

AJR Information

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Don't miss . . .

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Barring the Bard
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Truth – a
'friendly fire'
casualty

It is sickening to see Holocaust deniers mock the dead, but some well-intentioned hype is nearly as bad. A case in point was an *Evening Standard* feature on Carmel College, which, focusing on German-Jewish parents' current alarm at the rise of Neo-Nazism, evoked the spectre of the Kindertransports.

To link, in any way whatever, today's concerned German Jews with those who sent their children away on the eve of the Holocaust is in execrable taste. No less ill-judged was David Mamet's likening of the Harvard premiere of his anti-political correctness play *Oleanna* to performing *The Diary of Anne Frank* at Dachau. For a Jew to use such a simile shows, beside an ear for catchphrases, deplorable lack of sensitivity. □

Talk of 'pawns' is a mendacious gambit

Whoppers out of Wapping

Not so long ago the *Sunday Times* engaged the Holocaust-denier David Irving as an expert on the Third Reich. Then the *Times* asked Alan Clark – the playboy-politician with a mystical affinity to Hitler (referred to by the intimate nickname 'Wolf' in the newly published *Clark Diaries*) – to review his soul-mate Dr Charmley's book on the 'warmonger' Churchill; the *Times* compounded the offence by an interview with the anti-Churchill historian in which elementary errors of fact, such as the dates of the Holocaust, went unchallenged.

Now the *Sunday Telegraph* has given prominence to another commentator peddling views along the Irving-Clark-Charmley continuum. 'If we are going to extend charity to those who murdered millions under Communism' wrote Herb Greer 'there is a case for forgiveness of minor pawns in the historical crimes of Nazism' (*Sunday Telegraph*, 16 May 1993).

This is pernicious nonsense on any number of grounds. For one, who are the mythical 'we'? Since Nuremberg there has been no tribunal of Western judges dealing with crimes against humanity. For another the time scale of Nazi crime and punishment differed drastically from that of the Soviets. In the Nazi case the collapse occurred within a few short

years of the worst crimes – but in the Soviet Bloc a whole generation separated the Stalin era from the demise of the regime. Therefore natural causes – and, of course, the inevitable purges – had already taken a toll of quite a few of Stalin's henchmen before the advent of democracy in the East.

This undoubtedly still left a sizable body of miscreants who deserved far sterner treatment than they received; as is well known, Honnecker and his top policeman Erich Mielke were spared condign punishment on grounds of age and (apparent) illness.

Even so, if we merely take a body count as index of criminality Greer's 'minor Nazi pawns' are more culpable than the aforementioned top Communists: Demjanjuk or Gicas have more deaths on their conscience than Honnecker or Mielke.

On a more philosophical level it is really not good enough to have writers on respected national newspapers go through the hoary old kneejerk reflex of bracketing Nazism with Communism. The equation of the two is about as meaningful in the study of politics as would be the lumping together of syphilis and tuberculosis in medicine.

How often does it have to be reiterated that in promulgating the death sentence the Nazis were guilty of a far more heinous crime than the communists with their purges of 'class enemies'? Hitler pronounced the unborn Jewish child in the womb unfit to live; Stalin spared his victims' children and had them brainwashed.

As if in reply to Greer's unconscionable farrago the Versailles appeals court has now ruled that the 'pawn' Paul Touvier, ex-milice commander of Lyons, is to face trial for genocide. In addition to constituting a long overdue act of retribution, the Touvier trial should help in some small measure to detoxify the Vichyite atmosphere still pervading the French Establishment half a century on. After all, highly placed Catholic clerics shielded Touvier from justice for decades, and others in the power structure – civil servants, judges, ministers, etc – colluded in making another still-to-be-tried practitioner of genocide, namely Maurice Papon, Giscard d'Estaing's Budget Minister. (René Bousquet, alas, no longer concerns us). To forgive such 'pawns' is not only to dishonour the dead, but to poison the living with noxious fumes from the past. □

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Leo Baeck Lodge at 50

Survival was the recurring theme at the 50th Anniversary Celebration of the B'nai B'rith Leo Baeck (London) Lodge on 2 June. In the words of one of the speakers, Glenda Jackson MP: 'Survival in itself is not enough, it is what you survive for, and what you hope to do then that matters'.

Nearly 300 guests assembled in the Banqueting House in Whitehall where in 1655 Oliver Cromwell received Manasseh ben Israel, who presented his 'Humble Petition' for the recall of Jews to England from where they had been expelled in 1290.

In reviewing the first 50 years of the Lodge its President, Leo Dorffmann said that it was in 1943 when 200 refugees established what was soon to be known as Leo Baeck Lodge, bearing the name of that great leader of German Jewry.

Since then the Lodge has grown into one of the largest in Britain. Its high achievements in the field of charitable work are widely recognised, with grants currently amounting to some £125,000 per annum being made to numerous deserving causes. The Lodge administers 15 sheltered flats in Fitzjohn's Avenue, a Home for 25 elderly residents in Golders Green, and the Leo Baeck Day Centre for the Over Sixties. □

New Secretary for LBHA

The Leo Baeck Housing Association has a new Secretary in the form of Dr Stuart Willner. Dr Frank Falk, who held this position for many years, officially handed it over in January. In the interim he has been tying up loose ends to smooth the way for Dr Willner. The Association owns 15 sheltered flats in Fitzjohn's Avenue and Clara Nehab House in Golders Green, a residential care home.

Dr Willner is known to many AJR members through his long service as a volunteer visitor and, more recently, as the Treasurer of the Balint House Committee. We hope he will enjoy as many years tenure in this post as his predecessor did. □

Profile

Rainmaker



Mr Peter Summerfield.

Photo: Newman.

Peter Summerfield doesn't look old enough to have spent most of the Blitz down Tottenham Court Road tube station. Nor does he look old enough to have spent the latter years of the war entertaining American troops based in Britain in a song and dance double act with his identical twin brother George. But he is. What's more, he remembers the songs from an act which opened with the immortal line: *Hey there mister, you better watch your sister 'cos the Fleet's in* and closed with a syncopated rendition of *Chattanooga Choo Choo*. All in all, there are quite a few surprising things about Mr Summerfield.

The Summerfield twins arrived in London in late August 1939, aged six years. They, and their parents, were on the last train to leave Berlin for England before the outbreak of war. Shortly after reaching these shores their father was interned on the Isle of Man. Upon his release he managed to secure a position as an insurance broker (he had been in banking in Germany until anti-Jewish legislation forced him to reassess his career). Their mother took up dressmaking. Both parents were amongst the first members of the AJR. It was in the refugee cabarets organised by Arthur Steiner and Peter Hertz that the twin's short theatrical career began. At the age of eight they entertained refugees in small Hampstead halls, by the end of the war they were performing in concerts with such stars as Anton Walbrook to raise funds for concentration camp survivors. However, neither of them was stage struck.

Academically, as well as artistically, gifted Peter and his brother both gained

scholarships to Pembroke College, Oxford, where Michael Heseltine happened to be a contemporary. (Decades later, as a member of the Leo Baeck Lodge, Peter was chairman of a committee responsible for awarding B'nai B'rith university scholarships.)

From 1952 to 1954 the Summerfield twins did their National Service, serving together in Egypt and Malta. On demobilisation both read Law. Subsequently, Peter was articled to Herbert Garfield at Oppenheimer, Nathan and Vandyk which, at that time, represented the AJR and, indeed, was responsible for establishing the AJR Charitable Trust. After qualifying as a solicitor (with honours) he stayed with the firm until 1988, having been made a partner in 1965. Now he is a partner in the well respected international practice of Nabarro Nathanson, which employs 750 people, the majority of whom work in its prestigious Stratton Street premises.

Peter Summerfield's main practice involves international commercial law, and he has earned a reputation for being a 'rainmaker', someone who brings in a great deal of business. Clients warm to his easygoing charm and seek him out. His services have also been retained by foreign governments: he acts as legal advisor to the Swiss and Austrian authorities as well as acting for the Scandinavian countries. The American Justice Department, Treasury and other U.S. agencies likewise rely on his expertise. Given his heavy workload it is remarkable to find that he is also the founder chairman of the London chapter of the British-Swiss Chamber of Commerce, a member of the International Bar Association, the Royal Institute of International Affairs and other institutions too numerous to list.

In a more personal sphere, Mr Summerfield is a husband to Marianne (nee Granby), a father to five children, and a grandfather to four.

□ M.N.

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Rite of Passage

Mr Bennett, the headmaster of Bentham Grammar School to which some Kindertransportees had been admitted in 1939, was a dedicated teacher, but a man of unpredictable temper and a disciplinarian of the old type. He thought nothing of thrashing his own son in front of the assembled school to make an example of him for some – often minor – misdemeanour. He was, however, scrupulously fair to the newcomers, perhaps because they were foreigners and Jews and thus out of his jurisdiction, or perhaps because he felt sorry for their circumstances.

Alfred and Felix learnt English rapidly and may have endeared themselves to the Head by taking their work more seriously than the local farmers' sons, a few of whom also boarded but who had homes to go to and outside distractions. Alfred, particularly, was of an academic turn, and embraced English Language and Literature with enthusiasm. He delighted in asking questions in class, and often he and Felix were the only boys volunteering to answer those posed by the teachers.

One day Mr Bennett sent for Alfred and Felix to come to his study. They were then 14 and 15 years old respectively, and had been at Bentham for about 18 months. They stood in front of him uneasily, wondering why he had asked to see them.

'I wanted to have a chat with you', began

the Head, quite affably. They shifted from foot to foot, staring straight ahead.

'I wondered –' Mr Bennett said, and here he looked at each of them in turn before clearing his throat, 'I wondered whether you boys ever masturbate.'

There was an uncomfortable silence, while each boy tried to decide what the answer was expected to be. It was a word neither of them had ever come across before. Alfred longed to slip into the school library to look it up in the large, well-thumbed dictionary that was kept there for the pupils to use out of class.

'Come, come,' Mr Bennett went on kindly, 'you can be perfectly honest with me.'

Alfred and Felix stole a glance at each other. They were perplexed – was it something he expected them to do or not to do? They looked back at the Head, hoping for some sort of guidance.

'Well,' Mr Bennett said, a trifle impatiently, 'if you do, then it's nothing to feel embarrassed about. It's a perfectly normal activity for boys to indulge in.' He paused and said helpfully: 'You'll find that the majority of English boys of your age masturbate.'

The boys glanced at each other again, before answering with one accord.

'Yes Sir,' they said almost proudly, 'we do, of course we do!' They were not about to be outdone by any English boys; they were, after all, as normal as any one of them.

The Head stood up to indicate that the ordeal was almost over. He rocked back on his heels and touched his fingertips together.

'In that case,' he said briskly, 'my advice is that you both take cold showers rather more frequently.'

He nodded to them in dismissal, and they escaped from the room, Alfred to find the dictionary and Felix to have the prescribed cold shower. *Mary Huttver*

The chestnut tree

Though I am in my nineties, I have lately found a friend at least 100 years older than myself, from whom I get a lot of inspiration.

This chestnut tree stands on the very top of the Hill Gardens adjoining Golders Hill Park, at the righthand corner at the top of the terrace, with a long view to the West over the treetops. As I look at it it tells me the story of life which must have been a stormy one. After happy and carefree early years with plenty of space, so that it could develop from a delicate sapling into a sturdy young tree stretching out strong branches in all directions, tragedy struck: the terraces were built, trees cut down and the landscape drastically altered. The young chestnut tree owes its survival to the fact that it just fitted into the very corner of the new terrace. But what a survival and at what cost! All the proud young branches were ruthlessly cut off and so was a major part of the roots. By that time the tree had reached full maturity. Could it hope still to survive on the limited food supply available through the reduced root system? Well, it did, but what a struggle it must have been, a struggle of life and death. In the end life won and the determined tree grew higher and higher into the air, its roots deeper into the soil and a new crown of strong branches developed. To all intents and purposes it leads the normal life of a tree, offering food to the animals of the park, and shade and beauty to human beings. *Margaret Kirschner*

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Reviews

Gay power

John Gay, *THE BEGGARS OPERA*, Royal Shakespeare Company, Barbican Theatre, in repertory

For people who imbibed the tunes of the *Threepenny Opera* with their mothers' milk and lisped phrases like *Erst kommt das Fressen, dann die Moral* alongside nursery catches, seeing John Gay's *Beggars Opera* must necessarily smack of a horse-after-the-cart experience. And yet, for all the 20 decades, and Gulf-like width of the Channel, that separate the Brecht-Weill adaptation from the original, Gay's piece comes across with a bracingly premonitory whiff of Brechtian cynicism: At his very first appearance Peachum sings 'Through all the employments of life/Each neighbour abuses his brother/Whore and Rogue they call husband and wife/All professions be-rogue one another'.

Elsewhere Gay occasionally even sounds like a Marxist antedating Karl. He gives jailer Lockit the line 'He who tarnished my honour threatens my livelihood' (Note well: not my life, but my livelihood – i.e. the economic basis of my existence.) Since politics, pace Brecht's guru Marx, rests on economic foundations, crookedness at the base must flaw the superstructure. Macheath, prototype for Meckie Messer, alias Mac the Knife, says 'Like great statesmen we encourage those who betray their

friends'. (It was, incidentally, Prime Minister Walpole's ire at this line that led to the setting up of the office of the Lord Chamberlain as the theatrical censor.)

At the final curtain, when the author of the play-within-a-play is made to alter the ending and save Macheath from the gallows, he shows deep disappointment. He wanted to show, he says, that a poor man guilty of the sort of villainy the rich habitually get away with has to swing for it. Then he adds 'but this is opera'.

Xenophobia

What Gay meant, more precisely, was 'this is Italian opera'. And thereby hangs a tale adding a dash of xenophobia to his aforementioned observations on class. Though Italian opera had only arrived in London in 1705, by the mid-1720s when Gay wrote the *Beggars Opera*, it had become the fashionable entertainment among the *beau monde*. Though all the rage, Italian opera was by no means universally welcome. Gay's friend Jonathan Swift deemed it wholly unsuited to 'the genius of our people' and warned of England being 'over-run by Italian effeminacy and Italian nonsense'.

As for Gay, by making a grand total of 69 airs – mainly English, Scottish and Irish folksongs – serve as the score of his opera he certainly showed himself responsive to the 'genius of our people'. Not to put too fine a

point on it, Gay was no composer at all but a self-confessed plagiarist who attached new words – some as attractive as 'How happy I could be with either/Were t'other dear charmer away' – to existing melodies. (How Ralph Benatzki must have envied Gay! Some readers may remember the derisory epithets Ralph Ben-Akiba and Ralph Benutzsie the operetta composer attracted when his score for the *White Horse Inn* was found to have been partly plagiarised.)

Given its heavy freight of 'adapted' tunes, any satisfactory production of the *Beggars Opera* requires performers equally adept at singing as at acting (not to mention dancing and leaping about in general.) The RSC cast triumphantly meet all demands placed on them. Though the first act drags a little, two set-piece scenes in the second – an attack on a stagecoach brilliantly simulated by no more than actors' body language, accelerated music, flashing lights and minimal props, and a sidesplittingly funny gathering of Macheath's harem – set theatregoers' pulses racing.

Thereafter the doubly misnamed *Beggars Opera* never relaxes its grip on the audience. Gay deliberately chose the title as an oxymoron, because he saw beggars as the opposite extreme to the gilded aristocrats depicted on stage (as well as physically present in auditoria) of opera houses. I call it misnamed, because we left the Barbican not beggared, but enriched by the experience. □ R.G.

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Latterday exodus

Dorit Bader Whiteman, *THE UPROOTED: A Hitler Legacy: voices of those who escaped before the 'Final Solution'*, Insight Books, Plenum Press, New York and London, £23

'What happened to those to whom nothing happened? . . . What effect did being an escapee from Hitler have on the rest of their lives?' So began Dr Whiteman's correspondence with 190 former refugees which, three years on, has culminated in this remarkable and comprehensive book.

Dorit Bader Whiteman is a psychologist and herself a refugee. Her book ranges from the difficulties of emigration to the vicissitudes of those who had to remake their lives.

As one of the 190 contributors, I was rather relieved to find that this was not at all a grouching sort of book – although it was, at times, an intensely moving one. Dr Whiteman vividly evokes the desperate search for escape routes, the petty malice of Nazi officialdom, the agonising paper-chase.

While the story of the children's transports will be familiar, at least to a British readership, Whiteman makes a special contribution to the subject by considering the 'travails of the foster-parents'. Some at least – quite young themselves – were suddenly faced with the responsibility of bringing up children who 'they had thought would only be temporary guests'.

It is difficult to single out stories in this varied book. Should one mention the joy and instant affection for the city of those who reached New York? the exciting story

of an escape to Palestine? the surprising tale of those who went to southern Italy and 'had a nice life'? or of those who had a vastly difficult one in Shanghai? The Japanese were not very 'nice' when they arrived, but it must be said to their eternal honour that they refused to participate in the Final Solution. And what about the troubles of those who were interned and who found themselves on the way to Australia (instead of Canada, as they'd supposed).

There are also some small unexpected delights such as the contribution of the shoemaker-poet of Selkirk; or the tale of the 'Nazi sympathiser' in Shanghai who, at the end, was revealed as an American secret agent. Or, yet again, the charming incident of the British immigration officer who looked askance at the valuable violin that a lad was trying to bring into the country. For the boy's own use – it was claimed. Asked to demonstrate his skill, the boy rendered 'God save the King' and was permitted in – plus fiddle!

The book, incidentally, is handsomely produced and illustrated by photographs, documents and letters. Throughout, those who did not make their escape are never forgotten: Those who – in the author's words 'were as resourceful, as active, as energetic, and as desperate as those who got away. Who differed in only one respect – calamitous chance'.

□ Gerda Mayer

Peerless Raphael

Frederic Raphael, *A DOUBLE LIFE*, Orion, 1993, £14.99

This is Raphael's best to date, the richest, most stylish, most readable novel he has written. And the title is no empty promise. Guy who has led the eponymous double life thinks of himself as a coward, never really touched by tragedy and unable to make any contact with human beings. Be it noted that this man was decorated with the Cross of the Resistance. When still a schoolboy he hid a Jewish fellow pupil, and when that boy was arrested, Guy stood up and protested in the classroom.

So he had to flee himself, and that was how he came into the *Maquis*, brought there with the help of his uncle Jean-Claude who was both a filthy collaborator and a key leader of the Resistance. (That, in his Machiavellian view, was the only path to France's salvation.) Guy, however, has to live with the knowledge that he never liked the Jewish boy for whom he risked his

life . . . in fact, this dilemma spurred him on to what was then a crime and later a shining deed.

Frederic Raphael achieves some incredible effects with the use of epigrams and paradoxes which throw a curious light on the most hair-raising situations. For example when he is captured by the *Milice*, the French Nazis, and his end draws nigh, he notes that 'they have power but no hope'. He is saved by an otherwise bungled Resistance operation.

In the course of it he kills a *Milicien* who had been merciful to him, but later lets a German, a looter in the guise of a businessman, escape being too squeamish to kill in cold blood. In the same *coup* his commander shoots dead another German civilian who was merely trying to find a dentist.

Later, as a postwar diplomat, Guy moves all over the world, helping uphold France's bluff to appear as still a great Power. For the reader this makes *The Double Life* – to coin a phrase – doubly interesting.

□ John Rossall

Hebrew Melody

No prophet warned what they began
When Adam delved and Eve span
Guileless they shook the knowledge
tree

Since which from sin earth's not been free
In Abel's shadow walks grim Cain
A tale that's told 'gain and again
Till in due time the murd' red brother
Magically replaced the murd' rous other
And the Jews killed, thus ran the jibe,
One Jesus sprung from Jesse's tribe
Judas became *the* term for treason
Without a shred of proof or reason
Thus we descendants of mild Abel
Turned succubi in myth and fable
And bore upon our breasts the stain
Skingrafted from the brow of Cain
– Yellow-hued stain as is the lion
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Letters to the Editor



OF PREJUDICE AND PRIDE

Sir – In Britain the figure for racist attacks went up from 4,383 in 1988 to 7,882 in 1991 and is rising. Last year 10 coloured people were killed, against 13 in Germany which has 17 million more people. The Germans are good in publicising their racism, we are good at sweeping it under the carpet.

I was in Würzburg on the day five Turks were killed. I was talking to a friend when a stranger approached and said he was ashamed to be a German. This sentiment is widespread, together with great resentment that the police are not doing more to curb the activities of the skinheads.

Germany's liberal immigration laws have allowed 500,000 immigrants to enter the country every year (in Britain the figure for 1991 was 54,000). Every immigrant costs the state 1,000 DM per month until they get a job which usually takes 2–3 years. In Britain such a policy would have caused riots in every city.

There is one area where Germany can be severely criticised. Turkish residents may have lived in the country for 30 years, yet are not naturalised. As Jewish refugees from Germany fully integrated in Britain, we should join forces with German liberals who are campaigning for a change in German naturalisation laws.

I think Ignatz Bubis, the leader of the German Jewish Community, caught the right mood when he said after the Hessen election, 'Let's not forget that 92 per cent of the electorate rejected the racist party and voted for democracy'.

Roy Gardens
Ilford, Essex

Peter Prager

By the same token that no society will ever be free of crime, no multi-racial society will ever be free of racist violence. On the other hand, there is nothing inevitable about the existence of an ultra-right party whose voting strength 'legitimises' racist violence.

Who now remembers John Tyndall, or Mosley? But which German is NOT acquainted with Schönhuber, or Hitler?

I understand Ignatz Bubis' motive in 'talking up' democracy, but to dub the Bavarian CSU liberal democrats is wishful exaggeration. Ed

GERMANOPHOBIA

Sir – Am I mistaken in the belief that the recollection of the past has faded from the

memory of some contributors? I ought to state here that I am not in any way connected with *AJR Information*, a publication deserving of praise by all who found refuge in the U.K. Readers cannot have failed to note that its letter section presents a wide variety of views. Over the last few months this policy has resulted in expressions of opinions which give cause to wonderment. To say that your April editorial *Perverters of historical truth* 'trivialises immense problems everywhere' is astonishing. To conclude with the advice to make *AJR Information* more serious and objective is, to put it mildly, naive. I fail to note any anti-German bias in your paper as alleged by Dr Hornung and Peter Prager. Do these gentlemen base their reproaches on regular visits to their former Fatherland and continued contact with Germans? If so, theirs must have been a noticeably different impression from the one I gained over a number of years.

Let us not blind ourselves to the present goings-on in Germany. *Mene tekel.*

Alyth Gardens
London, NW11

Albert Adler

Sir – Christabel Bielenberg recalls in her book *The Past Is Myself* that when faced with the first Nazi atrocities against Jews she asked her anti-Nazi German husband 'What kind of people are you?'

That is the question I would like to ask readers who accuse you of anti-German bias. As for those who agree with Mr Braunsberg's views, I would suggest they permanently return to Germany. They will not be missed by the British (Jews and non-Jews) who saved their lives.

As a former refugee, I admire British democracy and tolerance. I also support Israel; had it existed in 1938/9 many of our relatives would have been saved.

Hawkshead Lane
North Mymms, Hatfield

Margaret Toch

Sir – I note with dismay that a number of your readers complain of an editorial bias against Germany. The tragedy was not caused by a small number of Nazis, but by the democratically elected German government. Von Hindenburg as President, entrusted Hitler with forming a new government and if the Nazis were truthful in one thing it was in telling the electorate their intentions. The annihilation of the

Jews was clearly written in their programme. It is therefore the German people which is responsible for what has happened.

The present attitude of the German Government towards restitution and compensation cannot endear them to us either.

Melvin Hall

Edmund Stekel

London NW11

Sir – I feel disgusted that anyone should be hurt when the truth is analysed. Dr Hornung and others seem engaged in a personal vendetta against the Editor.

As long as the universe exists Teutonic barbarism will not be forgotten. The recent bloody attacks on Turkish people remind us how ingrained the poisonous Nazi ideology remains in millions of Germans.

Tadworth Road

H. Cyvia

Dollis Hill NW2

DISSENT IN THE COCKPIT

Sir – I read with interest the two reviews of Diane Samuel's play *Kindertransport* juxtaposed in the June issue. The author poses questions that are difficult to face – questions that, to use RG's words 'strain credulity to breaking point'. How can a daughter, whose life has been saved, reject utterly her mother who survives the concentration camp and comes to claim her and take her to a new life? On the face of it this is monstrous, and we want to resist knowing about it. The Nazis understood only too well and exploited this aspect of the human mind. They were able to predict very accurately that if their victims chanced to survive the Holocaust no-one would believe them if they tried to tell of their experiences.

The question for each of us who venture to experience the play is what to do with the feelings stirred in us – what 'truth' to make out of it. Can we bear the 'inner truths' we get a glimpse of in ourselves or do we protect our vulnerable inner selves, like 16 year old Evelyn, by rejecting what cannot be assimilated?

The play is a brave attempt to ask impossible questions: How can parents prepare a child for the abyss of a premature separation under conditions of terror and uncertainty? How can a woman choose between staying with her husband and going with her child? Sophie's choice? Eva was supposedly safe in England but how did she experience it? When the strong protective 'good father' is removed the way is cleared for the malicious 'bad father'. In Germany the ratcatcher myth becomes reality when Nazis replace the 'good father'. But the 'bad father' turns up in England too as the pied piper, the antisemitic station

guard and the sadistic postman, to make Eva's new life insecure.

Eva works very hard to forge a new life when she has to give up hope of rescuing her parents. She resists a second separation through evacuation and becomes English Evelyn Miller. The last thing she wants or feels she can cope with is another upheaval in her precariously rebuilt life when her mother reappears. The play poses the uncomfortable question: would Eva have been better off sharing her mother's fate?

Over the last two years I have co-facilitated with a colleague several groups for former Kindertransportees to explore their experiences of the separation and ways it affected their lives. There will be a further group on offer in January 1994. I will be pleased to hear from anyone interested.

Fortune Green Road Ruth Barnett
London NW6

This letter follows the play in further melodramatising a situation which was, in all conscience, dramatic enough. The writer's question whether Eva would have been better off sharing her mother's fate, I think, amply proves my point. Ed

Sir – As a counsellor I have often seen the subconscious processes of denial and blotting out. Experiences of abandonment and loss are so profound that they remain imprinted in the psyche.

To reject the possibility that others experience feelings which are different from one's own is to lose the opportunity to demonstrate one's sensitivity and humility. Where is the untruth?

Witney Close Gaby Glassman
Pinner, Middlesex

Sir – I normally admire your writings; this time, however, you've got it quite wrong.

You find yourself unable to lend credence to the turmoil of feelings experienced by Eva in relation to her real and surrogate mothers, as well as to her daughter. You say you cannot understand, and consequently cannot believe, that she could have cut herself off from her past, felt abandoned, and had nothing in common with her new mother to whom she was strongly tied.

Let me assure you, as someone of similar age and experience to Eva's, that what the play portrays is profoundly true. To deny it as credible is to show a lack of understanding. Of course, you are not alone.

A Kindertransportee

BOUQUET

Sir – Let me say how much I agree with the sentiments expressed by Fred Rosner's letter. Your humour, your erudition, your

penetrating analysing ability and your superb command of language make you an editor of whom a national newspaper, let alone *AJR Information* could be proud. P.S.

I am grateful for Ernest Brown's quote:

'Und ist der Yontev noch so klein
Die Juden haben Sonnenschein',

to which I am inspired to add:

'Kein Wunder, denn das liegt im Blut –
Der Sonnenschein war auch ein Jud!'

Greathead Manor Dr R. S. Lenk
Dormansland, Surrey

GENEALOGICAL RESEARCH

Sir – I write to ask whether your readers have knowledge of Unterfranken and of the Jewish communities in that district, or whether you can suggest any books in English which may assist me in gaining further knowledge of the area.

5 Halsbury Road G. A. Horwich
Wallasey, L45 5DT

LOCATING THE ROOTS

Sir – Mr Schmerling jumps dutifully to the defence of the descendants of Bismark's Chauvinist Empire. The circumstances in the German Kaiserreich in 1914 and in the Weimar Republik in 1923 were no more 'exceptional' than elsewhere. Germany in 1914 was richer than Austria, Italy, or any of its Eastern neighbours. Germany in 1923 was no worse off than Austria, Hungary, or any of the losers of the 1914–18 war. What characterised German politics all the way through from 1870 to 1930 was a Nationalist clique – not always in power – whose main feature was its Jingoistic greed, lust for power and conquest.

Count Gobineau's aim was not to discredit the Jews. He wanted to justify colonial conquest of non-white races, as there had been voices who objected to France's and other European powers' overseas expansion on religious grounds.

H. S. Chamberlain, born 1855, was deeply influenced by his ideas. England did not suit him, being too liberal (with a small l). He went to live in Germany, joined Richard Wagner and his racialist circle, and there became one of the gurus of the Nordic racialist myth. He wrote his book *Die Grundlagen* in German and served the German forces against his native country.

Chamberlain never returned to Britain to face the firing squad. He died in 1927 in Bayreuth, revered by Hitler and his gang. So, no one can rightly claim any *English* influence.

When choosing the godfathers of the Nazi ideas Mr Schmerling deliberately left

out the main culprits: Nietzsche, Schiller, Freiligrath and the other so-called *Freiheitsdichter* of the Napoleonic Wars. They were all Germans. They were all rabid violent nationalists. Their ideas were pumped into German and Austrian youth, year after year, by teachers who were all *alte Herren* of the *völkische Burschenschaften*.

I myself saw, for eight years, the poison brew being manufactured. It did not come from England and France, mein Herr. It was all *Made in Germany*.

Connaught Avenue E. H. Kenneth
Grimsby

COVENT GARDEN REHABILITATED

Sir – I find S.B.'s piece 'Quality or Quantity' very odd. To compare the number of operas presented at Covent Garden in a month straddling December and January with the numbers at its continental counterparts in April is about as meaningful as comparing the size of the congregation at a United Synagogue on Monday and at a Reform Synagogue on Saturday. Certainly it has nothing to do with the relative merits of the 'stagione' and 'repertoire' systems.

If S.B. had compared like with like the pictures would have been totally different: in April last, Covent Garden presented not just one, but five different operas, as well as two ballet programmes.

Heath View Eric Masel
London N2

DE-CONSTRUCTED CHRIST FIGURE

Sir – John Rossell does not mention one interesting theory which appears in A. N. Wilson's *Jesus*. This explains the seeming contradiction in the Gospels, notably John, where 'the Jews' are often referred to in a hostile manner by people who were *Jews* themselves. A. N. Wilson notes that *Jews* surely must mean Judeans in this context. The word for Jews and Judeans is the same in Hebrew (Yehuda, Yehudim). Jesus and the disciples were Galileans. Yehudim, i.e. Judeans refers thus to the Jerusalemites (*Jerusalem Grossschnauzen?*) in derogatory terms and not to Jews as such.

Aberdare Gardens Ezra Jurmann
London NW6

WRONG TYPE OF SNOW?

Sir – In your June issue you tell your readers how to reach your office. You mention Finchley Road tube station, but another station is even nearer. I refer to British Rail Finchley Road and Frognal.

What has BR done to deserve this omission?

Putney Hill G. F. Manley
London SW15

The AJR at Work

Sun worshippers and strawberries



Taking advantage of a glorious 4th.

Photo: Newman.

While a substantial proportion of the Western World was involved with trivia such as American Independence Day and the Wimbledon Men's Singles Final the real big event of the day was taking place in West Hampstead. In Cleve Road, to be exact.

Yes, at last, on a warm golden fourth of July, with not a cloud in the sky, the Paul Balint AJR Day Centre Open Day arrived. The glorious weather was greeted with enthusiasm by staff and volunteers who pushed out the boat on the refreshment front. Their hard work manifested itself in the form of a splendid array of delicious sandwiches and wickedly irresistible cakes and sweets, complemented by a range of hot and cold drinks.

Brisk business

The numerous stalls erected in the Day Centre gardens were heavily laden with gifts from well-wishers and, when the doors opened to admit a happy throng, business was brisk.

Whilst sun worshippers soaked up rays in the great outdoors a cooler climate prevailed within the airy hall. Here strawberries and cream were consumed under the watchful eye of portraits produced by the Day Centre arts classes. Some of the less sedate members took advantage of the music provided by the in-house pianist and enjoyed a jolly foxtrot or a gay gavotte.

The day closed with a spectacular finale: the drawing of the raffle. Here the excitement reached fever pitch, especially for the six lucky winners. It was a fine and enjoyable Open Day and a perfect Sunday outing for all concerned.

□ With thanks to Mr F. Rosenzweig

On course for success

The staff of the Paul Balint AJR Day Centre deal every day with members of a very vulnerable section of the community. It is because of their concern for the elderly members in their charge that they are constantly working to implement improvements in the services provided at Cleve Road. Usually these improvements take a tangible form – new kitchens, extra staff, better equipment etc – and thus make their presence felt immediately. Less instantly noticeable, however, is the amount of training and experience which the staff have to acquire to achieve the levels of professionalism needed in organising and administering an operation as complex as our Day Centre.

Meeting standards

A great deal of on-the-job training is provided for staff at Cleve Road. But training has to meet the standards required by the government and, more specifically, the Department of Environmental Health.

To this end Sylvia Matus, Day Centre Organiser and Susie Kaufman, Catering Supervisor, have recently undertaken a government licensed course in health and hygiene. In a series of seminars and lectures they learned how the Food Safety Act affects Day Centre operations. They were also brought up to date on consumer affairs, such as the Buyers Right to Refusal, relating to the bulk buying of raw materials and the Weights and Measures laws.

At the end of the course the two students had, inevitably, to sit exams. Needless to say they both passed with flying colours and have received their certificates.

Congratulations, Susie and Sylvia, and thank you for the conscientious application of your advanced skills! □

AJR

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1 HAMPSTEAD GATE,
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Our new phone number is:

071-431 6161

Our new Fax number is:

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The cost for a kosher 3 course meal is £3.00. Delivery charge 50p. Payment for meals to be made to the Driver.

If you live in North or North West London and wish to take advantage of this service phone Mrs Ruth Finestone on 071-328 0208 for details and an assessment interview.

Meals can still be collected from 15 Cleve Road on weekdays (Mondays-Thursdays) for £3.00 per meal.

Our Annual General Meeting



Clockwise from top left: Andrew Kaufman, Max Kochmann (Hon. Treasurer), and Theo Marx (Chairman) oversee the proceedings. Top right: Richard Grunberger (Editor of AJR Information) deep in conversation. Bottom right: A few of those present, including Mrs Frieda Kochmann (centre) and Mrs Dora Segall (far right). Right: Ralph Blumenau, our guest speaker. Photos: Newman.



PAUL BALINT AJR DAY CENTRE

15 Cleve Road, London NW6 3RL
Tel. 071 328 0208

Open Tuesday and Thursday 9.30 a.m.-7 p.m., Monday and Wednesday 9.30 a.m.-3.30 p.m., Sunday 2 p.m.-7 p.m.

Morning Activities - Bridge, kalookie, scrabble, chess, etc., keep fit, discussion group, choir (Mondays), art class (Tuesdays and Thursdays).

Afternoon entertainment -

AUGUST

- Sunday 1 PASTICHE - Polly Robinson (Soprano) accompanied by Hilary Morgan (Piano)
- Monday 2 Anne Shirley & Robert Eves Entertain with Music Of Your Choice
- Tuesday 3 Showtime - Helena Guest (Soprano) accompanied by Barry Wynford-Dawes (Synthesizer)
- Wednesday 4 Songs of the Violin - Gillian Cohen (Violin) accompanied by Anthea Rael (Piano)
- Thursday 5 A Summer Concert with Ann Kenton-Barker (Soprano) & Geoffrey Whitworth (Piano)

- Sunday 8 Summer Song & Music - Sue Kennett (Soprano) accompanied by Richard Hoyle (Piano)
- Monday 9 LIEDERKREIS - Susan Baraban (Soprano) accompanied by Rosa Butwick (Piano)
- Tuesday 10 Vic Leach with his Electronic Orchestra
- Wednesday 11 A Sentimental and Zany afternoon, Patricia Powers
- Thursday 12 Ronnie Goldberg Entertains with Songs & Guitar
- Sunday 15 Shades of Palm Court - Patrick Kilbride (Violin) accompanied by Jennifer Hunt (Piano)
- Monday 16 Music That You Love - Sylvia Dorff (Soprano) accompanied by Mabel Witzum (Piano)
- Tuesday 17 A Touch of the Lighter Side of Music - Sheree Oxenham (Soprano) accompanied by Geoffrey Whitworth (Piano)
- Wednesday 18 THE TRINITY QUARTET - Vasiliki Fikaris (Soprano), Devon Harrison (Bass) & Domenico Colonna (Tenor) accompanied by Gilmour MacLeod (Piano)
- Thursday 19 Sheila Kominsky Entertains on Piano & Piano Accordion

- Sunday 22 The Valerie Hewitt Show
 - Monday 23 Merrill Dresner Entertains with Songs & Guitar
 - Tuesday 24 Take A Quick-Step Back In Time - Geoffrey Strum accompanied by Johnny Walton (Piano)
 - Wednesday 25 A Musical Afternoon in August - Piano Duo & Solos with Sheila Games & Daphne Lewis
 - Thursday 26 The Two R's Cabaret - Richard Moody (Tenor) accompanied by Robert Douglas (Piano)
 - Sunday 29 Two In Harmony - Natalie Sinclair (Soprano) & Jules Ruben (Piano)
 - Monday 30 CLOSED
 - Tuesday 31 An Hour of Music in Summer with Sally Popperwell (Piano) & Helen Pitstow (Violin)
- #### SEPTEMBER
- Wednesday 1 THE MELODIANS - Susan Reed, Alun Davies & Ron Mitchell
 - Thursday 2 The Dulcet Tones
 - Sunday 5 Songs & Arias from Venice to Volgograd via Vienna - Fred Rosner (Bass) accompanied by Rosa Butwick

FAMILY EVENTS

Deaths

Heinemann Frederick Heinemann (formerly of Dusseldorf) passed away peacefully on July 4, 1993, aged 99 years. Sadly missed by his wife Trude and family.

Leyser Paula Leyser (nee Sommerfeld) born Berlin June 21, 1899, died London July 15, 1993. Our dearest 'Mutti' was laid to rest on July 16. The memory of a special human being will be with us always. Stephanie and Simon Kester and Mutti's beloved grandchildren Mimi and David and their families, also the wider family and friends, all of whom she cherished and to whom she gave so generously of her love and care.

Porta Rudolf Porta, my beloved husband, born May 8, 1899, died June 21, 1993. Dearly loved and deeply mourned by his wife Cleo.

Wellish Paul Wellish, a valued member who will be sadly missed by all his friends from his 'second home' the Paul Balint AJR Day Centre, Cleve Road.

Sachs Mrs Laura Sachs of Eleanor Rathbone House died on June 21, 1993 after years of ill health. She will be greatly missed by her many friends.

Sondheimer Ida Sondheimer, born Wertheim am Main on June 16, 1900, beloved mother of Professor Ernst Sondheimer, died peacefully on June 29, 1993.

Stein Kurt Stein, husband of Edith died peacefully on 24 June 1993 and will be sadly missed by his wife and friends.

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Alice Schwab

Art Notes

This year's summer exhibition at Annelly Juda Fine Art entitled *Partners* (until 18 September), concerns painters and sculptors, who have shared their lives with each other. Thus we get an important painting by Robert Delaunay compared with the colourful work of Sonia Delaunay-Terk, intriguing works by Robert Michel and Ella Bergmann-Michel, and system paintings by Kenneth Martin compared with a calm and beautiful relief by Mary Martin.

The winner of the *BP Portrait Award 1993* was Philip Harris (born 1965), an artist from Acton who has shown his work in various group exhibitions. The winning work *Two Figures lying in a Shallow Stream* can be seen with others of high standard at the National Portrait Gallery (until 3 September).

There is still time to see the *Royal Academy Summer Exhibition*, sponsored by Guinness plc (until 15 August). Among the exhibitors are some of our old acquaintances, Hannah Weil, Jack Goldhill (two exhibits), Anselm Kiefer, Hans Schwarz, R. B. Kitaj (two pictures) and Agatha Sorel. It is also worth looking at exhibits by Frederic Gore, the late Dame Elizabeth Frink, Carel Weight and many, many others.

In Praise of Optimism is the title of a new exhibition at the Manor House Society (until 7 September) of paintings and works on paper by Betty Sinclair, who first showed there in 1990.

Paris Post War: Art and Existentialism 1945-1955 at the Tate Gallery (until 5 September), centres on the post-war careers of Alberto Giacometti, Alfred Otto Wolfgang Schulze (Wols), and other leading painters of the time. Berlin-born Wols (1913-51) settled in Paris as a successful photographer in 1935. After wartime internment he turned increasingly to art. His first exhibition consisted of tiny water colours. Sartre was fascinated by Wols' life of semi-destitution. He saw his career as an expression of existentialist choice in the face of extreme material hardship.

The Tate Gallery also shows water-colours and drawings by *Edward Burne-Jones* (until 7 November). Though not a member of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood Burne-Jones was heavily influenced by their work, especially that of Dante Gabriel



Frederick Gore C.B.E., R.A. *Incantation: Hibiscus and Red Sofa*.

Photo: Courtesy of Royal Academy.

Rossetti and William Morris. Burne-Jones contributed to the resurgence of interest in stained glass windows, and produced monumental paintings in the second half of his career.

Kenwood's Summer Exhibition is *Anton Raphael Mengs and His British Patrons* (until 12 September). Mengs, now curiously neglected, was a leader of the neo-classical school in Rome, and Court Painter to both the Elector of Hanover and the King of Spain.

There is also an important Pissarro exhibition on at the moment. The Royal Academy is showing *Pissarro: the Impressionist and City* (until 10 October).

The Victoria and Albert Museum's *High Art and Low Life: the Studio Magazine and the Arts of the 1890s* (until 31 October) displays over 200 paintings, prints and drawings from the era, and examines the pivotal role played by the Studio magazine in shaping the artistic taste of the decade. □

Annely Juda Fine Art

23 Dering Street (off New Bond Street)
Tel: 071-629 7578, Fax: 071-491 2139

CONTEMPORARY PAINTING
AND SCULPTURE

SB's Column

2149 Stones is the name of a new memorial against racism. Erected by Jochen Gerz, a German artist living in Paris, it stands in the square in front of Saarbrücken castle and lists the names of all pre-1933 German Jewish cemeteries.

An 'almost' forgotten composer. The songs from the operettas of composers Lehar, Kalman, Abraham and Robert Stolz are sung and whistled everywhere and revivals on the continent are numerous. However, during the so-called 'Silver era' of operetta in the Twenties and Thirties another name was almost equally distinguished: Bruno Granichstädten, a song writer who also composed more than a dozen operettas. Even his *Orlow* in which Russian emigré prince worked as a motor mechanic has lost its appeal and is no longer performed. Granichstädten's music was tuneful and charming, and his *Da nehm' ich eine kleine Zigarette* (which has survived) has undeniable appeal. Sadly, like so many others, the composer died in poverty and generally unmourned, in New York in 1943.

Popular opera. During a short season at London's Sadlers Wells, British Youth Opera will present *Figaro* and *Bohème* at very reasonable prices with concession tickets at 30 per cent discount. Performances will take place between 24 and 28 August in London and between 31 August and 5 September at the Mumford Theatre, Cambridge.

Birthdays. Two very different personalities have joined the League of Nonagenarians: American comedian Bob Hope, the internationally known unique 'King of Fun' has recently celebrated his 90th birthday, as has German actress Camilla Horn whose film career extended over many decades.

Obituary. Hugo Wiener has died in Vienna at the age of 89, active to the end and full of plans for the coming season. He was a writer of short stories, pianist and composer, cabaretist and, above all, accompanist of his wife, diseuse Cissy Kraner for whom he wrote a great number of chansons, many of which were recorded during the Tarkas days and are still much in demand. (*Der Nowak laesst mich nicht verkommen, ich wünsch' mir zum Geburtstag einen Vorderzahn.*) Wiener and Kraner met as emigrés in South America and returned to Vienna in 1948. Ever since, their names have been associated with highlights of the Austrian entertainment scene. □

A HISTORY OF THE JEWS IN THE GERMAN-SPEAKING LANDS

Part I I: Jewish responses to emancipation (II)

Economic Advance

In Part 6 we saw how, in the 17th and 18th centuries, the early stages of progress in the status of the Jews were closely connected with economic developments that called for skills with which the Jews were particularly well endowed. In the German-speaking lands only a small proportion of the Jews had been allowed to contribute their talents: Frederick the Great, for example, had still excluded Jews from a whole range of occupations in order to protect his Christian subjects from their competition. But then Part 9 showed how during the 19th century even the most conservative governments of Germany had to come to terms with the liberal economic programme of freeing commerce from restrictions such as the guilds had still been able to impose in the 18th century; and the Jews were beneficiaries of this. So we will find Jews making great progress in four fields of economic activity: the fields in which they had already been allowed to operate, like banking; those which had previously been closed but which were now permitted to them, like textile manufacture; and, above all, the new spheres that were opened up by the industrial revolution and by the mass public of an increasingly urbanised society, like the electrical industry on the one hand, and department stores, journalism, publishing and entertainment on the other. Finally, as the universities, professions, civil service – and, in Austria, even the army officer corps – gradually admitted Jews, they were able to make a mark here, too. In fact, by the end of the 19th century the slowly declining area of agriculture was about the only sector in which Jews had no significant presence.

Banking

High finance was a sphere where the Jews had already made their mark before emancipation, and in which they played a bigger and bigger part as the 19th century progressed. Governments as well as private industry had an inexhaustible need for credit as the industrial revolution gathered pace. In the German-speaking countries governments were more closely involved in industrial investment and public works (like railway building, for instance) than in England; and they also maintained very large armies. They were, therefore, con-

stantly in need of money which they raised by loans or by the issuing of state bonds. In both of these, Jewish banking houses played a crucial part. The most famous was, of course, the House of Rothschild. This had originated at the end of the 18th century in Frankfurt-am-Main, a centre that was strategically placed both on the north-south and on the east-west trade routes. There Meyer Amschel had laid the foundations for the family's fortunes, initially by safe-keeping and profitably investing the enormous fortune which the Elector of Hesse-Cassel had made by lending out his troops as mercenaries during the Revolutionary and Napoleonic Wars. First in the Elector's name and later in their own, Meyer Amschel in Frankfurt and his sons Salomon (in Vienna), Nathan (in London), Karl (in Naples) and James (in Paris) used these assets as securities against loans to the governments of Europe. All the courts of Europe became heavily dependent on them, and even reactionary governments like that of Metternich in Austria ennobled the Austrian branch in 1822.

The Rothschilds are only the most famous of the German Jewish bankers: others were the Seligmans and the Oppenheimers in Frankfurt, the Warburgs in Hamburg, Hirsch in Munich, and Bleichröder (Bismarck's banker) in Berlin.

Industry and Commerce

In the older industries Jewish participation was relatively modest and not on the scale of the giants like Thyssen or Siemens. It tended to be concentrated in the as yet less developed parts of Germany like Upper Silesia, where some iron, textile and coke-smelting plants were in Jewish ownership. When, after its defeat by Prussia in 1866, the Habsburg Empire tried to speed up its economic modernisation, the Jews were again prominently involved because a non-

Jewish industrial or commercial bourgeoisie scarcely existed there.

Jews did particularly well in new economic activities, where there was no opposition from old established firms. Most notable here was the electricity industry, where Emil Rathenau founded the AEG (*Allgemeine Elektrizitäts-Gesellschaft*) in 1887, and introduced the telephone system to Berlin. Paul Julius Reuter had already replaced the pigeon post by telegraphy as an instrument of the news agency he had set up in 1848. In Hamburg, Albert Ballin built up the powerful Hamburg-Amerika passenger and mercantile shipping line.

Communication was one of the growth points of society, and Jews were active in journalism and in publishing. Leopold Ullstein began with a newspaper empire in the 1860s and added a book publishing firm in 1907; Rudolf Mosse created a similar chain of papers in the 1870s.

The growth of urbanisation invited the development of department stores, which were introduced into Germany by Jewish families: the Tietz family opened the first one in Munich in 1895, others were opened elsewhere by the Wertheim and Gerson families.

These are just the big names; but large numbers of Jews were economically upwardly mobile during the 19th century. Some statistics will illustrate this: in 1813 40 per cent of Prussian Jews were still pedlars and small shopkeepers; in 1852 the proportion had fallen to 6 per cent; and in 1900 it was only 1 per cent. By 1871, though the half million Jews made up only 1.25 per cent of the population of Germany, 80 per cent of them were classified as belonging to the *Mittelstand* – this is a much wider concept than the English 'middle class'; but even so 60 per cent of Jews were in the upper income brackets. 58 per cent were engaged in commerce and credit, compared with only 2 per cent of Christians who fell into that classification. The average were not only wealthier than the average of the non-Jews, they were also healthier: in 1855 their average life-span (in Frankfurt) was 49 years, whereas that of the non-Jews was 37. Some of this difference may be accounted for by the fact that Jews tended to marry younger; but prosperity, education, and hygiene would also have made a big contribution.

The successes that have been described above aroused, as success so often does, envy and hostility; and this played a part in an increase of anti-semitism in the later part of the 19th century. Next month's instalment will have to deal with this.

□ Ralph Blumenau

CORRECTION NOTICE

Mrs Dora Segall has asked us to point out that she was never Secretary of *British Aid for German Workers*, as stated in her 'Profile' in the June issue, but helped – in cooperation with the German *Arbeiterwohlfahrt* – to bring German children to England for a few weeks postwar recuperation.

A dip in the gene pool

Some readers may recall how the film *Leon the Pigfarmer* pinpointed *meschpochism* (family mindedness) as a peculiarly Jewish trait. *Meschpochism* is not the same as nepotism, which carries overtones of Sicilian mafia families, or – what amounts to the same thing – the governments of Saudi Arabia or Iraq. In Communist China, likewise, Chou En Lai's adopted son became Prime Minister.

But to return to civilisation. Hollywood is, by common consent, a largely Jewish creation. It was in tinseltown that Hemingway's title *The Sun Also Rises* was adapted to 'the son-in-law also rises'. (David Selznick not only made *Gone With the Wind*; he had also married Louis B. Mayer's daughter.) Another movie producer prompted the adage 'Carl Laemmle Brought the whole fam'ly'.

Currently a London art gallery is staging an exhibition under the *meschpochnik* heading of *Four Generations of the Pissarro Family*. Whether the descendants of the

great Camille have inherited his genius for painting, as distinct from PR, is a moot point – but it is nice to think that Sephardim are as family-minded as their Ashkenazi cousins.

Overall, though, the Ashkenazim still lead in the family stakes with what amounts to no less than a dynasty, namely the Rothschilds. Below that princely elevation (see David Maier in *AJR Information*, March 1993) and at level-pegging with the Pissarros are four generations of the Freud family, to wit Doctor Sigmund, daughter Anna, her painter nephew Lucien and his novelist daughter Esther.

Showbiz world

Below the Freuds yawns a gap; not even in the world of showbiz can the Jews offer competition to the three-generation Fondas (Henry, Jane and Bridget) of Hollywood, or the three-generation Redgraves (Sir Michael, Vanessa and Joely Richardson) of Shaftesbury Avenue.

In fact, on stage and screen Jewish genealogies are still shamefully short: Joseph Schildkraut *père et fils*, Kirk and Michael

Douglas, and those *mameloshen* mummies Myer and Ann Tselniker.

But if we examine family trees horizontally instead of vertically – in other words if we focus on siblings – then the Jewish picture brightens considerably. Here pride of place goes, as a matter of course, to the Marx brothers Groucho, Chico, Harpo and Zepo. Right behind them are the Marxist brothers Hanns and Gerhart Eisler – the former Brecht's pet composer, the latter Ulbricht's mini-Goebbels – and their Trotskyite sister Ruth Fischer. There follows the parallel, yet more estimable, threesome of the writing Singers: Nobel Prize winner Isaac Bashevis, Joshua of *Brothers Ashkenzi* fame, and Esther Kreitman, née Singer.

A differently constituted trio are the Eltons, nee Ehrenreich – Sir Geoffrey the Tudor historian, Professor Lewis the educationalist, and their nephew Ben, alternative comedian.

I could go on – but I won't – and for one simple reason: nowadays the standard family comprises father, mother and 2.5 children. Not much scope for *meschpochology* there! □ R.G.

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Cooking with Gretel Beer



Haddock baked with anchovies and cream

The recipe given here is one much used for cooking whole pike in my native Austria, but it works extremely well with haddock fillets – a much under-rated fish which more than deserves a little luxury treatment. It is a very simple and easily prepared dish which can be varied at will by using sour cream instead of double cream and for an even quicker version use a good brand of anchovy paste (*not* anchovy essence, please). And I haven't forgotten the salt for the fish – the anchovies provide enough saltiness!

1lb waxy potatoes (450 g)
salt, white pepper
4 haddock fillets
butter
8 fl oz double cream (¼ l)
4 anchovy fillets or 2–3 teaspoons anchovy paste

Parboil potatoes, peel and slice them. Butter a large ovenproof dish and cover bottom with sliced potatoes. Sprinkle lightly with salt and white pepper. Pour half the cream over the potatoes. Put the haddock fillets on top of the potatoes. Drain the anchovies and mash them with a fork. Mix with remaining cream and pour over fish fillets. Cover dish loosely with foil and bake at Gas Mark 5 375°F, 190°C for about 25 minutes, then take off the foil and bake for another 4–5 minutes. □

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PETER C. RICKENBACK

Brouhaha in Budapest

Since the Soviet collapse the West has tended to divide the former satellites into 'basket cases' and qualified successes. The former are Romania, Albania and – above all – Yugoslavia. The latter are Czechoslovakia, Poland and Hungary. The three last-named largely owe their qualified success to economic reform. However, ethnic homogeneity also played a part – certainly as far as Poland and the Czech lands are concerned. Hungary is rather a different story. Although the country of ten million contains no sizeable minority – Jews form only two per cent of the population, Gypsies rather more – the post-war redrawing of frontiers has left several million Hungarians living in neighbouring countries.

This issue has long bedevilled relations with Romania and prompted animosity towards Slovakia and Ukraine. It also threatens the stability of the Budapest government.

Premier Jozsef Antall may like to call himself leader of *all* Magyars, but he has recently signed an agreement with Ukraine renouncing any territorial claims on a country whose borderlands are home to 200,000 Hungarians. Antall's hardline party colleague Istvan Czurka thereupon accused him of betraying the national interest; a Czurka-led faction may even split from the government, thus depriving it of its parliamentary majority. Superpatriot Czurka has already earned notoriety as the country's leading Jew baiter. He is also a widely read author who continues a venerable tradition of opposing indigenous Magyar values to the cosmopolitan influence of Jewish-urban intellectuals.

The already fraught Jewish-Hungarian relationship has been rendered even more problematical by some outspoken comments on the part of Chief Rabbi György Landesmann. In the course of an interview with a journalist on a pro-government paper the rabbi said he totally opposed assimilation because no culture was more valuable than another. Asked if he acknowledged a community of fate between Holocaust victims and Hungary's war dead he also returned a negative answer 'I regret that the Hungarians regard the fallen soldiers as martyrs; they fought for Fascism against Bolshevism, although Fascism was a greater danger'.

The rabbi's most contentious statement, though, was his third – when he said *tout court* that without Jews there would have been no Hungarian culture.

The interview triggered an enormous brouhaha. The Deputy Mayor of Budapest

demanding Landesmann's dismissal. 'Such individuals must not represent the Jewish community. Some Jewish leaders repeat parrot-fashion that they had 600,000 martyrs. . . . In fact the Hungarian people helped save tens of thousands of Jews.'

No less a personage than Prime Minister Antall asked the Israeli ambassador to distance himself from the rabbi's remarks, which the diplomat, himself Hungarian-born, duly did. And then, at the end of April, the Jewish community abolished the post of Chief Rabbi, appointing a collective of rabbis in its place.

Subsequently it emerged that the interviewer had asked Landesmann the highly provocative question whether the Jewish community had asked forgiveness for Bela Kun and Matias Rakosi (Hungary's Communist leaders after the First and Second World Wars). 'Neither Kun nor Rakosi had seen themselves, or were seen by the community, as Jewish' replied the rabbi, and went on 'Would the Catholic Church be made to ask forgiveness for the deeds of Ferenc Szalasi (the Hungarian Nazi leader) just because he had happened to have been born a Catholic?'

A retort by which the demoted ex-Chief Rabbi surely retrieved part of his tarnished reputation. □ R.G.

Search Notices

Anxiously looking for the whereabouts of **Werner Hermann**, born in 1918 in Berlin-Dahlem. Immigrated 1935/36 to London and last seen there in 1939. Please contact Chris Giepen, formerly Krisch Baumgartel, at 113 Elm Ave, Sonoma, Calif. 95476, U.S.A.

Hanna Kopf, nee Loevy, descendent of brothers Siegfried and Albert Loevy, creators of bronze work, who married Leo Kopf in New York 1938/9 please contact: Armin D. Steuer, Orcheimer Str. 31, 53902 Bad Münstereifel, Germany.

I am working on a project relating to the kindertransporte (see *AJR Information*, February 1992). I would like to hear from former kinder, who were placed in non-Jewish homes in Britain, lived as Christians, but later returned to their Jewish roots. Please contact: Paula Hill, 9 Sherwood Road, London NW4 1AE.

Manfred Naftalie (Naphtalie), born Berlin, seeks any of the volunteers who served with him in the Jewish Brigade Group, 3rd Battalion from 1944 in Italy, Belgium, Holland and Germany until the brigade demobbed in 1946. Also, would anyone who attended Beaconsfield College, 71 The Drive, Hove, from November 1938 until summer 1940, or anyone else who remembers me from during the war years in Britain, please get in touch at: 16057 Hilton Road, Southfield, Michigan 48075, USA.

THIS ENGLAND

'Mrs Lamont? I wonder if I could ask you when your son told you of his resignation?'

'It will cost you £10 a question', she replied.

Chequebook journalism? Newspapers had not been behaving very honestly, she explained... and 'of course' the money paid for the interview was going into her own pocket.

The Guardian

The success of short poems displayed... on the Underground shows that the British still love their finest art. But as the delays... become longer and more frequent, the poems also need to be made longer than four-liners by Dorothy Parker.

Editorial, The Times

The trouble with this Government is that we don't have enough dukes in it.

Sir John Stokes, The Sunday Times

I have a nasty feeling that taxpayers now hate the idea of people being born at all... An official policy of eugenics looms.

Charles Moore on anger at the birth of sextuplets, Spectator

America has its Statue of Liberty. Britain could justify a Statue of Diabolical Liberties.

Daily Express on the sextuplets

COMPENSATION CLAIMS GERMANY

Under a new Agreement regular hardship payments will be made to victims of the Holocaust who were hitherto unable to apply for or received only inadequate compensation payments.

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Murdoch really strikes me as rather an evil man, I mean you couldn't produce those papers, the *Sun* and the *News of the World* without being so. No ordinary decent man would want to.

Sunday Telegraph editor Charles Moore

I've always thought the notion of editorial independence rather absurd.

Daily Telegraph editor Max Hastings

Oswald Mosley could be forgiven for being a fascist but not for sleeping with his mother-in-law. That showed exceptionally poor taste.

A. A. Gill, Daily Telegraph □

VERSE AND WORSE

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Some time ago, a young Jewish amateur pilot, Peter Gluckmann, created a sensation by crossing the Atlantic Ocean as a pilot of a midget plane, a more than 4-year-old Piper Luscombe. Peter Gluckmann was born in Berlin. He came to London together with his parents, who are now living at Dollis Park, Finchley, London N3. His father, Mr Heinrich Gluckmann is a member of the AJR.

In England, Peter decided to become a watchmaker. After having finished his apprenticeship he opened a shop in London. Later, he emigrated to San Francisco and established himself as a watchmaker there. In his spare time he takes part in the work of the Jewish Youth Club Emanuelites.

Suddenly he became interested in flying and took lessons in piloting. His first long-distance flight was from San Francisco to New York and back. As it was a success, Peter Gluckmann decided to fly from San Francisco to London, not because he was ambitious but only because - as a good son - he wanted to see his parents.

On his way, the weather conditions became poor over Greenland; he was delayed there and later on in Iceland. He had even difficulties in landing at an English airport.

In spite of his primitive machine he arrived safely at Northolt, and his parents, who had not been informed before, were greatly surprised and very glad to see him. The Press, both in England and in America, was full of reports about this heroic sporting event.

□ K.S.

AJR Information, August 1953

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Barring the Bard

Gilbert: What do you think of that Patten?

Allen: General Patton?

G: No, Patten with an e, not an o.

A: Oh, Chinese takeaway Pat . . .

G: No, not the Governor of Hongkong

A: Ah – teacher's pet Patten.

G: Exactly. John Patten, Minister of Education. What do you think of him?

A: I'll tell you what I think. If you've got two brothers in the top echelon – like John and Robert Kennedy in Washington, or Gregor and Otto Strasser in the Brown House, or the Kaganoviches in the Kremlin – it smacks of corruption. A question of who you know, not what you know.

G: But the Pattens are not brothers; they aren't even related.

A: So what? If you go back far enough we are all related.

G: Sure. The Colonel's lady and Rosie O'Grady are sisters under the skin.

A: If you say so. So what about John Patten?

G: I think he's cerebrally challenged.

A: What? One sandwich short of a picnic?

G: Exactly. He wants all schoolchildren to be taught Standard English and Shakespeare.

A: So what's wrong with that?

G: There ain't no such thing as Standard English. Speech is a byproduct of class.

A: Patten knows that. That's why he wants class assessments.

G: Not that sort of class. Class as in class struggle.

A: Class struggle? That's a dead duck!

G: But this is England.

A: True.

G: According to Patten, for a child to say 'Clive and me went to Wembley' is wrong.

A: That's right.

G: Who is right: the child or John Patten? If the child's friend is called Clive, it's OK to

say 'Clive and me'. However, if John Birt talked about his friend Marmaduke Hussey the appropriate phrase would be 'Marmaduke and I'.

A: All the same 'Clive and me' doesn't sound right.

G: Doesn't it? What about *Me and my girl* then? It ran for years. Launched Emma Thompson. Now she's got an Oscar.

A: Ah, you're blinding me with science.

G: On the other hand there was *The King and I*, proving that language is a matter of class. Down Lambeth way they say 'Me and my girl' whereas it's 'The King and I' in . . .

A: Bangkok?

G: No – in Balmoral. It's the old, story: Lords and Commons, Gentlemen and Players, Officers and other ranks, toffs and oicks, Home Counties and Essex, broadsheets and tabloids . . .

A: Enough already! So now you've finished off Standard English, what's wrong with Shakespeare?

G: Mainly – but not only – the language.

A: I thought language was his crowning glory.

G: No, it's imprecise. What can a schoolchild make of Henry V's 'I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips'. He'll think in the Middle Ages dogs wore lingerie. And what about Julius Caesar's 'Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?'. Any inner-city child will think Brutus was a Muslim who had taken off his shoes outside a mosque called the Capitol. And as to Mark Antony's question 'Who else shall be let blood? who else is rank?' I can imagine the answers 'Rank McDougal', 'Rank Xerox', 'Rank Video Services' . . .

A: Next thing you'll tell me pupils will take 'Friends Romans, countrymen – lend me your ears' for an appeal for organ transplants.

G: You're getting my drift, Mr Allen. Anyway, so much for Shakespeare's language. Second point: what he knew about geography would leave space on the back of a postage stamp. *The Winter's Tale* takes place on the coast – the coast I ask you! – of Bohemia. *Measure for Measure* plays in Vienna, where all the aristocrats are Italian with names like Vicentio, and the lower orders English: Constable Elbow, Mistress Overdone, and so on.

A: He probably confused Vienna with Venice. I mean Little Venice near Regent's Park.

G: You're too kind to the man.

A: Why shouldn't I be?

G: That's point three. He was a racist. I don't have to tell you about Shylock, do I? Apart from which he described Caliban in *The Tempest* as a savage, deformed slave.

Have I made my point?

A: You certainly have.

G: Good.

A: Right, so when I see John Patten what shall I tell him to keep in the syllabus after he's dropped Standard English and Shakespeare?

G: Tell him we live in a scientific age. Schoolchildren should read Tom Stoppard-Sträussler's plays about Quantum mechanics and the Second Law of Thermodynamics.

A: I didn't know parliament even passed laws about thermodynamics. No wonder they can't get round to Maastricht.

G: No – the physicists make those laws.

A: So what's the law say?

G: It says what is hot will cool down. In other words we'll all finish up at room temperature.

A: What a comforting thought!

G: Not to worry. I've introduced an amendment to that law.

A: Oh, yes. What is it?

G: Global warming.

A: Thanks a million!

□ R.G.

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