

AJR Information

Volume XLVIII No. 1
January 1993

£3 (to non-members)

Don't miss...

Volunteers'
supper party p3

Shaking the
kaleidoscope p4

Shooting the
breeze p16

Salutary developments

It is salutary to note that Germany and France, twin pillars of the emerging supra-national Europe are currently moving towards an exorcism of their own national ghosts.

In Germany outrage at the epidemic of xenophobic mayhem has at last prompted Bonn to treat neo-Nazism with the same seriousness as it once did Baader-Meinhoff.

France has rescinded the scandalous acquittal of collaborator Paul Touvier; it also seems certain that President Mitterrand will lay no more wreaths at Petain's grave on the threadbare pretext that Verdun somehow out-weighed Vichy. The time for equivocation is over. □

The prospects for the coming year

1993 – between fear and hope

January takes its name from the Roman deity Janus, the two-faced 'guardian of the gate' capable of looking forward and back simultaneously. Looking back on the past year only a Mr Micawber would suggest that it lived up to its advance billing. 1992, the quincentenary year of the birth of the New World, had attracted all manner of extravagant hopes – and promptly, resoundingly, disappointed them.

So much for that – but what does 1993 portend? The auguries are none too good: the last two digits of the date carry dismal historical associations. To the French '93 signifies the Reign of Terror, gory curtailment of the hopeful experiment of the 1789 Revolution when Wordsworth thought it bliss to be alive.

Eastern Europe, too, had its blissful '89 Revolution – but now, four short years after the fall of the Kremlin Bastille, the threat of terror stalks the former Soviet Empire. Lest threat turn into reality the West must strain every nerve to avert Yeltsin sharing Kerensky's fate at the hands of heirs to Rasputin and/or Lenin.

The reappearance of numbskull Cossacks or thug-

gish Chekists as Kremlin guards is not beyond the bounds of the possible; nor, for that matter, is the thump of SA jackboots on the cobblestones of Rostock. To say that is not to infer that Russia's – or Germany's – relapse into past insanity is either inevitable, or even overly probable.

Of the dozen (partly new) states between Germany and Russia one – Bosnia – is already in the grip of a terror undreamt of by Robespierre. Another, Romania, is still partly shackled to its Stalinist past. To the West lie two countries shadowed by rightwing menace. In Hungary the governing Magyar Forum threatens to splinter along a fault line between Liberal-Conservatives and the party's Jewbaiting No 2, Istvan Curka. In Austria Jörg Haider untiringly challenges the Socialist-Catholic consensus with a gut appeal to xenophobia.

Western Europe, though beset by problems, presents a less dismal picture. Italy's Neo-Fascists have latterly augmented veneration for Il Duce with photo opportunities for his glamorous granddaughter. In France Le Pen is still casting a long shadow, but since the moderate Right shrank from political horse-trading with a tainted partner he seems confined to the margins.

Britain is depression-scarred, but happily unencumbered with a sizable Fascist constituency; also, in consequence of H.M. Government's recent move away from reliance on the market as the nostrum for all economic ills, our politics have become less adversarial.

In the U.S.A., too, the long-derided notion of state intervention in the economy has regained its place in official thinking: Bill Clinton's entry into the White House trails echoes of Franklin Roosevelt and John Kennedy. After an early setback in his presidential campaign Clinton dubbed himself the 'comeback kid' – with justification. There is a widespread impression that his presidency will augur a comeback for the country, too. For all that it overcame Soviet power, and Saddam Hussein, and launched the Middle East peace process, the U.S.A. has lately lacked the economic strength commensurate with its global role. On the cusp between '92 and '93 is it too much to hope that, having been discovered in the one, America will rediscover itself in the other? □



Henriette Herz as Hebe, Goddess of Spring by Dorothea Therbusch. From 'The Jews of Germany', reviewed on page 4.

Entombed in silence

In July we reported, under this heading, on the work of an Austrian documentary team searching for the location of a mass grave of Hungarian Jewish slave workers in the Burgenland village of Rechnitz. Their search appears a step closer to success with the discovery in Israel of a surviving eye witness of the massacre. His evidence, the documentary makers – Extrafilm of Vienna – hope, will lead them to the grave, and thus end the local conspiracy of silence about the outrage. □

Fraenkel Prize

The Wiener Library in London is pleased to announce that the Fraenkel Prize in Contemporary History for 1992 has been awarded as follows:

Dr Louise London (U.K.) and Dr Walter Manoschek (Austria) shared the prize open to all entrants; Margit Reiter (Austria) and Guido Fackler (Germany) shared the prize for entrants under 30.

In 1993 there will again be two distinct Fraenkel Prize awards, both for unpublished works in the field of contemporary European history, one of \$5,000, open to all entrants and one of \$3,000, open only to those under 30. Candidates should specify for which of the two prizes they are competing. For more details, please write to the Administrative Secretary, Wiener Library, 4 Devonshire Street, London W1N 2BH. □

Memorial trip to Latvia

An organised week's memorial tour to places of Jewish interest in Latvia combining the dark past – trips to the site of the Riga ghetto, the Holocaust memorial at Salaspils, etc – with the brighter present – visits to the Jewish community and exhibition centres – is planned at the end of March. Departure point is Frankfurt. Would-be participants should contact Winfried Nachtwei, Nordhornstr. 51, 4400 Münster (0251/86530) Germany. □

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REGULAR VISITS TO LONDON

Profile

The flesh made word



Gerda Mayer.

Photo: Ken Bray.

Poets, wrote Shelley, are the world's law-givers, only the world doesn't know it. What Shelley himself didn't know was that some poets – Jewbaiters like Pound and Eliot, 'Nigger' baiters like Larkin – are not fit for parliament, or even mixed company. One searches in vain for the trauma that might excuse, or even explain, their outpourings of bile.

By contrast poets who have every justification for feeling embittered – orphans of the Holocaust – speak in quite different cadences; their tone is elegiac and wistful. One such who attracts attention through the intensity, rather than the clamour of her voice is Gerda Mayer.

Karlsbad-born Gerda owes her life to the humanitarian efforts of Nicholas Winton's co-worker Trevor Chadwick. Aged 11 on arrival in England she passed through a series of boarding schools before finally, and happily, ending up at Stotley Rough School near Haslemere. From there she went on *hachsharah*, 18 months of which convinced her she had no vocation for work on the land.

Next, equipped with minimal secretarial skills she worked for the United Palestine Appeal. There followed marriage to a fellow refugee, though without total immersion in domesticity. Gerda helped her husband with office work, composed poetry and caught up on her education. After graduating in English and Art History from Bedford College she became research assistant to Professor Pevsner, but feeling unful-

filled, returned to writing poetry. The urge to do so, she told me in her neat house on the edge of Epping Forest, had been with her since the age of four. When I looked sceptical she produced a family diary preserved by her half-Jewish step-sister in which her father had transcribed her very first poem.

To date a staggering 200 of Gerda Mayer's poems are in print in different collections of her own, as well as in anthologies and magazines; a newly published school text book by Oxford University Press, for example, features her alongside Blake, D. H. Lawrence and Roger McGough. She is also a regular on the poetry reading circuit; her fondest memory is of appearing in Aldeburgh alongside Stephen Spender and being transmitted by the B.B.C.

One can truthfully say that Gerda Mayer has made a success of her chosen vocation – but this success has been bought at a price. The price was her orphaning:

Say I were not sixty/say you weren't near-hundred,/say you were alive./Say my verse was read/in some distant country,/and say you were idly turning the pages: The blood washed from your shirt,/the tears from your eyes,/the earth from your bones. . . .

That is why at sixty/when some publisher asks me for biographical details,/I still carefully give the year of my birth,/the name of my hometown: GERDA MAYER born '27, in Karlsbad,/Czechoslovakia . . . write to me, father.

□ R.G.

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Volunteers' supper party

A supper party for volunteers working at the Paul Balint/AJR Day Centre was held at Cleve Road on Monday evening, 7 December, in recognition of their valuable and important contribution to the operation of one of AJR's most popular and successful activities. About 80 volunteers, together with members of the executive committee and of the staff of the Association, attended an enjoyable occasion, supported by a culinary spread, tempting beyond measure all but the most determined observers of dietary restrictions.

In welcoming the gathering our chairman, Mr C. T. Marx, expressed his great pleasure at seeing so many volunteers whom he looked upon as a very special group of people. They were not just members of AJR, but members who actively assisted in the various functions organised for the benefit of the community.

Expansion of AJR activities

Over recent years our activities had been tremendously expanded, but that growth was no more than the growth of the need for them. The activities of the Day Centre themselves had generated an extension of our social services.

We did not just serve meals and provide entertainment, but took a real interest in the wellbeing of those who came to the Centre. If they were expected, but failed to appear, we telephoned to enquire after them, offering any help that may be needed. Elderly people, even if they have families and friends, do feel lonely at times; the warm atmosphere at the Day Centre had engendered sufficient confidence in our way of doing things for them to talk about their problems to the social workers.

The re-introduction of our kosher meals-on-wheels, for which we had purchased a great deal of expensive equipment to satisfy the requirements of current food safety

legislation, provided a service much wider than that of the participants in Day Centre activities. The service was as yet in its infancy, but already very popular and the quality of the meals renowned. It was hoped in due course to expand it.

Volunteers were a valuable component of our organisation, but the total number of volunteer helpers went well beyond those present and was not far short of 200. Without their devotion we could not offer the standards of care at the high level our members had come to appreciate. In addition to this corps of volunteers we had about 20 employees on our staff, both full-time and part-time, an indication of the strength and size of AJR, this was a force to be reckoned with, and not to be underestimated in the Anglo-Jewish, let alone the refugee, community.

AJR and OSHA

Mr Marx also mentioned our relationship with OSHA, the Otto Schiff Housing Association, responsible for the several homes for elderly refugees, mainly in the Bishop's Avenue. From the inception of the homes almost 40 years ago it was AJR's task, through its Homes department, to deal with applications for admission, to settle residents into their new surroundings and maintain contact with them throughout their stay there. Our experienced staff with a real sensitivity for the needs of members were much loved for their sympathetic handling of these procedures. Though the procedures had worked well and were much valued, they had now, at OSHA's insistence, been discontinued and taken over by them.

Reports on the development of this situation had appeared in *AJR Information* some time ago, but the hope of a favourable solution of the problem then mentioned,

was not realised. It was a matter of great regret that the fruitful co-operation by two organisations serving our community in this important area had ended. Nevertheless, AJR would of course, maintain contact with, and offer any assistance needed by, our members in the homes, or those seeking such accommodation.

In view of rumours to the contrary, Mr Marx stated that in the interest of our members there, AJR had substantially supported OSHA's finances. During the period 1989-91 OSHA benefitted to the extent of £508,000 from the appeal launched by AJR to which our members contributed very generously. These funds were applied to the creation of Balint House, the conversion of Otto Schiff House to residential accommodation, and the provision of private facilities to many of the rooms in the other homes. During 1992 OSHA had received £150,000 from us. AJR policy remained the pursuit of good relations between our two organisations and with it the desire to offer financial support.

Volunteers and Staff

Finally Mr Marx urged volunteers to encourage the younger members of their families to come forward to participate in the Association's voluntary work. It was a need likely to continue well beyond the time of present volunteers' ability to perform this important task.

He once more repeated the thanks both of the Association and on behalf of those who had the benefit of its services, to all its numerous volunteers, whether present that evening or not. Without them AJR would not be the happy and friendly organisation it was. He took the opportunity to add an acknowledgement of, and thanks for, the equally valuable contribution made to our successes by the permanent staff. Seasonal greetings and good wishes for a healthy and happy new year to all present and their families concluded the address. □



The volunteers' supper party was voted a 'hit' by all in attendance.

Photos: Newman.

Reviews

Shaking the kaleidoscope

Ruth Gay, *THE JEWS OF GERMANY*, Yale University Press, £19.95

This is a coffee-table book in the best sense, one which is likely to let many a cup of coffee grow cold. The text is eminently readable and the illustrations which complement it are a joy.

From the Roman Empire to Bismarck, the treatment meted out to German Jews was marked by ambivalence and expediency. Local communities were subject to arbitrary swings of the pendulum, from toleration to exploitation, from protection to persecution. Individual Jews willing to do the state some service – as merchant or emissary, entrepreneur or soldier – were rewarded with minor privileges, but the highest office was always out of reach. For centuries they were barred from bearing arms altogether, and as a consequence branded as shirkers. When they were allowed to die for the Fatherland, the old prejudice persisted; in 1917, when many

young Jewish lives had already been lost, the Minister of War conducted an ignominious *Juden-zählung* (census) and failed to publish the findings.

Similarly, the ordinary people perceived the strangers in their midst now as a threat, now as neighbours with whom to enjoy many a quid pro quo – and not only exchanging Christmas matzah for Jewish-baked *Lebkuchen*. For all the years of suspicion, prejudice and pogroms there were as many when the two communities lived more or less harmoniously side by side.

Double vision

No wonder the Jews themselves tended to suffer from a kind of double vision. Outward appearance is a case in point. Forced to wear beards as well as the yellow badge, and then again to be clean-shaven and *not* to wear the *Judenfleck* for certain offices, Jews are seen to vacillate continually between distinctiveness and blending in. One painting – *The Sabbath*, ca. 1800 – shows men and boys still wearing the medieval berret first prescribed for south German Jews in the 15th century, one older woman with the customary head covering and the young women fashionably dressed. Similarly, synagogues, while retaining the traditional basic plan and often lavish decorations inside, would adopt the current Gothic or neo-classical style outside; by the beginning of the 19th century we find temples with organs accompanying the hymns which were sung in German. As for Yiddish, it happily accommodated its own version of the *Nibelungenlied* and other popular legends, poems and romances.

There is indeed no end to the paradoxes, not to say tragic ironies. Thus most Jews who converted to Christianity still perceived themselves, and were perceived, as Jews. Heine, for whom baptism was not to prove the entry ticket to German civilisation he had hoped for, remained an 'old Jew' to the end. Yet even the most orthodox were on occasion moved to express overriding loyalty. 'We German Jews are Germans and nothing else', proclaimed the religious newspaper *Israelit* in 1870, and on Saturdays the Torah reading in orthodox synagogues concluded with a Hebrew prayer for the Fatherland.

If the image German Jews projected of themselves to the outside world was often contradictory, their own state of mind became ever more confused. As the cosmopolitan and humane ideas of the Enlighten-

ment took hold, differences of belief and practice grew more pronounced.

Central to the arguments was the rôle of secular education, which came to be seen by the majority of German middle class Jews as the key to full emancipation. Ruth Gay goes so far as to say that, in the brief half-century before the Nazi take-over, the Jews became the very 'carriers' of German *Bildung* – men (like the father of this reviewer, who wore a top hat to Breslau synagogue and was called Siegfried) to whom quoting from Goethe, Schiller and Heine was as natural as breathing. Both this chapter and the one chillingly called *The End* (though there is a sad little historical footnote on the 'fossilised' Jeckes of Palestine) are not only the most moving, but also of necessity the most heavily documented.

Repository of treasure

While the main focus of the book may be the institutions of Jewish life, they always have a human face: highly visible personalities such as Süßkind, the German troubadour, Shabbetai Zevi, the 'Messiah' turned Muslim, Rahel Levin, one of the Salon luminaries, or else the more or less familiar Jewish types, the *Handels-*, *Hof-*, *Bettel-*, *Schutz-* or *Eierjude*. What a colourful kaleidoscope! Shake it and you get Bertha Pappenheim, founder of the *Jüdische Frauenbund* and descendant of the equally formidable Glückel von Hameln; shake it again and you see her lying on the couch of Dr Freud.

The image of the kaleidoscope suggests itself all the more naturally in view of the wealth of illustrations. They constitute a veritable repository of Jewish treasure – often, alas! lost treasure like the 11th century chair of Rabbi Raschi in Worms, which survived until 1938. A 4th century terra cotta menorah from Trier, the first Yiddish edition of Josephus, a Jewish soldier going off to the Wars of Liberation, a miniature prayer book for emigrants to America of 1842, a solemn group of Jewish *Korpsstudenten* from 1907: this is a tiny random sample of gems large and small.

□ Brigitte E. Hay



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CONTEMPORARY PAINTING AND SCULPTURE

Less would have been more

Christopher Hampton: *TALES FROM HOLLYWOOD*, B.B.C. 1, 14 November, 1992

Christopher Hampton is to the English theatre what Edward Heath is to Westminster: its leading enthusiast for Europe. A graduate in French and German, he made his mark with a play about Rimbaud and Verlaine, and through translations of Ödon von Horvath from the original German.

In *Tales from Hollywood* Hampton grafted fiction on to fact by having Horvath (who died in Parisian exile in 1938) fetch up in tinseltown alongside the Mann brothers and Bertolt Brecht.

All passion spent

The play focuses on Heinrich Mann's three-fold tragedy – as writer, husband and public figure. Coldshouldered by the studios, and dependent on handouts from brother Thomas, he watches his young wife's slide into alcoholism and breakdown in impotent anguish. Ineffectual in emigré politicking, too, he cannot make the Liberal Thomas adopt a common platform with his own Marxist chum Brecht. Then, after his wife's postwar suicide he is too exhausted, both psychologically and physically, to take up the East Germans' invitation to become President of the Academy of Art.

Hampton fleshed out the bare bones of this sombre plot with humorous insights – into the clash between European culture and American philistinism, into Thomas Mann's ponderous self-importance, into Brechtian *Verfremdung* mumbo-jumbo, and so forth.

Now, in adapting the stage play for television he 'opened it out'. If this had only meant shooting additional pool-side and

Californian desert scenes, it would have sufficed. Unfortunately Hampton could not resist the temptation to tack footage about the McCarthy hearings, and an inane Ronald Reagan movie co-starring a chimpanzee, on to his original plot. In so doing he exchanged a tight construction for a diffuse two-hour epic beyond many viewers' attention span. More's the pity, for channel jumpers will have missed Sir Alec Guinness' incomparable portrayal of grief at his wife's suicide.

□ R.G.

Autobiography

Karen Gershon: *DAS UNTERKIND*, Rowohlt, 1992

Thanks to her poems and non-fiction – including a pioneering study of the *Kindertransporte* – Karen Gershon is not entirely unknown in Britain. Now she will acquire a German readership, too.

It will do *den Bundesdeutschen* a world of good to read a book which cuts through all the clichés and half-truths that have grown over the days when the civic life was squeezed out of Germany's Jewish communities. . . .

Endangered family

The scene is Bielefeld, a town the author loved, and which accepted dogmatic antisemitism somewhat reluctantly. Her family is well-established there: the father Paul, a World-War-One hero, is an architect who develops into a bit of a Philistine; mother Selma is a frustrated musician growing obese; eldest sister Anne is a fanatical individualist who endangers the whole family by openly voicing anti-Nazi sentiments at school and sister Lise the work-horse and peacemaker.

Though the father is a near-atheist, the children are given some Jewish education by their maternal grandfather. The family lives in a suburb in quite a grand house and have devoted and well-loved servants. Then the bad times come and the friends and helpers melt away . . . so does prosperity, for Paul soon loses his commissions. They must live in a slum, but the girls remain at school as long as possible. They drift towards Zionism, but immediate salvation comes from England, where Anne dies tragically young after first being interned in the Isle of Man.

The author is able to be quite frank about Jewish shortcomings, and even the foibles of her nearest and dearest. At one juncture she briefly attempts to see Jews through the

eyes of Nazis. There are few judgements; the Holocaust is ahead of people who have not the gift of prophecy and she mentions briefly the fate of only a few persons close to her inasmuch as she knows it.

This is an echo from the Past which, as we have good reason to know, is Another Country.

□ John Rossall

Dreyfus × 2

PRISONERS OF HONOUR, USA. Dir. Ken Russell. British premiere at Jewish Film Festival, NFT 1992

To clear up a possible confusion: Richard Dreyfuss plays the main character of a story in which he is not the Jewish hero of the famous *affaire*, but a deeply implicated Catholic officer, Lt.-Col. Picquart. Capt. Alfred Dreyfus, the victim, is so under-represented that it is almost a case of Hamlet without the Prince.

Director Ken Russell – unusually restrained for once – expects viewers to know the rudiments of the plot; the smearing of Dreyfus as a traitor, his degradation and transportation to Devil's Island (where he was kept manacled), are only fleetingly shown. What Russell concentrates on is the hubris and nemesis of the French Army.

General Staff officers are quickly revealed as a bunch of antisemites, albeit with differing degrees of infection by the disease. The powers-that-be order the well-regarded and equally antisemitic Picquart to go through the Dreyfus file and make it 'presentable' in law and for history.

Sense of honour

However, Picquart's intelligence and sense of honour exceed his prejudices. He finds that the evidence against Dreyfus does not stand up; what is more, it points to brother-officer Major Esterhazy, a playboy and gambler. For his pains Picquart is posted to various trouble spots in the French empire, and very nearly obliges those who sent him with his death. He survives though and returns to plague the plotters until Dreyfus is pardoned and rehabilitated.

Though sketchy on the efforts of the Dreyfus family and of writer Emile Zola, the film gives fine acting chances to British stalwarts Brian Blessed and Oliver Reed.

Esterhazy, ending up as a refugee in England, has the last word. He admits his guilt to an acquaintance, but opines that the information he gave the *Boches* was useless . . . they already knew it all anyway.

□ J.R.

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Letters to the Editor

OFFENCE TAKEN

Sir – A number of shops in Oxford Street sell T-shirts with the emblem *Adolf Hitler – European Tour 1940–45*. I find this kind of thing highly offensive, and indeed, dangerous, as I am sure do other members of the Jewish community.

I wonder whether the sale of such items could be banned, whether or not it contravenes the Race Relations Act.

Nether Street
London N3

John Levy

A BALLOT-PROOF FUTURE

Sir – To defend all of Israel's actions as those of 'our country right or wrong' does nothing to dispel antisemitism; if anything, it reinforces it. If a Jew cannot criticise Israel for treating its Arabs as second-class citizens, for example, without being regarded as antisemitic, things have reached a sorry pass.

Quarry Park Road
Cheam, Surrey

Inge Trott

SPELLING DOOM

Sir – In writing 'Vera's pupils were ... more familiar with Goethe than *Gom-morrah*' (November issue, p. 3) you confuse one of the Cities of the Plain destroyed by the Almighty with the *gemara* (Talmud). I was also surprised to see the Hebrew for Burial Society transliterated as *Chevera Kadisha* instead of *Chevra Kadisha* on page 2 of the same issue.

College Crescent
London NW3

Mrs Margaret Stern

ASSIMILATION

Sir – At Kitchener Camp I belonged to a group of 40 Christians among 3,000 'Jews'. I was the only one who was Christian-born, and the only one accepted by our Jewish fellow refugees. 'It's not your fault' they said 'that your father apostatised'. What fault? Freedom of religion is a human right.

Connaught Avenue
Grimsby

E. H. Kenneth

THE FIRES OF ROSTOCK

Sir – Frederick II was a great strategist, not a war criminal. He was no more addicted to warfare than, for example, the Duke of Marlborough or the Duke of Wellington. Taking territory by military conquest was

nothing disreputable in those days. It would be absurd to condemn Chancellor Kohl for honouring a great German who had no more responsibility for the crimes of 20th century Germany than William the Conqueror had for the Wars of the Roses.

East Hill

Ruth Willers

Wembley Park, Middx

Sir – Frederick the Great was a most enlightened monarch who assembled the leading progressive spirits of Europe at Sanssouci. He embraced religious tolerance ('*hier darf jeder nach seiner Façon selig werden*') and the Jews were unmolested under his reign. Frederick the Great maintained the Rule of Law – as shown in the anecdote of the miller of Sanssouci – and was the very antagonist of everything Hitler stood for.

Old Coulsdon
Surrey

G. Schmerling

Agreed, Frederick was more tolerant than Maria Theresa – against whom he committed naked aggression. He gave some economically useful Jews privileges but barred others from many occupations, and even from marrying. He also expressed anti-semitic sentiments in tune with those of his Judeophobe court librarian Voltaire. Ed.

AJR BOUQUETS

Sir – I have received a letter and photographs from a friend in London concerning your care of my cousin. I wish to thank you for everything you have done for her and to tell you that I am glad to know that the rest of what has been a difficult life will be pleasant.

If you should visit Prague at any time I would very much like to meet you. Although I, unfortunately, do not speak English, my son would be happy to look after you.

Prague

Mrs H.Z.

Sir – My mother is forever telling us about the warmth, kindness and consideration that is enjoyed by all those who are fortunate enough to spend some of their days at the Paul Balint AJR Day Centre.

She also speaks with gusto of the lunches which, she says, are better than at the Savoy, and of the entertainments being better than anything on offer at Covent Garden. Right

or wrong, it doesn't matter. What does matter is that she spends this precious time among her friends – long may it be so.

These sentiments are expressed on my mother's behalf and she wishes to add her thanks – for everything.

Chichester

Mr G.H.T.

West Sussex

Sir – I am writing this letter to you in memory of my mother Ilse who died some time ago. I enclose a donation to the Paul Balint AJR Day Centre. Mother spent many happy days at the centre and I marvel at the wonderful work which is achieved there. I have thought about writing many times but, somehow, never got round to putting pen to paper. It would be nice if you could put the donation towards something specific, if possible. Thank you.

St Albans

Mrs M.A.

Big Bang Bumerang

*Es krachte in der Finsternis
Der Startschuß für die Genesis...*

Die neue Urknalltheorie
Beschäftigt die Kosmologie.
Mit leicht verständlichen
Vergleichen
Will man das Publikum erreichen.

Vor fünfzehn Milliarden Jahren,
Noch eh am Himmel Sterne waren,
Hat jener ominöse Knall
Hervorgebracht das Weltenall,

Ungleich verteilt und ungenormt
Den Stoff, aus dem sich alles formt.
In Nebeln, dünnsten Stäubchenhaufen,
Fing an die Weltenuhr zu laufen.

Es machte sich die Schwerkraft breit
Im Suppentopf der Ewigkeit.
Des Universums kalter Mief,
Erhitzt zum Akkumulativ,
Hat dann, als Knödelrunde Sonnen,
Galaktisch sich zu drehn begonnen.

Es leuchtet ein dem dümmsten
Hirne:
Das war der Ursprung der Gestirne.

Dem Hiasl will's nicht in den Kopf:
»I glaub euch dös mit euchern Topf,
Die Supp'n meinerwegn aa,
Nur: Knödel wer'n net von allaa.
Fixteifi, hab i mir gedacht.
Die Knödel hat der Herrgott g'macht.

Mit leicht verständlichen
Vergleichen
Ist manchmal wenig zu erreichen.

□ Harald Brainin

No Mellordrama please – we're non-British

Hypocrisy is said to be a peculiarly British vice; across the Channel they are more sophisticated about the failings, sexual and otherwise, of their politicians. Maybe – but the French barely notice when their intellectual gurus stand on feet of clay.

Jean-Paul Sartre denied the existence of Soviet concentration camps; Simone de Beauvoir preached feminism from a position of Sartre's doormat, and Louis Althusser conducted over-subscribed philosophy classes while having a mental breakdown that made him murder his wife.

Would Mellor have retained office in France, *le pays d'amour*? Perhaps – but on the other hand the amorous self-publicist's complaint about press intrusion blighting his family life might have been seen as rehashing the joke about the parent killer who asks for the court's leniency on the grounds that he is an orphan.

Nasty genius

And, to make the debate about our *kulturny* ex-Arts Minister an EC matter: how does Europe view Wagner, probably the nastiest genius of all time? Egotist, cheat, adulterer and vicious grudge bearer – he wanted Prussian cannon in 1870 to bombard Paris because *Tannhäuser* had been booed at l'Opera – the composer was also the antisemitic culture hero par excellence.

Professor Rose contends that all Wagner's villains, from Beckmesser through Alberich and Mime to Klingsor, bear Jewish characteristics. Though the jury are still out on that specific charge, Wagner's pre-eminence in the demonisation of Jews is proven beyond all doubt. The inference usually drawn from this is to place a taboo on his ideas, but not his music. This is easier said than done since both are inextricably intermingled. (Coliseum audiences are fortunate in that translation

often tones down the skin-crawling archaic flavour of Wagner's texts.)

These days it is the received wisdom that the art of any of the 'greats' – a Sartre, a Wagner, a Picasso – cannot be studied in isolation from the life. Ideally any biographical study gives due weight to the subject's private life, public role, and his (or her) work.

In private Sartre was a self-justifying philanderer; his frequent public pronouncements adulterated humanist gold with Maoist dross – but his work transcends all those limitations.

In the case of Wagner everything bar the music – the private life, the public persona, the pamphlets, the libretti – needs to be viewed as a species of toxic waste.

Communist millionaire

What of Picasso? He ranks midway between Sartre and Wagner. His talent made him that rare thing, a Communist millionaire. *En famille* – and he had several 'families' – he could be a monster of selfishness; in public he painted the dove for the Stockholm Peace Appeal with about as much sincerity as Stalin invested in the peace movement.

There is, admittedly, a danger that in looking at our culture heroes too closely we strip them of all heroic aura. I know whereof I speak. Child of a Social Democrat mother and Zionist father, I have spent a lifetime stumbling over fallen idols. First, Social Democrats: Otto Bauer ran away from the 1934 Civil War and Renner welcomed the Anschluss. Second, Zionists: Herzl had VD, while Trumpeldor supported Jabotinsky, mentor to Begin and Shamir.

Later I became a Marxist; on sobering up I was not surprised to learn that Marx had fathered an illegitimate son on his wife's maid/companion, and had made the unfortunate mother give him away to foster parents. I had another rude awakening when Dimitrov, having covered himself in glory defying Goering in the Reichstag Fire Trial, diminished into a Stalinist glove puppet after the war.

Of course Democratic politicians (not excluding Prime Ministers and Presidents) also have skeletons rattling in their cupboards. But there are plentiful exceptions: Masaryk, Blum, Brandt, Havel etc. Nor, with Chekhov, Bashevis Singer, Primo Levi and Saul Bellow atop my personal Parnassus, do I feel a desperate dearth of culture heroes.

So, dear reader, forget Mellor and remember: some of the brightest are also still the best.

□ R.G.

Together again



Senta Koren (left) and Ruth Golden reunited.
Photo: Private.

Regular readers of *AJR Information* will recall the touching story, in the April edition, of how two school friends from Berlin, who had been separated in 1934, were reunited by pure chance when Renee Lee of the Paul Balint AJR Day Centre visited Florida. Now the story has a sequel.

In October Senta Koren (nee Ebersohn), with her husband, came to London and was able to enjoy the company of her friend Ruth Golden (nee Rosendorf) for the first time in 57 years. Obviously this was a wonderful occasion, there were tears, laughter and a great many stories to be told. After all, these two 'school girls' had a great deal of catching up to do. □

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The AJR at Work

More can be better



Susie Kaufman (left) and members of the Paul Balint AJR Day Centre catering team.

Photo: Newman.

The past year has seen some major changes in the food production process at the Paul Balint AJR Day Centre.

In January last year a new catering contractor was appointed to work in tandem with staff and volunteers at the Day Centre. The use of the latest kitchen technology and application of expertise have increased the food production capacity to very high levels. Not only is the food of better quality, but there is more of it.

Since the extension of the opening hours at Cleve Road, in 1992, the centre has had to produce more than 350 hot meals each week, in addition to the many buffet

suppers, and countless teas, coffees and snacks required.

In addition to this in-house requirement 350 meals are prepared every week for distribution outside the Day Centre. Some of these are collected on a take-away basis, while the rest are delivered directly to the housebound via a meals-on-wheels service.

Obviously, this increase in capacity has led to a need for a larger kitchen staff. The Day Centre now operates a two shift catering rota in order to produce the daily menus – there is always a choice of dishes – and prepared take-away and delivery packages.

The packaging of these meals requires the

application of high technology to meet the required standards. Each package is electronically sealed. The containers have to be suitable for microwave, as well as conventional, ovens. The packs are then 'blast frozen'. This speed freezing method ensures that the contents maintain their consistency and quality when re-heated. As a result of this process whichever meal is chosen – be it chicken schnitzels or vegetarian quiche – contains the same balance of nutrients, and tastes as good, as when it was originally cooked.

Susie Kaufman who, in addition to her social work duties, oversees the catering operation, has been involved since the very beginning and has watched the organisation growing. She says: 'Seven hundred meals a week, compared to one hundred meals a week seven years ago, is an awful lot. But over the next decade, it is very likely that demand will increase. Really, this is only the beginning.' □

AJR members who receive frozen meals, either take-away or meals-on-wheels, are asked to take particular notice of the defrosting and cooking instructions which are printed on every container. These instructions do vary, depending on the contents of the package, and should be scrupulously observed.

Catwalk is no cakewalk



The fashion shows' catwalk team.

Photo: Newman.

Each outfit paraded in this very professionally staged event was subject to some knowledgeable assessments and informed criticism. After all, quite a few of those present had spent their working lives in the clothing trade and could spot a 'nice bit of shmutter' from 40 paces.

This wealth of experience gave the fashion show an extra edge. Each item was closely observed and assessed. Some people

commented on the colours, others found the cut of the garments of the utmost importance; for true professionals the material was paramount. At the close of the show the volume of the discussion grew to a loud hubbub as opinions were given and controversy raged. On the subject of 'Haute couture' everyone here had an opinion and a point to make.

This was the kind of event which makes

the Day Centre buzz with excitement and energy. Ask anyone who was present on this Sunday afternoon whether they would rather have stayed at home and watched repeats of *Eastenders* on the TV and the answer is sure to be a very emphatic No. □

Paul Balint AJR Day Centre

Sunday opening 2 p.m.–7 p.m.

A reliable, energetic volunteer is wanted at the Day Centre on Sundays, to serve teas and suppers and help out generally. Must be willing to work as part of a team.

For further information contact
Laura Howe, AJR Volunteers'
Co-ordinator: 071-483 2536

Seasonal reminder

May we take advantage of the 'season of goodwill' to remind readers to pay their subscriptions promptly when they fall due in 1993.

In the mood



Students from the Purcell School provide great entertainment.

Photo: Newman.

Music plays a big part in the active social life of the Paul Balint AJR Day Centre. A glance at the entertainments guide for any given month will reveal a wide variety of musical styles, performers and instruments providing high-class entertainment.

Recently, however, and deserving of special mention, members were delighted by one of the most charming performances

of the year. Pupils from the Purcell School came along to play a selection of light modern classics on a grey afternoon in November. It was a pleasure to watch these young people (average age 17) at the very beginning of their careers taking such deep and obvious pleasure in playing. For an hour at least the weather was forgotten while the young musicians set the mood. □

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 –

JANUARY

- Sunday 3* The Stajex Players
Monday 4 A Taste of Ireland – Barbara O'Neill (Mezzo), Gerarda McCann (Dancer), Sjobhan Fox (Violin) accompanied by Grahame Dinnage (Piano)
Tuesday 5 A New Year Has Begun – Piano Duo & Solos – Sheila Games & Daphne Lewis
Wednesday 6 Come Listen To An Hour of Melody with Jack Harris and Happy Branston
Thursday 7 Wintertime Serenade – Lynn Hendry (Piano) and Jack Rothstein (Violin)

- Sunday 10* KOL RINAH – Solos & Duets by Hanny Lichtenstern and Sue & Peter Heiman with Geoffrey Whitworth (Piano)
Monday 11 Hans Freund: Music for Everybody
Tuesday 12 European Songtime – Ariane Prussner (Mezzo) and Elizabeth Upchurch (Piano)
Wednesday 13 A Pot-Pourri of Songs & Arias – Maureen Russell and Anne Kenton-Barker with Geoffrey Whitworth (Piano)
Thursday 14 CAMERATA TRIO – Maureen Lawton (Soprano), Stephen Paisley (Baritone) and Stephen Salter (Piano)
Sunday 17 THE KENTERTAINERS
Monday 18 Sing-Along with Louise Barclay & her Guitar
Tuesday 19 Songs of the Violin – Gillian Cohen (Violin) with Anthya Rael (Piano)
Wednesday 20 An Hour of Music in January – Satya Barham (Soprano) accompanied by Geoffrey Whitworth
Thursday 21 'Winterreise' – Ruth Leber (Piano) with Karenza Owen (Soprano)
Sunday 24 In Gypsy Spirit – Marion Lewis and Sarah Aaronson with Rosa Butwick (Piano)

- Monday 25* A Selective Menu of Tasty Classics – Malcom Miller
Tuesday 26 Dorei Duo with Piano Accompaniment
Wednesday 27 Mozart Curiosities to Mark his 237th birthday – Presented by Herbie Goldberg
Thursday 28 Melody Hour – David Jedwab (Tenor), Avril Kaye (Soprano) accompanied by Mabel Witztum (Piano)
Sunday 31 'ZAPATEADO' – Guitar & Mandolin – Music from Around the World – Alison Stephens & Martin Byatt

FEBRUARY

- Monday 1* Gerard Tichauer Entertains at the Piano
Tuesday 2 Melody Hour – Carole Staff (Soprano) and Geoffrey Whitworth (Piano)
Wednesday 3 Romantic Journey to Foreign Lands – Marian Wilson (Violin) accompanied by Robert Wilson
Thursday 4 The Roussel String Trio
Sunday 7 Enjoy an Hour of Music with Debbie O'Brien at the Piano

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Meals can still be collected from 15 Cleve Road on weekdays (Mondays – Thursdays) for £2.00 per meal.

Members who feel they may qualify for delivery because of mobility problems, or other reasons, should contact Mrs Ruth Finestone for further details and an assessment interview on: 071 328 0208

FAMILY EVENTS

Golden Wedding

Cooper Alfred Cooper (formerly Freddie Cohen) from Hamburg and Ruth (nee Weil) from Waldorf/Heidelberg celebrated their 50th anniversary, and Ruth's 70th birthday, on 23 December 1992 together with their family and friends.

Deaths

Brainin Max Brainin died peacefully at home aged 92. Much loved and missed by his devoted wife, brother, sister-in-law, nephews, nieces and relatives here and abroad.

Ebner Margarethe (Margit) Ebner died on 7 November aged 87. Deeply mourned and sadly missed by her son Henry, daughter-in-law Ann and children Jo, Mark, Sarah

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and Aron. She will be greatly missed
by her family and friends.

Friedlaender Eva Friedlaender
(nee Stern) born Berlin, widow of Dr
Rudolf Friedlaender of Didsbury,
Manchester, died on 11 November,
aged 84 years.

Goldschmidt Elizabeth (Lisl)
Goldschmidt, born Vienna 1911,
died on 29 November 1992, aged 81
years. Deeply mourned by her
family. Donations if desired to Save
the Children.

Meinrath, In loving memory of
our dear cousin Jutta (Utti) who
died 1 November 1992. Greatly
missed by Werner and Liesel Kaim
of Boston, U.S.A.

Wolosker Henry Wolosker, our
dearest Heini, died 11 November

**The town Bad Segeberg, Schleswig
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1992. He will be desperately missed
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Art Notes



The Scream by Edvard Munch (1895). From the exhibition Edvard Munch: The Frieze of Life. Sponsored by Norsk Hydro (U.K.) Ltd at the National Gallery.

There is a rare opportunity in the Sunley Room of the National Gallery to see two paintings by the early

SB's Column

New York. The Metropolitan Opera House has often been accused of being too conventional and of presenting Italian opera almost exclusively. Indeed, in the 1992 season the programme consisted mainly of Rossini, Puccini and Donizetti. During the last 25 years, only two works received world premières: Samuel Barber's *Anthony and Cleopatra*, and *The Ghosts of Versailles* by John Coreglione in 1991. The latest attempt to modernise the repertoire was Philip Glass's *The Voyage* commissioned to celebrate 500 years since the discovery of America. The opera, based on events in 1492, was produced by David Pountney who enriched it by most ingenious stage effects. Critics called it 'a second-class Broadway show, exciting to the eye, but boring for the ear'. Unsurprisingly the Met reverted to *Lucia* and *Bohème* thereafter.

50 years ago the American musical was born. *Oklahoma* which ran for over 5 years in the States, and had over 3,500 perform-

Netherlandish painter Robert Campin in the *Brief Encounters* series (20 January–20 March 1993). One of the paintings is from the gallery's own collections and the other is a diptych from the Hermitage Museum, St Petersburg. And while at the National Gallery, do not fail to see Edvard Munch's *The Frieze of Life* (until 7 February).

Some readers may be interested in offering items for sale, making bids, or just going to see the display at Christie's special sale of German and Austrian works of art which will take place during the week of 17 May 1993.

A very interesting exhibition *Ruskin and Tuscany* is to be held at the Accademia Italiana, 24 Rutland Gate, SW7 (until 7 February). It focuses on the impact of Tuscan sculpture on Ruskin and looks at art and architecture in Florence, Siena and Lucca, showing original works by Ruskin and associated artists.

The first ever retrospective exhibition of the sculpture of *Eric Gill* (1882–1940), one of England's greatest artist/craftsmen of the 20th century, is at the Barbican Art Gallery (until 7 February). Also at the Barbican at the same time is *Border Crossings*, showing works by 14 Scandinavian artists, including fine pieces by Edvard Munch and August Strindberg.

The British Museum shows *Europeans in Caricature* (until 24 January). 92 prints are on display, almost all hand-coloured etch-

ances in London, became the first of many, creating an entirely new art form. *Carousel* and *Annie get your gun* followed; the next 12–15 years saw Richard Rodgers, Irving Berlin and Cole Porter produce original works which have kept their freshness to the present day.

Birthday. Cissy Kraner, a member of the Viennese cabaret 'Simpl' during the Farkas era, and a most original interpreter of her husband Hugo Wiener's topical chansons, celebrated her 75th birthday.

Obituary. Hungarian-born Vilma Banky who has died in the States, aged 94, was one of the queens of silent films, starring opposite Rudolph Valentino and Ronald Colman. Her first successes in German films were soon forgotten although *Der schwarze Engel* was a sensation at the time. The beautiful actress lost out at the advent of the 'Talkies', a victim of her impenetrable accent. — Peter Klein, who died in Vienna at 85, belonged to the State Opera ensemble for many years. A strong-voiced tenor, best known as a brilliant Mime in Wagner's 'Ring', he appeared in more than 100 rôles. □

ings, selected from the Museum's collection, and include works by Gillray, Rowlandson and other outstanding artists of the period.

Alison Marchant enlarged photographs to life-size proportions taking the image to the limits of definition. Her first solo exhibition, at the Camden Arts Centre (21 January–14 March) and entitled *Charged Atmospheres*, concentrates on the interiors of stately homes and country cottages.

Ready, Steady, Go is the title of the exhibition at the South Bank Centre (until 23 February). It comprises paintings by 30 artists drawn from the Arts Council Collection and includes works by artists who were establishing their reputation in the Sixties: Bernard Cohen, Bridget Riley, Peter Blake, Patrick Caulfield, David Hockney and R. B. Kitaj.

The sixth and concluding exhibition in the series which has examined the watercolours of *J. M. W. Turner*, the great British Romantic painter, will be at the Tate Gallery (10 February–17 May).

Finally, the *World of Drawings and Watercolours* at the Park Lane Hotel (2–24 January). Spink's Picture Department will be showing a wide range of 18th and 19th century watercolours and drawings by Edward Lear, David Roberts, Thomas Rowlandson and others. □

40 Years Ago this Month

OUR RESPONSIBILITY

Unemployment, housing difficulties, loneliness, sickness and loss of self-confidence are some of the problems which, due to their specific character and their size, place our community in an extraordinary position. Whilst, by the generous naturalisation policy of this country, the legal side of the refugee problem has been solved, the social difficulties have not only continued to exist, but are bound to grow in view of the ever-increasing number of elderly people. In former years, some of us might have eased their conscience by the idea that there was 'Woburn House' or 'Bloomsbury House' to look after 'these' people. But now, after 17 years of devoted services, the Jewish Refugees Committee, built up by British Jewry in the darkest period of our history, has been wound up. On the other hand, effective help can only be rendered by those who, from their own past, know the background of the people in need. It is also a matter of self-respect that, with the assistance of the more fortunate members of our community, we keep our house in order. If there was no AJR which possesses the machinery and the experience to cope with the situation, it would have to be established now.

AJR Information January 1953.

A HISTORY OF THE JEWS IN THE GERMAN-SPEAKING LANDS

Part 6: The Age of Mercantilism (II)

Court Jews

The episode shows once again the fluctuating fortunes of the Jews of Germany. The Thirty Years' War (1618 to 1648) is another example of this.

On the other hand, the passions aroused by this last and most destructive of the great religious wars once again gave Protestant and Catholic mobs the excuse to sack ghettos; whilst many of the princes and cities extorted huge sums from Jewish communities.

On the other hand a small number of Jews made great fortunes by supplying the needs of the army (food, horses, clothing, military equipment etc). From the proceeds they then extended credit to the rulers. One of these court purveyors, Bassevi of Prague, was even ennobled for his services by the Emperor Ferdinand II in 1622.

Such financiers, enjoying a privileged status that their humbler co-religionists did not share, became known as Court Jews (Hofjuden), and soon almost every German court made use of them. Most of them were also, by virtue of their wealth, respected leaders of their Jewish communities, spent large sums on benefactions, and sometimes managed to defend them against dangers by their influence at court. It was also through their intercession that several German cities – Dresden, Leipzig, Breslau etc – were persuaded to allow Jewish settlement.

Open outlook

Frederick William, the Great Elector of Brandenburg (1640 to 1688), was one of the most significant early employers of Court Jews. He did not share the narrow outlook of Louis XIV, and not only welcomed Huguenot refugees from France, who contributed enormously to the prosperity of his state, but also accepted some of the Jews expelled from Vienna by Emperor Leopold I in 1670. The Elector was already benefitting from the services of several Jewish financiers who were also to help him in his war against Sweden (1672 to 1679). The two best known were Israel Aaron and Elias Gompertz, the latter a member of a family which was to serve six successive Hohenzollern rulers (not always without troubles: Elias was arrested on a false charge by the Great Elector's successor, and had to pay 20,000 thalers for his release). Israel Aaron and Elias Gompertz actually

tried to dissuade the Elector from admitting Austrian and Polish Jews, probably fearing that an influx of Jews would arouse the mobs – but Frederick William paid no heed.

Funding wars

In the later wars of the 17th and 18th centuries, the story is much the same. By that time Jewish financiers in the German-speaking countries had established links, not only with each other, but also with the better established Jewish financiers of Holland and England, and could raise funds through these connections for the allies of those countries. In the wars against Louis XIV, for example, the Habsburgs were allied to England and Holland, and the financier Samuel Oppenheimer was able to mobilize considerable credits for the Emperor Leopold I. This despite the fact that this Emperor was Jesuit trained and had, under the influence of his fanatical wife, expelled the Jews from Vienna in 1670. The court soon saw the folly of this, and after five years the Jews were readmitted. Soon the Emperor owed Oppenheimer vast sums of money. In 1679, after the end of one of the wars against Louis XIV, the Emperor refused to honour his debt and imprisoned the financier; but when in 1682 the Turks began their advance on Vienna, Oppenheimer was released and again provided huge sums for this war, and then for the next round against Louis XIV. By now the Emperor owed Oppenheimer over 3 million florins; so it was very convenient for him that Oppenheimer's house, together with all his records, was burnt down in 1700 by a mob. The court then produced its own records, which purported to show that Oppenheimer had been overpaid. He was arrested; and on his death in 1703 his family was not allowed to inherit and his firm was declared bankrupt. But this led to a serious crisis for the Emperor: no one was now prepared to advance him any credit – until he found another Jewish financier, Oppenheimer's nephew, Samson Wertheimer, who was prepared to do so and was put in charge of the war commissariat in the Spanish Succession War.

Wertheimer at least was able to retire in peace and hand over his fortunes to his son (who, however, went bankrupt when the Court of Bavaria refused to honour its debts to him in 1733). But another nephew of

Samuel Oppenheimer's, Joseph Süss-Oppenheimer, would suffer an even worse fate than did his uncle. He became the financier of the court of Württemberg in 1732. Totally committed to mercantilist principles and backed to the hilt by the autocratic Duke of Württemberg, he rode roughshod over the interests opposed to mercantilism and made many enemies by his high-handed control of the state. The Duke died suddenly in 1737. On the same day Süss-Oppenheimer was put under arrest by his foes, charged with embezzlement (of which historians have acquitted him), and hanged in 1738.

None of the Court Jews, even at the height of their influence, were able to protect their poorer co-religionists against continuing discrimination. Thus the Emperor Charles VI (1711 to 1790), who had employed Samson Wertheimer, nevertheless issued an edict in 1726 decreeing that only the eldest sons of Jews might legally marry; all other offspring would be considered illegitimate. His daughter, the devout Catholic Maria Theresa (1740 to 1780) expelled the Jews of Bohemia and Moravia in 1745 because she thought they favoured the more tolerant Frederick the Great with whom she was at war. As she was allied in that war with England and Holland, the Jewish communities in those countries got their governments to intercede, and the expulsions from Prague were rescinded, though those from the surrounding countryside held good for a further ten years.

Tolerated Jews

Actually Frederick the Great was not all that tolerant himself. True, he made extensive use of Court Jews, and in 1750 issued an ordinance in which these enjoyed extraordinary privileges in their life-time, though these could not be passed on automatically to their children. But he frequently made scathingly anti-Semitic remarks; and the same decree also classified the other Jews into several inferior categories according to their economic usefulness. Below the Privileged Jews came Protected Jews (mostly skilled artisans in the jewelry and textile trades), and Tolerated Jews who were barred from a whole range of occupations. None were allowed to marry without government permission, and Jewish servants were not allowed to marry at all. Yet Frederick the Great enjoys the reputation of being an exponent of the Enlightenment. . . . The Enlightenment will be the subject of the next instalment.

□ Ralph Blumenau

In a dissolving state

Before the outbreak of Yugoslavia's civil war the country's 6,000-strong Jewish community had three subdivisions – Serbian, Croat and Bosnian – of roughly equal size. The fighting prompted an exodus, mainly to Israel, involving several hundred children and adults.

Paradoxically while the community declined even further in numbers it grew in political importance. The background to this is as follows: the world largely sympathised with the independence aspirations of the Croats and Bosnians and, though Zagreb forfeited some sympathy by denying equal rights to Croat Serbs, overall Belgrade's brutal conduct of the war has kept international sympathy on the side of the breakaway republics.

This situation has catapulted one Serb Jewess, Clara Mandic, to prominence. She

had worked hard throughout the 1980s to twin Israeli and Serb towns to counteract the pro-Arab tilt of Tito's foreign policy. As a survivor of the Yugoslav Holocaust Clara also viewed her Serb-Jewish Friendship Society as a counterweight to rising Croat nationalism with its built-in nostalgia for the wartime *Ustashe* state.

Though the Serbs have been winning the war on the ground, they have suffered increasing diplomatic isolation and value Clara Mandic's ability to influence the, so called, Jewish lobby in the U.S.A. on their behalf. Jews inside the different parts of former Yugoslavia take a more differentiated view of Mandic, who is now a media personality.

Communal spokesmen in Zagreb have expressed support for the newly independent Croat state, in justification of which they point to President Tudjman's long running feud with the Ustashe-inspired Croatian Party of Rights.

Jews in Sarajevo have shown themselves even readier to identify with the anti-Serb independence aspirations of the host population. They assert that Bosnia has traditionally been a multicultural society where Muslims, Orthodox Catholics and Jews coexisted in harmony. As to Moslem fundamentalism they deny its existence – for all the pan-Islamic noises made by President Isatbegovic in the past.

The disagreement within ex-Yugoslavia's Jewry, however, doesn't only follow regional fault-lines. It also has an important generational aspect; even in Belgrade younger community members object to Clara Mandic's identification with the Greater Serbian cause of Milosovic and denounce her Serb-Jewish Friendship Society as a tool of Serb propaganda which works against genuine Jewish interests in the country as a whole.

□ R.G.

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Cookery Corner

And now for something completely the same. Yes, it's another chicken dish. This one, however, differs from any of the other chicken dishes suggested so far in this column inasmuch as it is crispy on the outside. The ingredients are much the same as usual and, in keeping with our new policy for recipes, it is so easy to prepare that you'll be almost too embarrassed to tell anyone how you came to produce this tasty dish at such short notice. If pressed by insensitive guests who demand the recipe with menaces simply inform them that it is covered by the Official Secrets Act.

No. 10 CHICKEN IN SESAME SEEDS

Ingredients (serves 4)

4 boneless chicken breasts
4 tablespoons soy sauce
2 tablespoons lemon juice and 4 slices of lemon
8 tablespoons toasted sesame seeds

Method:

Marinate the chicken breasts for 30 minutes to 1 hour in half the soy sauce, the lemon juice and 2 tablespoons warm water. Turn the chicken in the marinade from time to time so that all the meat is covered.

Discard the marinade. Roll the chicken breasts in the sesame seeds.

Lay the chicken pieces flat and slightly apart in a roasting bag. Distribute the remaining soy sauce over them and tie up the bag.

Place the bag on a baking sheet and bake in a preheated moderate oven (180°C/350°F, Gas Mark 4) for 30 to 35 minutes. To serve, remove the chicken breasts from the roasting bag and pour over the juices.

□ M.N.

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War photos evince no lack of suitor,
Aptly you married your chief instructor.
I met you, widowed, through a mutual friend,

With Concert and Stage our lives 'came imbued.

Common interests inveigled a trend,
What matter what Harrow elect construed!
Fulfilled Motherhood, fibre of wrought steel,

Fifty years on you've retained your appeal.

A couple's cast by worth of its alloys,
The link between us will long take the strain.

Those tasks deemed irksome when shared became joys,
We're tempered by time come sunshine or rain.

Of course pure paragon neither would claim,

Both you and I we recognise failings,

I own impatience, you quickly inflame,
Then fast repent your untoward railings.
When it comes to causes, whate'er their hue,
Compassion wells up in each one of us.
Jointly held values, we follow them

through,

Defiantly so till life's done of us.

But often amidst our muesli antics

There's Teutonic skew to our semantics.

Whilst only too conscious of looming Night
And observing how Time weathers our peers,

Let's still be grateful for today's delight
In pursuit of the Arts and Sporting spheres.
There will come a time when our joints do creak,

But with diligent Diet and spurning Sloth,
Our declining years bode reverse of bleak,
And pride in our garden will gird us both.
Against our coming end we should prepare,
One needs to stand back and take a calm look:

Don't die intestate, provide for an heir,
Take a deep breath, then we're each off the hook.

We'll cash in our chips, collect our winnings,

As Father said we've had a good innings.

□ A. W. MacEwan

Search Notices

Having recently paid a visit to what was, up to 1942, the Israelitische Gartenbauschule Ahlem, Hanover, and having received from the county of Hanover the history 1893-1979 of this institution, where I was a student 1935-38, I wonder whether there are any members of the AJR who attended that Jewish college. Please contact Steven Summerfield, 11 Woodgate Close, Barnwood, Gloucester GL4 7TN.

I am looking for members of the Adler family, originally from Vienna but now probably in Israel or the U.S.A. An Orthodox family, their business in Siebenbrunnenstrasse supplied buttons, ribbons and tapes — mainly to tailors. Information please to: Eric Walters, 61 Holders Hill Drive, Hendon NW4 1NN. Tel. (Evng) 081-203 1510 (Day) 071-328 1128.

Frieda Artman/Rosa Zloring (nee Artman) both from Stanislav (Poland) anyone with information concerning these two people please contact Michael Winthrop, 5 Corderoy Way, NORANDA 6062, Western Australia.

Professor Paul Jacobsthal born 1880 in East Prussia (possibly Königsberg) emigrated to England circa 1936. Studied at Christchurch, Oxford (archaeology). Interned on the Isle of Man (Hutchinson Camp). Died 1952. His mother lived in Swiss Cottage, London during the war. Information about any possible descendants please contact Mrs Marion Kay, 40 Sutherland Ave, Leeds LS8 1BZ.

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Obituaries

Dr Paul Eisler

Paul Eisler, who died in London aged 85, was an engineer who devoted his life to pioneering the printed circuit. He came to this country from Vienna in 1936, with two patents which gained him admission, but played no further part in his career. To promote his idea of printed circuits he made a few primitive ones by hand and put them into a simple radio set which he demonstrated to the Plessey company. They could see that it was a workable idea but concluded that traditional wiring work was done 'by girls, who are cheaper and more flexible'.

Temporarily discouraged, Dr Eisler became the one-man research and development department of Odeon Theatres. The rapidly growing demand for electronic devices in World War II gave him the opportunity to revert to the technology of the printed circuit. An old-established printing company, whose premises had been destroyed by bombing, saw printed circuits as their opportunity of recovering and engaged Dr Eisler, persuading him to assign to them all his future patents for the ridiculous sum of £1.

In 1959 he founded Eisler (Consultants) Ltd to explore the foil battery and others of his many innovative ideas, but it is for his pioneering work on the printed circuit that

Dr Eisler will be remembered. Modern manufacturing would simply not be possible without this fundamental product component and marvels of complexity and miniaturisation, like camcorders and compact cameras, could not be made without it.

Dr Eisler wrote many articles and a fascinating autobiography *My Life with the Printed Circuit* (1989). □ G. Wittenberg

Ilse Walter-Glucksmann

Ilse Walter-Glucksmann died in Jerusalem, aged 86. Born in Upper Silesia, she moved to Berlin to become Editorial Assistant to Kaznelson's *Jüdischer Verlag*. After its transfer to Jerusalem in 1937 she became Kaznelson's partner, and after his death its owner. The firm published mainly religious literature, and after the war, thanks to her efforts, reached a wide public in German-speaking countries. In 1978 she handed it over to Athenaeum publishing house. A very warm person, Ilse drew a wide circle of friends to her charming home in Ben Metudela Street. She will be sadly missed. □

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Jan. 11th. Dr Hermann Hiery.
Culture Contact and Culture Shock.
Germany in New Guinea (1848-1914) (with slides).

Jan. 18th. Alan Freeman.
German Reunification and its Consequences.

Jan. 25th. Dr Ruth von Schulze-Gävernitz.
Alexander as Explorer and Discoverer, circa 300 BC.

Feb. 1st. Richard Grunberger will be reading from his unpublished fiction.

Feb. 8th. Teddy Teder.
An evening with Films:
Facts and Facets of Israel.
Instant Istanbul and others.

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In Scham darüber, was von Deutschen erneut geschieht, möchten wir ein Zeichen setzen und dringend aufrufen, den Anfängen zu wehren und sich zu unseren jüdischen Mitbürgern zu stellen. Nicht wieder darf durch Gleichgültigkeit das Unheil seinen Lauf nehmen! Wer Israel antastet, der tastet Gottes Augapfel an (siehe Sach. 2, 12).

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Shooting the breeze

Gilbert: Morning Mr Allen.
 Allen: Morning, Herr Gilbert.

G: You starting again? How many times have I told you I'm not a refugee!

A: I know, I know: you're one half of the Gilbert and Solomon duo.

G (tetchily): No! I've no more to do with Gilbert and Sullivan than you have with Flanagan and Allen.

A: Oi, we *are* in a bad mood this morning.

G: No, we're not! (They fall silent. G peruses newspaper) Here, have you seen the news?

A: What news?

G: Sarajevo. The library's in flames.

A: There's always been trouble in Sarajevo. In 1914...

G: Don't tell me you remember 1914.

A: Like it was yesterday. The Archduke...

G (cutting in): Not the Archduke again!

A (offended): Alright I won't say another word.

G (leafing through paper): Italy has no government... The Pound is falling... Foreigners beaten up in Leipzig...

A: And this you call news! I read it all before. Years ago.

G: Not this headline you haven't read: Mr Panic in Geneva.

A: That's what you think. There was a panic in Geneva in 1900...

G: Not even you can remember that far back...

A: When Sissy got stabbed.

G: What Sissy?

A: Empress Elisabeth.

G: You're wrong. Only Victoria was Empress.

A: It's her husband Franz Josef I was sorry for. First he lost his brother, then his son, and finally Sissy.

G: A bit like our Queen.

A: But our queen is an Elizabeth.

G: She has nothing but trouble from the family.

A: Still there are important differences.

G: Such as?

A: Her nickname isn't Sissy.

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G: True

A (laughing): Instead they call her son one.

G: Serves him right. Fancy a Royal working for that Lloyd-Webber. And, as for Charles with his weird ideas...

A (pensive): I saw Charles von Habsburg once. Around 1917... They're going to canonise him.

G: And they're pulverising our royal family.

A: Who is?

G: The media.

A: Why?

G: It's all to do with Europe.

A: What d'you know about Europe? You pronounced Panitsh panic, and Leipzig Leepzig.

G: That's because you called me Herr Gilbert.

A: So why are the newspapers smearing the royal family?

G (excitedly): Why? As long as we have a monarch we can't be turned into homogenised Europeans. The papers want us to put Brussels before Buckingham Palace. They want us to swap our solid Krugerrands for slippery old Mitterrand. They try to kid us Kohl is no kraut.

A: But what about Mellor?

G (Taken aback): What's he got to do with dragging us into Europe?

A: Precisely! The moment the paper dropped Di and Fergie they started on Mellor. Why?

G: To sell copies.

A: You can't have it both ways. Either they're just after profits or they want us in Europe.

G: Ah, you don't understand. The media is like the mafia. Just as you have different mafia families, some media are anti and some pro Europe.

A: And Mellor?

G: He's been fitted up by the anti-Europeans.

A: How?

G: Look at the way they libelled him – the Arts Minister – for showing a professional interest in a Spanish actress and an Arab film producer.

A (nodding): I must agree with you there. You English have always been against the arts.

G: Now then, Mr Allen, don't go throwing out the baby with the bathwater. There's honest-to-goodness art like Morris dancing, well dressing and brass bands. And there's airy-fairy art like the PLO Mellor was mixed up with.

A: The PLO?

G: Yes he was pals with the chief fundraiser for the Philharmonic London Orchestra. A lot of longhaired pooftas playing foreign music

A: But I understood him to be a football supporter

G: That proves nothing. I ask you, what team does he support? (Disdainfully) Chelsea?

A: How d'you know?

G: I saw his photograph in the Chelsea strip

A: And I saw him televised on the Gaza strip

G: Don't bring Gazza into it! He sold out to the Ey-ties

A: Alright, so Mellor supports Chelsea. And what's wrong with that?

G: What's wrong with Chelsea? A sink of iniquity. Never heard of the Chelsea Arts Ball where the painters – painters, hmm, piss-artists more like – turn up stoned, and their models starkers?

A: You mean the bohemian fringe

G (emphatically): No I do not. Bohemia's fringe is the Sudetenland

A (gleefully): Caught you out, Herr Gilbert!

G: What d'you mean?

A: You must be a refugee. No Englishman would know a thing like that.

G: That's an insult!

A: Insult, shm insult. The fact is Shakespeare thought Bohemia had a coastline. Chamberlain thought a Czech was a money order. Churchill couldn't pronounce the word Nazi

G: But he deleted it from the dictionary!

A (with sidelong glance at the newspaper): *Dein Wort in Gottes Ohr*. And don't make out you can't understand that!

□ R.G.

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