

AJR Information

Volume XLIX No. 9
September 1994

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Don't miss . . .

Irene's talking
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Speaking
with forked
tongues

In a gesture rich in ambiguity, not to say downright bad faith, the Vatican – currently normalising its relations with the State of Israel – has conferred the order of Pius IX on Kurt Waldheim. It is a deeply worrying development. The mercifully near-forgotten quondam Prisoner in the Hofburg can now add the honorific Papal Knight to such earlier titles as Wehrmacht SS liaison officer at Salonika and most-economical-with-the-truth President of Austria. □

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wish all
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**VERY HAPPY
NEW YEAR**

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Of fruit, literal and metaphorical – and repentance

Thoughts on the High Holy Days

The *Yamim Tovim* coincide with the advent of Keats's season of mists and mellow fruitfulness. Fruitfulness, literally in the shape of fruit, plays a key symbolic role during the rituals of the High Holy Days.

On Rosh Hashana Eve we eat apples dipped in honey; the next night we partake of new fruit for the first time; for the Harvest Festival we decorate the *Sukkah* with fruit and foliage.

But fruit also has a metaphorical meaning for us; nowhere more so than on the threshold of 5755. Israel has, after four and a half decades of war and rumours of war, embarked upon a high-risk strategy of hammering out an accord, amid a welter of conflicting and, *pace* Hebron, bloody pressures, with the Palestinians and Jordanians. Rabin and Peres are

showing near-superhuman steadfastness in pursuit of their peace agenda.

The coming year will show whether the long-suffering population of the Jewish State will be allowed to enjoy the fruit of its leaders' gamble in trading land for peace. Diaspora Jewry can only hope and pray that for the Israelis the apple will be dipped in honey and not gall.

The highest of the High Holy Days is, of course, Yom Kippur. Popularly known as the Black Fast, it involves more than physical abstention from food. "Fasting", runs the Yom Kippur commentary in the Soncino Chumash, "in itself is not the fulfilment of the Divine Command and purpose of the Day of Atonement... *Teshuvah* (Repentance), *Tefillah* (prayer) and *Tsedakah* (beneficence) – these can change the whole current of a man's life and destiny...."

Repentance can also influence the current of a nation's life. After 1945 most of Europe – first and foremost Germany – stood in urgent need of repentance, but maintained a pose of self-justifying silence.

This moral Ice Age took decades to thaw. An early turning point was Chancellor Willy Brandt's 1971 gesture of dropping to his knees at the site of the Warsaw Ghetto to ask the forgiveness of the dead. But even subsequently, acts of national repentance were few and far between; Chancellor Kohl still spoke of "the mercy of his belated birth", and President Mitterrand had wreaths placed on Pétain's grave on the anniversary of the latter's death.

Finally, during the aftershock of the collapse of the Soviet Empire the climate changed significantly. The President of the Ukraine and the Chancellor of Austria – two nations indelibly stained by their complicity in the Holocaust – spoke openly of their countries' guilt. Earlier this year Premier Gyula Horn departed from his predecessor's glib equation of Jewish with Hungarian war-time suffering and France instituted 16 July, the anniversary of the 1942 round up of Parisian Jews by the French police, as a day of national commemoration.

Slowly, all too slowly, but nonetheless steadily, Europe is beginning to confront the monstrous ghosts of its recent past. May it continue to do so in 5755. *L'shanah tovah.* □



First page of the Schocken bible, 1300 a.d.

Frantisek Zelenka

An exhibition which was recently shown in the National Museum in Prague celebrating the life and work of Frantisek Zelenka (1904–1944), the avant-garde architect, artist, creator of interiors, furniture and posters, is coming to London. The exhibition concentrates on the theatrical design aspects of his work from 1926 to 1944 and includes his Terezin productions, including the children's opera *Brundibor*. Zelenka perished in Auschwitz. It will form part of *Scenofest!* – the first international forum of Theatre Design. The exhibition will be in the public Lethaby Gallery at Central Saint Martin's College of Art and Design, Southampton Row, WC1 and will be open to the public Mondays to Fridays from 5 to 23 September 1994, 10 am to 5 pm.

A programme of cultural events has been organised by the Cultural Department of the Spiro Institute and Mrs Rena Lewin to coincide with the exhibition.

On **Thursday 8 September** at 6pm a lecture entitled *Bauhaus and the Polymath Artists* will be delivered (The speaker has yet to be announced).

Tuesday 13 September sees an evening on the subject of creativity in defiance of tyranny. The evening will include a talk by Professor Zdenko Lesic of Sarajevo University who, together with his wife, created the theatre in besieged Bosnia.

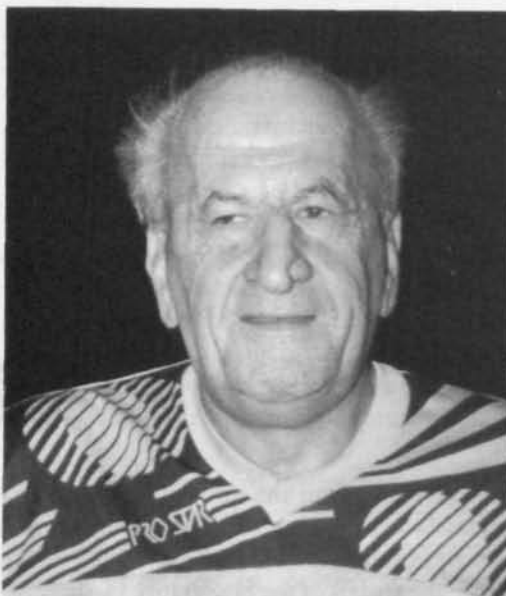
Afterwards, Mrs Alice Sommer (profiled in *AJR Information*, January 1994), a renowned pianist who gave over 100 concerts in Terezin while in the camp with her six-year-old son Raphael (now an internationally acclaimed cellist), will be on the platform. The evening starts at 7.30pm.

On **Thursday 22 September** there will be a concert featuring "Songs of Ashes", completed in 1991, which sets the words of the poet Jerzy Ficowski, from his cycle "A reading of Ashes", to music. □

For details of these events phone the Spiro Institute on: 071-431 0345.

Profile

Maradonna é mobile



Fred Rosner.

One Sunday afternoon in May Fred Rosner (bass) gave a recital before an audience of fifty at the Day Centre. The following Sunday evening an audience of possibly five hundred thousand watched him on Carlton TV News – not as a singer but as a footballer. The occasion? The programme makers' discovery that as a newly turned 70-year old Fred may well be the oldest soccer veteran in the country, turning out every week, come rain or shine, on Hackney Marshes.

Challenged on his puzzling mix of hobbies Fred answers, only half-jokingly, "My maxim is *mens sana in corpore sano*". This occasional recourse to Latin proverbs stems from a love of the classics instilled in him by still fondly remembered teachers at Vienna's Sperl Gymnasium.

Fred owes an equal debt of gratitude to his lawyer father and piano teacher mother. A kindertransportee in early '39, he procured a guarantor for them, but since continental legal qualifications weren't recognised over here and his father couldn't practise, Fred had to earn a living from fifteen onwards. Starting as a packer in the garment trade, he gradually rose to the position of despatch manager. Eventually he branched out into marketing as a freelance and switched to the furniture trade. Married in his mid-twenties, he took degrees in economics and marketing by correspondence course.

At 35 he launched the country's first postgraduate course in International Marketing at High Wycombe College of Higher Education. Later, on the staff of

Thurrock College, he established several sales training centres for students on the Continent. After seven years in full-time Higher Education he resumed freelance business activity – a pursuit which he has continued, with varying degrees of success, up to the present day.

As to hobbies, he has played Sunday football for close on half a century and studied singing under Bruce Boyce, the eminent Mozart interpreter, for half that time. A founder member of the Philharmonia Chorus, he appeared with them at the Edinburgh and Lucerne Festivals – the latter under Sir Thomas Beecham's baton – and has recorded under Klemperer, Giulini, Karajan and William Walton.

Solo recitals include a Wigmore Hall appearance in the 1970s which, he quips, was simultaneously his debut and farewell concert. That is not, strictly speaking, true – as Day Centre habitués and OSHA Home residents will gratefully testify. But just in case he may one day have to quit the recital stage, alongside the football pitch, he has meanwhile been garnering useful "retirement" experience as a reviewer for the Munich-based *Opera Magazine!*

□ R.G.

At last: a Heine monument in Düsseldorf

After a 20 year struggle by a world-wide Citizen's Initiative, Düsseldorf University was at last, in 1989, named Heinrich Heine University, Düsseldorf (see *AJR Information*, April 1989).

A model of the Heine Monument in Hamburg, which Alfred Kerr inaugurated in 1926, and the Nazis destroyed in 1933, had been brought to England and saved from Hitler's vandals. Taken back to Germany after the war, it was acquired by the spokesman of Düsseldorf's Citizen's Initiative, Otto Schönfeldt. On the basis of this model a new Heine statue has now been erected in the grounds of Heinrich Heine University, Düsseldorf, the poet's birthplace. Thus the historical campaign for a Heine statue in the city, launched by the Austrian Empress (and Heine's admirer), Elisabeth, in 1887, and thwarted by Kaiser Wilhelm, Court Chaplain Stoeker, Julius Streicher and others, has at last been successfully concluded.

□ F Hellendall

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On the street where I lived

Julia Neuberger's reminiscences about the area of Hampstead in which she grew up appeared in the Daily Mail. The following is an edited version of that article.

The flats in my street were all rented when I was a child. Rents were low because they were controlled, so a great mix of families lived in the area.

There were German refugees, like my mother, some of whom rented rooms in other people's apartments, quite against the "no sub-letting" rules, but no-one minded. Most of the people in those rooms were very quiet and often rather isolated.

I got to know one of them quite well: a Miss Adler. She lived opposite us in a small room into which she had packed everything she had been able to bring from Germany by hand – little bits of Meissen china that had belonged to her mother, Max Ernst lithographs and other objects which she would later have to sell to keep herself going.

There were screens covered in shawls and pictures, boxes full of papers, every inch of wall covered, and the two chairs so deep in possessions they were impossible to sit on. One had to shuffle stuff along the bed to find a place to perch. Her mother had died in 1939, leaving no money. Miss Adler had come to England to find work as a domestic servant, but her eyesight was so bad she could not see the dust.

Soon sacked, she had to find alternative means of earning a living: a bit of private teaching, occasional translation jobs and even some small-scale dressmaking. Mean-

while, so grateful was she to this country, that she spent her nights fire-watching and ended up in hospital in Kent, suffering from exhaustion. She never fully recovered, becoming a grey-faced woman of little energy, quietly content to be alive – just coming and going as she pleased.

At that time Hampstead was full of German accents. The Dorice Café in Finchley Road was a gathering place for middle-aged women who had come from Germany and Austria in their mid-thirties and forties and wore rather tatty Persian lamb coats.

My mother was different. She had been younger when she came as a refugee. Although she had done domestic work upon entering Britain, she joined Marks & Spencer as a counter-hand, later becoming a buyer. By the time I was born she had become a social worker helping other, older, refugees.

There were several refugees who established hand-made chocolate businesses in the area. Ackermann's is still in business, producing the same elegant, bitter chocolates they did then. Others, such as the two elderly refugees who ran Blue And Red Chocolates in Belsize Park (and occasionally gave them away to us greedy school-girls on our way home) have since disappeared.

Another source of great joy to me in the 1950s was the local delicatessen (this was long before every supermarket boasted a "deli-counter", in fact not many places could boast of a supermarket). The deli owners were Mr and Mrs Schwartz, who had no known first names. The business ran on very old fashioned, formal lines. The Schwartzes, formerly a wood merchant and a teacher, had also come to England as refugees. They sold pickled cucumbers from barrels, herrings in every shape and form, piles of cream cheese and Mrs Schwartz's home made sauerkraut.

Although childless themselves, the Schwartzes were the soul of kindness to the local children. Mrs Schwartz taught me to cook – giving strict instructions and replacing the ingredients which I regularly ruined. Their lives had been totally disrupted by the Nazi era, but their experiences seemed to have made them kinder and warmer, rather than more suspicious and they rejoiced in the people they got to know.

The area's sense of neighbourhood has largely evaporated, yet I would still like to live there, not only for sentimental reasons. My parents still live in the same building I grew up in, and Hampstead is still charming. But I miss the warmth, and the feeling that we all knew each other.

□ *Rabbi Julia Neuberger*

Mordechai Gebirtig



The fifth Festival of Jewish Culture took place in Kraków, Poland, during June this year. The memorial plaque (shown above) to commemorate the life and work of Mordechai Gebirtig was erected in 1992 on the wall of the house where he lived in Kazimierz, the old Jewish quarter of Kraków.

Gebirtig was born in 1877 and became famous as a Yiddish bard (writing both words and music) between the wars. Working all his life as a carpenter, he expressed in his songs the sufferings and hopes of the poor and oppressed. His most famous song, *Undzer Shtetl Brent* (Our Town is Burning), was written under the impact of the pogrom in Przytyk in 1933, and proved terribly prophetic of the destruction of shtetl culture by the Germans. The song was often sung in the ghettos during the war. Gebirtig, together with his wife and two daughters, was murdered by the Nazis in the Kraków ghetto on June 4, 1942. Many of his later songs, written in the ghetto, were saved. □

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Sept 12th – Mrs Evelyn Wilcock: The experience of people with one Jewish parent under Nazism 1933–45.

Sept 19th – No Lecture (Jewish Holyday).

Sept 26th – No Lecture (Jewish Holyday).

Oct 3rd – Mr Harald Leyrer: A contrasted pair of World War 1 Generals: The Warlord (Ludendorff) and the Red (Groener).

Reviews

The unvarnished truth

Benny Morris, *1948 AND AFTER*, Clarendon Press, Oxford, 1994. £14.95.

The history of the State of Israel is based on a number of assumptions which a new generation of Israeli historians, born after the establishment of the State, have refuted. Dr Benny Morris, a fellow of the Truman Institute, Hebrew University of Jerusalem, has written an important book on the genesis of the Palestinian refugee problem. The recent opening of the Israeli State archives, and many others, has enabled researchers to throw fresh light on important aspects of the founding of the State.

Israeli children are still learning at school that in 1947-49 the Arab governments ordered the Palestinians to leave their homes in order to pave the way for the Arab armies to drive the Jews into the sea, after which the Palestinians could return. Benny Morris denies that such orders existed. The myth derives from a document circulated by the Haganah Intelligence Service Daily Report of 24 April, 1948 which states: "Rumours have it that the Arab Higher Committee in Jerusalem ordered the eva-

cuation of Arabs from several localities in Palestine....Arab residents are advised to flee Palestine as soon as possible, and after its fall into the hands of the Arab governments, they will return as victors." In reality, Arab broadcasts urged Palestinians to stay put, but a few Arab commanders did ask women and children to leave their villages before they attacked. In this way, Morris estimates, about 10% of Arab inhabitants fled the country. However, one million refugees registered with the United Nations. How did the rest become refugees?

The answer is that almost the entire middle-class Arab population fled the country at the first whiff of hostilities. This left the population without leaders and demoralised. The Irgun and the Stern Group (outlawed by Ben Gurion) caused panic flights when they massacred 254 women and children who refused to leave their homes in Deir Yassin. There is evidence of similar Haganah atrocities elsewhere. Often the chief of staff of the Haganah/IDF ordered the enforced evacuation of entire Arab villages and townships. Yitzak Rabin describes in his autobiography how he was responsible for the compulsory evacuation of Arabs in Lydda-Ramle. This chapter was cut out by the censors and, to the embarrassment of the Likud government, the deleted passage was published by the *New York Times* on 23 October, 1979. Some commanders, particularly Mapam members, protested when ordered to clear villages, but nearly all obeyed orders. (The commander of Nazareth refused the order to evacuate the town and the Arabs are still there.)

The majority of Arabs left for the same reasons that civilians all over the world leave - to seek safety away from the fighting. But when the firing stopped they were not allowed to return and became refugees. Agriculture Minister Zisling warned at the Cabinet Meeting on 16 June, 1948 that the Yishuv was on a course that would endanger any possibility of making peace. "Hundreds of thousands of Arabs are dispossessed....are growing into haters who will promote war against us throughout the Middle East....They will bear in their breasts the desire for revenge, compensation, and a return...."

Clearly, the refugee problem occurred for a diversity of reasons and was not due, as Arab propaganda would have it, to a pre-planned Zionist plot for compulsory ejection. The creation of refugees is a sad tale but it must be understood in the context of

the times. The Haganah/IDF contained units of concentration camp survivors and also some Oriental Jews who had been expelled from their homes. Defeated Arab armies could return to their homes. The Jews fought with their backs to the sea. A defeat for them meant annihilation. Benny Morris makes it clear that the Haganah/IDF could not have acted differently in the circumstances.

As the refugee conflict is at the heart of the Middle East conflict it is vital to discover the facts. Only by knowing the truth can both sides come to an understanding. We owe Benny Morris a debt of gratitude for informing a wider public of what really happened.

□ Peter Prager

What is a Jew?

Jonathan Webber (ed.), *JEWISH IDENTITIES IN THE NEW EUROPE*, The Littleman Library of Jewish Civilisation (for The Oxford Centre for Hebrew and Jewish Studies) 1994.

Is there such a thing as a "new" Europe? If there is, will it encourage liberal democracy in all its regions? Will it help Jews and non-Jews to put behind them, at long last, centuries of enmity and persecution, or will it favour the spread of the New Age spirituality's neo-fascist hate philosophy? And if there is, after all, nothing essentially new in the Europe of the 21st century, will it again submerge itself in ethnic conflict; will it be typified by Maastricht or by Sarajevo? And how do today's European Jews see their identity? Do they, in effect, have a common history and will they have a common future?

These matters, and a good deal more, form the substance of a collection of essays by a galaxy of distinguished scholars, Jews and non-Jews. Far from being, in the editor's words, *merely an introduction and a modest commentary*, the book puts forward an insightful analysis of many of the issues which concern European Jews and stimulates awareness of some of the dangers, both internal and external, which face them once again.

The scene is set in Jonathan Webber's wide-ranging editorial introduction. The book's basic theme of a changing Europe is taken up by Lord Beloff, speaking as a professional historian rather than as a Jew, while Professor Schweid of the Hebrew University, speaking as both, ventures a



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positive conclusion, namely the prospect of a global Jewish national culture resulting from the centrality of Israel, since it is "basically only there that the life of the Jewish people as such can be renewed".

Three contributors, Sergio Della Pergola, Jonathan Webber and Norman Solomon, bring a more systematic approach to the study of contemporary demographic and sociological developments. They each point to the disintegration of traditional Jewish identities and suggest the kind of criteria to which new definitions might be related. Indeed, Rabbi Solomon is able to establish guidelines which point the way towards determining who in the Europe of today is Jewish, either by choice or by imposition.

In another section of the volume, three rabbis examine current religious trends and their significance in the context of the current debate. Speaking for, and about, orthodoxy, the American Rabbi Norman Lamm ventures the "fallible prediction" that the silent majority of moderately orthodox Jews will gain in strength, while Chief Rabbi Dr Jonathan Sacks takes the view that the Jewish world's present fragmentation need not prevent communal commitment to "spiritual continuity". Drawing on his experience as Principal of Leo Baeck College, Rabbi Jonathan Magonet looks at the role to be played by the rabbinate in the Jewish communities of the new Europe.

A substantial section of the book is, indeed, devoted to a *tour d'horizon* of present-day communities in key regions (from the Jewish point of view) of Europe: the former Communist countries, notably Russia, Hungary and Poland; France, Germany and Britain. Here, the scholarly

examination by a Russian-Jewish anthropologist of developing Jewish identities and identifications, particularly in Russia and the Ukraine, makes fascinating reading. The situation in Poland is discussed movingly on a largely personal basis by the *Jewish Chronicle's* Warsaw correspondent. As far as this country is concerned, Professor Geoffrey Alderman envisages a transition from a purely religious to an ethnic status for the Jews of Britain.

No book on modern Jewish history would be complete without due consideration to the Holocaust and its effect on both Jews and non-Jews. Five of the essays deal with it. Professor Wistrich voices concerns about the resurgence of antisemitism in parts of the new Europe. Elisabeth Maxwell analyses Christian perceptions of the new Jewish identity in the light of Auschwitz, and Margaret Brearley highlights the anti-Jewish content of New Age neo-paganism. Arguably one of the most significant chapters in this section contains the thesis which the Israeli historian Evyatar Friesel advances in his passionately argued essay. He takes the view that certain forms of remembrance of the Holocaust may, in time, become counterproductive. His outspoken critique of "museumania" (and, one could add, commercialisation) is no doubt controversial but it is difficult to contradict his contention that "the most impressive shrine to the memory of the six-million Jews murdered in the Holocaust is not a museum, but a living Jewish people able to carry on the Jewish heritage and transmit its values". This book goes a long way towards achieving that objective.

□ David Maier

Brave – but ineffectual

THE RESTLESS CONSCIENCE, Channel 4, 20 July, 1994

Germany is now remembering its resisters – though there are disagreements about the inclusion of the subsequent rulers of the DDR.

The Restless Conscience did not touch on this controversy. The programme was eager to allow Germans their measure of opposition, but even this sympathetic approach could not conceal the paucity of the response in the nation as a whole, nor the prevarications, the useless agonising, the excuses for not acting until it was very late in the day.

The names that issued forth were like a mixture of the social register and a roll-call of the Prusso-German Army leadership through the ages. Again and again we heard of von Moltke, von der Schulenburg, von Yorck, von Tresckow, von Trott zu Solz, von Witzleben, Beck. All brave, all concerned, some even anxious over the fate of the Jews. All at the time so confused that they courted failure in their efforts at practical resistance.

Their dilemma was real, even understandable. Hitler had cleverly manoeuvred them into swearing an oath of loyalty to him personally. Time and again we heard that they did their duty at the front, were shaken by what they saw and tried to kill the Führer by means not much less inept than the CIA's later plans to deal with Castro.

They paid for their failures, many with their lives, and by gruesome methods of hanging.

In reflecting on their failures, the survivors of the resistance did not spare the Allies, and particularly Britain. When emissaries approached this country's rulers they were rebuffed as suspicious characters or traitors. Even Churchill and Roosevelt regarded them as hindering their strategy.

Clearly, there was a fatal flaw in the thought processes of the Establishment. Having, at last, been cured of the folly of appeasement, once war broke out they spurned those who could have shortened it!

□ John Rossall

THE MANOR HOUSE SOCIETY PRESENTS

Sunday 2 October, 1994, 3.00 p.m.
MANOR MASTERMINDS

Third Annual Intersynagogue Jewish Culture Quiz with compère George Layton. (All comers are invited to pit their wits against the synagogue teams.)

Tuesday 25 October, 1994, 8.00 p.m.

An Evening of Poetry and Music, with Anne Ranasinghe, Hannah Lang (flute) and Peter Hewlett (piano).

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Wednesday 5 Oct. 8.00 p.m.
Mr Edward Preston, Secretary of the Dickens Society: **Charles Dickens**.

Wednesday 19 Oct. 8.00 p.m.
Mr Robin Spiro, Director of the Spiro Institute: **The Dreyfus Affair – 100 years after**.

Wednesday 26 Oct. 8.00 p.m.
Mr Andre Singer: **Tales from the Secret Archives of Moscow**.

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Letters to the Editor



GERMAN PENSIONS

Sir – My experience may be of help to eligible persons who have not applied so far. I was born in Berlin in 1920 and my three children were born in this country during the forties. I hesitantly applied!

I filled in the form sent to me, which was not very difficult at all, and was fairly quickly asked to send documentation such as my birth certificate and those of my children. Copies (costing £5.50 each) were accepted. Sent off at the end of May, they were returned about three weeks later.

I have just been informed that I will get a small monthly pension in respect of my three children and also an arrears payment from October 1990 – very welcome for little effort.

My advice would be: Apply, a little is better than nothing!

Cheadle Hulme
Cheshire

Mrs Eva E Gillatt
(née Oppenheim)

WHIPS AT WHIPSADE

Sir – The “Blond Beast from Spengler”?
(I may be a *Quengler*)

But Richard, our teacher,

Should it not have been Nietzsche?

Abedare Gardens
London NW6

Ezra Jurman

AWAITING MOSHIACH

Sir – The Lubavitcher Rebbe was convinced that the peace agreement with Yasser Arafat would be a disaster for Israel. It was his duty, therefore, to speak out against it. The fact that he was a US resident is irrelevant. He spoke as a Jew to fellow Jews.

I, moreover, do not understand why you attack the Satmarer Rebbe for not “recognising” Israel. Would you have condemned a Russian who did not recognise the Soviet Union, or a German who did not recognise the Nazi State? If the Satmarer Rebbe does not “recognise” the State of Israel he has his

reasons, which should be treated with tolerance and not with hatred, even if you do not understand them.

College Crescent
London NW3

Mr E Stern

It ill behoves a Jew – of whatever persuasion – to draw comparisons between democratic Israel and Nazi Germany. Ed.

POPPYSEED NOODLES

Sir – H Needham’s hypothetical situation (July issue) where Robert Fisk, asked to acknowledge that Israel has planted millions of trees, maintains a stony silence reminded me of the following Jewish joke: When Miriam died no one could think of anything positive to say about her, so at the funeral the Rebbe said “*Aber Mohnnüdelaich hat sie gern gegessen.*”

Far be it from me to say that the millions of trees can be compared to Miriam’s *Mohnnüdelaich*; nor would anybody in their right mind deny the many positive aspects of Israel. However, that should not blind one to what is going wrong.

Just as Mr Needham says “For him (R Fisk) Israel.....simply cannot do right.” I am saying: “For Mr Needham (and Richard Grunberger?) Israel can do no wrong.”

Quarry Park Road
Cheam, Surrey

Inge Trott

BOUQUET

Sir – I would just like to mention that I find the journal very interesting and read it from cover to cover.

Brant Road
Lincoln

Gertrude Murray

Irene’s talking library

We have it on good authority that most *AJR Information* readers look forward to receiving their monthly journal. It is one of the most thoroughly read publications of its kind, with a readership who enjoy engaging in debates that spring from its contents (as illustrated each month by the letters page). Alas, a gradually increasing number of members are visually impaired, or totally blind; for these the monthly journal can be ordered in the form of an audio-cassette. The “talking journals” are prepared by Irene White and her small band of volunteers, who travel each month to her Hendon home to put the magazine on tape. The service has been running for over eight years now and, last July, *AJR Information* “listeners” received their 100th taped issue.

Over the years, Irene has learned a great deal about recording processes and the needs of the visually impaired. She has branched out into recording novels and music. Today, those who cannot read themselves can choose books and/or music from a library of 1500 tapes by listening to pre-recorded index tapes (postage in the UK is free).

This system has evolved naturally, and Irene is quick to point out that she has had a great deal of help from many quarters – including discounts on new equipment from “supportive” shops and technical help from the sound studios where she goes to produce duplicate tapes. The “readers”, chosen for their clear voices and correct pronunciation, though drawn from varied backgrounds, come largely from within the refugee community.

Amongst the tapes available from the library are readings of Irene’s own books. She is now working on her fifth, a novel set in North London. Her most recent, *The Modest Blackmailer*, is set to go into a second edition. Considering Irene never attempted authorship until she was past retirement age her output has been remarkable. She is also well known amongst *AJR* members in the Homes and at Belsize Square Synagogue, where she runs art classes. Many people have been encouraged to discover and explore previously unsuspected talent by her enthusiastic approach.

□ M.N.

If you would like to find out more about the “talking book” service provided by Irene and her helpers, please phone: 081-203 2733 before 9 am or after 6 pm. □

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Second Generation Conference

On Sunday June 12th 1994 over 200 Children of Holocaust Survivors and Refugees attended the first ever U.K. conference organised by Link, the Jewish Psychotherapy Centre. Similar meetings have been held in Israel and the U.S., and it was unanimously agreed that it was long overdue in this country.

The day's session, opened by Rabbi Hugo Gryn, was a mixture of personal reflection, discussion, workshops and the showing of a film. So what were we all, mostly 30 and 40 somethings, from a variety of backgrounds, lifestyles, experiences and work doing there? It is difficult to express in a few

sentences: something about the desire to come together and acknowledge the enormity of our parents' past, and the struggle to find our own identity and roots. In addition, the need to break the silence and remove the taboo on the possibility that we may be affected by something that did not happen to us; and to mourn the lost cultural traditions and the threat to our very existence and continuity. These themes, among many, are experienced as so enormous a rupture, that the need to heal, to grieve and to reconnect (if only to then separate), is for some of us, the Generation after, a necessary part of our life's work.

These are difficult issues, not only to consider on a personal level, but to address at a conference. For some, it was their first meeting with anyone from a similar background; for others there was the additional complexity of definition: hidden perhaps as very young children, babies even, during the war, they are part of a Generation straddling two generations. Often with little or no memory, they are Survivors, yet they are also children of Survivors and many of their preoccupations echo those of the Second Generation. Our definition, in the strictest sense, refers to those of us born after the war, born precisely into a world that is safe and secure, often years away from the historical and geographical actuality of the events that took place in Europe. But just as there is a uniqueness to every Survivor, for every child of Survivors and Refugees, there is a particular set of circumstances and experience that lies outside of neat category and psychological analysis. We must therefore be careful in considering the generational transmission of trauma as a blanket term. However, the concept of trauma that is too painful to be integrated into a single life and is therefore absorbed by the next generation, is a significant hypothesis. Studies in Israel and the U.S. suggest that through understanding and research in this field, we may use our experiences as a model for the effects of trauma in general, whether collectively (e.g. Rwanda) or individually experienced.

In my opinion, the conference was an enormously important event and first step. Interestingly, some of the themes we may consider 'classic' were actually enacted during the course of the day. A key issue concerns separation, unclear boundaries and the search for our own personal identity, away from that of our parents. The choice of Rabbi Gryn, surely one of the most eloquent, profound and moving of speakers, and a Survivor, took us in many ways straight to the heart of some of the most important issues. How can we find ourselves and our own lives, when we have

heard and been so touched by his? Surely one of the points of holding such a conference, is precisely to create a space in which we are away from our parents and speaking with our voice, that of the Second Generation – a voice that has never before been heard either publicly or communally in this country. We need to practise and identify the themes for ourselves; how revealing, thus, that even in his forum it was quite a struggle to achieve this. There is certainly a need to bring both generations together at some point, but the issues must be defined amongst ourselves first, before linking with others.

An interesting and contentious theme that repeatedly emerged concerned feelings about the Anglo-Jewish Community. A number of people commented that they felt alienated from the Community, often not listened to, and rarely understood. I believe this theme uncannily echoes experiences of our parents and touches on a minefield of anger, rejection and mutual mistrust. The *Jewish Chronicle*, read by two-thirds of the Community, failed to mention the Conference, in spite of the organisers' attempts to supply them with information. In an unpublished letter to the Editor, I concluded: "If these issues are not considered of interest to our own Community, then I fear that the Holocaust will indeed become a 'footnote in history', consigned to this as much by the Jewish Community, as the rest of society". Subsequent to receiving this letter the very youthful Youth Reporter was dispatched to meet me and a number of others. It is with interest that I await her article on a subject which, by her own admission she knows absolutely nothing about. I can only reflect in astonishment that she, and presumably many others, could easily have continued not to know, as the newspaper considered it of insufficient interest to write about unless prompted. Why this silence and disregard from the Anglo-Jewish Community? I move between survivor guilt, reflected by silence, and the inability born out of ignorance to be open to the experience of others.

I know some co-religionists believe we should leave the Holocaust behind: there is much more to Judaism than this dark period in our history. Ironically, for a number of people I spoke to this is their only experience of being Jewish. Much as we may desire it, the Holocaust will not just go away, its effects disappear and its reverberations cease. On the contrary, it is only by engaging with it and creating some sort of a direct relationship to it, that a genuine healing process can take place and succeeding generations, including our own, emerge from under the shadows of the past.

□ K.K.

Search Notices

Helen Falik, born Rishawy, is searching for her niece **Edith Singer**, born 11 April 1929, and **Paul Singer**, born 29 September 1934, both in Sitzendorf, Austria. Please contact me at Heinrich Stahl House, The Bishops Avenue, London N2 0BG

For my family tree I would be grateful for information about the descendants of the following (all late 19th century): 1. **Family Joseph**, Pleschen, Province Posen. 2. **Family Friedmann**, Breslau. 3. **Family Tobias**, Waren Mecklenburg. If you have any information please contact John Levy, 15 Norman Court, Nether Street, London N3 1QQ.

Peter Meyerstein, born 2 March 1925 in Leipzig. Came to UK in 1939 by Kindertransport. His parents, Walter and Lena, both went to Shanghai, but little is known of their fate. Walter is my first cousin – I have never been in contact with Peter, but would like to hear from him. Please contact Ralph Meyerstein, 1005 Society Place, Newtown, PA. 18940, USA.

Can anyone supply information about the whereabouts of **Mr Jan Hans Minnich** and **Mrs Malka Minnich**, formerly of London and Shiplake/Oxon and former employers of Helga Holt? Please send any replies to: Mrs Barbara Jeanty, c/o Mr John Flood, Crestway, Redhill, Oxford Road, Denham, Middlesex UB9 4LD.

Anzeige 1: In einem Restitutionsverfahren werden Erben/Verwandte gesucht von: **Erich Brückmann** geb. 9/8/1894 Witwe: **Margarete Brückmann** geb Röhler, Stephan geb. 9/7/1907.

Anzeige 2: In einem Restitutionsverfahren werden Erben/Verwandte gesucht von: **Joanna Edith Bach**, Witwe von **Dr Kurt Bach**, verst. 9/6/75 und **Ellen Elisabeth Jarrett**, früher Glasgow, Pollockshied.

Rechtsanwälte Hess-Niedermöller und von Strünk, Kreuzstrasse 24, 40210 Düsseldorf, Germany. Tel: 211-325047. Fax: 211-134839.

AJR Social Services Department update

Current regulations re German Retirement Pensions for refugees

(Please note that this statement of regulations is very broad. The detail of the regulations is very complex, constantly changing, and can only be ascertained when specific applications are made.)

1. German Retirement Pensions depend on contributions. Credits (*Ersatzzeiten*) will be given for some of the period of emigration and will count towards the pension.
2. Jewish refugees from Germany resident in the UK may be entitled to pensions:
 - if they have made at least one contribution to the pension system before leaving Germany, or
 - if they are entitled to credits granted to parents born in or after 1921, for bringing up children born or adopted on or before 31.12.49 (*Kindererziehungszeiten*) which may count as contributions, irrespective of nationality. It is recommended that anyone who has not yet applied to the BFA should do so before 31.12.94. or
 - if they have already made a request to pay voluntary contributions and have, or re-acquire, German nationality, or

- if they now make a request to pay voluntary contributions and re-acquire German nationality. This only applies to people who held German nationality before emigrating. (There is some doubt whether people over 65 may make voluntary contributions.)

3. The amount of pension granted depends very much on the individual case, as it is a result of personal credits and total personal insurance contributions recorded, including contributions to the UK National Insurance Scheme. The more contributions altogether, the higher the value of these credits (please note that contributions made at the married women's rate do not count as credits).

Not in N W London?

We have realised for a long time that not all our members live in or near North West London. Elsewhere in this issue, the AJR has been described as an extended family. We believe that a family provides companionship among people with a common background, and so we should like to establish some "Schmooze Groups".

We have been lucky enough to find a volunteer in Birmingham and another in South East London, both of whom are prepared to co-ordinate such groups.

At this point, there is no fixed concept of what such groups might do except get together from time to time and schmooze, but undoubtedly as and when you do get together, ideas will be generated. These may involve purely local activities, mutual support, or may establish a need for further AJR involvement.

If you are interested in meeting together in Birmingham or in South East London, please write to Ernest David, AJR, 1 Hampstead Gate, 1a Froggnal, London NW3 6AL. While there is no accommodation problem in Birmingham, offers of premises for a meeting would be welcome in or near South East London.

Once we have evaluated the results of such meetings, we can launch groups in other areas. □

AJR 'Drop in' Advice Centre

**Paul Balint AJR Day Centre
15 Cleve Road, London NW6**

between 10 a.m. and 12 noon on the following dates:

**Monday 12 September
Monday 19 September
Thursday 29 September
Tuesday 4 October**

and every Thursday from 10 a.m. to 12 noon at:
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Afternoon entertainment -

SEPTEMBER

- Thursday 1* CONTINENTAL COCKTAIL - Helen Mignano (Soprano) accompanied by Sylvia Cohen (Piano)
- Sunday 4* DAY CENTRE OPEN - AJR CONCERT

- Monday 5* CLOSED AFTER LUNCH - EREV ROSH HASHANAH
- Tuesday 6* CLOSED - ROSH HASHANAH
- Wednesday 7* CLOSED - ROSH HASHANAH
- Thursday 8* THE BEST POPULAR SONGS - David Lee (Piano & Voice)
- Sunday 11* DAY CENTRE OPEN - NO ENTERTAINMENT
- Monday 12* SONGS WITH MEMORIES - Jack Harris accompanied by Happy Branston (Piano)
- Tuesday 13* NOW LET'S BE BRITISH - Songs and Arias by Audrey Samson
- Wednesday 14* CLOSED AFTER LUNCH - EREV YOM KIPPUR
- Thursday 15* CLOSED - YOM KIPPUR
- Sunday 18* WIZO CHOIR
- Monday 19* A FEAST OF SONGS - Terri Thomas (Soprano) with Piano Accompaniment
- Tuesday 20* CLOSED - SUCCOTH
- Wednesday 21* CLOSED - SUCCOTH
- Thursday 22* THE SONG OF THE CELLO - Ellison Arttisa accompanied by Nigel Foster (Piano)

- Sunday 25* DAY CENTRE OPEN - NO ENTERTAINMENT
- Monday 26* LE JAZZ - Dave Kelbie & Steve Elsworth
- Tuesday 27* CLOSED - SIMCHATH TORAH
- Wednesday 28* CLOSED - SIMCHATH TORAH
- Thursday 29* THE ELLERDALE TRIO - Sarah Down (Piano), Martin Smith (Violin) & Melanie Woodcock (Cello)

OCTOBER

- Sunday 2* DAY CENTRE OPEN - NO ENTERTAINMENT
- Monday 3* MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT AT THE PIANO
- Tuesday 4* PIANO - PIANO Jeremy Henderson
- Wednesday 5* (a) Outing to Theatre
(b) MUSICAL DELIGHTS - Angi Boothroyd (Soprano) accompanied by Ruth Leber (Piano)
- Thursday 6* VIENNESE MUSIC - Claude May (Baritone) with Self Accompaniment

FAMILY EVENTS

Batmitzvah

Lenten Hilde Weinstein (née Davidsohn), sole survivor of the Davidsohn family of Berlin, is pleased to announce the Batmitzvah of her granddaughter Jennifer Lenten on 8 October, 1994 at Menorah Synagogue, Sharston, Manchester.

Deaths

Aire Hedy Arie (née Glaser) died at home in Reading on 16 July. Originally from Prague, she was the widow of Otto Arie and mother of Tom Arie. She is much mourned by her family, her friends and her former pupils.

Fabian Ethel 'Otti' Fabian, née Radbil, passed away on 13 July in Cambridge. Formerly of Danzig and Königsberg. Deeply mourned by daughter Sarah, son-in-law Colin, grandsons Ivor, David, Daniel, his wife Monique and great-granddaughter Dionna Baddiel. Nephew Michael and sister-in-law Fridel Radbil. Shalom.

Gerson Frank Gerson died on 20 July, 1994, aged 73. Deeply mourned by his wife Gina, children Deborah and David together with Lloyd and Lisa, six grandchildren, sister Renate and family.

Kogut Dr Margot Kogut (née Silberbach) of 19b Fitzjohns Ave, NW3, died on 19 August, after an illness courageously borne. Deeply mourned and much missed by family and friends.

Nass Regina Nass, widow of Leo, died 13 July. Sadly missed by her sister, nephew, sister-in-law, relatives and friends.

Walter James Julius Walter (Warschauer) died suddenly on Monday 18 July, eleven days before his 87th birthday. Sadly missed by his wife Ellen and all his family.

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Miscellaneous

The daughters of the late Jacob Orner (Vienna) wish to contact relatives of Hersch &/or Branchie Grebler, for whom they may have good news. In particular the nieces

Bronia Sarah Laden and Pessia Kapan are sought. If you have information about the Greblers or their nieces please phone 081-458 7096 (Office hours).

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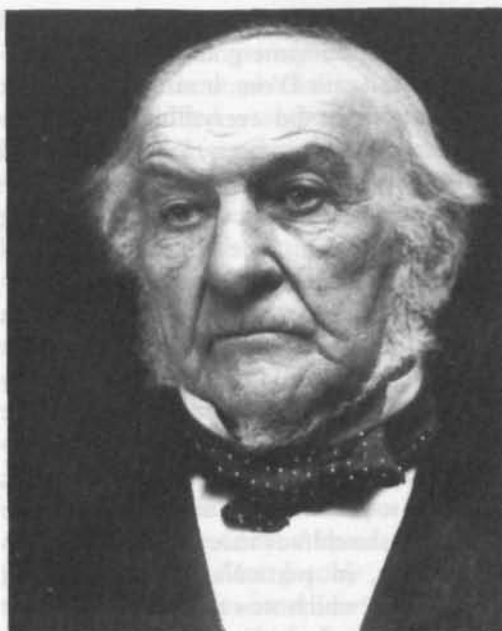
Art Notes

Whitechapel-born Abram Games, Britain's greatest poster designer, is eighty. To mark the occasion, the Imperial War Museum mounted a small exhibition of his original designs for war posters. The artist had started his career in the 1930s, designing posters for London Transport, the Cooperative Building Society, Shell and the GPO. Renewing his commercial career postwar, he won the competition to design the Festival of Britain symbol in 1951. Abram Games has always been most generous in supplying designs for Anglo-Jewish and Israeli organisations. He was married to the late Marian Sahlfeld, granddaughter of Rabbi Sahlfeld of Mainz.

The Imperial War Museum is also exhibiting works by former Slade School students who became official war artists, including Orpen, John, McEvoy, Colin Gill, Schwabe, William Roberts and Wadsworth.

The Impressionism and Symbolism exhibition at the Royal Academy illustrates the remarkable artistic revolution which occurred in Belgium between 1880 and the turn of the century (until 2 October).

The Royal Exchange Theatre, Manchester, Foyer Gallery displays (until 24 Sep-



W. E. Gladstone, photographed by Eveleen Myers. National Portrait Gallery.

tember) original prints by Irene Scheinmann and Gea Karhof. Rocks, broken trees and the sky form an apocalyptic vision in Scheinmann's richly textured etchings.

Camden Arts Centre is showing *Big Paintings 1994* by Patrick Heron (until 13 November). This will be Heron's first public gallery show in this country for nine years.

The South Bank Centre will be showing *The Romantic Spirit in German Art 1790-1990* (until 8 January, 1995). The exhibition is divided into five sections: Romanticism, Symbolism, Modernism, Expressionism and Art in the Third Reich and postwar art. Artists exhibited include Fuseli, Schinkel, Caspar David Friedrich, Hodler, Nolde, Marc, Kandinsky, Klee, Schwitters and Max Ernst.

Hobbema's *The Avenue, Middleharnis* is one of the best known of all seventeenth century Dutch landscape paintings. It is being toured as part of a scheme by the National Gallery to enable the British public to see major paintings from its collections. The exhibition will be at the Ulster Museum, Belfast (until 30 September), the Laing Gallery, Newcastle (18 November - 22 January 1995) and at the Castle Museum, Norwich (28 January - 16 March 1995).

The Line Plus Movement exhibition at Annelly Juda Fine Art continues until 27 September and includes works by Gabo, Moholy-Nagy, Mondrian and Vordemberge-Gildewart, to name but a few.

Finally, a reminder to see the *Edwardian Women Photographers* exhibition at the National Portrait Gallery (until 25 September). This is a wonderful display of superb photographs of royalty, politicians, the aristocracy and of public events. □

SB's Column

No lack of Jewish authors. Whilst present-day German playwrights remain almost unknown beyond the borders of Central Europe (Handke and Thomas Bernhard perhaps the only exceptions), German-speaking audiences receive a plethora of translated imports from western countries to enliven their repertoires. Among these is Arthur Miller's *Broken Glass* (shown at London's Lyttleton Theatre since the end of July), Kushner's *Angels in America*, the latest Neil Simon play *Laughter on the 23rd Floor* and *The Sisters Rosenzweig* by Wendy Wasserstein.

70 years ago. 1924 was a very fertile year for international operetta: Rudolf Friml, son of a Prague baker who emigrated to the USA in 1906, created the spectacular *Rose Marie*. Hungarian-born Sigmund Romberg converted the tearjerker *Alt Heidelberg* into the melodious *Student Prince*, whilst Kalman launched *Countess Maritza* which, dripping with red, white and green nostalgia, became an enduring success.

Wotan - then and now. Wagnerians will be looking forward to a new production of *The Ring* at London's Royal Opera House. *Rheingold* and *Die Walküre* will have four performances each during October with John Tomlinson, much acclaimed in Bayreuth, singing Wotan. The best-known Wotan of recent decades was, undoubtedly, Hans Hotter who, aged 85, made his debut at the Albert Hall in July when he performed Schönberg's *Gurrelieder*.

Birthdays. German actor Will Quadflieg, whose long career included the lead in *Faust* under Gruendgens, and who was Salzburg's Jedermann for a number of years, has turned 80. His poetry recitals are still much in demand.

Baritone Hermann Prey has had his 65th birthday. From early beginnings in Wiesbaden (1952) the range of his work has stretched from Hamburg to Vienna, from Berlin to Bayreuth to Covent Garden. From 1973 onwards, he impressed audiences with his noble voice and the charm of his ever-present and strong stage personality, as Beckmesser and as Eisenstein in *Die Fledermaus*. He remains as active as ever. □

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CONTEMPORARY PAINTING AND SCULPTURE

Before the anticlimax

A W Freud with the Special Operations Executive in Austria

Our luggage was divided into three parts, like ancient Gaul. The heavy stuff, like the radio transmitter-receiver, the explosives, the bulk of the ammunition and the food, was in a separate container. This would be dropped by parachute by the crew of the aircraft for us to retrieve on the ground. The more personal belongings, sleeping bags etc, would be dropped with us. I carried the most important items in my pockets, including the radio codes, maps, compass, hand guns and money. Even if I lost everything but the clothes I stood up in, I would be able to survive for some time.

Our weapons had to be tried and calibrated; each of us got quite an arsenal. There was a .30 American Carbine (a wonderfully light, reliable and accurate rifle, the best of its kind), a .38 Automatic Pistol (easy to use, not heavy and yet quite effective) and a .22 Belgian Automatic Browning (it looked like a toy, tiny and easy to hide in one's clothes). Of course, using a small calibre weapon like the latter, one had to hit a vital spot to immobilise a man. Naturally, we carried sufficient ammunition for each of these guns.

Finally, on the day prior to departure, so that I shouldn't spend it before we went, I was issued with quite a large amount of money. I received German marks, some

other hard currencies like Swiss francs and US dollars and some gold coins – twenty-five francs Louis D'ors. It must be said that the authorities did everything possible to make our sortie a success. In addition to all this we were also given our objectives, the reasons for all that investment in training and preparation. The objectives proved surprisingly vague.

Firstly, we were to make contact with the local population to find out if, and to what degree, they would be prepared to co-operate with the Allies. Secondly, we were to carry out sabotage operations, if convenient targets presented themselves. Thirdly, we were to establish a British presence if the Russians should advance towards our area in Austria, in particular at the Zeltweg Aerodrome which was the most important air base in Southern Austria at the time (it is now a motor racing track). I took this last objective to be the most important. Its aim, I imagined, was based upon the principle of "first come – first served". If Austria was to be partitioned between the Russian and Western Occupation Forces our presence would reinforce a British claim.

Our intended dropping zone was aerially photographed; a mountain meadow high above the Mur Valley in Central Southern Austria. The nearest town was, not inappropriately, called Judenburg, Jewsborough. It was to be a "blind drop". Parachute drops in France and Yugoslavia were usually conducted with a "reception committee" who would direct the plane in with radio beacons or lights and look after the new arrivals. We did not have these comforts.

We departed from an aerodrome somewhere between Sienna and Livorno, an area which had been liberated in 1944. It was about 320 miles to the drop-zone so the flight should have been less than two hours; it seemed much longer at the time.

It was a large aircraft, a Liberator or a Flying Fortress. There was no aperture in the floor of the fuselage, like the Whitley bombers used in training. Instead, one jumped by walking out through the rear door. The rip cord, attached to the plane, was pulled automatically. (On this point my memory is not in accord with that of the

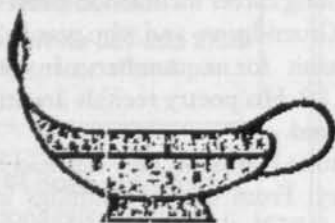
two other surviving members of the squad, Fred Warner and Frank Kelly, who both maintain that there was an aperture. I, however, distinctly recall stepping out of that rear door into nothing. It amounts to the same thing but demonstrates the unreliability of memories; either mine or theirs!)

In addition to our two parties of six the plane carried a number of other passengers. I recall an American Secret Agent with whom I had a long conversation about the use of salt in food. It helped to pass the time. The pilot, who was either American or Polish, confirmed that he knew where to drop us. But this, as it turned out, was a bloody lie.

We had arrived at the airport at dusk, collected our chutes and checked our luggage. The whole scene was very dark and sombre, like an under-exposed black and white film, and very nervous making. After much bustling about we climbed aboard. As soon as we were airborne the gunners tested their weapons. This was noisy and not calming on the nerves.

Amongst the crew there was a despatcher, who would see to it that our parachutes were properly fitted and that we jumped at the right moment. I imagine he was also responsible for dropping our heavy luggage container after us. It was dark inside the plane and pitch dark outside. Flying over enemy territory was an unpleasant experience. One cannot admire the bomber crews, who did this voluntarily, night after night for years, too much. □

To be continued



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Thirty-six happy years

The AJR Club was founded in 1956 by Dr Adelheid Levy, who had been a social worker in Berlin and became Head of the AJR's Social Department from the organisation's beginning.

Dr Levy had become very aware of the fact that loneliness and isolation, more than material need, were the main causes of depression in those people who came to visit and ask her advice. In response, she invited twenty-five people for Sunday afternoon tea and cakes at the AJR offices in Fairfax Mansions and encouraged them to talk and entertain each other. The event was a great success and several more afternoon teas followed. Dr Levy's enthusiasm for the project proved infectious and before long Mrs Margaret Jacoby and Mrs Gertrud Schachne became interested in the idea of starting a club.

The ladies approached the Chairman of the AJR, Dr Hans Reichmann, with a request for premises for the meetings. Dr Reichmann agreed – with some reluctance, and only on a trial basis – to rent a room at Zion House in Eton Avenue.

The first meeting of the Club was in February 1956. Only one married couple attended; Mrs Jacoby and Mrs Schachne were so pleased to see them that they gave them all the cakes which had been bought for that day to take home. At the next meeting six people turned up. Before long, however, the membership had grown so much that a second room had to be taken to hold all the visitors.

The Club's popularity grew quickly, and it had to extend its opening hours to accommodate those who worked during the day. This fulfilled a real need, as many members lived in modest bed-sits and had little income. Not only did the Club allow them to enjoy the company of others with similar backgrounds, but also to save on electricity and heating bills. Of course, the rooms soon became too small and overcrowded, but there was a wonderful atmosphere.

For nine years Mrs Jacoby persevered, using great initiative in running the Club in just two rooms, until one day Dr Reichmann told her that she could buy a house to accommodate the Club. Almost unable to believe her ears, Mrs Jacoby wasted no time. Knowing that number 9 Adamson Road (formerly *Pension Sachs*) had become vacant, she bought it. The building was officially opened on 12 December 1965 by the Mayor and Mayoress of Camden and Mr A S Dresel, who had recently become the AJR Chairman. It was the first house owned solely by the AJR Charitable Trust and remained a centre of AJR activity until 1993.

At the suggestion of Mrs Jacoby it was named Hannah Karminski House in honour of that remarkable lady. The first AJR Club event at Hannah Karminski House took place on Chanukah, 1965. Rabbiner Dr Salzberger kindled the lights and I spoke about the life and work of the unforgettable Hannah Karminski. Hannah could have emigrated to Switzerland or England, but she stayed behind in Berlin to work in the *Reichsvertretung* giving help and comfort to the last, with courage and devotion, in the full knowledge of what her fate would be.

The house did not only serve as a venue for AJR Club functions. It soon became a very popular venue for diverse activities in the wider Jewish community and the upper floors were converted to provide low-cost accommodation for elderly refugees.

By 1968 the Club had 350 members, growing to 420 by the end of the year. It lived up to its motto, given by Margaret Jacoby, through all the years of its existence: *Heiterkeit, Hilfsbereitschaft, Herzlichkeit*. It was a home from home, and many lifelong friendships were formed.

The Club has been more than fortunate to have had two such women as Margaret and Gertrud at its helm. Margaret Jacoby – Dr. Werner Rosenstock called her the *Eighth Wonder of the World* – was 74 years old when she became Chairman of the Club in 1956. Her good humour, ever ready smile and *joie de vivre*, combined with her untiring care for every Club member,

touched all who came into contact with her. She, with the warm-hearted, motherly Gertrud by her side, made a huge contribution to the happy family atmosphere of the Club.

There were special functions every month: concerts, talks, films and celebrations of Jewish holidays. Dr Levy's interpretations of the festivals and the Chanukah gramophone concerts and Seders given by Dr Arnold Horwell and his wife Susanne (Susi) – the Club's last Chairperson – were unforgettable highlights. Other memorable events included outings to stately homes and places of historical interest, organised with efficiency, charm and good humour by Mrs Eva Brand-Woodman, the daughter of Mrs Schachne. The untimely deaths of Susi Horwell and Eva Brand-Woodman in 1992 were grievous losses.

Dr Adelheid Levy and I had become Vice-Chairmen when Mrs Schachne died. Warm tributes should also go to other Club officials such as Hertha Gelhar, Lotte Saenger and Hilde Baban. The Hon. Treasurer and Hostess for many, many years, Mrs Hildegard Sussmann, should also be remembered with gratitude.

The AJR Club no longer exists in its original form. The Paul Balint AJR Day Centre, after extending its opening hours, has absorbed former members and they now enjoy the Day Centre's varied activities and, as an additional bonus, its good food.

We wish the Day Centre good fortune and the same happiness which AJR Club members and helpers enjoyed over almost thirty-six years.

□ Dora Segall

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Anaesthetised Memory

Memory plays tricks after half a century. The anniversaries of the Holocaust have ticked past, empty of meaning. Through the decades, Hungary was numbed by communist rule. This month (April), fifty years after the first deportations to the death camps, Hungary, finally, has the opportunity to commemorate the 600,000 Jews who never came back.

The president, Arpad Goncz, recalled, simply and movingly, how he witnessed the persecution of his classmates and bid farewell to his friends. Or there was the man who stood outside the cattle wagons that house the new travelling exhibition of the Holocaust he was too young to have known, tears dripping down his face with the rain.

But they are the exceptions. "On this side of Europe we are still waiting for an honest reckoning. And until we look into our own eyes, we wait in vain for inner peace and essential purification," Goncz said.

Of inner peace, there has been little. Geza Jeszensky, the Conservative government's foreign minister, could not find the right words for a conference on the Holocaust in Budapest; participants jeered him off the podium. After that no minister dared make a speech at the official remembrance ceremony. The government invited the anti-semitic Hungarian Truth and Life Party to delegate an MP onto the commemoration committee and Jewish leaders resigned in protest.

Varying histories of the Holocaust co-exist, jarringly. Conservative leaders like Jeszensky play down the Hungarian role. They say that the killing of Hungary's Jews was a tragedy but blame Nazi Germany, domestic fascists and disembodied "forces of evil". The argument is a variant of the "I was only following orders" defence in war crimes trials. "It is as if the Holocaust happened in a different country," says Laszlo, a young Catholic. "They say: We are sorry for the dead but it was the war."

It is a fact that the deportations to

Auschwitz began only after the German army invaded Hungary in March 1944. Government officials point out that Budapest was a haven for Jews and 100,000 remain to this day. Jewish schools, culture and business have flourished since the fall of communism. "We still have the biggest Jewish community east of Paris. That is the only thing we can be proud of", says Tamas Katona, State Secretary at the Prime Minister's office.

But interpretations of history have diverged after fifty years. The critics of the wartime regime remember rather that Hungary was Nazi Germany's most faithful ally. Before 1944 the Hungarian authorities, under German pressure but still sovereign, sent many Jews to death by cold, disease, hunger and murder in labour camps. My grandfather was among them.

After Germany invaded and the Final Solution began, the local *gendarmerie* administered the round-up with efficiency that won the praise of Adolf Eichmann, the logistician of the Holocaust. Admiral Miklos Horthy, Hungary's interwar Regent, gave legitimacy to the regime by remaining in office: this the man honoured by half the Cabinet at his reburial last year, regarded more as a De Gaulle than a Pétain, praised by the previous Prime Minister, Peter Boross, as a "true Hungarian" and possessor of "manly virtues."

And it was Hungarian Arrow Cross fascists who conducted their own, anarchic massacres, taking Budapest Jews down to the bank of the Danube, shooting them in the head and dumping their bodies in the river.

"The situation was ambiguous", says Katona. In the rankings of national guilt, he says: "I think we were somewhere in the middle." But the fog of history still does not explain why so many on the Right find it so difficult to take responsibility, not for the entirety of the Hungarian Holocaust, but for their share; or for why they cannot find the sensitivity to talk to their Jewish compa-

triot without offending them. While Germany and Austria, and now Poland and Ukraine, have issued formal apologies for their parts in mass murder, no government official in Hungary has said, simply, sorry.

Guilt has stopped the tongue, some liberals believe. "These things happened in front of millions of Hungarians who did nothing to stop it," says Laszlo. "There was no gesture that could have freed them from their feelings of guilt. We should admit we were responsible for the death of the 600,000. And we cannot hide behind the backs of the tens or hundreds who saved Jews."

Jews were complicit in Hungary's collective amnesia. Terez Virag survived in the Budapest ghetto aged 14, but lost her parents in Auschwitz and now runs a Holocaust workshop to allow survivors, and their descendants, to reclaim their memories. She says: "We missed out on the catharsis. We didn't say how much it hurt and they didn't apologise."

Now Hungary's Jews are finally finding their voice, and defying the argument that they just fuel antisemitism by so doing. But there is still no answer to their call. "There was some kind of apology, but only roundabout," says Ivan Beer, president of the Jewish community's Holocaust Commemoration Committee. "They don't take responsibility for the crime."

By they, Jewish leaders mean the Conservatives, the self-styled "national forces." For their apology would mean the most. It is they who have tapped the traditions of the interwar regime, and therefore they who can most meaningfully shoulder responsibility for Hungary's Holocaust and attempt a reconciliation.

But many Hungarians question why they should feel remorse when they too endured so much. Communist propaganda after the war propagated the notion that Hungary was a "sinful nation" and the severity of the regime was punishment enough. At the opening of the ghetto memorial, the former Conservative Prime Minister said in

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essence: we suffered losses, they did too.

Many Hungarian soldiers died by the Don River fighting alongside the Germans in Russia. Jeszenszky said these other victims should be remembered alongside Jewish Hungarians and one should simultaneously condemn both Nazism and communism.

It was this equation that so infuriated the participants at the Holocaust conference. Beer describes it as if someone were to tell a family at a graveside to mourn for all the dead in the cemetery. He says: "This is not a mass grave. This is my grief, that is yours."

And Jews like Terez Virag say their grief is deeper: "War means that a mother survives with six children and becomes a war widow. Genocide means no father, no mother, no children, no grandmother."

One thing Jeszenszky did not add, but he did not need to, is that many Christians feel they suffered at the hands of Jews, so why should they apologise. Jews, out of all proportion to their numbers, made up the leadership of the brutal postwar Stalinist regime and staffed the hated secret police. Hungarians of the time said they were living through the "revenge of the Jews".

"We hear from many that communist horrors balance the Nazi horrors," says Geza Komoroczy, head of Jewish studies at the Hungarian Academy of Sciences. "And the underlying principle is that the Jews, either in advance or afterwards, got what they deserved."

That, however, is not the final twist of historical revenge. Komoroczy warns: "If we don't look in the eye at what happened, at what we did, there won't be a moment of our history and our present about which we can speak honestly and openly."

And time is running out for Hungary to come to terms with its past. For an apology from a "national" prime minister, the opportunity has been missed. There could have been no better time than the 50th anniversary of the Holocaust.

Of course the 60th anniversary will come round and Hungary's Right may, eventually, swallow its pride and hurt, and attempt a reconciliation. But still fewer of the agents, the observers and the survivors will be around to be reconciled.

"It is never too late," says Terez Virag. But even she, who says she holds no bitterness, wonders whether Nazism and communism together were too much for the Hungarians' moral sense: "A soul cannot survive two dictatorships. That is the double tragedy of Holocaust survivors and the Hungarian people."

□ Nicholas Denton

Not a day like any other

On 30 August 1993, 50th anniversary of the deportation of Jews from Wiesbaden, a unique ceremony took place in the town. A large group, consisting mainly of schoolchildren, assembled on the steps of the Schloss, seat of the Land parliament of Hesse. Here, each schoolchild in turn called out the name of a deported person. Then, each bearing an individual name tag, they marched in silence through the town, followed by 300 residents. The memorial march ended with a recital of *Kaddish* by the local chazan – at the abattoir where, 50 years earlier, the deportees had been loaded onto Eastbound cattle-trucks.

During the *Mahngang* a video crew of two teachers and five students interviewed marchers about the fate of "their" deportees, as well as former neighbours and a few survivors. The resultant programme, entitled *Kein Tag wie jeder andere*, is currently being shown at Wiesbaden schools where the Holocaust is part of the curriculum.

The initiators of the march were the *Foerderkreis Aktives Museum Deutsch-Jüdischer Geschichte in Wiesbaden*, founded in 1988 to call to mind the city's German-Jewish past.

Football-free zone

Barely flying in the face of convention, the Strausses, Edwin and Sally, declared a tiny corner of Edgware a football-free zone during the Quarter Finals of the 1994 World Cup. Whilst the rest of London remained glued to the TV screen, hanging on Jimmy Hill's every utterance, no matter how bland, boring or blatantly idiotic, the ACJR (Association of Children of Jewish Refugees) dined *al fresco* and discussed weightier matters. Well, not all that weighty, but at least participants didn't debate the effectiveness of the Bulgarian attack in the air or the complexities of the Italian squad's haircuts.

The Strauss household has become a regular venue for the Association's food-fests. In addition to the annual barbecues, they have hosted a communal Seder every Pesach for the last five years. Their daughters, Claire and Paula, are now used to having dozens of people "dropping in" bearing bowls of houmous, baskets of bread and other comestibles too numerous to list; they have also, by a process of osmosis,

One of the society's aims is the creation of a documentary centre or museum in a small old house at Spiegelgasse 11. The building had once been part of some Jewish property there – at least since the early 1730s according to records – and had been used as an inn, a *shul* and a *mikva*. Wiesbaden, once a famous German spa, is a flourishing city today (pop. 260,000). For centuries, many Jews lived there as well but, today, besides this tiny building and three Jewish cemeteries, the city has no other reminder of its Jewish past – not since the Nazis burnt down its grandiose main synagogue.

The *Foerderkreis Aktives Museum* persuaded the city to buy the little house with the purpose of saving it from decay. It wants the city to confront its own history, of which a rich Jewish life and culture had once been an integral part.

The words "Aktives Museum" were chosen by the founding members to indicate that they do not simply wish to relegate the past to a museum – thus minimising the impact of history. To this effect the society has already been very active indeed. "To realise all we lost..." was the title of its first exhibition in 1989. In 1991 a second exhibition focused on the theme "East European Jews in Wiesbaden". Further publications are to follow and the exhibitions will go from school to school.

□ P Yogi Mayer

become adept at passing the conversational ball and exhibit little shyness in coming forward to welcome people into their home.

It is one of the most striking collective characteristics of the ACJR that newcomers are made to feel at home upon arrival, with the absolute minimum of social anxiety. The fact that all ACJR members have something as fundamental as their parental origins in common adds an element of comfort. When "strangers" join, they can be safe in the knowledge that they already fulfil an essential pre-condition for membership and that no explanations are required. This shared background acts as a social lubricant – just as effective as a mutual fondness for football, and twice as exciting.

□ M.N.

If you would like to find out more about the ACJR contact Anne or Ian via the AJR Box No. 1250

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Surnames and cur names

At a friend's house I was handed an ingenious nut-cracking gadget from Israel. Told it was the product of a kibbutz industry I asked after the name of the kibbutz. The answer – 'Kfar Hess' – startled me. Surely not even *Kach* members would name a settlement after the Fuehrer's deputy! Thinks: what famous Jewish Hesses have there been? Myra Hess, the pianist, maybe? Then the penny (or shekel) dropped: the name commemorates Moses Hess, whose book *Rome and Jerusalem* incubated the ideas which Herzl articulated in *Der Judenstaat* some thirty years later.

Rudolf Hess was, in fact, only one of a number of top Nazis with Jewish-sounding surnames. The man who put together a tome of pagan-Nordic claptrap portentously entitled *The Mythos of the Twentieth Century* – 'philosophical companion volume to Mein Kampf' – was named Arthur Rosenberg.

As for the name Wolf (or Wolff) it was indiscriminately borne by Nazi perpetrators and Jewish victims alike. SS general Karl Wolff was in charge of the genocide programme in the Treblinka area; later his negotiation of the German surrender in Italy earned him an Allied pardon. In complete contrast Theodor Wolff had edited the *Berliner Tageblatt*, a journalistic pillar of Weimar democracy; a refugee in France after 1933, he perished during the Occupation.

The most prominent bearers of the surname Wolf all seem to have been Jews.

Madame Lupescu – *lupus* is Latin for wolf – was known as the Titian-haired mistress of the king of Romania throughout the civilised, or at least gossip column-reading, world. To move from gossip to politics: the father-and-son team of Friedrich and Markus Wolf were partly famous, partly notorious. Wolf *père*, a doctor-turned-dramatist, achieved prominence in the 1920s with *Zyankali* (Cyanide), an attack on the anti-abortion law of the Weimar Republic. In 1933 he went to Russia, whence his anti-Nazi film *Professor Mamlock* went out to cinemas in all democratic countries. (It packed out the Academy Cinema, Oxford Street, throughout 1938.) During the war Wolf was evacuated with other Comintern notables to Central Asia; postwar he served the DDR as ambassador to Czechoslovakia.

The son Markus – nicknamed Misha thanks to his Russian upbringing – served the DDR in a far more crucial role: as head of its intelligence service. In that capacity he outclassed all his Iron Curtain colleagues by, inter alia, bringing down Chancellor Brandt. He, a Jew, also trained Arab terrorists to wreak mayhem in Israel and the West. (Currently he is awaiting the outcome of an appeal against a 6-year jail sentence handed down by a court in Düsseldorf.)

As a forename Wolf is also essentially Jewish – pace Wolf Mankowitz of *A Kid for*

Two Farthings fame – while the related *Wolfe* is a diminutive for Wolfgang. (The late Anthony Burgess wrote a piece wittily entitled *Mozart and the Wolf Gang*.)

Psychologists have identified an abnormal state of mind – lycanthropy – in which patients imagine themselves to be wolf-men. Lycanthropy has always attracted Fascist dictators. Mussolini dubbed the cubs of the *Ballila* Youth Movement 'children of the she-wolf'. Hitler actually personalised lycanthropy. Known to his intimates as Wolf, he called his favourite Alsatian bitch *Wolfe*, and named his wartime military headquarters in the depths of East Prussia *Wolfsschanze*.

And now, it seems, we have a Hitler *revivendus* with the not dissimilar sounding patronymic *Wolfovitch*. (A patronymic derived from the father's first name is every Russian's middle name.) In other words Vladimir Zhirinovskiy, the would-be Russian Fuehrer, had a father by the name of Wolf. This, coupled with the fact that 'mad Vlad' says his father was a lawyer, makes it almost certain that he is half-Jewish. But let us not build any false hopes on Zhirinovskiy's *mischling* origins. Monomaniacs hate everybody, including – and sometimes, even especially – their own parents.

The bitch, as Brecht said in *Arturo Ui*, is still on heat. □ R.G.

Cookery Corner



Coffee Brick

No cooking is required for this delicious gâteau, but as the size of boudoir biscuits can vary quite considerably, it is impossible to give the exact numbers of biscuits required. Simply aim for a square-shaped gâteau!

Ingredients

Boudoir Biscuits
5oz (140g) unsalted butter
5oz (140g) icing sugar
3 – 4 egg yolks
1 teaspoon vanilla sugar

3 tablespoons very strong black coffee
1 small carton (5 fl. oz) single cream
Dash of Rum
Whipped cream and finely ground coffee beans for decoration

Cream together butter and icing sugar until very light and fluffy. Gradually beat the egg yolks, vanilla sugar and 2 tablespoons of the coffee.

Tip the single cream into a soup plate and add the remaining tablespoon of black coffee and a dash of rum. Pull some boudoir biscuits quickly through the cream – one by one so that they do not become soggy – and arrange them side by side so they form a square. Spread some butter cream over them and cover with more boudoir biscuits which have also been pulled through the coffee-flavoured single cream, laying them at right angles across the first layer. Continue "building" until all the butter cream has been used up. Cover the resulting "brick" lightly with foil and set to chill in a cold place overnight.

Just before serving, mask the gâteau with whipped, slightly sweetened, cream and sprinkle with very finely-ground coffee beans. □

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