is all that we have on this subject at the present time. We also have no information on the level of the voluntary contributions that may have to be made

in order to obtain a pension or on the extent of any resulting pension.

Every effort is being made to obtain further information and any that comes to hand will be published in our March issue. It will be realised that with a monthly journal, like *AJR Information*, news items can only be published in the next available issue. In these circumstances and in order to assist members, who believe they may qualify for a pension under the arrangements described above, we invite them to send to the AJR office a stamped addressed envelope with a request for notice of any new information available to be sent to them during the first ten days of March. They would thus be in receipt of all that is known on the subject and still have ample time to submit their applications to Germany. □

We wish gratefully to acknowledge the assistance given by Dr F. E. Falk in the preparation of this notice.—Ed.

WHO IS WHO IN THE AJR OFFICE

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Richard Grumberger
Publications and PR Manager
Maurice Newman
Assistant to Administrator
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Sheltered Accommodation
Katia Gould
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Ruth Finestone
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Agnes Alexander
Day Centre Organiser
Sylvia Matus
Volunteers Co-ordinator
Laura Howe
Membership/Reception
Sarah Hannen/ Joanne Botsman

If you would like to enquire about volunteer community work please contact Laura Howe, Volunteers Coordinator, Hannah Karminski House, 9 Adamson Road, Swiss Cottage, London NW3.

You can contact the AJR by

Phone 071-483 2536
Fax 071-722 4652

Making a will? Remember the AJR

Something that none of us should avoid is making a will and keeping it up to date.

We know we cannot take our worldly possessions with us but we can – at least – see that whatever is left behind goes:

- (a) where it will be appreciated,
- (b) where it will do some good,
- (c) where it is needed.

Many of our former refugees have found their association with the AJR a rewarding one. This is an opportunity to support the AJR Charitable Trust. Your solicitor will be able to help you; alternatively you can consult with our welfare rights advisor, Aggie Alexander, on 071-483 2536 (Tues, Weds, Thurs) or the social workers at the Day Centre 071-328 0208.

If you have already made a will, it is quite easy to add a codicil.

Whatever amount you are able to leave to the AJR, it will be well received, carefully applied and remembered with gratitude.

FAMILY EVENTS

Birthday greeting

Kingsley Andrew Kingsley will celebrate his 80th birthday on February 19. Wishing him many congratulations, with love from his wife and wide circle of friends.

Deaths

Elgin Lotte Elgin (Born Kassel, 1903) after a long life. Dear mother of Renate and grandmother of Richard, Jonathan, David and Caroline.

Fiegel Ursula Eva Fiegel (née Reichenbach), born Dresden, July 24, 1912, died, after a long illness, on January 11, 1992 in Airing Bad Reichenhall. Sadly missed by the families.

Field Ilse Field, née Friedmann, died December 5, 1991, aged 78. She will be sadly missed by her daughter Margaret, son-in-law Victor and grandsons Simon and Jonathan.

Hilton Vernon E. Hilton (Werner Joachim Eduard Heilfron), born Rankestrasse 27, Berlin, June 5, 1916, late of Parsifal Road NW6,

has died in Toronto. Deeply mourned by his wife Marnie in Toronto, sister Marianne, niece and great-nephew in Dublin and niece Elizabeth, apartment 7R, 298 Mulberry Street, New York, New York 10012. Shalom.

Hurst Werner Hurst, beloved husband, father and grandfather, passed away peacefully on 29 December 1991. We will miss him very much.

Kremmer Berta Kremmer, our dear sister, died on 24 December 1991 after a long illness. Mourned by her sisters Klara Seiler and Margit Goodwyn and her niece and nephew Johanna and Max Ehrlich from California.

Raven Ann Mary Raven, devoted wife of Paul Raven, mother of Kathleen Raven, died peacefully on 24 December 1991, shortly after her 88th birthday.

Zolschein Marianne Zolschein (Mrs Shiner) went peacefully to her final sleep in her 93rd year on 13 December 1991. Sadly missed by

her daughter and son in law, Renate and Heinz, granddaughter and husband, Jenny and Andrew, nieces and friends.

Miscellaneous

Chelsea flat available end of February. Off Kings Road SW10. Shops and bus 100 yards. 2 rooms bath/WC etc. In consideration that rent is only £40 weekly, certain conditions would be required by elderly single houseowner. Would suit 2 mature students. Apply Mr M. Monina. Telephone: 071-835 1155 Mon-Fri 9am-5pm.

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Alice Schwab

Art Notes

Arnold Daghani was born in Bukovina when it still belonged to Austria-Hungary. A largely self-taught artist, he spent time in Munich and Paris. The Nazis put him into a slave labour camp (an experience recounted in *The Grass in the Cherry Orchard*, Adam Nos 291-3, 1961). He escaped from the camp and eventually made his way to Israel. Unable to settle down, he moved to France where he met Chagall, and, finally, in 1975 to England. In 1984, a year before his death, his first major exhibition was held at the Brighton Polytechnic. Three major exhibitions and the launch of a new book mark the Arnold Daghani Festival in March. A retrospective will be held at the Barbican 10 January-12 February, an exhibition will take place at the Ben Uri Art Gallery (17 February-1 March) and, finally, there will be a sale exhibition at John Bonha/Murray Feely Gallery, 46 Porchester Road, W2 (4 March-18 March). Monica Bohm-Duchen's book on Daghani (published in 1987) will be on sale at the Barbican and the Ben Uri, as will the new *The Seven Days of Schlemiel*, written and illustrated by Daghani, with a preface by my daughter Julia Neuberger and an introduction by Monica Bohm-Duchen. A lecture 'Schlemiel and Other Legends' will be given by Hyam Maccoby and Chaim Bermant at the Ben

Uri on 18 February at 6.30 p.m. *David Maccoby's From portraiture to action art* is at the Sternberg Centre (until 20 February). Maccoby was born in Sunderland in 1925 and exhibited widely until failing eyesight stopped him from continuing his career. The exhibition comprises paintings and works on paper 1948-1975. *Always seeking something new*, the Victoria and Albert Museum has mounted an exhibition *Green Images: Posters and Printed Ephemera* (until 25 May). The exhibition comprises posters, leaflets and other material with a 'green' message collected by the Museum since the Second World War. Included is the *Don't let them Schhh(wepes) on Britain* poster issued by the Friends of the Earth and Greenpeace's *Don't Buy Your Fish from a Butcher*. Also at the Victoria and Albert is *Creativity and Industry: 25 Years of the Queensberry Hunt Design Group* (until 1 May). The partnership was set up twenty-five years ago and has specialised in designs for ceramics and tableware, but has also designed such things as bathrooms and telephones. On display will be the 'Trend' design which was produced for the German manufacturers, Thomas, and which has been the best-selling contemporary tableware in Europe over the last ten years. *Finally, a word about a magnificent publisher's catalogue* which reached me recently. Under the direction of Richard Schlagman, its recent purchaser, the Phaidon Press is poised to reach even greater heights on the firm foundations laid by Dr Bela Harovitz. □

SB's Column

Engelberg Humperdinck old and new. The name, familiar to the younger generation from that of a pop singer whose *Last Waltz* topped the charts some years ago, resurfaced during the last few months when the opera *Hänsel and Gretel* had much-acclaimed revivals at Munich, Dresden, Leipzig, Vienna and in Berlin. The composer's less-known *Königskinder*, first performed in Berlin in 1907, is having a completely new production at the London Coliseum (with performances throughout February).

Benatzky's popular operetta. The Stadttheater in Baden, Austria, staged a new production of *Bezauberndes Fräulein*. Many will remember this charming musical comedy performed in Vienna in the Thirties with Max Hansen and Lizzy Waldmüller in the lead. Hansen died young and Lizzy Waldmüller perished in an air raid on Vienna in 1945.

The Feuchtwangers. Marta, née Löffler, met the young writer Lion Feuchtwanger in 1909. They married and had a long, and at times turbulent, association until the author's death in 1958. Marta's *A life with Lion*, co-written with Reinhart Hoffmeister, has now been published by the German Lamuv Verlag. The book is an amusing, partly tragicomic, account of their emigration and eventual settling in the United States. Marta Feuchtwanger died in 1987, nearly 100 years old.

Birthdays. Heinz Rühmann, 90, is one of the most enduring comedians of German stage and screen. He appeared in numerous popular UFA films, beginning with *Drei von der Tankstelle*, where he co-starred with Willy Fritsch, Lilian Harvey and Oskar Karlweis. His stage successes included *Hauptmann von Köpenick* and the German version of Miller's *Death of a Salesman*. Mezzo-soprano Elisabeth Hoengen, veteran member of the Vienna State Opera where she sang Mozart and Richard Strauss roles until the 1970's, had her 85th birthday. Professor Marcel Prawy was a close friend of Leonard Bernstein in America and after his return introduced the art form of the 'Musical' to Vienna. The so called 'Opernführer' who explains the plots of operas at special matinées, is 80 years old. □

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Frail swallows of the European Spring

The old Europe that disappeared in 1918 had a strange entity called Austria-Hungary at its geographical centre. The new Europe coming to birth in 1992 has at its political centre a hybrid that might be called France-Germany (or the other way round).

Franco-German partnership is seen as a good thing by everyone – except some Europhobe flat-earthers – because it puts an end to centuries of mutual hatred and war and creates a nucleus around which the remainder of Europe might cohere. At the practical level this devoutly to-be-wished-for consummation was prepared for by politicians – Monnet, Adenauer, de Gaulle – but in a more intangible sense the initiators of Franco-German *rapprochement* were the representatives of both cultures who refused to join the chauvinist chorus on their side of the Rhine.

One such was Romain Rolland whose pre-1914 *Jean Christophe* novels showed

profound appreciation of German culture. Rolland spent the Great War in Switzerland the better to propagate the Pacifist cause. Other opponents of the war from the belligerent countries joined him there. These included a young Jewess from Germany and a young Jew from France who eventually became man and wife.

Polyglot pacifists

Nuremberg-born Claire had left her first husband and five-year old daughter in 1916 and moved to Geneva, a stamping ground of the polyglot pacifists. Alsace-born Isaac Lang, a law graduate with literary leanings had avoided French military service by settling in Switzerland where his acquaintances included Rolland, James Joyce and Stefan Zweig. An anti-war poem of his, published under the pseudonym Ivan Goll, so impressed Claire that it ignited a love affair. After the war they moved to Paris and eventually married.

Neither conformed to bourgeois conventions. When Claire's first volume of poetry elicited a letter of appreciation from Rilke she plunged into a liaison with her illus-

trious (and married) fan which ended in an abortion and her return to Ivan. The latter, in turn, combined a steady output of love poems and letters to her with frequent infidelities. Since the artistic circle in which they moved included more outstanding men – Picasso, Chagall, Audiberti – than women she may however have netted more prestigious lovers than her husband.

Amorous entanglements were no bar to literary creation. Claire wrote novels and acted as Paris correspondent for German newspapers (till 1933). Ivan edited magazines, composed poetry and wrote fiction – both in French and German.

In 1939 they emigrated via Cuba to the United States. In New York Ivan worked on radio broadcasts to occupied France and contributed articles to Klaus Mann's magazine *Decisions*.

After the war the couple returned to Paris where Ivan soon died of leukemia. Claire survived him by 30 years during which she produced German-language belles-lettres poetry and an autobiography. The last-named bears the intriguing title *Ich verzeihe keinem*.

□ R.G.

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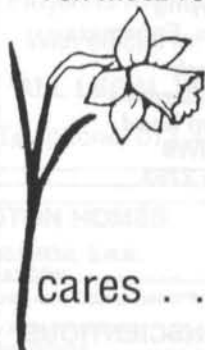
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A less-than-splendid record

The *Kindertransports* as a topic has aroused steadily growing interest since the 50th anniversary in 1989. Two books – *I came alone* and . . . *And the policeman smiled* – which testify to this interest are being supplemented by several ongoing research projects.

Paula Hill is researching the way the Refugee Committees organised the placement of the *Kinder* once they had arrived in the U.K. In a talk given at the London Museum of Jewish Life, Sternberg Centre, in December, and based on her provisional findings, she mingled appreciation of the committee's work with a great deal of criticism.

Bloomsbury House operated under a government remit to disperse its charges countrywide so as to avoid creating highly visible Jewish enclaves in urban centres like London and Leeds. Since potential Anglo-Jewish foster parents lived precisely in places 'to be avoided' – and since, according to received wisdom, foster homes provided a better environment for younger children than hostels – about a third of the 7,500 wholly Jewish *Kinder* were placed in non-Jewish homes. When wartime evacuation further compounded this mismatch it resulted, according to the speaker's calculations, in 3,500 *Kinder* being lost to Judaism.

That kind of loss is quantifiable; what cannot be computed is the scarring of a child's psyche by having a new identity foisted upon it.

The consensus of opinion now is that while hostel children endured a degree of institutionalisation and lacked opportunities for learning correct English and other means of acculturation, they derived comfort from their 'surrogate family' and were spared the stressful adjustments many foster children had to make.

Marchioness of Reading

Paula Hill argues that a lot of psychic traumas could have been avoided if Bloomsbury House and its local subsidiaries had shown themselves more sensitive to the needs of the *Kinder*. She alleges that the Marchioness of Reading, who stood at the apex of the network of committees, was too much of an Establishment figure to empathise with her charges; at a less exalted level many local committee members had gone into voluntary work for the same impure motives that bring social workers into disrepute nowadays. In opening this particular can of worms she has ignited a debate that promises to rumble on for some time yet. □

You can't go home again

Several months after the Nazi seizure of power Goebbels sent an emissary to the U.S.A. to persuade the non-Jewish emigré writer Erich Maria Remarque, of *All Quiet on the Western Front* fame, to return to Germany. When Remarque proved deaf to all entreaties the emissary produced what he considered his clinching argument. He warned the writer that if he decided to stay in exile he'd be homesick for the rest of his life. 'Homesick' sneered Remarque 'do you take me for a Jew?'

The *Heimweh* he diagnosed as a malady specific to German-Jewish refugees was no figment of the literary imagination. It existed in reality, but differed from other variants of nostalgia by deriving not so much from a sense of loss of a cherished physical environment than of a cherished mental construct – namely German culture.

German Jewry had lived for generations among a host community that did not bear looking at too closely – hence the anguish of sensitive individuals from Heine to

Tucholsky – and had trained itself to view their fellow citizens through the distorting lens of German culture. Schiller and Goethe, Beethoven and Brahms, had become more palpable to German Jews than the neighbours alongside whom they lived (and subsequently died, unlamented).

German culture as an entity distinct from, and unaffected by the conduct of, real-live Germans continued to haunt and seduce the minds of many intellectually inclined refugees. The Viennese-born German television director and scriptwriter Georg Stefan Troller exemplifies the syndrome. Troller's film trilogy *Wohin und zurück* – screened on Channel 4 in 1990 – made a number of characteristic points. The middle sequence shows the young refugee protagonist stranded in an America so philistine that it compels an elderly emigré writer to eke out a living in a poky delicatessen store. The protagonist, who carries volumes of Rilke and Nietzsche in his threadbare suitcase, resolves never to become American and joins the army in order to get back to Europe.

Prior to demobilisation he settles among theatre folk in Vienna, hoping to be reintegrated into Austrian society. The rejection he meets with is an even greater shock than the brutality he witnessed during Crystal Night.

At this point Troller's autobiographically inspired film ended. What about the real-live author? He could neither remain in an Austria that did not requite his love, nor go back for good to an America sadly bereft of culture. He therefore settled in Paris, most European of cities, and embarked on a career of producing cultural documentaries for German TV (for which his early addiction to Rilke and Nietzsche proved a useful preparation). After decades filled with fruitful activity Troller has just turned 70. The occasion was noted prominently in the *Frankfurter Allgemeine*, and German TV (ZDF) published a laudatio in booklet form with contributions by the writer Peter Handke and the film director Axel Corti.

In the 1930s the American Thomas Wolfe entitled one of his novels *You Can't Go Home Again*. The phrase has a special relevance to us – even to those intellectuals who could or would not be weaned of their formative love affair with German culture. Peter Weiss lived in Sweden. Erich Fried lived in England. Paul Celan lived – and killed himself – in France. Georg Stefan Troller, bearer of a name which echoes that of Stefan George, high-priest of German lyrical poetry, thankfully still *lives* in France.

□ R.G.

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He hopes, in Bradford may yet presage
Muslim acceptance of the message
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While Rushdie ponders in his prison
With blunted pen, once hubris-bold,
If he'll be stopped from growing old
Before the Saviour is risen

DAVID IRVING

The dead Jews are not really dead
The few that are were really Red
The live ones lie, inventing gas
To damn A. H. from whom, alas,
The faithful Heinrich kept all news
Proving the power of the Jews

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Morning after a raid

Dawn is breaking, night is dying,
And the terrors are away.
Over now is our sighing,
And here comes another day.

Sun is rising, sky grows clearer,
The balloons are shining bright.
And the day comes nearer, nearer,
And – I live to see the light!

Have forgotten now the sirens,
And the bombs and guns and planes.
Have forgotten all the tyrants,
Not one thought of it remains.

All the whistling, laughing, screaming,
Seems to be so far away.
And I think, I have been dreaming,
And – I praise the birth of day.

*Written by Ruth Leggett
when, aged 18, she was a student nurse at St
Stephen's during the Blitz.*

Legal loophole

The trial of Heinrich Niemayer, an SS member accused of the murder of 15 Jews en route to Auschwitz, collapsed as a result of an error in the way lay assessors were chosen ten years ago. It was one of the longest Nazi trials in history. □

Yugoslav Jewry

The creation of Yugoslavia in 1918, which brought together Orthodox Christians, Muslims and Catholics, was paralleled in the country's Jewish population. Here Ashkenazim of Austro-Hungarian background coalesced with Sephardim whose roots stretched back to the time when Serbia belonged to Turkey. Prewar the former had fared better than the latter; in Serbia Jews had only achieved civic equality by 1899.

During the interwar years this pattern reversed itself, thanks mainly to the spread of the pro-Nazi Ustashe movement throughout Croatia. In 1941, when Hitler conquered Yugoslavia, its 70,000-strong Jewish population, swollen by refugees, faced almost immediate massacre. The country was parcelled out into German-, Croat-, Hungarian- and Italian-occupied zones – the first three of which witnessed unspeakable barbarities in 1942. Such Jews as were still alive after that date mainly owed their survival to the Italians. When Italy collapsed in mid-1943 a number of young Jews managed to join the partisans.

By the end of the war 80 per cent of

Yugoslavia's prewar Jewish population had perished. Of the 14,000 left 8,000 emigrated to Israel soon after the creation of the new state. The remnant organised a Federation of Jewish communities centred on the three towns of Belgrade, Zagreb and Sarajevo. Numbers remained fairly constant due to the propensity of offspring of mixed marriages to opt for Jewish identity. Religious observance, however, is minimal – not least because Tito pursued an anti-religious policy.

Concerning Israel he 'somersaulted' from permitting unfettered emigration around 1950 to backing the Arab cause thereafter. (Tito, of course, belonged with Nasser and Nehru, to a troika claiming to speak for the Third World at the UN and other international forums.)

Tito's death started a process of countrywide disintegration which finally exploded into civil war between Serbia and Croatia. Since the most vocal secessionist Croats look back with nostalgia to their Ustashe-led Free State of the war years, local Jews have acute cause for concern. The Croat leader Franjo Tudjman makes reassuring noises but his – hitherto untranslated – autobiography carries unmistakably anti-semitic undertones: more alarmingly still Croatia also boasts a Party of Rights (H.O.S.) in direct line of descent from the Ustashe.

It may conceivably happen that the ongoing conflict will trigger another Jewish flight from the country, and with it the final dispersal of the community.

Were that to be the case miniscule Yugoslav Jewry could still say that in its last half century it had thrown up three outstanding individuals: the ex-partisan leader and Communist ideologue Moshe Pijade, the onetime Israeli Chief of Staff Bar-Lev and the Holocaust-scarred experimental novelist Danilo Kis.

□ R.G.

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Wally and Herbert Liepmann (Last known 8 Tork Lodge, Tork Road, St John's Wood).

Gerschowitz (Born Asch).

Frau Henriette Lorge (Born Gottschalk) Her son Fritz Lorge (Australia) or daughter Dr Parnass (New York).

Herr Otto Hoffer. Contact address:

Mrs May, 68 Lowther Road, Barnes, London, SW13.

Max Israel Weinberger, born Vienna 13 October 1927. Attended Offentliche Hauptschule für Knaben in Wien. Evacuated to Millisle farm, Northern Ireland, July 1939. Changed name to Mervyn Stewart Wynne. Died Banbury, Oxfordshire, April 1981. Buried in Jewish cemetery, Oxford. His parents were Gustav Gabriel Weinberger and Anna Weinberger. His sister: Erna, born 18 January 1922. Information is wanted about the family by Max Weinberger's daughter, Mrs Sharon Cook, 28 Loveridge Close, Basingstoke, Hants RG21 3LF.

Everything that rises must converge

Maastricht in a Jewish perspective

At the start of Karl Kraus's *Last Days of Mankind* a Ringstrasse news vendor shouts 'Archduke assassinated at Sarajevo', whereupon a Jewish passer-by says to his wife 'Thank God, not one of ours'.

Kraus, a Jew with antisemitic inclinations, presumably wrote this scene to castigate the absorption of Jews in their own narrow concerns. There can, however, be a totally different interpretation of the 'Thank God' remark: Jews feel so insecure that their first reaction to news of any crime is to pray for the culprit to be a non-Jew.

From this perennial insecurity stems the conditioned reflex which makes many respond to any new development with the anxious inquiry 'Is it good for the Jews?'

Since the latest major – no pun intended – development in world affairs is the Maastricht agreement on closer European integration, it behoves us to ask 'Is Europe good for the Jews?'

Jews have always looked more than a little ridiculous when they tried to identify with xenophobic nationalism. Examples abound – from Naumann's Verband Nationaldeutscher Juden, and Mussolini's Jewish *squadristi*, to the apartheid-supporting Harold Soref and the Le Pen sympathiser Alfred Sherman in 1980s Britain.

The truth of the matter is that while Jews can support – and may even invent – rightwing economic doctrines, they cannot, as descendants of immigrants, be rightwing on such issues as immigration and racial discrimination.

Conversely, Jews tend to have cross-border family ties, and the wider vision, not to mention language skills, that go with them. It was not lack of roots, but their being unencumbered with the blinkers of Teutomaniac contemporaries, that turned Heine and Börne into *vaterlandslose Gesellen*.

A. J. P. Taylor dubbed the Jewish subjects of Emperor Franz Josef the only 'true Austrians'. ('True Austrians' in this context connotes believers in the supra-national Habsburg state – not what Jörg Haider currently says it means!)

This Jewish propensity to think supra-nationally has been demonstrated in all sorts of ways recently: by the dissident Soviet writer Lev Kopelev's work for Rus-

sian-German reconciliation, by Simone Weil's founding presidency of the European parliament, and by Leon Brittan's pro-EEC stance in divergence from his 'sponsor' Mrs Thatcher.

For all the foot-dragging by those who think like her Maastricht has brought European integration appreciably closer. Indeed Maastricht may yet become a symbol as Rome and Moscow once were. A fact little remarked on at the time of the summit was that the town takes its name from a river evoked in the Deutschland Lied; *Von der Maas bis an die Memel*. It is to overcome the baleful heritage of *Deutschland, Deutschland über Alles* that postwar Germany was locked into a European system. Its foundations were laid when France and Germany transformed century-old enmity into close alliance.

Other spectres from the past still – or again – haunting countries of the continent can also best be exorcised by means of European integration. Austria could surely not gain EEC membership with Haider in government. And, with France a pace-setter of supranational Europe, can anyone really envisage le Pen at the Elysée Palace?

For all these, and other, reasons little Englanders need to be told that (to paraphrase John Donne) no country is an island in today's world.

The American counterpart of Little Englandism is Isolationism. This view of our

globe through the wrong end of a telescope dominated U.S. policy during the interwar years, and gave Hitler a virtually free run. It was, one hoped, permanently laid to rest in the Second World War. The post-1945 U.S.A. – the sabre-rattling global bully boy of Left caricature – was, in fact, the best America on offer this century. Now, it seems isolationism has climbed out of its grave and is haunting New Hampshire in the ghoulish shape of Patrick Buchanan. American superpatriot, ex-McCarthyite and Israel basher, Buchanan charges President Bush with sacrificing his own country's interests to those of the wider world. In a truly civilised society such an accusation would sound like praise; the question is whether the voters of New Hampshire are mature enough to consign Pat Buchanan to the dustbin of history to which U.S. isolationism belongs.

But to return to its transatlantic cousin, Little Englandism and the Maastricht blueprint. If anyone doubts my thesis about the built-in Jewish propensity of supranationalism (which is even more strongly developed among refugees) let them consider these facts: Robert Maxwell's abiding contribution to the U.K. media scene is *The European*, and Lord Weidenfeld has now turned his back on publishing to establish a network of colleges that will inculcate European consciousness in its students.

□ R.G.

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Mozart's Jewish friends

During Mozart's Salzburg years he knew no Jews since the Prince-Bishop banned them from the town. The infant prodigy's first Jewish acquaintance was probably the Dutch-born cellist Emanuel Sipurini encountered during the England tour of 1764. Leopold Mozart, made ill by the polluted air of London, had moved the family to salubrious Chelsea where Sipurini was a near neighbour. What astonished Leopold about the Jews in England was that they had discarded beards and their distinctive dress; he thought this made them more receptive to attempts at conversion, but failed to make any headway with Sipurini.

The composer finally settled in Vienna, which then had a Jewish population of about 500, in 1781. He lived for almost a year in a house rented by the Jewish court factor Isaac Arnsteiner (whose daughter-in-law Fanny Arnstein achieved fame as a *grande salonniere*). Arnsteiner's name appeared on the list of subscribers to Mozart's *Subskriptionskonzerte* alongside those of several baptised Jews, such as Josef von Sonnenfels, advisor to Emperor Josef II, Karl Abraham von Wetzlar, a banker, and the latter's son Raymund.

Mozart stayed under the Wetzlars' roof for three months. It was at their house, too, that he met Lorenzo da Ponte (another baptised Jew) who was to write the libretti for three of his four most successful operas.

The composer felt sufficiently indebted to Raymund von Wetzlar to name his first son after him. In a letter to Leopold in Salzburg, dated June 1783, he wrote diplomatically: 'As soon as my wife was happily delivered, I sent news to Baron Wetzlar, my true good friend. He immediately arrived in person and offered to stand godfather to the boy. I could not refuse – and thought inwardly I can still call him Leopold; so I had him baptised Raymund Leopold.'

Even among the Masons he found Jewish friends, one of whom wrote the text for the *Maurer-Kantate*. In fact, one could say that Mozart, as a true child of the Enlightenment, carried out his own Emancipation of the Jews decades before it passed into law.

One could also say that the Jews have reciprocated in full. In the aristocratic 1780s Lorenzo da Ponte smoothed Mozart's path to acceptance by Emperor Josef II; in the democratic 1980s Peter Schaffer and Milos Forman, the begetters, respectively, of the play and the film *Amadeus*, have gained him acceptance in the world at large.

□ R.G.

Street theatre reprised

The connection between theatre and politics is of venerable antiquity: in 1601, simultaneous with Essex's rebellion against Elizabeth I, the conspirators staged Shakespeare's *Richard II* depicting the overthrow of an earlier English monarch.

Even so, it was not until our century that many theatre folk turned political. In the interwar years Gabriele d'Annunzio co-invented Fascism, and Werner Kraus and Heinrich George hammed it up for the Führer. The British theatre remained apolitical till the late 1950s, when John Osborne sat down in Trafalgar Square against the A-bomb and Vanessa Redgrave stood up in Grosvenor Square for the Vietcong. By the early Eighties, though, the protest movement was running out of steam in phase with the ever-more-apparent collapse of Communism.

Consequently London has been treated to little street theatre (except the Poll Tax riots) in recent years. A minor production did, however, receive a performance in late 1991: the protest against Israel's imprisonment of Mordechai Vanunu who is serving a life term for publishing details about the country's secret nuclear programme.

The protest was certainly not antisemitically motivated, since two of its initiators, Harold Pinter and Alexei Sayle, are Jews. What inspired it – apart from concern for Vanunu – was hostility to Israel as a nuclear 'power'. Such hostility may masquerade under the benignly pacifist CND camouflage, but poses a threat to the *sine qua non* of the country's military survival.

The Jewish state is ringed by Arab and Islamic countries of vast population size, some of whose leaders are certifiable psychopaths. Pakistan is hell-bent to develop an Islamic A-bomb, Teheran combines the release of Western hostages with expressions of undying hatred of Israel, Algeria threatens to turn into 'the Iran of the West', and Saddam still lurks in Iraq. In addition to those four horsemen of the Islamic Apocalypse Israel faces enemies laughably described as moderates, such as Assad of Syria and Arafat of the PLO.

Given all that, and given the country's admirable restraint during the Gulf War, only an out-and-out enemy of Israel could want to deprive her of the weapon of last resort.

Let us, therefore, look more closely at the protagonists in the Vanunu street theatre. Harold Pinter gave proof of his political sagacity when he dubbed the American response to Iraqi aggression against Kuwait 'bullying'. Alexei Sayle has an equally Pinteresque persona. He once told an interviewer from a quality newspaper that his marriage was childless because his wife's experience of teaching had left her with an abiding *hatred* of children.

These two 'judges' of Israel were joined by a non-theatrical personage: Bruce Kent. The ex-cleric is a superannuated CND spokesman who, in Cold War days, waxed eloquent about the criminal folly of the West's nuclear weapons programme, while saying remarkably little about how the Soviets poisoned both people and the environment with theirs. Not, on the face of it, a very impressive tribunal.

□ Richard Grunberger

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