

AJR Information

Volume XLIX No. 3
March 1994

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Don't miss . . .

**George Eliot and
Edith Wharton p7**

**Lebens-
bestätigung p9**

**Prurient
Purimspiel p16**

Shoring up truth

It is not often that a Hollywood movie forms the subject matter of *The Times* first leader, but this is precisely what has happened with *Schindler's Ark*. Spielberg's film, which looks set to become a worldwide box-office draw, is to be welcomed on a number of counts. Above all, it will shore up the truth about the Holocaust against its erosion by neo-Nazis and bogus historians. Secondly, it should counteract present-day indifference to history (in late twentieth century jargon 'compassion fatigue'). Lastly, it might also blunt the impact of Jew-baiters who currently stir the racial pot in environments as disparate as Rumania and Harlem. □

Good news that should have come sooner

The Cross and the Star

The Vatican's recognition of Israel is a milestone, for all that it comes 45 years after the birth of the Jewish State. It is a further step on the road towards acceptance of Israel as a 'normal' country by the comity of nations. Rome's previous shameful prevarication on this issue – it dubbed the Israeli Philharmonic (who played before Pius XII) 'a group of refugee musicians'; on his 1964 Israel visit Paul VI refused to pronounce the country's name – is now thankfully, a closed chapter.

While Roman Catholics are hardly numerous in the Middle East, other, larger, Christian minorities in the area will, no doubt, be positively influenced by the Vatican's move. Worldwide, Rome has nearly a billion adherents, at least nominally, and the change in Papal attitudes must benefit Jews within their ambit. Alas, there are not all that many Jews living in

Catholic countries any more. Poland today has a smaller Jewish population than any North London borough. This is, of course, essentially the result of Nazi rule, but it should not be forgotten that in the 1930's Cardinal Hlond, the head of the Polish Church, preached a boycott that pauperised tens of thousands of Jewish petty traders; in 1946 the Bishop of Kielce even condoned an anti-Jewish massacre.

The trigger of the Kielce pogrom – the disappearance of a Christian boy – belonged to an 800-year old tradition dating back to the story of John of Norwich, related in Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*. The 'blood libel' that Jews slaughtered Christian children at Easter-time was only one of several forms of demonisation, alongside the charge of poisoning wells during the Black Death and of desecrating the Host (i.e. the Eucharist wafer). Such demonisation had its origin a thousand years earlier, when the Gospel writers created the stereotype of the Jews as Christ killers, while the early Church Fathers dubbed the synagogue 'the habitation of Satan'.

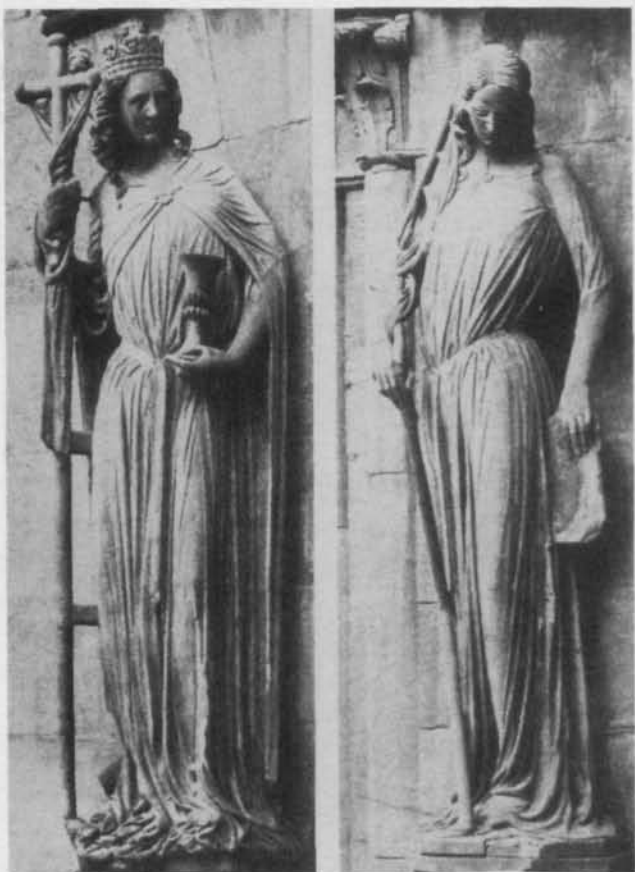
Nonetheless, Jews and Christians had coexisted fairly amicably until the Crusades. Then the horizon darkened. The large-scale Rhineland pogroms were compounded by the Lateran decrees that Jews had to wear distinctive clothing and confine themselves to the profession of money-lending. West European kings ordered country-wide expulsions.

Yet amid all this gloom there were fleeting gleams of light. Bernard of Clairvaux tried to mitigate the Rhineland massacres, Thomas Aquinas counselled moderating the harshest anti-Jewish measures, and several Renaissance Popes adopted a liberal stance.

Then came the backlash. The Counter-Reformation blighted the springtime promise of Renaissance humanism. Paul IV ordered the corralling of Jews in Ghettos, an Italian practice that swept Europe; in the ruins of the 30-Years War Abraham a Santa Clara preached incitement to pogroms.

At the end of the 18th century the tide again began to turn – but in Western society, not the Church as such. Secularisation lifted disabilities based on religion, making Jewish emancipation possible. The Church, smarting under its loss of influence, hit back by attacking Democracy, Free Thought and the Jews. The resultant rise, around 1880, of Roman Catholic

continued on page 2



Ecclesia and Synagoga, symbolic representations of Christianity and Judaism at Strasbourg Cathedral (circa 1230).

continued from page 1

parties like the German Zentrum and the Austrian Christlichsoziale, went hand in hand with the birth of 'modern' antisemitism. This antisemitism turned increasingly racial, thus outstripping purely religious categories. But racist antisemitism only triumphed half a century later and when it did so, in 1930s Germany, the Church also suffered. In the interim politicised Catholicism had culpably pandered to reaction in the France of the Dreyfus affair, the Austria of Lueger, and the Bavaria of the Oberammergau Passion Play and the *Mistelbacher Anzeiger* (forerunner of *Der Stürmer*).

During the Second World War the universal Catholic Church refused to take sides. Weaned on an aversion to liberal democracy, Vatican policy makers appeared to be leaning towards the Axis. Pius XII 'ignored' the Holocaust, which was actively abetted by Slovak and Croat clerics. But it would be wrong to generalise. While Croat Franciscans staffed concentration camps, Italian ones saved Jews; Jews were likewise hidden in French, Belgian and Hungarian religious houses.

Alas, a new scandal erupted postwar when Bishop Hudal and members of the Pallotine Order operated the 'rat-line' that spirited Nazi monsters to South America. For nearly two decades after the war the Church seemed becalmed in face of its own involvement in the Jewish catastrophe. Pope John XXIII ushered in a new spirit – highlighted by Vatican II expunging the phrase 'perfidious Jews' from the liturgy – but his pontificate was cut tragically short.

There were impersonal positive forces at work, however. Right across Catholic Western Europe Church-supported parties embraced liberal values. The more liberal Catholics realised the evil consequences of religious and racial discrimination, the less were hardliners in the Papal Curia able to obstruct reform.

Though relatively few Jews now live in Catholic countries, John Paul II's conciliatory gesture will assuage some wounds in the collective psyche. Hopefully it will also in future deter Catholic clergy from participating in Le Pen rallies, Slovak and Croat ministers from honouring their Hlinka Guard or Ustashe predecessors, and Polish nuns from claiming 'squatters' rights' in Auschwitz. □

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CONTEMPORARY PAINTING
AND SCULPTURE

Profile

Recovering a lost skill



Robert Acker-Holt.

Photo: Newman.

It is generally accepted that refugees made a significant contribution to British life. However, thanks to the prominence enjoyed by 'our' scholars and scientists, refugee industrialists have probably had less than their due.

To make something of a contribution in the industrial sphere one doesn't necessarily have to march with the big battalions – as the story of Robert Ackerhalt demonstrates.

Vienna-born, he came from a family with links to England that made emigration after the Anschluss relatively easy. Over here his ex-shopkeeper father obtained work at Bloomsbury House and he did odd jobs before attending Park Royal Training Centre. With the knowhow thus acquired he worked at designing the Horsa gliders which played a significant role in the Normandy landings.

Postwar he learnt diamond-cutting from which he switched to the design and import of imitation jewellery. Gradually he built up a workshop (with showroom) at Hatton Gardens, but then a setback occurred: several large stores withdrew their custom. By fortunate coincidence a trader passing through London asked him to store a batch of Brazilian stones and sell any that he could. The gemstones sold so well that Robert himself went to Brazil – and other countries, including Red China – to procure additional supplies.

So far so good. However, customers wanted the stones cut to certain specifications and since none in Britain possessed the requisite skill the work had to be done in Germany.

What Robert now set about was recover-

ing the lost lapidary skills for this country. He drew on his own diamond-cutting factory experience, immersed himself in reference books and purchased secondhand equipment abroad. Eventually he mastered the lost craft and in turn trained others, the first of whom became his workshop manager; the workshop, incidentally, now exports a fifth of its output.

Eighteen months ago Robert Acker-Holt was asked to restore plinths damaged in the Windsor Castle fire. Last December he received the National Training Award presented by the Secretary of State for Employment. The press release spoke of Robert 'starting from scratch on the construction of precision machinery where all was trial and error, nothing available off the peg'.

The story of Robert's award was picked up by *The Independent* which headed it 'Plaudits for a polished performer'. And so say all of us!

□ R.G.

40 Years Ago this Month

LETTER FROM JERUSALEM

During the past nine months Israel's economy has undergone such a fundamental change, in fact, almost a complete reversal, that one is surprised how little appears to be known about it elsewhere. Indeed, the transformation from a seller's to a buyer's market, from the empty shops full of customers, has been accompanied by something of a conspiracy of silence.

Israel has become a land of plenty – plenty of food, plenty of luxuries, plenty of everything except money. The State has no funds to pay civil servants' salaries on time, the municipalities have run out of cash, and from teachers to dustmen, everybody takes it in turn to come out on strike; the National Institutions have not sufficient means to finance the vital development programme of land reclamation and settlement and, of course, the 'Man in the Street' looks at all the miracles from whipped cream to refrigerators, from Leberwurst to unrationed butter, from lovely suits and dresses to Kaiser-Frazer cars, and cannot even scratch together the money to meet the ever increasing burden of income tax.

Probably people are afraid of admitting that in Israel everything can be had (at a price) because the uncle in America or the friends somewhere else might stop sending food parcels, and they cannot explain quickly enough that their wages, salaries, or any other incomes have been 'frozen' while prices have doubled and trebled during the past year. For tourists who get the proper exchange rate, Israel has gained in attraction, and is certainly cheaper than Greece or Italy, where the wage-earners cannot participate either in the fullness of the local market.

AJR Information, March 1954

Moral Jurassic Park

In the days when newspaper mastheads carried mottos – pace ‘All the news that’s fit to print’, or Beaverbrook’s Empire slogan on the *Daily Express* frontpage – the Vienna *Abend* proclaimed: *Wo es Stärkere gibt, immer auf Seite der Schwächeren* (We take the side of the weak against the strong).

The German Neo-Nazis do the exact opposite: they mount vicious assaults on the disabled. Mobilising the sadism of youngsters with low self-esteem they target it on vulnerable groups such as foreigners, asylum seekers and the handicapped; the more vulnerable the group, the greater the aggression it ‘provokes’. The number of attacks on wheelchair-bound victims has lately escalated for that very reason right across Germany. While security round refugees’ hostels has been tightened, and Turks have formed self-defence groups, the disabled have remained the softest, most ‘inviting’ of targets.

How does this compare with their situation in the Third Reich? Though the Nazi regime avoided anything as crude as attacks on disabled in the street it resolved early on that the unfit – so many useless mouths to feed – had to be eliminated. The parallel with preparations for the Holocaust even extended to softening up the German public by means of mainstream films with a propaganda subtext *Ich klage an* (I Accuse), which featured a doctor’s mercy killing of his incurably ill wife, was the cinematic overture to the Euthanasia Programme in the same way that *Jud Süß* presaged the Final Solution.

But halfway through the war – by which

time hundred thousand institutionalised patients had been killed – public revulsion set in. The focus of opposition was Count Galen, Catholic Bishop of Münster, who ended a sermon with the call ‘Woe to the German people when the innocent are killed and their slayers go unpunished!’ The message of his sermon was spread by word-of-mouth and illegal leaflets, forcing a slow-down, though never a complete cessation, of the Euthanasia Programme. The Gestapo executed several Catholic priests who had handed leaflets to Wehrmacht soldiers, but refrained from making a martyr of the high-profile bishop.

In the same year, 1943, two thousand Gentile wives of Jewish husbands demonstrated against their deportation. Both this solitary demonstration of solidarity with Jews and Bishop Galen’s protest over mass euthanasia had one thing in common: they focused on victims with German family ties.

At bottom there was/is a crucial difference between Jews and other victims targeted by Nazis old and new. While to racist eyes Gypsies, Disabled, Turks and Mozambicans appear straightforwardly inferior, the Jews occupy an ambiguous position. They are, of course, hugely inferior in terms of character, physique, creativity and so forth, but also superior in sheer cunning and manipulative skill. Cunning enables them to exercise shadowy world domination via the Kremlin one day and Wall Street the next.

This bifocal view of the Jew as simultaneously inferior, weak and powerful, cringing and arrogant, accounts for one of postwar Europe’s most bizarre phenomena: antisemitism in countries virtually without Jews. □ R.G.

The Rosenstock Diamond



Werner and Susanne Rosenstock. Photo: Newman.

In 1931 two young *Referendare* (trainee solicitors) met in a small provincial town outside Berlin. They found that they liked each other. Some people disapproved of their relationship, in particular one anonymous letter writer who informed the judge of the courts where they worked that: ‘The young man visits the young lady at times which are not approved of in polite society’.

Undeterred, the couple continued seeing each other. The relationship developed over the next few years, weathering the storms of rising Nazism, until March 8, 1934. On this date Werner Rosenstock and Susanne Philipp married. March 8 this year marks the sixtieth anniversary of the event.

The Rosenstocks, whose mental faculties remain unimpaired, still make a formidable team. The celebration of their diamond anniversary will take place on March 5 in the company of friends and relatives from around the world.

Needless to say, the best wishes of all the staff and members of AJR, to which organisation Dr Rosenstock devoted forty-one years of his life, go to the celebrants on this occasion. As the saying goes: *till a hundred and twenty*. □ M.N.

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Reviews

Once upon a time in Warsaw

Isaac Bashevis Singer, *THE CERTIFICATE*, tr. Leonard Wolf, Hamish Hamilton, 1992, £14.99

This novel, first published in a New York Yiddish paper in 1967, only appears in English now because the author felt it needed revising; he died before completing the revision.

There is no trace of 'intelligent hindsight' in Singer's tale of a poor and disorientated young man struggling to survive in Warsaw immediately after World War One. In it we probably encounter some of the Jews who later rose against the Nazis, but not once does David Bendiger, the narrator, indicate that he has any intimations of the disasters to come.

In this book Fascists govern Italy and antisemitism is a Polish disease, while Germany is the country unjustly squeezed by the victors and therefore in economic straits, but otherwise the land of enlightenment. The hero, Bendiger, has run away from a provincial Yeshiva and his father's fundamentalism. Having shed his earlocks he has forsaken Holy Writ for Spinoza, Kant and Hegel. But not for Marx, whom many of his peers worship; instead he inclines towards secular Zionism.

Though the politics of the day impinge on it this is not a political novel. Much of it is taken up by Bendiger's emotional and economic problems as he totters, in his thin, torn coat, on distintegrating shoes, through a bitter late autumn and winter.

Concealed irony

We meet him as he expects to have to take the last train out of the capital that night, go home to his family, give in and return to Hassidism and a job as a teacher of religion. Instead chance leads him to Sonya, an old (in both senses) girl friend he has badly neglected. She complains, but gives him a square meal and even a bed. Here Singer shows his mastery of concealed irony. For this shy, shabby youth, whom tradition forbids even to look at nubile females, is a veritable Don Juan, albeit with inhibitions.

Not that he seeks erotic adventures; his ambition is to become a writer. He goes in search of publishers armed with an essay on Spinoza and the Cabbala. He can't stay with Sonya, who is herself an exploited servant, and he becomes the lodger of two not-so-young Jewish sisters who are up to their

necks in radical Left politics, which lands one of them in jail.

David is again rescued by a woman with whom he goes through a marriage ceremony in which nothing is what it seems. The bride is a Polish-Jewish princess in high boots and furs. She wishes to go to Palestine where she plans to divorce David and marry her real fiancé, who is on the run from the law.

The marriage broker is a *chalutz* out to circumvent the British immigration quota.

It all ends badly. The bride's father goes bankrupt and her crooked lover transfers his affections elsewhere, leaving her pregnant. The worthy and puritan Bendiger does what he nearly did at the beginning of the story: take a train out of Warsaw.

□ John Rossall

Reich in every sense of the word

Ron Chernow, *THE WARBURGS: A Family History*, Chatto & Windus 1993, £20

Years ago when exchange controls were still in force, we went to a dinner party where conversation revolved around holiday destinations. A bright young thing who would now be dubbed a Sloane ranger announced that she would be spending the summer on the Greek islands. In surprise we asked how she could manage that in view of the £100 travel allowance limitation. 'Oh,' came the bland reply, 'those sort of things do not apply to people like us!'

This is an attitude that seems to have been typical of the Warburgs, whose history Ron Chernow recounts in his mammoth volume. They lived in great ostentation in 'the best of all possible worlds.' They knew only too well what was going on in Germany but, because of their wealth and important government connections, could not believe that anything would happen to them. And in the broadest sense it did not, for the bank went on making money to the end and, because of their connections, nearly all the family had little difficulty over their eventual departure.

The Warburgs were a long-established German-Jewish banking family resident in Hamburg with a strong American connection: although not practising Jews they were well aware of their Jewishness and did

a great deal to lead and support the community. That support was based on an affinity which they could not – nor wanted to – avoid.

Max Warburg was for many years head of the Hamburg house, members of which were of great assistance to the Weimar government over reparations as well as in rekindling economic activity after the inflation of the 1920s. Imbued with his firm belief in German greatness, Max Warburg thought Nazism to be merely a passing, unpleasant phenomenon from which the country would recover. After 1933 the bank was still making profits; Warburg was both asking Jews to stay in Germany and supporting existing institutions, but at the same time helping to finance those who decided to emigrate.

In America the Warburgs were intimately concerned with government finances, being partly instrumental in setting up the Federal Reserve System. Their sympathies were entirely pro-German and anti-British, and both in 1914 and 1939 they initially used all their influence to prevent the USA entering the war, although fully supporting the government when the decisions had been taken.

New banking house

When the Hamburg Warburgs did eventually leave Germany, they incongruously elected to settle in Britain. Max Warburg established a new banking house, in London, which eventually developed into one of the leading institutions in the financial market. After World War II, Eric, son of Max Warburg, returned to Germany and regained control of the family banking house in Hamburg. (This was to become a source of considerable embarrassment to the rest of the Warburg family.)

And then there was Aby, the odd man out, who spurned the family business, but used the family wealth to create the stupendous library which now forms part of London University and is known as the Warburg Institute. Aby was a brilliant, unstable and unhappy man who could not reconcile his Jewish origins with his profound thoughts on the development of the Classical tradition.

Ron Chernow's monumental book, some 820 pages, draws a broad sweep over this outstanding family, mixing portraits of individual family members with political and economic developments, family intrigues and disputes.

□ Walter Schwab

The first boat people

Karl Lenk, *THE MAURITIUS AFFAIR*, edited, translated and published by R. S. Lenk, 1993, £11.95

Karl Lenk was a quiet, able, respected family man in Vienna when Nazi Germany swept Austria into her net. His health was precarious and the hardships he underwent in order to save his life did not help. He had made some initial mistakes that stopped him reaching Britain to which his wife and sons managed to emigrate. He tried the Yugoslav border and was sent back, but eventually joined an illegal transport to Palestine, where he was frustrated again.

The outlines of this Odyssey are by now known to many; the details are far worse than we, who escaped by other means, can possibly imagine. The accommodation on the rust buckets that took the initially hopeful emigrants down the Danube, through the Black Sea and Aegean to the showdown with the forces of the British Empire was scarcely better than that of the concentration camps (minus, of course, the enormities which were perpetrated there).

Fair and even-handed

The transportees never knew what was happening to them; why they were stuck for nine months in Bratislava, for instance; whether they would re-embark next minute or next year; whether the war and the Gestapo would overtake them. Lenk is astonishingly fair and even-handed, allowing for the difficulties of the organisers of the migration, and even lauding individual Hlinka (Slovak fascist militia) guards who showed themselves to be honest and humane. He is less forgiving towards the Greek crook of a captain who tried to make even more money out of misery than he was already getting. Many passengers died at sea and were there 'buried.' Mr Lenk's health - bronchitis and a heart condition - deteriorated in the cattle pens below the water line.

The British made their own contribution by interning the refugees in two camps in Palestine, and then deporting them to Mauritius. And there the brave survivor Lenk died when a tropical infection overcame his weakened body. There he is buried. His son has fleshed out his meticulously factual diary with some now historic background, highlighting the antisemitism of Chamberlain, Bevin and other lesser fry. I commend *The Mauritius Affair* to all readers.

□ John Rossal

Sounds of the shtetl



Klezmer Festival Band.

Photo: G. Auerbrach.

On Sunday, 16th January I attended the Klezmer Festival Band concert organised by the Jewish Music Heritage Trust Ltd. It was held in the Queen Elizabeth Hall and given by Gregori Schechter (clarinet) and his able ensemble consisting of Erran Baron Cohen - keyboards, Ronnie Goldberg - Guitar, Paul Dias Jayasinha - Trumpet and Hans Ferrao - Drums. The hall was packed and we only managed to grab seats at the back of the orchestra. The programme comprised a series of traditional Jewish folk tunes from the towns and villages of Eastern Europe with special emphasis on wedding and party music. The performance was electrifying and brilliantly led by Gregori Schechter. He supplied most of the commentary and asked for audience participation. A lot of people started clapping in time with the rhythm. A

small group even began to dance. The performance which also included participation by the Klezmer Youth Band trained by Gregori Schechter enjoyed plenty of variety. 2 hours seemed to pass very quickly for young and old, Jews and gentiles alike. It may be of interest that Gregori Schechter was himself a refugee and managed to escape from Russia to Israel in 1987.

During the break both the Jewish Music Heritage Trust Ltd. and the B'nai B'rith had stands in the foyer supplying information on Jewish Music and the activities of B'nai B'rith.

□ Irene Gould

Gregori and the Klezmer Festival Band also perform a full range of music for weddings, barmitzvahs and functions of all kinds. Telephone or fax the Jewish Music Heritage Trust for details on: 081-909 2445

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Letters to the Editor



FAMILY SEPARATION

Sir – Whereas the Holocaust has deprived many of the 'transplanted' generation of relatives, causing the loneliness mentioned in *Handing on the Torch* (January 1994) one often forgets the uprooting from one's home and families that occurred. Just one example of many: A relative of mine now living in Switzerland, has a sister in the U.K. and one brother in Brazil, another in the U.S.A.

Canfield Gardens
London NW6

Werner Beck

GERMAN(E) ISSUES

Sir – In the January issue Mr Landau suggests that genocide in the past was mainly perpetrated by people whose culture was inferior to that claimed by the Germans.

However, he may have overlooked that in Germany, towards the end of the 8th century, Charlemagne had 30,000 Saxons put to death because they refused to convert to the Christian faith.

About 70 years ago this event was presented to us at school as some praiseworthy deed which greatly enhanced the Emperor's name.

Holland Park Avenue
London W11

J. Rotter

A FAIRLY FORTUNATE JEW

Sir – The review of *First Dance in Karlsbad* in your January issue did less than justice to the quality of that little book, its charm and its unsparing irony.

Moreover, the final remarks of the reviewer were regrettable quite regardless of the fact that, contrary to his information, the place is not now German anyway.

Harcourt Drive

Arnold Rosenstrauch

Earley, Reading

My concluding comment actually read: the place is now German- as well as juden-rein
Ed

Sir – I read with amazement your review of Heinz Henisch's delightful little book about his childhood in the Sudetenland. You show very strongly your dislike of assimilated Jews; should you not have asked someone with a more open mind to do the job for you?

To say that, had Heinz suffered more, he could not have gone back to look at the

scenery of his childhood memories, is an absurd statement; to call a 'rite of passage' his meeting with Jews more conscious of their Jewishness than he, is also absurd, because obviously these encounters did *not* change his attitude. As far as I know, right through his life, Heinz was always aware of being a Jew; many, if not most of his personal friends are Jews, but he never was nor is at present seriously involved in Jewish matters.

Will you print this letter?

Florida Court, Bath Rd

William W Brown

Reading

FINK'S QUIP

Sir – I happen to know two people who were offered honorary Aryan status. One was an Austrian in 1936 Berlin, who declined it and went to Britain instead – where his services were equally in demand (he was an engineer-scientist working in armaments.) The other was an Austrian doctor who had been charitable to young Adolf Hitler (aged 13) and was apparently singled out by the monster as a 'white' Jew, and offered freedom from persecution for life if he stayed. I spoke to him myself; it so happened he brought me into the world, so knew my family. He too, declined the offer of being made an *Ehrenarier* and chose the alternative: free passage to the USA with all his family and movable goods, and financial assets. (Name, address, details on request – but only up to 1939)

Connaught Ave

E. H. Kenneth

Grimsby

THE HORTHY PHENOMENON

Sir – Articles concerning Hungary are – for obvious reasons – rare in *AJR Information*. This one is a well-condensed history and I hope many non-Hungarians will read it.

I would also like to congratulate you on your piece about Auberon Waugh.

Cutcombe, nr Minehead

Mrs A Fields

Somerset

ACJR

Sir – We read with great interest the article on the ACJR, whose strength has grown from 8 to 80 members. Young ACJR members find they have a lot in common with each other: our own son and daughter have greatly benefited from this group.

There is one omission we feel should be

rectified. The person who visualised the importance of starting such a club was Mrs Lily Allen. It was a wonderful idea – thank you very much Lily!

P.S. We always enjoy reading *AJR Information*. You are doing an excellent job!

Cheviot Gardens

J and A Dutch

London NW2

FUNERAL RITES – AND WRONGS

Sir – The late Lord Mancroft had a Jewish father and a non-Jewish mother, but always considered himself a full Jew.

We served together on the Board of Directors of the Bank Leumi where he sparkled, particularly over the luncheon table.

He told us on one occasion that he had left directions in his Will that he did not want a memorial service after his demise, adding 'I would prefer it to take place in a synagogue, but my wife would want it in a church, so rather than split the family I have left directions to do nothing'.

The directions were not observed. There was a quasi-ecumenical service at St. Margaret's Westminster where he was eulogised and a number of Christian prayers were offered, in the course of which the majority of the congregation knelt. Julia Neuberger, representing his Jewish connection, recited the Kadish. The officiating ministers stood at the exit after the service shaking hands with the congregants when I said to Julia – 'I bet this is the first time that you recited Kadish to a kneeling congregation'. She said it was.

Highpoint

Fred S Worms

North Hill, Highgate

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George Eliot and Edith Wharton

Two writers who challenged the Jewish stereotype

The image of the Jew in the 19th century novel has been various and complicated. Perhaps the best known stereotype is the villainous Fagin in *Oliver Twist* (1837), complete with red hair and uttering blasphemies, the epitome of the Judas-Devil myth. It may not be so well known that a Jewish friend, Mrs Eliza Davis, chastised Dickens for this unscrupulous and avaricious portrayal. To redress the balance, Dickens created the story of the kindly and benevolent Jew, 'a venerable man', Mr Riah, in *Our Mutual Friend* (1864). With the televised version of *Middlemarch* and Scorsese's film of *The Age of Innocence* due for release on the big screen, let us look at two other novels by George Eliot and Edith Wharton which help to dispel the stereotype of the Jew in literature.

George Eliot (born May Ann Evans) was profoundly influenced by a gentle Jewish invalid who was fired with the dream of a Jewish homeland. In 1866 she met Emanuel Oskar Deutsch, the nephew of German rabbis, and a talmud scholar who worked at that time in the Department of Oriental Studies at the British Museum. He taught George Eliot to read Hebrew and inspired her interest in Jewish nationalism.

Daniel Deronda (1874-76), her celebrated 'zionist' novel was her last work of fiction. The story of its eponymous hero had been suggested by the career of A.E.W. Goldsmid, who had been born in India to Jewish parents but brought up in England as a gentleman. He became aware of his Jewish identity only in his twenties, and left for Palestine to help revive 'the organic centre of his people's existence'. He founded the Jewish Lads Brigade and the Maccabees, and was a prominent member of the English Hovevei Zion.

It is extraordinary to think that Herzl read and was influenced by *Daniel Deronda*, as were Zionist thinkers and writers like Eliezer Ben Yehuda, I. L. Peretz and P. Smolenskin. In 1878 George Eliot followed this novel with a strong attack on Anti-Jewish prejudice in a pamphlet called *The Modern Hep-Hep* (a reference to the Crusaders' rallying call to attack Jews which became the Hip Hip Hoorah of modern expression).

In *Daniel Deronda* there is a variety of Jewish characters, ranging from the thieving old sponger Lapidoth (the schnorrer), father of the tender Mirah, to the sympathetic account of the Cohens and their boy Jacob's

precocious 'schwopping' of a worthless corkscrew for Deronda's inlaid penknife. The Cohens possess a streak of vulgarity and attach importance to their possessions as tokens of wealth and therefore of worth. The young Mrs Cohen wears 'a string of large artificial pearls wound round her neck', while her baby sleeps under a scarlet counterpane. Yet there is great family affection and warmth in this portrait of the Cohens' pleasure in their offspring.

When Deronda first meets Mirah he admits his interest had never been drawn towards Jews, the 'facts he knew about them, whether they walked conspicuous in fine apparel or lurked in by-streets were repugnant to him'. Yet he comes to realise that his mother is a Jewess. The portrait of Leonora Charisi is powerfully drawn. An Italian Jewess, she has escaped her Jewish obligations and allowed her son to be brought up amongst the English aristocracy. Leonora cannot 'feel awe for the bit of parchment in the mezuzah over the door' or 'dread lest a bit of butter should touch a bit of meat.' But her son believes 'it is no shame to have Jewish parents - the shame is to disown it.'

Deronda learns about Zionism from the gentle Mordecai who is both sage and intellectual. We are also shown the views of Gideon who believes in reformed Judaism, and wants faith adapted to a non-Jewish environment so that 'we can melt gradually into the population we live among.' And in the world of Gwendolen Harleth is the image of the Wandering Jew, the appropriately named Herr Klesmer, the music-master, modelled on a Moldavian Jew whom George Eliot had met in Munich.

At the time it was published, *Daniel Deronda* alienated many British readers. According to Sir Leslie Stephen (father of Virginia Woolf) few praised it 'despite the approval of learned Jews.'

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Edith Wharton's *The House of Mirth* (1905) is set among the elegant brownstones of New York, and is concerned with the dispossession of the old New York aristocracy by the vulgar new rich, a milieu she knew intimately. Edith Newbold Jones was born into a wealthy New York family, and travelled extensively with her family in Europe. After an unhappy marriage, she suffered protracted nervous exhaustion. Her psychiatrist advised her to write about her experiences as a form of therapy. With the somewhat patronising encouragement of Henry James who believed her to be merely a rich amateur, she produced a book on *Italian Villas and their Gardens* (now a collector's item) and then the block-busting *House of Mirth*. In 1920 she won a Pulitzer prize for *The Age of Innocence*, another exposé of New York high society. Wharton's popularity in recent years has been the result of her espousal by the feminists; she was sensitive to the plight of the trapped in her era. But our focus here is on her sense of responsibility in the depiction of the Jewish character in her novels.

In the portrait of Simon Rosedale in *The House of Mirth*, what begins as the stock caricature of the 'pushy little Jew' taken from polite antisemitism, is transcended and becomes something quite other by the end of the novel.

Lily Bart is a penniless society beauty who needs to marry well if she is to survive. At the start of the novel, Lily is caught out in a lie by Rosedale, 'a plump rosy man of the blonde Jewish type' who has 'smart London clothes fitting him like upholstery.' He has 'his race's accuracy in the appraisal of values', and is a successful businessman intent on climbing the social ladder. Though both Lily and Rosedale seek to secure a foothold among the rich, Lily spurns him, and turns to him only when she is destitute and disgraced. Though others disdain her, it is Rosedale who is shown to be a man of compassion and kindness. He will not now marry her because she has lost her market value, but he is willing to pay her debts and understands her predicament. Lily finally comes to appreciate and value his fidelity and innate humanity.

It is interesting to read in Edith Wharton's autobiography that she could recall only one person 'in trade' (and probably no Jew) who had ever been received in her parents home. Yet in her portrayal of the compassionate Simon Rosedale, the Jewish tradesman, she was able to alter the conventional depiction of the Jewish villain and reveal a man of worth.

□ Dr Sorrel Kerbel

See also 'Confirming the stereotype' page 15

The AJR at Work

Operatic karaoke



A delegation from Hampstead Garden Suburb.

Photo: Newman.

The Hampstead Garden Opera Singers, a company of more than thirty members, led by octogenarian conductor Roy Budden, sent a small delegation to the Paul Balint AJR Day Centre to entertain. The group, consisting of four singers: Helen Gilhearny (soprano), Vivienne Trenner (mezzo soprano), John Carter (tenor) and Tim Hicks (baritone), accompanied by John Isaacs, performed a programme of popular arias from Mozart, Puccini, Verdi and Bizet.

Warm reception

Opera is a perennial favourite with Day Centre regulars. It always comes as a surprise to find audiences at these events whose ability to critically evaluate a performance is matched only by their enthusiasm for singing along with songs in four languages. The Hampstead Singers were very gratified by the warm reception they received in Cleve Road and hope to return in the not too distant future.

QUESTIONTIME

Mr and Mrs Steiner will be hosting a FUN QUIZ at the Paul Balint AJR Day Centre

on

TUESDAY 8 MARCH AT 4 P.M.

The Hampstead company combine varied levels of experience in the world of opera, containing aspiring new singers, ex-professionals and some practising full-time singers. What they all share is a love of music. Members wishing to see the whole company in action will be given the chance between 2-5 March, when they will be performing *La Bohème* at the Hampstead Garden Institute Theatre. □ M.N.

AJR SEDER NIGHT

We are pleased to announce that a
SECOND NIGHT SEDER

will be held on Sunday 27 March at the Paul Balint AJR Day Centre at 15 Cleve Road, NW6, led by Cantor Marshall Stone

Please phone: 071-328 0208 for application forms. Seating is strictly limited so prompt replies will be required to ensure places.

Unfortunately, as there is limited space, wheelchairs cannot be accommodated.

6 p.m. for 6-30 p.m.

A Message from Ernest David

By the time you read this I shall have been Director of the AJR for some weeks. Time is passing quickly. I am kept busy being educated into the AJR's activities, meeting the Executive Committee, the staff, some of our volunteers and some of the members. I am also beginning to think about plans for the future.

I have visited the Day Centre and tasted the excellent lunches there and have seen for myself how much our members enjoy spending the day there.

I am both delighted and impressed by the care and dedication to our members' interests that I have found in everyone I have met so far. I look forward to meeting more members and hearing your comments and suggestions on the service we provide.

One need I can see straight away, is the need for more volunteers, for a variety of activities. We can only maintain a cost effective service to our members in need, if members, and their children and friends, participate in our work. If you can, please help!

I shall communicate regularly with you, and am sure I can count on your support, so that, together, we can build on the strengths of our Association. □

AJR MEALS ON WHEELS

A wide variety of high quality kosher frozen food is available, ready made and delivered to your door, via the AJR meals on wheels service. The food is cooked in our own kitchens in Cleve Road, NW6, by our experienced staff.

This service is available to those members with mobility problems or other difficulties.

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 Joanne Butsman 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.

**AJR Social Service Department update
LEBENSBESTÄTIGUNG**

The article on page eight of our January 94 issue, regarding the signing of Austrian Life Certificates, was based on information given to us by the Austrian Embassy. However we have now been informed that this was not quite correct and we give below the Embassy's amended statement:

Life Certificate

Your Austrian Life Certificate may be signed by an official at your local Police Station or by a Notary Public and then sent on to the pension authority in Vienna. However, if you are housebound you may ask your doctor for a letter giving your name, address and date of birth and stating that you are alive on the given date (the doctor must not sign the Life Certificate itself). This letter together with the Life Certificate should then be sent to the Embassy in London where the form will be signed and stamped and returned to you for

forwarding to Austria. Alternatively the documents can be sent direct from the Embassy to Vienna if this is your stated wish.

Pensioners may continue to call at the Embassy in person, Monday to Friday between 9 am and 12 noon for the signing of Life Certificates; they must bring with them identification (i.e. passport).

The new forms sent out by the pension authority also require the pensioner to sign on the bottom right hand side. □

SPRING IS COMING

Can you spring into action and visit housebound members or take them for walks?

Could you help at the Paul Balint AJR Day Centre on Sundays from 2-7 p.m.?

Offers please to: Laura Howe, Volunteers Coordinator, on 071-431 6161

AJR Theatre Evening

On Wednesday 16 March at 7.30 p.m.
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and Thursdays).

Afternoon entertainment -

MARCH

- Tuesday 1 Demonstration by
Members of Irma Mayer's
Keep-Fit Class from Sobel
House
- Wednesday 2 The Valerie Hewitt Show
- Thursday 3 Jack & Rita Davis - The
Singing Duo
- Sunday 6 A Spectrum of Melodies -
Robert Brody (Tenor)
accompanied by Daphne
Lewis (Piano)
- Monday 7 A Spring Musical Bouquet
- Anne Kenton-Barker
(Soprano) & Pamela
Kolirin accompanied by
Geoffrey Whitworth
(Piano)

- Tuesday 8 Genuine Tones - Elaine Gee
& Marsha Vaknine
- Wednesday 9 Musical Bells - Ringing the
Changes from Handel
to Gershwin - Francoise
Geller & Kara Wilson
accompanied by Irene Wallis
(Piano)
- Thursday 10 Musical Gems from the Past
- Bernard Wilcox (Tenor) &
Julia Binneti (Soprano)
accompanied by Ron Wilson
(Piano)
- Sunday 13 The Violin in Various
Ways - Jeremy Birchall
(Violin) with Piano
accompaniment
- Monday 14 Duo Cabaret - Helena
Guest (Soprano)
accompanied by Barry
Wynford-Dawes (Piano)
- Tuesday 15 A Party Afternoon with
Dorothy Sayers (Piano &
Accordion)
- Wednesday 16 TRINITY QUARTET -
Vasiliki Fikaris (Soprano)
Domenico Colonna (Tenor)
Devon Harrison (Bass)
accompanied by Tony
Papano (Piano)
- Thursday 17 A Musical Journey Around
Europe - Stephen Norbert
(Piano) & Eugen Kurti
(Violin)
- Sunday 20 The Harrow School For
Young Musicians' Brass
Band - Conducted by Alan
Goodall

- Monday 21 Springtime Serenade - Alisa
Spivack (Soprano)
accompanied by Daphne
Lewis (Piano)
- Tuesday 22 The Music Makers -
Elizabeth Winton & Stan
Longmire with Piano
accompaniment
- Wednesday 23 Take A Quick-Step Back In
Time - Geoffrey Strum
(Tenor) accompanied by
Johnny Walton (Piano)
- Thursday 24 A Spring Concert with Doris
Samuels & Marian Hartman
- Sunday 27 CLOSED
- Monday 28 CLOSED
- Tuesday 29 Light Classics for Flute,
Piano & Voice - Ian
Bradford & Carol Alyranati
- Wednesday 30 'Let My People Go'! - Hans
Freund accompanied by
Mischa Schreider
- Thursday 31 Ann Shirley & Robert Eaves
Entertain with Music Of
Your Choice

APRIL

- Sunday 3 CLOSED
- Monday 4 CLOSED
- Tuesday 5 'Sang u. Klang II' - Angela
& Nicholas Arratoon, Diana
& Elizabeth Legroux
accompanied by Maurice
Hermele (Piano)

FAMILY EVENTS

Deaths

Apt Alice Apt died on 7 February, aged 83, after a long illness.

Dresel Eva Dresel (daughter of the late Alfred and Charlotte Dresel) died suddenly of a heart attack on 19 January, aged 73. Deeply mourned and sadly missed by her brother Leonard and sister Elisabeth Poisson and her family.

Fischel Elli Fischel died on 20 January, 1994. She will be greatly missed by family Nothman, family Tuckman and friends. Shalom.

Nussbaum Alice Nussbaum, daughter of Lea and Zigmund Schindler, born Berlin, died peacefully after long suffering on 30 January aged 83. She will be remembered forever by her family, relatives and friends here and in the USA and Israel.

Kallman Margarethe (Grete) Kallman, widow of Ernst Kallman and mother of Inge, born 1897 in Berlin died 12 January in Southport. Sadly missed by her only daughter and all who knew her.

Companion/Carers

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Miscellaneous

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Upright piano in very good condition wanted for purchase. Tel: 071-4356 5351 (Office) or: 081-455 9715 (Weekends).

Katia Gould wishes to express her thanks to all those who kindly sent messages of congratulation on her recent birthday.

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Alice Schwab

Art Notes

The *Unknown Modigliani* exhibition at the Royal Academy (until 4 April), supported by Glaxo in association with *The Guardian*, is a great treat and should not be missed. A fully illustrated catalogue, written by Noel Alexandre, is available at the exhibition (price £23.50). Also at the Royal Academy (until 12 March) is *Lessons in Life*, a novel exhibition of drawings by secondary school students.

Duncan Campbell is showing recent works by Harry Weinberger (until 22 April). Weinberger was born in Berlin in 1924 and left Germany for England in 1939. He studied with Martin Bloch and was Head of Painting at the Coventry Lanchester Polytechnic until 1983.

The 56th Travelling Exhibition of the Society of Wood Engravers will be at the Swiss Cottage Library (until 16 April). The work of modern wood engravers has been unfairly neglected and this is an opportunity to see some excellent pieces by major exponents of the craft. Wood engraving is also the subject of an exhibition *Victorian Illustrated Books 1850-1870: The Heyday of Wood Engraving* at the British Museum (until 24 April). Also at the British Museum is an exhibition of Italian drawings from the 15th to the 18th centuries.

To celebrate the 400th anniversary of the arrival of the tulip in Holland from Turkey, Spinks are holding an exhibition of watercolours *Tulips* by Mary Grierson (until 31 March). Also at Spinks (until 28 April) is a loan exhibition of a series of watercolours by Alexander Creswell of the fire-damaged rooms at Windsor Castle. At the same time they are showing watercolours by Alexander Creswell entitled *Spirit and Splendour: A glimpse of Imperial Europe*.

In the Main Foyer of the Festival Hall is an installation *Those Environmental Artists* (until 17 April), a look at the 1930s, the first great decade of mass communication. The Festival Hall is also showing (until 4 April on Level 5) *Desde Londres: Spanish artists in London*, an exhibition of new work by eight London-based Spanish artists. And, in the Upper Foyer (until 20 March), is *Jacqui Poncelet 1992*, a multi-coloured patchwork of carpets from all walks of life.

The Serpentine Gallery is showing works by *Markus Raetz* (until 24 April). Raetz,

born in 1941, is one of Switzerland's most celebrated artists and this is the first major exhibition of his work in Britain.

From 8 March-7 May Anneli Juda will be holding a special exhibition to celebrate the 70th birthday of Anthony Caro, Britain's foremost sculptor.

When Henry Edion died in 1987 he left the wish that his paintings and drawings should be sold to raise money to plant trees in Israel. He was born Heinrich Edelstein in Vienna in 1905 and spent four years in various concentration camps in France. Later he lived in Australia, North America and, finally, in London. An exhibition which hopes to make it possible to realise his wishes is being held by the Ben Uri Art Society and the Jewish National Fund for Israel (14-24 March).

The Tate Gallery is showing new displays from its permanent collection, including rooms devoted to Hogarth and his contemporaries, the Pre-Raphaelites, Bacon and Giacometti, and Matisse and Brancusi. Also at the Tate (until 8 May) is a major exhibition *Picasso: Sculptor/Painter*, focusing on the relationship between Picasso's sculpture and painting throughout his career.

The Contemporary Print Show at the Barbican (14 March-10 April) comprises the work of over a hundred artists. All the works on display are for sale; prices from £50 to over £5,000.

And finally, congratulations to our old friend Marika Eversfield who has been elected an Associate Member of the National Society of Painters, Sculptors and Printmakers. □

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SB's Column

Spring Festivals. Monte Carlo presents – in April, earlier than usual – festive musical fare comprising concerts by the La Scala orchestra, the Alban Berg quartet and the Vienna Johann Strauss ensemble. At the Florence Festival, from the end of April, Ashkenazy will be the soloist, and Schönberg's *Moses and Aron* will be conducted by Zubin Mehta.

A Farewell to the Opera Stage. Mezzosoprano Christa Ludwig (65) has decided to retire from opera. She came from a musical family: both her parents, Eugenie Besalla and Anton Ludwig, sang at the Vienna Volksoper during the Twenties. Christa Ludwig, who made her last appearance as Elektra in Munich, a regular member of the Vienna State Opera, was also often heard in Salzburg, Munich, at the New York Met, and as Carmen at Covent Garden. Her interesting and highly adaptable voice will, however, still be heard at recital evenings.

Birthdays. Baritone Hans Hotter, celebrated Wagner singer, excellent in the *Flying Dutchman* and a much praised Wotan, is 85 years old. As a distinguished producer, he was responsible for the London *Ring* performance 1961/64. Prima ballerina Riki Raab who started her career in Vienna in 1922, celebrated her 95th birthday. Outstanding in Bayer's *Puppenfee*, a rôle she performed over 200 times, she has written a ballet encyclopaedia which is now nearing completion and which has kept her busy to the present day.

Obituaries. Don Ameche, who died in Arizona at the age of 85, had Claudette Colbert, Alice Faye and Betty Grable as partners; he was most memorable in *Alexander's Rag Time Band*. Late in life, he returned to Broadway and continued acting on stage and TV. Cesar Romero who died in Santa Monica, California, aged 86, made his name as the *Cisco Kid* and was active on the screen until 1990. Beautiful Myrna Loy who died aged 88, belonged to the Hollywood *Greats*. She co-starred with Cary Grant, Clark Gable and Clifton Webb. During the last decades she only appeared occasionally, retiring in 1980. Actress Blandine Ebinger, a well-known name in pre-war Germany, returned from the States in 1946, and recently died in Berlin at the age of 94. □

Short Story

Leaving Dovercourt

Plusfours? What did the word mean? Paul stole a puzzled sideways glance at the woman in the driving seat. Bony, liver-spotted fingers on the steering wheel, she peered through the rain-bespattered windscreen, her downturned mouth expressing disapproval.

Should he ask what 'plusfours' meant despite the unforthcoming expression on her seamed face? He decided to risk it.

'Please, what is plusfours?'

She withdrew one hand from the wheel and gestured in the direction of his knees.

'What men wear at a shoot or on the golfcourse. They look absolutely outlandish on you!'

The word knickerbockers flashed through Paul's brain – but comprehension brought no relief. It was with England in mind that his mother had bought him, two days before his departure, the suit he was wearing now: jacket with pleats and half-belt at the back, trousers with leather-straps and buckles at the bottom.

'Talking of clothes' continued Mrs Compton 'you'll dress for serving at table. Black jacket and bowtie. Do you have grey flannel trousers?'

Paul nodded 'I have in my suitcase'.

Scowling, Mrs Compton looked into the overhead mirror 'Let us begin as we mean to go on. When you address me you say Yes, Madam – unless of course No, Madam is called for. Do you understand? *Compri?*'

'Yes, Madam!'

Pleased with the prompt reply Mrs Compton smiled, baring false teeth. 'Good. You'll learn. Besides, Mr Compton knows some German. He was in the Great War.' With that she fell silent, granting Paul a respite from translating her remarks in his mind and formulating appropriate answers.

An hour ago he had waved the other lads good-bye in high spirits. After five months in limbo – shunted from reception centre to snowbound holiday camp, to fever hospital, to convalescence home and yet another holiday camp, he looked to his first job as offering a way out as well as forward. The drive in Mrs Compton's car with its comfortable leather smell had started off as a rite of passage. Outside the Essex countryside, a chequer-board with hedgerow lines, curved gently to distant low horizons. Loamy fields and clumps of half-bare trees slipped from light into shadow as wind-driven clouds scudded across the surface of

the weak spring sun. With Mrs Compton frequently glancing down at the map spread across her lap Paul had engrossed himself in the passing scene – less out of interest than to stave off his encounter with the unknown that lay at journey's end.

Suddenly raindrops had splattered down on the windscreen. Mrs Compton had folded the map away and begun the conversation. At times she had smiled – especially when Paul, informed of her father having been a bishop, said that bishops must not have children – but more often she had scowled. The high spirits with which he had set out on the journey were beginning to drain away. The word London flashed past on a road sign, followed by the figure fifteen. He perked up. The drive through London had seemed the icing on the cake when they told him at the camp office that he had got the job and that his future employer would fetch him by car from Surrey.

'We're soon in London, Madam'.

'Not as soon as you think. Over here we measure in miles, not kilometers. A person living in this place would take five hours to walk to Charing Cross.'

'And in the car, Madam, how long...'

She cut him short 'We're not going anywhere near Charing Cross. These days rush hour London is like bedlam. Punch had a poem about it the other week.'

'We are not going through London?' In

his disappointment he forgot to add Madam but Mrs Compton seemed not to notice. 'One day when you chauffeur this car' she said affably 'you'll see for yourself. As to your question – yes, we are going through London, but no, we're not going through town. We'll cross at Tower Bridge. It's down.' She shot Paul a meaningful glance 'On the way you'll see the East End.' When he made no reply she added 'And, of course, the Tower! By the way, how old are you?'

'Soon sixteen'.

'Haven't you forgotten a word?'

'Soon sixteen, Madam'.

'That means you'll be chauffeuring this car in just over a year's time. In the meantime you'll have to polish it and look after it in general. Are you mechanically minded?'

'I'm sorry, I don't understand' came the embarrassed rejoinder.

'Do you know anything about car engines and the like?'

Paul frowned with puzzlement 'Engines – you mean locomotives?'

'No' said Mrs Compton tetchily 'I mean what's behind this' She rapped the dashboard with bony knuckles 'The motor!'

'Oh, the motor?' he repeated relieved. 'No, Madam, I don't know'.

'But you can take a bicycle to pieces, can't you?'

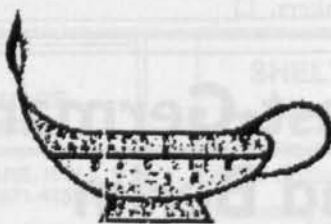
'Sorry'.

Mrs Compton made a sound like popping cork 'Sorry you don't understand the word bicycle, or sorry you can't take one to pieces?'

'I know the word madam. When I was in the convalescence home in Clacton the Toc H learnt us the song A Bicycle made for Two'.

'Most English boys of your age know how to take a bike to pieces' said Mrs Compton with a sigh. Then she relapsed into silence.

Paul took comfort from the fact that the rain had stopped and the outskirts of London were coming into view. At first the houses looked prosperous, with front gardens and pebbledash on the walls. Then they grew poorer-looking and were interspersed with factory buildings and railway goods depots. A gasometer loomed up, hugely massive in its ribcage of girders. The redbrick of the houses looked damp, pavements glistened wetly and reflected lights switched on in shop-windows. As the car turned into a main road Paul saw people filing aboard a bus that seemed suspended



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from overhead wires. At intervals along that road amber globes atop striped poles were winking. Swarms of pedestrians converged at an underground station. Beneath the drab exterior he sensed the pulsebeat of a great city and felt stirred, but still thought how much more exciting it would have been if their route had taken them through the centre of London.

Minutes later they came to Tower Bridge. While Mrs Compton looked neither right nor left Paul craned his head to take in the vista of the Tower itself, of the ships in the river, of the downstream wharves and another bridge upstream. Then as the car nosed its way through more drab streets he dozed off.

When he woke, embarrassed, dusk had fallen. The car was bowling along a metalled country road. On either side trees stood silhouetted against meadows that receded into misty darkness.

'I'm sorry'.

Mrs Compton turned briefly towards him, a sour expression on her face 'You've forgotten a word!'

'I'm sorry, Madam, I didn't sleep enough yesterday - with excitement'.

'At what time did you get up this morning?' she asked severely.

'At seven o'clock, Madam'.

'You'll have to get used to starting the day earlier than that at Glebe Cottage!'

'When shall I get up, Madam?'

'Mr Compton takes the Eight Forty-Seven to Cannon Street - which means the bath has to be hot by quarter past seven. You'll have to be up a good hour before that to light the boiler. Is that understood?'

'Yes, Madam'.

'Of course you'll have two hours free time in the afternoon, so it won't be such a long working day. Except when we have guests, dinner is over by nine and you'll be able to turn in around ten. *Compri?*'

Paul said 'Yes, Madam' adding plaintively 'But how will I know when it is time to get up?' Mrs Compton smiled 'The alarm clock set for 10 past 6 will get you out of bed alright.' When Paul made no reply she guessed he hadn't understood 'You'll have a clock beside the bed in your quarters' she enunciated slowly.

'Please, what is quarters?'

'Your own place. It's an outbuilding in the grounds away from the house. There is a bed-sitting room and a bathroom with toilet . . . Anyway, you'll soon see it with your own eyes, because we're nearly there. Here comes the turn-off to the village!' A road-sign hove into view. A blinker flashed red and the car turned through a sharp angle. In Paul's stomach the hungerpangs he had felt since waking up turned to queasiness. Apprehension about what awaited him at journey's end stopped the sights that impinged on his retina - the canopy of trees along the approach road, the village with its station, pond and pub, and the side road climbing leisurely up towards a church - from registering with his brain. All at once he heard the crunch of gravel under the car wheels and the headlights shone through foliage upon an ivy-covered expanse of weathered brick.

The car stopped. A figure appeared in the darkness. Opening her car door Mrs Compton called out 'Stella, fetch Sir - and switch on the outside light, girl! And you' she added briskly, turning to Paul 'take your

case out of the boot.' A light came on above a porticoed door. In its beam a tall bespectacled man emerged. 'This is Mr Compton, Paul' said Mrs Compton 'Pick up your case and follow him!'

Paul had difficulty adjusting to the semi-darkness as he manhandled his case in the man's wake. Their path led round the back of the house. The branches of trees brushed Paul's face. Mr Compton stopped and opened a creaky door. 'Here we are' he exclaimed pulling a light switch 'Your bungalow, so to speak!' Paul stepped into a largish room with bare, whitewashed walls, a bed, a wardrobe and a chair. Mr Compton crossed the room and threw open another door. 'Here's your bathroom combined with *Abort.*' Magazines with yellow covers were neatly stacked along the walls of the similarly whitewashed room. 'Back issues of the *National Geographical*' explained Mr Compton 'Pity to throw them away. Something for you to read, eh?'

Geography had been one of Paul's favourite subjects, but now he had other matters to think about. His stomach was beginning to rumble, too. 'And now' said Mr Compton 'you can unpack your things. Goodnight.' The creaky door slammed shut. Paul sat down on the bed bewildered. He liked the idea of having his own room. The man seemed quite nice - and he knew the German word for lavatory. The lady was a more doubtful proposition. Going back on her word already by saying he couldn't drive before seventeen when the job description stated handyman/chauffeur. Also she wasn't very friendly. And now she seemed to expect him to go to bed on an empty stomach. He had told her in the car about the scarlet fever. She must know that sufferers, having found swallowing difficult, needed to eat a lot afterwards to make up for the lost food intake. As for unpacking his case . . .

□ Richard Grunberger

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500g (a generous lb) stewing or frying steak
2 medium-sized onions
2 tablespoons olive oil
salt
a few coarsely crushed black peppercorns
2 teaspoons caraway seeds
700 ml (1¼ pints) Lager
about 3 heaped tablespoons soft wholemeal breadcrumbs

Chop the onions finely. Cut the meat into convenient pieces. Heat the oil in a fryingpan or flameproof casserole and brown the onions lightly. Add salt, crushed peppercorns and the caraway seeds and stir, then add the meat and stir until the meat is sealed, but not browned. Pour in the beer, cover with a lid and simmer gently on top of the stove for half an hour.

Sprinkle with the breadcrumbs, cover again with a lid and put the dish into the oven at Gas Mark 3, 325°F. 160°C for about 1 hour, until the meat is tender. □



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Search Notices

Lena Cohen born March 8, 1915 in Berlin, registration number 191. Her mother's name was Minna (Warszawski) Cohen and her father's Paul, they both perished in Auschwitz. **Ruth Rubenstein** believes that Lena Cohen may be her biological mother. She was born on 27 November, 1935, registration 1768–1935–RVK, in the Rudolph Vishard Hospital, Wedding and adopted by a couple named Markus. Would anyone who has information about Lena Cohen please contact: Ruth Rubenstein, 2027 Seville Street, Santa Rosa, CA 95403, USA. (707) 567-6621.

Max Rosenberg, last known address 21 Queen St, Mayfair, London W1 (1930–34), his family or heirs, please contact Prof. Fritz Enderlein, Rechtsanwalt, Rosa Luxemburg Strasse 37a, 14482 Potsdam-Babelsberg, in connection with a restitution case in Potsdam.

Do you have a story from your own past, your family's or your community's which you would like to investigate on BBC TV? If the story challenges assumptions we have about what the past was like or gives a fresh insight into history, all the better. Contact Bev Hopwood, BBC Features, Whiteladies Road, Bristol BS8 2LR.

Author seeks information about the life and work of architect and Zionist Oskar Marmorek (1863–1909). Also needs information about Kornelia (Nelly) Schwarz (his wife), Alexander Marmorek (his brother) and his wife Rachel Steinberg, Nina Marmorek (Oskar's sister), Schiller Marmorek (brother) and his wife Hilde. Please reply to: Mag. Markus Kristan, c/o Graphische Sammlung Albertina, Augustinerstrasse 1, A-1010 Wien, Austria. Tel: 01043-0153-48351. Fax: 01043-01533-7697.

Biographer of Arthur Koestler wishes to hear from anyone who knew him well, especially in Budapest 1905–19, Vienna 1919–26, Palestine 1926–29 or Berlin 1929–32. Also wish to contact anyone who knew his mother Adela Koestler, especially when she lived at 4 Adamson Road, Swiss Cottage (1946–70). Reply to Michael Scammell, 43 Malyons Road, London SE13 7XD.

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Obituaries

Sophie Dann

Sophie Dann who died, aged 93, was born in Augsburg, where she gave courses in baby care, organized a home help institution and did other social work for the municipality. After 1933 she became the nurse and social worker of the Jewish Community.

In 1939 Sophie with her sister Gertrud emigrated to England as 'servant couple' (the only way of being admitted to this country at that time). During the war Sophie and Gertrud had the opportunity to return to their professions as nurse and kindergarten teacher in Anna Freud's Hampstead Nursery. After the war both sisters looked after the youngest concentration camp survivors who came to England. Sophie's report on the development of these orphans (Anna Freud, Sophie Dann, *An Experiment in Group Upbringing*) is used internationally by psychologists. Sophie's studies comparing the development of identical twins, published in Dorothy Burlingham's *Twins*, Imago Publishing Company 1952, is well known among experts.

After her retirement to Sussex, for 27 years Sophie and her sister carried on household collections for the British Red Cross, yielding thousands of pounds. □

Dr Rahel Liebeschuetz

Rahel Liebeschuetz, physiologist, who died in her hundredth year, was the younger daughter of the well known bacteriologist H. C. Plaut. Following medical studies at Bonn, Freiburg and Kiel, she took a doctorate with distinction, and was appointed physiologist at Eppendorf Hospital, Hamburg, in 1920. Here she became the first and (so far) only woman lecturer in physiology, and in five years she published, occasionally in collaboration with others, twenty four papers, on various aspects of metabolism regulation, the mechanisms of muscle and nerve function and the physiology of digestion. This prodigious activity was only halted in 1924, by her marriage to the medieval historian Hans Liebeschuetz (a frequent contributor to these pages). Soon the energy previously devoted to scientific research was directed to raising three children, caring for parents, and in saving the larger family from Nazi persecution by bringing them to England. Later she threw herself into running the Old People's Visiting Service of the Liverpool W.R.V.S. - work she carried on into her 92nd year. □

Confirming the stereotype

Anthony Trollope ranks just behind Dickens as one of the giants of Victorian literature. Periodic TV adaptations - *The Pallisers*, *The Barchester Chronicles* - demonstrate his enduring appeal to the wider public. But he is also favoured reading matter among the great and the good: British Prime Ministers from Harold MacMillan to John Major have nominated Trollope - who incidentally entitled one of the novels in the Palliser cycle *The Prime Minister* - their favourite author bar none.

Trollope did nothing as crude as create a villain figure with an unambiguous Jewish label tied round his neck - he simply worked by innuendo. A case in point is his novel *The Way We Live*. This is a sustained blast against the materialistic worship of

Mammon and the too-frequent disdain of virtue. One gets the drift. Who is usually blamed for such tendencies? Well, in this case it is one Augustus Melmotte, whom some commentators have seen as a precursor of the late Robert Maxwell. He was 'of obscure origin'; he burst on the scene with enormous quantities of money; he entertained the Emperor of China; nobody checked the sources of his wealth, and those around him gambled at gaming if they did not gamble with shares.

He became an M.P., but in the end the bubble burst. An American railway speculation turned out to be fraudulent; he had forged title deeds; he had defrauded his only daughter's trust fund, had created a drunken scene in Parliament and finally committed suicide. Now it is a fact that there are Jews like that and there are Gentiles like that, and Trollope did not say aye or nay, but many readers are left with the impression that Augustus Melmotte 'kept his hat on.' □ John Rossall

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Prurient Purimshpiel

Gilbert and Allen are rummaging through a pile of newspapers.

GILBERT: Nothing but yo-yo, yo-yo and more yo-yo. I thought most of the press were friendly to the Tories.

ALLEN: With friends like Murdoch, who needs enemies?

G: So why are all these papers dishing the dirt on the government?

A: What dirt?

G: Adultery, of course. It started with Parkinson, then you had Mellor, then Norris, and now Yeo. They just go on and on.

A: Naturally, after fourteen years you could say they go on and on.

G: But I thought sex scandals would shorten the life of a government.

A: You must have been born yesterday! Don't you know Disraeli's comment on Palmerston fathering an illegitimate child at 75? 'For God's sake, keep it secret or the Liberals will sweep the country.'

G: But that was over a hundred years ago.

A: Who cares? You saw how Paddy Ashdown's stock rose after his *affaire*.

G: But why should Tory ministers commit adultery to outstrip the Liberals when Labour are the opposition that counts?

A: Labour doesn't count in the adultery stakes – that's the whole point. I mean, can you imagine Samuel Beckett divorcing Margaret because she filled in for John Smith? The Labour Party blame Kinnock for losing the last election with his song and dance act and are now going in for terminal dullness.

G: But I thought Major was the ultimate grey man?

A: Pure media hype – accountants are either in the red or the black. Whoever heard of an account in grey? Believe me, Major is only grey because he fears Norma might burst into *Nessum dorma*.

G: I didn't know she followed football.

A: There are precedents. Ted Heath, try as he may, couldn't commit adultery.

G: *Kunststück!* He was a bachelor.

A: Exactly! There you have it in a nutshell. As the party of public school alumni, the Tories make sure that every cabinet fields a few ministers with a record of womanising so none can accuse them of *la vice anglaise*.

G: You mean you can't be blue and gay at the same time.

A: Precisely: it's the Pinkos who dine at the Gay Hussar.

G: Are you trying to tell me that politics, and not sex, is the driving force in these affairs?

A: Go to the top of the class! Remember, Aristotle called man a political animal 2500 years before Freud called him just an animal. . . . But to get to the nub of the matter – it's a constitutional issue.

G: What is?

A: In America you can't be a member of Congress and of the government at the same time. All these Westminster Cazanovas go in for adultery to show that Brits can do two jobs – that of MP and Government minister – and still have energy to spare for other things. Besides, what looks like philandering to the layman is really a means of staying in touch with the grass roots. Each of the aforementioned ministers kept within the remit of their department. Yeo was at Environment. What could be more natural for him than to be in touch with a local councillor, especially from one of the most deprived London boroughs. And Mellor was at Heritage, handling a portfolio that included the arts and sport. Ergo he mingled with showbiz personalities and wore the Chelsea strip.

G: Gaza Strip more like.

A: No – that was earlier when his brief was foreign affairs.

G: I see. Well, thank you for clearing all that up. . . . But there's still one thing that

baffles me: Parkinson, Mellor and Yeo all had to go, but Norris stayed. Why?

A: The case of Steve Norris at Transport showed the power of the press. Editors were so thrilled by headlines like *Transports of delight*, *Beautiful sleeper waken to me*, *Steve builds up head of steam*, *Minister goes off the rails* – *Gay News* even wrote *Mr Norris changes swains* – that they gave up hounding him.

G: Just a minute. didn't you say that the motive for these shenanigans was to prove that British politicians have more stamina than American ones?

A: I did.

G: In that case what about Clinton? Or his predecessor JFK?

A: Point taken. (Thinks) Ah, what have these two in common?

G: Youth, looks, libido. . . .

A: No – the Democrat leadership.

G: You've got politics on the brain. What's one thing got to do with the other?

A: Politics has to do with everything. Just as in Britain the two main parties came to a colour coding agreement under which the pinkos were grey and the blues red-hot, so in America they had another arrangement. Under the bipartisan Mendacity Allocation Accord, popularly known as the Kennedy-Nixon Pact, Democrat Presidents can lie *with* whom they like and Republican ones can lie *to whom they like*.

G: Yuck! Politics makes me sick.

A: Me too. I am bulimic.

G: Give me music any time.

A: (Pointing to a journal): Have you seen the front page of the Musical Times?

G: No, I haven't. (Reads) The Arts Council's music panel awards subsidy to Leipzig Bettgewandhaus Orchestra.

A: I told you: we're up to our knees in sleaze. □

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