

## SUFFER THE CHILDREN

This issue appears at Chanukah time 50 years to the week when the first *Kindertransport* reached the haven of these shores. HM Government's decision, in response to Crystal Night, to admit up to ten thousand unaccompanied children was a rare glimpse of light — a lone Chanukah candle — in the gathering darkness. In an otherwise overwhelmingly sombre anniversary year the saving of all those young lives (the final tally was 9735) is an event that calls out for joyous commemoration.

However the joy the erstwhile *Transportkinder* feel as they look back is suffused with twofold sorrow — sorrow about contemporaries who failed to be rescued and, more longlasting, about parents left behind.

Cushioned in varying degree by the inborn resilience of youth the new arrivals all had to undergo the twin traumas of uprooting and orphaning simultaneously. It was a mercy that they did not necessarily realise this at the time; consciousness of being orphaned dawned on many only months after receipt of the last cryptically coded Red Cross letter.

For a minority orphaning had an even more drastic impact than the amputation of loving family bonds under the intermittent anaesthetic of passing time; they, the walking wounded, see in their own survival while parents perished the source of unassuageable personal guilt.

The exact number of individuals who were psychically scarred in this way is unknown; curiously, despite the longterm boom in sociology, the *Kindertransport* generation (a ready-made study object for students of social anthropology, psychology, acculturation and Lord knows what else) has never been made the subject of scholarly enquiry.

For our part AJR neither has a brief — nor indeed the means — for conducting such an inquiry. What the Association can do, and is already doing, is to render assistance to those former *Transportkinder* whom uprooting and orphaning left permanently affected. In some



individuals this has led to a failure to realise their potential in the labour market; throughout their working lives they have performed menial low-paid work in catering or the garment trade, and enter retirement age without any savings — and frequently without family support — to cushion the blow.

But for all that we don't know the exact percentage of hardship cases we are convinced that they constitute a minority. On the whole members of the *Kindertransport* generation have adapted and integrated remarkably well into society. Theirs is, therefore, an undoubted success story — if we use success in a broader sense

than denoting outstanding achievement. (Refugee Nobel Prize winners and Life Peers naturally stem, on the whole, from a less disadvantaged section of our community.) Having said that, the need for financial as well as counselling assistance to the aforementioned hardship cases is bound to increase during the next few years. Over the next few years, too, AJR as such will have to focus more and more on the *Kindertransport* generation, the youngest within the entire refugee community, to keep up numbers.

For that very reason the *Kindertransport* Reunion planned for spring 1989 deserves our unstinting support. The publicity it is already generating affords us a unique opportunity to reach out to individuals who, for reasons that could range from having been brought up by foster parents *then* to living in out-of-the way places *now*, have had no previous contact with, or knowledge of, our organisation.

If the Reunion succeeds in putting us in touch with the constituency 'out there' it will be beneficial for everyone concerned. AJR will receive much welcomed reinforcement — but the major beneficiaries ought to be the new recruits themselves. Association membership will not merely give them the tangible bonus of access to our wide-ranging facilities, but also the emotional one of re-establishing contact with their own roots.

*See notice on p. 3*

We wish all our readers



a Happy Chanukah

## TO NIJMEGEN VIA QUEBEC

I had volunteered for Army service in March 1940. Something went wrong with my documentation at the Liverpool Recruitment Office and I was sent home to await call-up papers. These *did* arrive some time in the autumn of 1940, by which time I was safely incarcerated in Canada. Interned in June I was, together with 1400 civilian internees and 900 German PoWs, put aboard the P & O troopship *HMS Ettrick* and transported to Quebec, where we arrived on 13 July. None of us knew of the ill-fated sailing of the *Arandora Star* two days ahead of us. Eventually, with 500 others, I arrived at Camp 'Q' in Northern Ontario where a fellow inmate was Klaus Fuchs, the atom-spy (with whom however I had no contact). Some time during the autumn it was decided to segregate internees according to religion — Jews, orthodox Jews and Gentiles — and I was moved with the first category to Camp 'N' located in a large railway shed on the outskirts of Sherbrooke in Southern Quebec. Several non-Jews decided to declare themselves Jewish on the assumption that our camp would be superior, receiving support from the Montreal Jewish Community; alas, they backed the wrong horse as Camp 'N' was very bad, with inadequate washing and toilet facilities. One of the 'converts' was ex-Reichswehr Lt.-Colonel Hans Kahle who played a prominent part in the defence of Madrid during the Spanish Civil War. I used to play Bridge with Hans, which convinced me that he knew a great deal more about military strategy than Bridge. After the war Hans Kahle was appointed Police President of Mecklenburg-Schwerin in the Russian Zone, but died several years later.

One day, a Home Office official arrived in the Canadian camp and invited those who wished to return to the U.K. to come and see him. When I presented my call-up papers he smiled, called me a deserter and put my name down for the first return transport. We embarked at Halifax, Nova Scotia, on the *SS Thysville*, a Belgian Congo steamer and, sailing in a convoy on Boxing Day, docked at Liverpool on 12 January 1941 to the sound of an air-raid siren. On board the *Thysville* were such prominent people as the grandson of the ex-Kaiser who looked exactly like King George VI, whom he gave as a personal referee. (Back at camp the French-Canadian guards had addressed him as 'Mon Prince'.) Some of us had to return to Hyton internment camp for another 6 weeks before receiving the King's shilling. Whilst there, we had some friendly discussions with Kapitän-Leutnant von Rintelen, the notorious 'Black Tom' saboteur of Allied shipping in World War I, who had by now become a somewhat senile, chuckling old man.

In 251 Coy. my first encounter with Arthur Koestler was on a work detail near to the oil storage tanks. My job was to shovel soil into Arthur's wheelbarrow and he prevailed upon me not to fill the barrow to its capacity. As we were billeted in the same Nissen Hut, I had the chance to listen to lengthy arguments between Koestler and ex-members of the International Brigade. It was early December, the Germany Army was

## RELATIVITÄTSTHEORIE OF EVIL

Over the years the British public have grown accustomed to German goods flooding the home market. An indication of how far this process has gone were recent TV commercials for German cars where the promoters didn't even bother to translate *Vorsprung durch Technik*.

While imported German cars and similar items, for all their adverse effect on the balance of payments, obviously meet some perceived need, one fails to see why the *Historikerstreit* had to be transported across the Channel. Professor Ernst Nolte, of the Free University Berlin, triggered this controversy in the mid-80s by arguing that the Holocaust was not unique, but had antecedents in the Inquisition, the Armenian massacres and, above all, in the Soviet purges and elimination of the kulaks. Not only that: in Nolte's view Hitler's race murder of the Jews was a 'response' to Stalin's class murder of the kulaks; in addition Chaim Weitzmann's letter of support for Britain in September 1939 amounted to a declaration of war by world Jewry on Germany, which gave Hitler the right to intern all Jews as a counter-measure.

Although talk of 'world Jewry' as a supranational power taking concerted action has overtones of *The Protocols of the Elders of Zion*, no less an authority than Yehuda Bauer has pronounced Nolte free of the taint of antisemitism. In Bauer's estimate the Herr Professor is a neo-Conservative German patriot who advances historical hypotheses of doubtful validity to make his fellow citizens feel less uncomfortable about their past.

Nolte's liberal opponents in the *Historikerstreit* were led by Jürgen Habermas, who proudly declares himself a product of postwar Allied re-education. Eventually the Liberals, in the person of Professor Jaekel, claimed victory in the dispute — a claim corroborated by Federal President von Weizsäcker's statement to the recent historians' congress at Bamberg that 'Auschwitz is singular'. And that — but for the invitation to Nolte from Wolfson College, Oxford — would probably have been the end of

the affair. However, when the original invitation on the part of Mr. Almond, a junior academic, was countermanded by a governing body mindful of Jewish susceptibilities a scholarly fracas ensued. The groves of academe resounded with accusations of Jewish wire-pulling reminiscent of the *Perdition* brouhaha; a letter from a lecturer in *The Independent* asked if 'henceforth consideration of the Palestine problem will be permitted from any other than the Zionist viewpoint?' Mr Almond charged Dr. Klibansky, the Jewish senior academic who first objected to Nolte's invitation, with having been a contributor to the Fascist *Encyclopedia Italiana*, and Lord Dacre condemned the 'disinvitation' in print.

However, on closer inspection, these supporters of the sanctity of academic discourse turn out not to be entirely above reproach themselves. Mr. Almond's charge of Fascist collaboration against Dr. Klibansky relates to an Encyclopedia entry on the medieval mystic Meister Eckhart. As for Lord Dacre the Hitler Diaries fiasco casts a shadow over his pronouncement in this debate.

One cannot help suspecting that Mr. Almond's invitation was an attempt to import a gratuitously instigated controversy that had gone off the boil into Britain and thereby turn up the temperature. The motivation? Probably not so much antisemitism as a yen to be outrageously controversial. Oh, the exquisite frisson, comparable to belching in a Cathedral, of walking on eggshells with hobnailed boots!

R.G.

### REKTOR'S IMAGE RECTIFIED

A German scholar with access to Martin Heidegger's literary estate has accused Victor Farias of having suppressed 'discriminating' documents in his *Heidegger et le nazism*, published last year. The German scholar asserts that as *Rektor* of Freiburg university in 1933 Heidegger had banned the display of an antisemitic poster as well as the burning of books on the campus; the auto-da-fé had thereupon proceeded extramurally as it were.

rapidly advancing on the Eastern Front and the Russians suffered enormous losses. Koestler displayed a great deal of pessimism, arguing that the Russians could not carry on much longer and predicted that Moscow would fall before long. His views were strongly opposed by the former International Brigade fighters who maintained that the Red Army would not and could not be defeated. Happily for all of us, Koestler's pessimism proved wrong. Early in 1942, 251 Coy. moved to Cheltenham where, I believe, Koestler was allocated a small single room to continue some literary work; shortly afterwards he disappeared from view. We worked on the construction of tank obstacles in the Cheltenham and Cirencester area, thence moved on to Arcott Ordnance Depot near Bicester and were for a

time near Thame in Oxfordshire. It was there that I became acquainted with the late L/Cpl. Herbert Sulzbach who displayed great skill as a Poker player and repeatedly extracted what little money I possessed from my pocket.

251 Coy. began to disintegrate in 1942/3, I was posted to 93 Coy. P.C. at Southampton whence I obtained a transfer to the R.A.S.C., attended a course at Aldershot, followed by a 3 months' course on Staff Clerical duties, leading to a posting in 1944 to Airborne Corps H.Q. at Moor Park. On 17 September 1944 I flew in Glider No. 3 to Holland, landing safely in a cabbage field south of Nijmegen. The rest of this story is well documented in Cornelius Ryan's (subsequently filmed) book *A Bridge Too Far*.

FRED MASSITER

## FIFTY YEARS ON

Most of us have certain dates indelibly imprinted upon our memories. Mine is 28 October, 1938. For one thing it was the last time I saw my mother. . . .

In summer 1938 the Polish Government decreed that as from 29 October the possession of a Polish passport issued by consulates to nationals residing abroad would no longer entitle the holder to the automatic right of entry into Poland without a special visa.

To me as a 15-year old Berlin schoolboy, most grown-ups' lack of concern was incomprehensible, for this measure was clearly directed against Polish Jews in Germany.

Not that panic on the part of the 'Verband der Ostjuden in Deutschland' would have helped. For most there was no place of refuge. The immigration quota for the USA was full for many years ahead. Only a handful were admitted to Palestine. Even the comfortably off would have been impoverished after paying the punitive *Reichsfluchtsteuer*, and no country was willing to accept destitute Polish Jews. Just a handful of people with special skills might possibly have escaped. The vast majority were trapped.

When nothing untoward had happened by the evening of the 27, my forebodings began to look ill-founded. But in the early hours of the morning there was a pounding on the door. Two policeman equipped with deportation orders had come to arrest my father and me. (Birth in Germany does not confer German nationality, hence my status as a Polish subject.) Later we learnt that throughout the Reich Polish Jews were being arrested at the same time — in the Provinces women and children as well. Many were taken, often inadequately clothed, to the Polish border and forced to walk across. In some instances they were fired upon by startled Polish frontier guards who had not been previously warned.

In Berlin, thanks to the presence of a large foreign Press corps and foreign embassies, a degree of restraint was shown. My father and I were first escorted to the local police station, then when all Polish Jews from the district had been assembled, we were taken in open vans to the Alexanderplatz Police Barracks.

Screaming insults, a senior SS officer informed us that we were to be deported to Poland; anyone attempting to take along more than 10 Marks or any kind of valuables would be instantly shot.

We were then loaded onto a convoy of trucks which took us to a railway siding and put aboard a train made up of ordinary express coaches. Armed guards patrolled the corridors, with orders to shoot without warning if anyone should leave their compartment without permission. (It is pleasant to record that, during the journey, a young policeman offered to buy us food and drink in case the train should stop anywhere. He was given a severe reprimand by an SS officer and ordered to report for punishment later.)

In the late afternoon we reached Gleiwitz near the Polish frontier. After a wait of several hours we moved on, and then it became clear that the guards had left the train. A little later we arrived in the very sleepy little Polish station of Poznan.

Startled Polish railway officials were baffled by our enquiries about the destination of the train. We had been sent across without warning instead of the regular Berlin-Warsaw Express. We were asked to leave the train and await instructions from Warsaw concerning our fate. Our passports were in order — just. And the Germans had given us railway tickets. So there was no excuse for sending us back.

We had had no food or drink since the early hours, and ten marks did not go far even in those days. Nor could we buy tickets for an onward journey. It was then that the Jews of Poland rallied in a unique manner. Within hours of receiving news of the mass deportations they had organised relief committees all over Poland.

The few Jewish families who had remained in Poznan after earlier pogroms organised a generous delivery of bread, milk and bucklings for us. By the following day the Central Relief Committee had chartered special trains into the interior for us. My father and I got off in Cracow. Everywhere Jewish volunteers provided transport, shelter and food. Whenever we tried to thank anyone, the chillingly prophetic reply was 'But we are next!' It was the most shining and spontaneous expression of solidarity I have ever experienced in my life. J.B.

### KINDERTRANSPORT REUNION

Will readers interested in participating please write to: Bianca Gordon Reunion Committee, 9 Adamson Road, London NW3 6HX

### THE MAN ON THE TRAIN

It was late August 1938. My younger sister, a sunny, little eight-year-old, had left for England two months earlier and now it was my turn. I had said goodbye to my father, who lay paralysed after a stroke, and I was terribly afraid, not of leaving, which was an adventure, but because I doubted I could take an experience like my sister's leavetaking.

We had settled her on the train at Vienna's Westbahnhof station with some young Jewish people who agreed to look after her until she could be collected by our English relatives. Her new-found friends held her out of the window to wave to us. As the train moved out of the station my mother let out a scream of terrible anguish, of immeasurable grief, like a wounded animal at the slaughter. Everyone fell silent, only the distant puff of the engine and the rolling of the wheels could be heard. I saw my sister's face crumple at the train window. To this day I have tried to bury that memory and my sister cannot bear to speak of it even now.

Such memories are like the fragments of bullets or shells wounded people carry in their bodies. Doctors prefer not to remove them because they are too near a vital organ or a nerve that could be damaged by an operation. So they stay there, an ever-present, undefined anxiety. Sometimes they

surface, giving much pain but also relief, and sometimes they fester on. Who knows how many died from that pain and festering?

Now it was my turn I was braced for a painful experience. But on the platform my relatives and friends were uncharacteristically restrained, as if they all wanted to expunge the memory of my sister's departure. I was foisted on two young Jewish women, going to England as domestics.

Some of my less fortunate friends had come to see me off. 'Remember us', they said, 'send us a visa or an affidavit!', and they were only half joking. I was only 13 and, 'no higher than a piece of mouse dung stood on end', as the Viennese so charmingly put it, and could not be expected to do any of these things, but people hoped so desperately.

We were all cheerful, producing that superficial, meaningless Viennese humour at which we had become adept. Even my mother managed to laugh at the jokes. It was almost an anti-climax when the train left and I was off. We few Jews had a compartment to ourselves on the crowded train. Soon after we had passed the now non-existent German frontier a group of English schoolboys got on the train. They had been on holiday as guests of some local organisation and were full of their adventures. A young man, the teacher or youth leader perhaps, wore a swastika badge, a present from his German hosts, he explained. We told them with much sign language, our bad English and their worse German, that we were Jewish refugees who had to leave our country and flee from persecution. Slowly the full meaning of what we were trying to tell them penetrated. The group leader was silent for a while. Then suddenly, with some fury, he tore the swastika from his lapel and hurled it out of the window.

We travelled through the night together, we singing Austrian songs and they replying with a cheerful, endless song we all enjoyed very much; years later I found out we had been treated to a spirited rendering of 'Ilkley Moor'. The next morning we were due to reach the Belgian frontier at Aachen, and the moment of truth.

There had been rumours of Jews having been turned back, arrested and generally ill-treated. Some even disappeared. To say we were frightened would be an understatement. We had passports and a collection of papers, all obtained with great difficulty and under pressure of fear and anxiety. No one really knew whether these would get us out of Germany.

Armed SS men boarded the train. We heard their jackboots clumping towards our compartment. They tore open the door and dealt quickly and courteously with the English. When they identified us as Jews they ordered 'Alle raus!' Almost paralysed by fear, I was the last one out; one of the others had lifted my enormous suitcase down from the rack for me, but I could not move it. Incredibly, the only SS man who had remained behind slung his rifle over his shoulder and picked up my suitcase. He carried it to the platform and dropped it noisily to the ground. I managed to drag and slide it along to where my fellow Jews had been made to sit in a pathetic, untidy and lonely heap. The SS men took our passports and other documents and left us alone.

continued on p. 4

Passengers came and went, the train made ready to go, but no one in authority took the slightest notice of us. The English people we had befriended had watched the whole performance silently. I went across the platform to say goodbye to the group leader before the train moved off. He hardly saw me and stared, horror-stricken, into the distance, repeating the words 'poor, creatures, poor creatures' to himself over and over again. We were kept on that platform, cold, hungry, frightened, isolated and confused, for many hours. To this day I cannot see pictures of refugees waiting on railway platforms without my eyes filling with tears. I know what it was like; I, too, was there. After a very long time an official returned our passports and told us to get on the next train. It had only been a harassment exercise after all!

Not much good can be said about that time. However, when it is all counted and weighed, I hope that our gentle, compassionate Yorkshireman will not be forgotten. He, at least, was not found wanting.

MANFRED LANDAU

## A CENTENARY

Ernst Sommer belonged to the pleiade of (mainly Jewish) Czech-born authors writing in German who constituted the *Prager Kreis*. Born in Jihlava (Iglau), and a lawyer by profession, he published his first novel before the Great War. In the Czechoslovak Republic he combined literary and political activity, arriving in Britain — with the help of the *News Chronicle* — after Munich. Both before and after the out-break of Hitler's War Sommer's *oeuvre* comprised well-researched historical 'fiction' — the medieval *Der Templer*, the Inquisition novel *Botschaft aus Granada*, etc — with a clearly implied humanistic anti-Nazi message.

In 1944 *Libro Libre* publishers in Mexico brought out Sommer's best-known work: *Die Revolte der Heiligen*, an imaginatively conceived account of the almost contemporaneous Warsaw Ghetto Rising.

In the early Fifties he published *Erpresser aus Verwirrung*, a novel distilling the frustrations of emigré existence, whose lawyer hero ends up in a lunatic asylum. What compounded Sommer's personal frustration at the time was the fact that the postwar German reading public evinced little interest in his preferred *genre* of the biographical historical novel.

Things were different in the East, however. Here the author's prewar contacts with left literati like Egon Erwin Kisch and Louis Fünberg (a fellow-Iglauer) stood him in good stead, and books on Villon, Thomas Müntzer and Rabelais received publication in the D.D.R. By then, alas, the onset of Parkinson's Disease was hampering his literary creativity. Sommer died in London in 1955. Since then, despite the efforts of Czech literary researchers, oblivion seemed to be overtaking his name — but the recent re-publication of *Botschaft aus Granada* by the Paul Zsolnay Verlag may betoken a revival of interest in this profoundly humane writer.

David Maier reports on Anglo-Jewish Institutions

## THE SPIRO INSTITUTE'S FIRST TEN YEARS

On 15 March 1988, the Royal Over-Seas League's Hall of India offered standing room only to latecomers to a 'round-table discussion of various aspects of the relationship between Wagner and the Jews'. The question of the German composer's attitude to them, and of the official Israeli attitude to his work, was evaluated by a panel of experts under the chairmanship of an eminent TV personality, and contributions from the floor were lively and informed. The event was organised by the Spiro Institute for the Study of Jewish History and Culture in conjunction with the Wagner Society; and it was one of the highlights of the Institute's programme in its tenth year of existence and a measure of its success.

The seeds were sown in the mid-seventies, when a London businessman and academic was teaching Modern Jewish History to sixth-form pupils at a number of public schools, more or less as a sideline. Then, in 1978, he and his Israeli-born wife, herself a University lecturer in Hebrew, decided to realise their long-cherished wish to close what they perceived as a gap in Jewish education: they set up a teaching establishment designed to 'bring knowledge and understanding of Jewish history and culture to Jews and non-Jews'.

Today Robin and Nitza Spiro can look with some pride upon the results of their enterprise and initiative: the Institute which bears their name has become a respected seat of Jewish learning, providing tuition in a wide range of related subjects, from Ivrit by correspondence to a University degree in Jewish History, and offering an extensive programme of cultural activities and social events.

Its record of achievement is impressive. Thus there is now made available a spread of adult education courses catering for a student body which has grown from a class of 25 in 1980 to more than 1,000. The core subject is still Jewish History, from ancient times to the present, devised as a 2-3 year course capable of being extended by a further year to allow for the study of speciality topics. Particular attention is paid to adequate treatment of the relatively little-known period of the Middle Ages, and the curriculum is being enlarged to cover Zionism and Jewish statehood in greater depth. Supervised studies in Jewish Literature, Art and Music will be continued in response to demand. An exciting innovation will be the forthcoming establishment of a Yiddish Centre offering language classes at four levels and lectures on Yiddish literature. A Yiddish choir is to be formed and the performing arts generally will be fostered.

Modern Hebrew will go on being taught both in class and by correspondence, and the activities of *Moadon Ivri*, the Hebrew-speaking club, will be expanded. A new dimension will be added to the Institute's distance learning programme when the experience of the World ORT Union in the field of computer-based education is applied to some of the Hebrew language and history courses. Software, which will also include computer games, will enable new techniques to be devel-

oped in order to supplement the more orthodox teaching methods.

From autumn 1988 onwards, the Spiro Institute will offer tutorial assistance and coursework supervision to students enrolled on the new London University External BA Degree in Jewish History. This course is the result of cooperation between the Institute and University College in 'response to repeated requests' and as 'a framework for pursuing the study of Jewish History externally at the highest academic standard'. The schools programme, the *fons and origo* of the Institute, will be maintained in the shape of one-day conferences for sixth-form students in State and public schools in London and the provinces. The subjects covered are the Holocaust, Zionism and the Arab/Israeli Conflict and the Jewish Identity Today. The young people, mostly non-Jewish, meet in groups of 100 or so at the Institute's campus at Westfield College in North West London. They are accompanied by their teachers and encouraged to play an actively participative role in the day's lectures, seminars, workshops and discussions. A questionnaire provides feedback. Dr. Simon Sibelman, Senior Lecturer in Jewish Literature and Assistant Administrator, recalls one particularly interesting comment from a Christian Student after one of this year's Holocaust conferences: 'At the start, a feeling of guilt came over me. But at the end I was enlightened and relieved.' As a result of its work in this field, the Spiro Institute has become an acknowledged source of teaching material for schools; and its experience has contributed to the format and content of the new GCSE and 'A'-Level syllabus in Modern Jewish History, a subject in which high examination grades are consistently achieved by candidates taught, as often as not, extramurally at Spiro.

In the context of its cultural activities, the Institute can justly claim to have scored a particular success in the organisation of the Jewish film seasons held annually at the Everyman Cinema in Hampstead. This year's theme was 'The Holocaust and the Cinema'. Each presentation was introduced by a talk and followed by a discussion.

In the new session, too, the Institute will continue to organise its highly acclaimed international Jewish interest tours. Spain, Poland, Italy, France Holland and Turkey are the countries to be visited. During their recent trip to Poland the travellers were able to meet a number of Poles lately honoured as 'righteous gentiles'. As one of the participants put it: 'What we saw was hauntingly beautiful and disturbingly memorable.'

Asked to sum up his thoughts on the past and the future, Dr. Sibelman said: 'The Spiro Institute's first ten years were an exciting time in that we were able to awaken a new interest in our history and our culture, both within the Jewish community and outside. The knowledge and experience which we have gathered will allow us to confirm our objectives and to sharpen the focus of our endeavour.'

## WALKING TO SCHOOL IN THIRTIES VIENNA

Our council estate, though sufficiently close to slums for the smell of poverty to waft across on unfavourable winds, was a rather superior one; its layout and design had been influenced by the Garden City movement. We lived in an eight-flat, two-storey building set back from its neighbours and fronted by a shallow lawn; each tenant had his own garden at the back.

Nor could it be said that our fellow tenants conformed to the general council house image. The awkward young man next door with the wing-collared father and hobble-skirted mother was an *Universitätsassistent*. Opposite lived a lady teacher with a hairsprouting wart. By contrast one of the occupants of No. 3 downstairs was an alcoholic who hanged himself, leaving behind a peroxide-blond widow and a son famed as a streetcorner tough. (On the day my world fell in, 13 March 1938, both the young don upstairs and the young lout downstairs turned out to have been members of the illegal Nazi Party.)

Walking to school early on I would have low-rise council housing on my left and tall tenements on the right. Where the estate ended the line of dismal tenements continued on one side; opposite stretched a large expanse of featureless, untended grassland. This was *die Schmelz* — an area associated with the Lower Depths of society; in Viennese parlance, 'do you live *auf der Schmelz*?' meant 'I consider you an ill-mannered lout'.

But *die Schmelz* also had less derogatory associations. The phrase 'they've been shooting *auf der Schmelz*' prompted by any sudden unexpected noise, like a car backfiring, dated back to its use as an Imperial drill ground and artillery range; here Kaiser Franz Joseph had annually reviewed the troops on his birthday. Here, too, I once glimpsed Chancellor Schuschnigg among thousands of Tyroleans with weatherhoned, wine-reddened faces, dressed in heavy peasant suits, reeking of booze, sweat and other body odours.

The grassy expanse I crossed on my way to school covered only part of the former Imperial parade ground. The rest had been ploughed up and turned into allotment gardens to alleviate the malnutrition resulting from the Allied wartime blockade. A wide clinker path led through these allotments. The beginning of the path abutted on to grounds of a football club; its pitch, hosed down, turned overnight into an ice rink during the Continental winter.

At an intersection halfway along the clinker path was an open-air *Gasthaus*. Here penny-pinching family groups thronged the birdshit-flecked wooden tables on sunny evenings, washing down home-made sandwiches with an occasional glass of beer.

The pervasive poverty also generated diverting sideshows here and there along clinker alley. Vendors of pickled cucumbers tempted passers-by with *Salzgurken* fished dexterously out of brine-filled vats. Pedlars with an eye on the youth

market proffered yo-yos, the great mid-Thirties craze. Fast-talking performers of the three-card trick conjured money out of punters' pockets with cries of 'the red one wins, the black one loses'. (That phrase inverted political reality: the Reds, or Socialists, had lost, and the Blacks, i.e. Clericals, won the Civil War that paralysed Vienna and stopped me attending school for nearly a week during my last Primary year.)

Beyond the allotments lay the squat bulk of the Bally Shoe factory. The basements of nearby tenements were honeycombed by workshops. In one of them Herr and Frau Haas, school-day friends of my mother's, produced felt slippers.

The Haases were my mother's most supportive companions during her widowhood. Diminutive, bushy-eyebrowed, with a fuzz of black hair around a well-burnished pate, Herr Haas was a smallscale Jewish Hans Sachs. A shoemaker with horizons wider than his last, he was a veteran Social Democrat and a bit of a classical scholar. One day, discussing Caesar's Gallic War — my Latin set book — in his musty workroom, he amazed me by pronouncing the name of Vercingetorix, leader of the Gauls, with a French intonation. I have wondered since if he had read Tacitus on the *furor teutonicus* and if that reading had in any way prepared him for the fury to come.

The tenement that housed the Haas slipper manufactory fronted a drab-looking cobbled mainstreet through which metal-clanging trams grated on their way to and from more salubrious parts of town. It nonetheless boasted a lending library stocked with Zane Grey westerns and Vicky Baum novels, a *Gasthaus* from which wafted spicy goulash smells laced with alcohol fumes, and a cinema. On my homeward journey I often dawdled outside the Omnia Kino, looking at whose glossy stills plugged me into a circuit crackling with the electricity of glamour, exotic places and dimly intuited sex.

A block past the cinema stood a newly built church with low eaves and white pebbledash walls — memorial to the 'martyr Chancellor' Dollfuss. The pint-sized Dollfuss, cockfeather-kepied, bemedalled, fieldgrey cloaked, had been the Clericals' strongman. Bloodily victorious over the Socialists, he had himself been left to bleed to death in an aborted Nazi coup a few months later, in mid-1934.

I had heard the news from matron — her voice crumbling into sobs — at evening rollcall in a children's summer camp beside the Carinthian Lakes. Homesick, as I invariably was on vacation with other, strange children, I cheered up at the news. This was due to my being a 'cradle Socialist,' at least on the distaff side: mother had numbered among the first female Party members prewar, and grandmother's 40 year estrangement from grandfather dated back to a May Day when she had let the family dinner burn while waving to demonstrators from a bunting-draped window in the Jewish-proletarian Praterstrasse.

The Memorial Church gave on to a park. Here I

once saw a carter in soot-encrusted clothes, presumably a coal delivery man, empty his beer-distended bladder in full view of children playing nearby. I disliked him on sight. An animal lover weaned on Tarzan books, I viewed all carters as sadists given to letting out their foul tempers on longsuffering innocent horses.

Beyond the park a big council block, decked out in murals symbolic of the municipality's welfare activities, extended to the Gürtel ring-road.

The Gürtel had the width, though hardly the glamour, of a Parisian boulevard. Underground trains trundled through a shallow cutting along its middle, with surface traffic flowing in opposite directions on either side. I usually darted through the traffic with a disregard for personal safety born out of fear of arriving at school after the jangling eight o'clock bell announced the start of the first lesson.

Panting, I arrived at the entrance of the massive nondescript building. The foyer, an intimidatingly broad staircase, disinfected-smelling corridor. In the form room the teacher's desk on a raised platform — effective device for instilling humility into a class.

A less generalized humbling device was consigning pupils to B Forms throughout their school life. A Form was for Catholics only — therefore being a B Former meant that you were a Jew, or, less frequently, a Protestant. (In my class Jews outnumbered Protestants by over two to one.)

Jewishness was a component of my consciousness that grew steadily stronger the older I got. My earliest intimations of Jewish identity had been negative: resentment at the prayers and synagogue visits an otherwise indulgent father expected me to perform. My father died shortly after my 10th birthday. One of the last chores he undertook before being hospitalised was to visit a polling station and cast a vote for the Zionists in the Jewish community elections. In this, at least, he had been part of the wave of the future: at the next election the Zionists wrested control of the community from the Assimilationists.

By then I was already at RG (*Realgymnasium*) VII and belonged to the Jewish contingent within a B Form. In our particular class we not only outnumbered, but also 'outshone' the others. One of the Protestant dullards, Toch by name, became the particular butt of our Jewish-intellectual derision. We would decline his name — nominative: *der Toch*, vocative: *oh Toch*, genitive: *des Toches* — at which point we collapsed in whoops of laughter.

Overall, though, Viennese Jewry had little to laugh about. In mid-1936, I, a 12-year-old new recruit, turned out in shorts, light-blue shirt and dark-blue neckerchief threaded through a toggle, for the annual march of Zionist Youth past Herzl's grave at Döbling Cemetery. I stood enveloped by dust and heat in a crocodile that slowly inched forward outside the cemetery walls. After a while we heard sounds of a commotion inside the cemetery; suddenly the order to disperse was passed down along the line: Nazi students from the nearby Faculty of Agriculture had attacked the head of the procession.

Later that year a wave of clandestine Nazi

*continued overleaf*

terror culminated in a bomb outrage at a Jewish jewellers, but even then the government-controlled media masked the precariousness of the situation.

By this time I was a fully conscious Jew. I trembled for Hakoah FC under permanent threat of relegation, and rejoiced when Max Baer beat Schmeling. During lessons in history I strained every nerve to discover grounds for Jewish pride. Studying the Paris 1848 Revolution, for instance, I convinced myself that the Socialist leader Louis Blanc had been a Jew. (In German Blanc would be Weiss — a typically Jewish surname.) When it came to the Punic Wars I rooted for Hannibal, whose Phoenician ancestry — Carthage was a Phoenician settlement — elevated him, in my eyes, to Semitic hero status. (Later I discovered that Freud had similar feelings about the struggle between Carthage and Rome.)

From learning, and embellishing, history, I precipitately graduated, in March 1938, to witnessing it. After the Anschluss all Austrian schools closed for a few weeks' *Gleichschaltung*. On the day RG VII reopened I arrived early. My Jewish classmates, in a huddle on the pavement, exchanged the latest news: a Jewish maths master had been savagely beaten up by some of the former pupils he had failed; other members of the teaching body had been promoted to school inspectors. Halfway through the first lesson a directive from the head was read out: all Jewish pupils had to be out of RG VII by nine o'clock and to transfer to an all-Jewish school in the Eighth District.

At the end of the lesson we picked up our satchels and left. None of our classmates said goodbye to us — and only one teacher out of the dozen who took us for our various subjects. He was the Latin master. I thank him for that handshake — and for acquainting me with the phrase *homo homini lupus est*. It alone enables me to understand what happened.

RICHARD GRUNBERGER

### LEID DER ERDE

Wie nur die Erde so viel Leid erträgt  
und nicht aufbirst, mit einem Schrei,  
der Sonne, Mond und Sterne  
aus ihren Bahnen wirft.

Wie nur die Erde so viel Leid erträgt.

Dass dieses Weltenherz noch schlägt,  
dass dieses Weltenblut noch kreist,  
dass nicht ein Blitz das All zerreisst!  
Dass Ströme noch in Meere münden,  
dass Wolken noch zur Erde finden,

Ich fass' es nicht.

Und doch!

Das Weltenherz es schlägt,  
schlägt und erträgt,  
erträgt und sagt:

's ist immer Nacht,  
tiefdunkle Nacht,  
bevor es tagt.

CLARA MARKSTEIN  
(Heinrich Stahl House)

## MEMORIES ARE MADE OF THIS

### Wartime

#### Circular to Refugees from Germany and Austria

In view of the present emergency you should:

- (1) Conform to arrangements made for corresponding British population:
- (2) Obey honourably all directions of the Police.
- (3) Be willing to undertake any form of work or service that may be open to you or that you are asked to undertake by responsible authorities.
- (4) **AVOID TALKING GERMAN IN PUBLIC.**
- (5) Not on any account attempt to go to Bloomsbury House or Woburn House for any purpose. If a maintenance allowance is due to you it will be sent to you at your last known address.
- (6) If you are in a private house or lodgings, remain where you are, unless forced to move by the authorities. If you are required to leave your lodgings or the home in which you reside, try to make other arrangements for yourself: failing that go to the local Refugee Committee, if there is one. In any emergency if there is nothing else that you can do, go to the local police and ask them to advise you.
- (7) Notify by postcard at once to the German Jewish Aid Committee at Broadwood House, Lady Margaret Road, Sunningdale, Berks., any change of address, stating:  
Registration Number(s).  
Name(s) and Ages.  
Former trade or occupation.  
New address.  
Whether maintained:  
(i) By a friend or relative.  
(ii) By maintenance allowance.  
(iii) In a Hostel.
- (8) If you are living in a Hostel, the Warden, or person in charge will make all arrangements for you and will, if necessary, seek advice from the local police or from the Committee at Broadwood House, Lady Margaret Road, Sunningdale, Berks. **You should, in any case, obey his orders implicitly.**
- (9) Arrange, if possible, to listen for radio announcements affecting refugees.
- (10) As many refugees are moving and may not receive their copy of this circular, will you please tell your friends of the foregoing instructions and also ask them to send us a postcard giving their registration number(s) and latest address.

By Order,  
OTTO M. SCHIFF

## A BOY IN YOUR SITUATION

Karl, the subject of this book, was lucky: he got on to a children's transport to Britain and became the 'Englishman' who lived to tell his autobiographical tale after army service and a career in the higher echelons of English education.

A paperback reprint\* of an earlier hardback edition, this is in a way a story of all our yesterdays, thus making even a re-reading worthwhile. And those whose yesterdays were not the events commemorated in it might well acquaint themselves with them in the spirit of 'lest we forget'.

The chief difference between Karl and many of us is that he came from a more well-to-do family than the average refugee who reached these shores. His father was a banker in Essen, though their branch of the Hirschlands was the lesser one... 'the other Hirschlands' were the big bankers. The appointment of the house of Karl's family is a little reminiscent of that of the wealthy store owners in Isherwood's *Goodbye to Berlin*. Still, when Nazi pillaging started in earnest, their pre-eminence came to an end, and even the German patriots among them saw the danger signals.

Karl had a fairly bad time at school in the Thousand-Year-Reich. He looked 'Aryan' but as a poor sportsman was bullied and derided by the worshippers of physicality. On top of it he was picked out by an inexperienced *Rassenkunde* — race theory — expert as possessing a typically Nordic physiognomy. (Even his Hitler Youth class mates enjoyed that one.) Whenever Karl felt tempted to behave like a normal boy and kick a little over the traces, he was told that a boy 'in his situation' could not afford such behaviour.

One day Karl found himself at school in England. This happened to be an Approved School, where alongside young Englishmen with criminal tendencies he was supposed to acquire knowledge of, and liking for, agriculture. His sister, who was in domestic employment, got him into a proper school as a boarder elsewhere; here he exchanged the slings of Nazi Jew-baiting for the arrows of being regarded as an enemy alien. But he was lucky again — he was classified as a friendly enemy and neither interned nor deported. However he still remained 'a boy in your situation' though the sentiment was not openly expressed, at least not by the masters. Gradually Karl became more and more English, though he remained a determined 'cricket shirker'. He noticed too, that democratic notions permeated even the quasi-authoritarian system of this kind of English school; in Germany that had not been the case even before the Nazis. And yet, he was astounded that the English masters, even the kindest of them, believed in corporal punishment; he insists, wrongly in my opinion that German pedagogues did not.

Despite its serious subject matter this book has a far from elegiac tone. Charles Hannam is sufficiently anglicised to incline towards humourousness — but retains enough of Karl Hirschland in his make-up to espouse a wry rather than jovial brand of humour.

\* Adlib Press, £3.50

JOHN ROSSALL

## PAUL BALINT — AJR DAY CENTRE

For your convenience, we are now publishing the programme six weeks in advance

### DECEMBER

Thursday 1st	Harp & Flute Recital — Hilary Williams & Clare Hinton
Monday 5th	Piano Recital — Stephen Baron
Tuesday 6th	'Beethoven: Man of Destiny' — Maurice Peckman
Wednesday 7th	LIGHTS & MUSIC — Chanukah Celebrations with Arnold & Susi Horwell
Thursday 8th	The Dulwich Piano Trio — Bridgete Hurst, Joseph Alexander & Myrtle Bruce-Mitford
Monday 12th	Shirley Brookes Entertains You On The Piano
Tuesday 13th	'A Winter Recital' — Linda Miller (Cello) and Mark Smith (Piano)
Wednesday 14th	Chinese Theatre & Mime Act — Tai Shen Theatre
Thursday 15th	'Music That You Love' — Sylvia Dorff (Soprano) and Mabel Witztum (Piano)
Monday 19th	Gerard Tichauer At The Piano
Tuesday 20th	'Songs — Old & New' — Hans Freund
Wednesday 21st	'A Smile & A Song' — Joss Cohen
Thursday 22nd	The Brenton Singers
Monday 26th	CLOSED
Tuesday 27th	CLOSED
Wednesday 28th	CLOSED
Thursday 29th	CLOSED

### JANUARY

Monday 2nd	CLOSED
Tuesday 3rd	'Matinee Musicale' — David & John Juritz
Wednesday 4th	Kol Rinah Choir
Thursday 5th	'Popular Classics' — Joe Vilensky & Doris Mainzer accompanied by Rosa Butwick
Monday 9th	'Soiree Musicale' — Alfred Rawel (Violin) Mania Jurman (Songs) Happy Branston (Piano)
Tuesday 10th	'Songs from around the World' — Françoise Geller
Wednesday 11th	Ronnie Bell on Keyboard Theatre outing to <i>Can-Can</i>
Thursday 12th	Dorei Duo

## THE AJR CHARITY CONCERT

The death in August 1987 of Peter Schidlof, the viola player of the Amadeus Quartet, resulted, inevitably, in the demise of the Quartet. However, two members of the world famous Quartet, Norbert Brainin, its leader, and the cellist Martin Lovett decided not to leave the concert platform, but teamed up with a young pianist, Arnaldo Cohen, and formed the Amadeus Piano Trio to continue the task of performing works of chamber music.

At the AJR Charity concert, which celebrated the Golden Jubilee of Self Aid for Refugees, the Amadeus Piano Trio played three classical masterpieces which differed in character from one another and thus enabled the audience to appreciate and admire the outstanding qualities of the Trio.

In Mozart's Trio in B flat minor K.502 one was able to admire Norbert Brainin's superb bowing technique and the golden tones of Martin Lovett's cello. The performance of Beethoven's 'Ghost' Trio op. 70 No. 1 was distinguished by masterly phrasing. The ghostly effect of the second movement was achieved by vibrato-less playing on the part of the string players. Brahms' Trio op. 87 provided a contrast, especially on account of the sumptuous piano part; the playing of Arnaldo Cohen was distinguished by reticence and sensitivity throughout. He never drowned or overshadowed the strings and solved the difficult problem of balance by producing a sound of beauty rather than volume, thus achieving a memorable performance.

O.E.F.

## AJR CLUB NEWS

Sunday, 4 December, 3.30 p.m.  
LIGHTS AND MUSIC  
CHANUKAH CELEBRATION  
presented by Susi and Arnold Horwell  
Entrance fee: 40p. incl. tea

The AJR Club at 15 Cleve Road is open on Sundays, Tuesdays and Thursdays from 2 to 6 p.m. for members to meet old and new friends; some play chess, scrabble or cards. Volunteers serve tea and supper, tea only on Sundays. Guests are always welcome.

There is live entertainment one Sunday a month followed by tea, and video films can be watched at 2.30 on other Sundays, programme on the Cleve Road notice board. On Tuesdays and Thursdays at 12 o'clock Club members may attend the entertainment provided for Day Centre members.

The membership fee is £4 p.a. and nominal charges are made for meals.

The Club will be closed on Sunday, 25, Tuesday, 27 December, and Sunday, 1 January.

Can you spare some time to entertain our members attending the Day Centre? If so, please contact Hanna Goldsmith on Wednesdays between 9.30 a.m. and 3 p.m. 328 0208 or evenings 958 5080.

## HEARTFELT THANKS

Sir — I, too, should like to join the Cleve Road Day Centre appreciation society.

Sylvia and Renee do everything in their power to make our stay at Cleve Road as pleasant as possible. All the helpers and staff could not be more helpful. It really has become my family and home-from-home. And, given the circumstances we live in and the fate all of us suffered that is very necessary.

STEPHANIE SECKELSON

98 Holmefield Court,  
Belsize Grove, NW3

## GOOD-AND-BADGASTEIN

The scandal of the Austrian hotelier who as reported in our October issue, refused accommodation to an Israeli tourist has had a sequel. When the story broke both the Burgomaster of Badgastein and its Director of Tourism issued statements emphatically disassociating themselves from the sentiments expressed in the offending letter; their declarations received widespread publicity in Israel. (See letters, p 11.)

THANK YOU  
TO  
ALL OUR VOLUNTEERS  
FOR YOUR HELP  
IN 1988

## AJR CHARITABLE TRUST

CONTRIBUTIONS  
UNDER COVENANT  
A BEQUEST  
IN YOUR WILL  
GIFTS IN  
YOUR LIFETIME

Your donation will help to ensure the continuation of our vital services to the community. These include:

DAY CENTRE  
SOCIAL SERVICES  
FINANCIAL SUPPORT  
FOR THE NEEDY

Space donated by  
Arnold R. Horwell Ltd.

## ART NOTES

Count Antoine Seilern died in 1978 bequeathing his magnificent collection, the result of nearly half a century's scholarship and purchase, to the Courtauld Institute. The superb Rubens paintings, drawings and prints, which form part of that collection, are being shown at the Courtauld until 8 January 1989. This is the last major exhibition to be held in the Woburn Square Galleries before the Institute moves to Somerset House in 1989.

In 1821 Samuel Gluckstein was born in Rheinburg. With his four sons and Barnett Salmon he started as tobacco merchants in the East End of London, developing a large retail chain which was eventually absorbed into the Imperial Tobacco Company; they also started J. Lyons & Co, the giant food and catering company. Apart from their business activities there have been many distinguished Salmons and Glucksteins: 2 Privy Councillors, 7 Knights, a Chairman of the Greater London Council, a High Court judge and former Cabinet Minister Sir Keith Joseph. But rarely mentioned is a sister of Sir Louis Gluckstein, Hannah (1895-1978), nicknamed 'Gluck', who became a successful and versatile artist; an exhibition of her paintings was recently held at the Fine Art Society and a biography by Diana Souhani published (*Pandora Press, £19.95*).

The Armistice Festival (London-Oxford) is the first international artistic commemoration of the fallen of First World War. At the Museum of Modern Art, Oxford is an exhibition (until 15 January) 'The Fallen' which includes works by British, French, German and Russian artists who lost their lives in 1914-18. The German artists include Macke, Marc, Morgner, Stenner and Albert Weisgerber. The inaugural exhibition at a new gallery Runkel-Hue-Williams, 6/8 Old Bond Street (until 11 February) is devoted to works on paper, paintings and sculpture by Max Ernst.

The Goethe-Institut, London, always has something interesting to offer. Until 10 December they are showing 46 drawings (dated between 1930 and 1957) by Willi Baumeister, Werner Heldt, Ernst Wilhelm Ney and Richard Oelze. Baumeister, dismissed from his teaching post in Frankfurt, received the 'accolade' of having four pictures in the famous 1937 Degenerate Art Exhibition; postwar he was appointed professor at the Stuttgart Academy. Heldt saw army service and was taken prisoner; he died young without changing his artistic language. Oelze retired to the countryside and during the war years painted and drew in self-imposed solitude. Ney only gained recognition as an abstractionist after the war.

The Rembrandt exhibition at the National Gallery (until 17 January) and already mentioned, should not be missed. The catalogue (price £9.95) is both erudite and informative.

On the subject of catalogues, the Toulouse-Lautrec *Catalogue Raisonné* by Dr. Götz Adriani published in connection with the exhibition at the Royal Academy (until 4 January) is a most important, immense and also delightful production. The exhibition comprises 257 prints and posters from Henri Toulouse-Lautrec's graphic work, created between 1891 and 1901. This exhibition will be followed at the Royal Academy

## PENTHOUSE STUDIO FLAT

To let in Highgate area. Magnificent views of London. Lift, C.H., ample storage, fitted kitchenette, carpeted, reasonable rent, resident warden.

Available to active single person with Jewish refugee background, preferred age 55-78.

Details from **AJR, Hannah Karminski House, 9 Adamson Road, London NW3 3HX. Tel. 01-483 2536.**

by an exhibition of Italian Art in the 20th Century (14 January - 9 April).

The Barbican has a variety of activities, one of the most innovative at this season of the year being 'Panoramania' (3 November - 15 January). It tells the story of the panorama from the 18th century to the present, including two panoramas specially conserved for the exhibition. One is a 360 degree painting of the Battle of Trafalgar and the other a 120 ft long panorama of a mid-19th century journey from London to Hong Kong. Very much something for the children, both young and old. And another curiosity 'Mr. Pooter's London' at the Geoffrye Museum (until 26 February) for those who delighted in *The Diary of a Nobody*. This is a brave attempt to depict lower middle-class life in London a century ago. If anything like the book, it should be hilarious.

The Leicestershire Museum and Art Gallery not only have a fine collection of German Impressionists, but are very enterprising in their exhibitions. Until 8 January they are holding a retrospective exhibition of paintings by Ernest Neuschul (1895-1968) to mark the forthcoming biography of the painter. Neuschul, born in Aussig (then part of Austria), studied in Prague, Vienna and Cracow before joining the Prussian Academy in Berlin in 1918. He became a member of the Novembergruppe in 1926 and worked with Arthur Segal and also became a prominent member of the Neue Sachlichkeit movement. In 1935 he emigrated to Moscow where he painted a double portrait of Stalin and Dimitroff. In 1936 he fled to Czechoslovakia and in 1939 he came to England where he continued to paint (under the name of Norland) until his death.

ALICE SCHWAB



## John Denham Gallery

50 Mill Lane, West Hampstead  
London NW6 1NJ 01-794 2635

I wish to purchase paintings and drawings by German, Austrian or British Artists, pre-war or earlier, also paintings of Jewish interest.

## SB's Column

## Austro-Jewish writers

The Viennese actress Angelica Schütz gave readings from works by Austrian Jewish writers at the Austrian Institute in London. The selection from Beer-Hofmann and Werfel to Alfred Polgar and Friedrich Torberg, often had the audience in tears as Angelica Schütz read with a splendidly adaptable and deeply moving voice. When, towards the end of the recital, the immortal humour of Fritz Gruenbaum and Karl Farkas loosened the tense atmosphere and first smiles dispersed the gloom, one was once more reminded of the greatness and versatility of those exiled or murdered writers.

Romy Schneider, international film star whose life was tragically short and touched all the heights and depths of existence, would have been 50 in September. On that occasion, Langen-Mueller published the book *Ich, Romy*, a largely autobiographical work, presented on Austrian Television in memory of a very special actress who had to endure all the vicissitudes of a world career, and who broke down prematurely when disaster after disaster overtook her private life. Her mother, film actress Magda Schneider lives in retirement in Germany.

## Birthdays

Maria Reining, a redoubtable soprano, once specially chosen by Toscanini to sing *Eva* in Salzburg in 1937, also heard regularly in Vienna, Chicago and New York, and in Covent Garden 1938 and 1948, celebrated her 85th birthday in Germany. Her Arabella and Marschallin in Rosenkavalier are particularly well remembered. Helmut Krebs, character tenor at the Deutsche Oper, Berlin for many years, is 75.

## Obituary

The death, at 71, of Austrian singer Hilde Güden did not come entirely unexpected as the celebrated soprano had suffered a stroke in 1984, and had lived in seclusion ever since. She had started out as an operetta singer, appearing under the name of Hulda Gerin in Jara Benes's operetta *Auf der grünen Wiese* at the Vienna Volksoper in 1936. For several decades Hilde Güden, a most beautiful woman with a very cultivated silvery voice, a prominent Mozart singer, but also a touching Mimi and very moving Violetta, was an opera singer whose engagements took her to many parts of the globe; she also appeared with the Vienna State Opera ensemble at the Royal Opera House in 1947. It is fortunate that she left a rich legacy of recordings: her extraordinary voice can thus still be heard everywhere including on the BBC. — Eric Frey, the Viennese actor who has died aged 81, was a member of the 'Josefstadt' ensemble for 58 years; his last rôle, only a few months ago, was in Neil Simon's *Sonny Boys*.

## Annely Juda Fine Art

11 Tottenham Mews, London W1P 9PJ  
01-637 5517/8

CONTEMPORARY PAINTING  
AND SCULPTURE

Mon-Fri: 10 am-6 pm Sat: 10 am-1 pm

## A LINK WITH THE PAST

Frankfurt's Westend Synagogue, the only one in the city to escape total destruction in the 1938 *Kristallnacht*, and soon to undergo a careful programme of restoration, was the venue of a 9 November Memorial Service under the auspices of the Jewish *Zentralrat*, with representatives of the Federal and *Länder* Governments in attendance.

Though the Synagogue was set on fire (along with 250 others throughout Nazi Germany) much of the building remained intact thanks partly, it is said, to the courage of the non-Jewish caretaker who managed to impede the Nazi arsonists.

Following wartime use as a furniture depot and some bomb damage the Synagogue was returned to the Jewish community after the liberation.

## BALTIC THAW

The Lithuanian state publishing house is planning an anthology of the writings of Abraham Mapu, the creator of the Modern Hebrew novel. The *Jewish Art in Lithuania* exhibition at Kaunas (Kovno) art gallery is featuring — for the first time in Soviet history — Jewish religious artefacts as well the work of such outstanding artists as Isak Levitan and Mark Antokolsky.

### CAMPS INTERNMENT—P.O.W.— FORCED LABOUR—KZ

I wish to buy cards, envelopes and folded post-marked letters from all camps of both world wars. Please send, registered mail, stating price, to:  
14 Rosslyn Hill, London NW3  
PETER C. RICKENBACK



## BELSIZE SQUARE SYNAGOGUE

51 BELSIZE SQUARE, NW3

We offer a traditional style of religious service with Cantor, Choir and Organ

Further details can be obtained from our synagogue secretary

Telephone 794-3949

Minister: Rabbi Rodney J. Mariner  
Cantor: Rev Lawrence H. Fine

Regular services: Friday evenings at 6.30 pm,  
Saturday mornings at 11 am

Religion school: Sundays at 10 am to 1 pm

Space donated by Pafra Limited

## B'NAI B'RITH MUSIC FESTIVAL

Extending throughout October, the 1988 Jewish Music Festival comprised a rich mix of events at different venues. The Warsaw Yiddish Theatre's performance at the Almeida Theatre was one of the most enjoyable. It was also — inevitably, given the virtual extinction of Jewish culture in Eastern Europe — painfully poignant. The director Simon Szurmiej (Ida Karminski's successor) diffused the gloom by a reversal of chronology: after the first half of the programme focusing on hardship and tragedy had ended with a Ghetto fighter's song 'Zog Nit Keynmol', the rest was given over to broad humour and wry comedy from an earlier period. The highlight of this second half was an extract from Sholem Aleichem's *Goldseekers* wherein Szurmiej gave a finely-honed performance as the blustering inebriated Russian gendarme who turns out to be an apostate from Judaism.

Such was the energy and enthusiasm of the partly-elderly cast, that they encored the main programme with a late night cabaret trailing echos of metropolitan sophistication in inter-war Warsaw. Alas, it must be reported that the audience was too sparse to provide an adequate foil for these spirited performers.

On the other hand, full house notices went out at the Actors' Church, Covent Garden, for a concert of the music of Robert Stolz, 'Last Viennese Waltz King'. Some of Stolz's compositions have genuine merit, but the overall flavour was one of whipped cream transmuted into music.

It seems regrettable that, when offered a choice between nourishing *Schmalzherring* and frothy *Schlagobers*, our kind of public opts for the latter.  
R.G.

## DUTCH (RE)TREAT

The entitlement of the widow of the one-time Dutch Nazi M.P. Rost van Tonningen to a state pension has been narrowly upheld in the Hague parliament although Tonningen, a leading wartime collaborator had committed suicide in 1945 to avoid a treason trial. After the debate Mynvrau von Tonningen — a militant neo-Nazi nicknamed the 'black widow' — thanked government MPs for their charitable sentiments.

## Jackman Trisk

associates  
Chartered surveyors,  
valuers and estate agents

26 Conduit Street  
London W1R 9TA

Telephone 01-409 0771 Telex 8814861

We buy sell let value survey and manage commercial property for Clients

## German Widows' and Widowers' Pensions

In our issue of June 1986, page 4, we published a comprehensive article on the (then) new German Social Insurance rules which were to operate as from 1 January 1986, and on the law prior to that date. We summarize below its principal contents, in view of the time limit of 31 December 1988 for the joint declaration referred to below.

The new regulations provide that Widowers can receive a widowers pension on the death of their wife after 1.1.86 (if the wife had received a German pension in her own right). However, for widows and widowers equally it is stipulated that own income of the surviving spouse, which exceeds a certain limit ('Freibetrag'), is to be deducted from the amount of the pension which is 60 per cent of the pension of the deceased spouse. 'Own income' for this purpose is income (German or non-German) from work or pensions in the person's own right. Compensation annuities under the 'Bundesentschädigungsgesetz', dependants pensions, occupational pensions and income from private life policies are not treated as 'own income'.

Married couples — where both spouses were born before 1.1.36 and the marriage took place before 1.1.86 — can make a *joint declaration that they wish the old law in force until 31.12.85 to apply*. This has the advantage that the widow's pension will be paid at the full 60 per cent of the late husband's pension, without any reduction for her own income. On the other hand, a widower is only entitled to a widower's pension if the late wife had received a German Social Insurance in her own right and had been the provider of more than one-half of the family's living expenses for a substantial period before her death. In this context, the *whole* of the late wife's income has to be taken into account.

This joint declaration must reach the German Federal Embassy or the German Insurance Authority (normally the Bundesversicherungsanstalt für Angestellte, Postfach, Berlin 88, West Berlin) by 31 December 1988 to which date we wish to draw the attention to those concerned. It only requires the signatures of husband and wife which need not be attested. Forms for this declaration can be obtained from the Bundesversicherungsanstalt or, in view of the short time, from the AJR office.

The decision on whether to opt for the old rules depends on the circumstances of each case. In the majority of cases the wish to ensure the best possible widow's pension may determine the decision, even at the possible expense of a widower's pension (which, in most cases, would not be obtainable in any event).

### Note:

A few copies of the explanatory leaflet No. 3.9050 published by the Bundesversicherungsanstalt für Angestellte are available at our office.

## ANCESTRAL VOICES

'All of a sudden a lot of young people who may be a quarter or an eighth Jewish show an interest and attend events organised by the East Berlin Jewish community.' (The writer Stefan Heym in an interview.)

**FAMILY EVENTS**

Entries in this column are free of charge, but voluntary donations would be appreciated. Texts should reach us by the 10th of the preceding month.

**Deaths**

**Herzberg:**—Marta Herzberg (née Blum) passed away on 16 October. Deeply mourned by her sons G. R. Brent and W. Martin Blum and her numerous friends.

**Prager:**—Mrs. Ursula Prager, widow of 'Vova' Prager, died peacefully on 2 November, at her Clapham Common Home, shortly after her 70th birthday. She is survived by her children, Simon, Jacob and Charlotte.

**Warburg:**—Jose Warburg (née Josepha Spiero in Hamburg 1903), widow of Max, died 26 September.

**Situations Vacant**

**PAID COMPANION** wanted for Hampstead writer for five hours twice a week. Tel: 435 1861 between 5 and 7 p.m.

REPAIRS REMODELS  
VALUATIONS COLD STORAGE

**MR. H. BROOK**

Manufacturing Furrier  
Friendly Advice by Expert

1st Floor  
47 South Molton Street,  
London W1Y 1HE  
Tel. 01-499 0791

INSURANCE PART EXCHANGE

## ORIENTAL RUGS

Bought, and  
Sold

● Saturdays and Wednesdays  
Stalls outside York Arcade,  
80 Islington High St, N1.  
(Opp Jct Liverpool Rd and  
Upper Street)

● Sundays  
Stalls outside 21 Chalk Farm  
Road, NW1.

● Mondays, Tuesdays and  
Fridays  
Visit our stockrooms any time  
by arrangement.

**DETAILS**

01-267 1841  
5-9 pm or  
before 8 am

● Repairs undertaken

**To Let**

**BEDSITTER KENTON.** Comfortable, convenient, suit young person. Kosher. Non-orthodox. £40 per week incl. Please telephone 01-907 0530 after 4 p.m./weekends.

**SELF-CONTAINED** furnished flat, 5 minutes Golders Green Station. Bedroom (twin beds), sitting room, kitchen (dining area), bathroom, toilet, built-in cupboards, own telephone, available to suitable mature, responsible couple with own interests. One to do some housekeeping and cooking and possibly occasional secretarial help, for active, elderly, professional lady. Cleaner available if needed. Rent/remuneration negotiable. References required. Box No. 1147.

**Personal**

**ATTRACTIVE** lady, 70 years young, n.o., recently widowed, interested in music and opera, would like to make acquaintance of gentleman with similar tastes for genuine friendship. Box 1149.

### RESIDENTIAL RETIREMENT HOME CHISWICK

Small private residential home offering excellent care in luxury accommodation. Catering for all diets.

Please call **Mandy on 828 0140**  
(Day-time)

**PROFESSIONAL** woman, early forties, 5'7", first generation English born, would like to meet man in 40s or 50s from similar background. Many interests, especially Jewish affairs. Has lived in U.S.A. and Israel. Box 1148.

**Miscellaneous**

**WANTED** operettas on video. Box 1146.

**WANTED** secondhand small wheelchair. Tel. 286 9447.

**ELECTRICIAN.** City and Guilds qualified. All domestic work undertaken. Y. Steinreich. Tel: 455 5262.

**REVLON MANICURIST.** Will visit your home. Phone 01-445 2915.

I AM a collector who is looking for old Jewish and Palestine picture postcards. Even single cards purchased. David Pearlman, 36 Asmunds Hill, London NW11. Telephone 455 2149.

**Information Required**

I AM a senior student writing a dissertation on the impact of Jewish refugees in North West London. I would be grateful for any informa-

**HOUSEKEEPER**

for elderly lady, resident or part-time, comfortable warm flat, Golders Green area. Other help kept. Top wages and conditions. References required. **Telephone 402 4700.**

## IRENE FASHIONS

formerly of Swiss Cottage

The new autumn and winter collections of English and Continental fashions have arrived. A wonderful selection of Coats, Rainwear and Co-ordinates. Dresses and Two-pieces in many lovely fabrics and, for that special occasion, something unusual as always.

For an early appointment kindly ring before 11 am  
or after 7 pm **346 9057.**

## ANTHONY J. NEWTON & CO

**SOLICITORS**

22 Fitzjohns Avenue, Hampstead, NW3 5NB

**INTERNATIONAL LAW AGENTS**  
with Offices in: Europe/Jersey/USA

**SPECIALISTS** in all Legal Work:  
Conveyancing/Wills/Probate/Trusts/Company  
and Litigation

Telephone: 01 435 5351/01 794 9696

tion and/or interviews with former refugees. Please phone Elaine 794 9282.

**BECHOEFER.** Rosa Bechoefer, born 7.7.1898 Ansbach. Registered domestic servant on her own 30.4.1943. Mother of twins. Would anyone who remembers Rosa please telephone 0788 76925. Urgent.

**BERLY.** Would anyone having information about Gisela Berly (née Meyers), emigrated from Germany before the war, last known address 9 Heys View, Prestwich, Lancashire, please contact Max Heinz Meyers, 23 Algernon Street, Oatley, NSW, Australia or the Australian Jewish Welfare Society, 140-146 Darlinghurst Road, Darlinghurst, NSW 2010, Australia.

**STRAUS.** Sisters Erna and/or Lotte, born in Cologne. Please contact M. Veltman (Ted Levy), 11 Holly Walk, Silsoe, Bedfordshire.

**EXPERT TUITION**

FOR BAR/BAT MITZVAH AND ALSO LITURGICAL HEBREW FOR ADULTS AND CHILDREN BY HIGHLY EXPERIENCED TEACHER.

Please phone: **Martin Lawrence 958 5966**

**'SHIREHALL'**

Licensed by the Borough of Barnet **Home for the elderly, convalescent and incapacitated**

- Single rooms comfortably appointed
- 24-hour nursing care
- Excellent cuisine
- Long and short-term stay

Telephone:

Matron 01-202 7411 or  
Administrator 078 42 52056

93 Shirehall Park,  
Hendon NW4  
(near Brent Cross)

### FOR FAST EFFICIENT FRIDGE & FREEZER REPAIRS

7-day service  
All parts guaranteed



**J. B. Services**

Tel. 202-4248  
until 9 pm

**SALES & REPAIRS**

Television - Videos - Aerials - Radios -  
Stereos - Electrical Appliances

**NEW & SECONDHAND TV'S/VIDEOS  
FOR SALE**

Tel: **01-909 3169** Answerphone  
**AVI'S TV SERVICE**  
A. EISENBERG

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Sir — Thanks for publishing my appeal for Jewish Prayer Books with German translation and according to the German Ritus, which cannot be used in this country. Many readers contacted me and some of the books which I received have been requested by my contacts in Wuerzburg and Zuerich. I omitted to mention that they would also be interested in German books about Jewish history or Jewish laws, for which I would be grateful.

75 Allerton Road,  
London N16

E. J. ROSENTHAL

### CATS' CRADLE

Sir — Your report seems to invite your readers to judge T. S. Eliot's writings and Wagner's music and operas not on their artistic merit and content but on whether the authors were antisemitic or made antisemitic remarks.

Thus Dickens's novels seem deemed acceptable because he atoned for his portrayal of Fagin and so seem Shakespeare's plays because he may not himself have known any Jews. (Yet at the time the sensational trial of Queen Elizabeth's personal Jewish physician gave Shakespeare's Shylock topicality.)

This dangerous impression may lead to an escape into a self-imposed Ghetto of moral piety once more denying basic humanity in favour of (philo- or antisemitic) typification. I hope you will dispel it and assure us that your Journal would not countenance it.

89 Alleyn Road,  
London SE21

M. L. MEYER

*What seems to be argued here is a counsel of perfection: bring to any work of art a mind unclouded by estimates of its creator. In reality though, can we, when listening to late Beethoven, or looking at Van Gogh, completely shut out awareness of the one's deafness and the other's derangement?*

*As to the imputation of ghetto building: holding up antisemitic writers to obloquy is not an escape into moral piety but a prerequisite for the humanisation of literature. Philosemitism is such a 'minority art form' that very few people even know the meaning of the term. Ed.*

### STIFLED ECHO

Sir — The reason why Mr. Henry Toch does not find movements like Peace Now among the Palestinians is because the Israeli authorities have banned all political organisations in the Occupied Territories.

Individuals like Hanna Seniora, editor of the East Jerusalem Al Fajr, have preached peace and co-existence with Israel for many years.

17 Roy Gardens,  
Ilford, Essex

PETER PRAGER

### ALPDRUCK IN BAD GASTEIN

Sir — Not only need the Israeli who wanted to spend a holiday in Austria not be surprised at the treatment he got, but it serves him jolly well right.

Any one of our people, i.e. ex-refugees, who are thick-skinned and insensitive enough to visit Austria under the present circumstances should be thoroughly ashamed of themselves and deserve all they get.

I sincerely hope that you published this article to warn and rebuke those people misguided enough still to want to visit that Nazi country.

140 Carisbrook Road,  
Leicester LE2 3PE

HENRY MORTIMER

With best wishes from  
**VICTORINOX**  
Swiss Knives of Quality

### NOMEN EST OMEN

The name of the chairman of the West German Communist Party is Herbert Mies. Almost as appropriate as the name of the head of the Nazi Labour Front which was Robert Ley (pronounced lie).

### NATIONAL COSTUME

*'Was dem Basken seine Baskenmütze, ist dem Österreicher seine Niedertracht. Beachten Sie die Niedertrachtzüge auf der Wiener Ringstrasse'* (Anti-Waldheim campaigner Andre Heller).

### BELSIZE SQUARE SYNAGOGUE 51 Belsize Square, London, N.W.3

Our communal hall is available for cultural and social functions. For details apply to:  
Secretary, Synagogue Office.

**Tel: 01-794 3949**

*Israel's  
Very finest Wines*

SHIPPED BY

**HOUSE OF  
HALLGARTEN**

**YARDEN and GAMLA  
AVAILABLE NOW**

Please write or phone for  
full information

**HOUSE OF HALLGARTEN  
53 HIGHGATE ROAD  
LONDON NW5 1RR**

**01-267 2041**

### HEDI FISHER INTRODUCTIONS

45/46 CHALK FARM ROAD  
LONDON NW1 8AJ

01-267 6066 - W/E & Eve 01-958 4973

Professional  
business  
clientele  
High success  
rate



Personal  
caring service  
Guaranteed  
introductions

FOR THE ELDERLY

### ROSEMOUNT WEST HAMPSTEAD

Offering a quiet, relaxed and non-institutional atmosphere, full board and accommodation in very large rooms with en-suite bathrooms.

- ★ Spacious lounge and dining room
- ★ Garden
- ★ Lift
- ★ Intercom in all rooms

**Moderate charges.**

For further information please contact:  
**Raynor Gold,**  
17 Parsifal Road, London, NW6 1UG.  
Telephone: 01-431 2512

## JOACHIM PRINZ

Rabbi Prinz who died in Brookside, U.S.A. aged 86, had been born in Burkhardsdorf (Upper Silesia) and studied at the Jewish Theological Seminary in Breslau and the University of Giesen. During his student days he was active in the Zionist fraternity K.J.V.

In 1926, when only 24, he became the youngest Rabbi of the Berlin Jewish community. His colourful personality and unconventional approach to his vocation attracted a wide public, especially members of the younger generation.

When the Nazis came to power, he became a pillar of strength to his fellow Jews, through sermons in the overcrowded *Friedenstempel* which helped keep up their morale amidst persecution and humiliation. Speaking in the presence of Gestapo officials, he did not shirk from criticising measures of the regime. This resulted in repeated arrests, until he was forced to emigrate in 1937.

Notwithstanding his appeal to Jewish youth to build their lives anew in Palestine, he emigrated to the U.S., following a call from Rabbi Stephen Wise, then President of the American Jewish Congress. He quickly became familiar with the way of life and language of his country of resettlement. Two years after his arrival he was appointed Rabbi of the B'ne Abraham Temple in Newark (N.J.), a position he held until he retired at the age of 75.

### AN ANNOUNCEMENT

AJR Information welcomes well written contributions from readers wishing to communicate interesting reminiscences or views on topics of common concern. We are also on the lookout for general contributors with a literary flair.

THE EDITOR

A leading figure in American Jewry at large, he was elected president of the American Jewish Congress, member of the Presidium of the World Jewish Congress, chairman of the Conference of Presidents of Major American-Jewish organisations and Board member of the Claims Conference. A friend of Martin Luther King, he marched as one of the ten leaders of the 1963 Washington human rights demonstration and spoke to the thousands assembled there on behalf of American Jewry.

Joachim Prinz was also a prolific writer. His book *Wir Juden*, written in 1933 under the impact of events in Germany, had a wide echo; works published in America included *Popes from the Ghetto* and *The Dilemma of the Modern Jew*.

Though, unlike some other former communal leaders, he was not actively associated with organisations for German-Jewish immigrants to the States, he would take up their interests whenever need arose.

W.R.

## THE SEWERS OF LVOV

During the time of the Nazi occupation of Lvov in eastern Poland, a small group of Jews — out of a ghetto population of 150,000 — attempted to save themselves from extinction by hiding in the sewers beneath the city. Having escaped the final liquidation of the ghetto, they established a small underground community with the help of some sympathetic Catholic sewer workers.

They imagined they might have to hold out for about six weeks. In the event, they survived for fourteen months. In July 1944, after Lvov had been liberated by the Red Army, eleven of the original group emerged from the sewers; of those only four are still alive today. Their story of survival amidst unimaginable suffering is the subject of a Timewatch documentary (made with the assistance of the Soviet authorities) which BBC 2 will transmit on 11 January 1989.

## ROAD TO DAMASCUS

During his state visit to Syria the Austrian President Waldheim asked for the extradition of war criminal Alois Brunner. Austrian-born Brunner, an Eichmann aide responsible for 120,000 Jewish deaths, has been the subject of extradition demands by several European governments for years.

### DAWSON HOUSE HOTEL

- Free Street Parking in front of the Hotel
- Full Central Heating ● Free Laundry
- Free Dutch-Style Continental Breakfast

#### 72 CANFIELD GARDENS

Near Underground Sta. Finchley Rd,  
LONDON, N.W.6.  
Tel: 01-624 0079

### AUDLEY REST HOME

(Hendon)

for Elderly Retired Gentlefolk

Single and Double Rooms with wash basins and central heating. TV lounge and dining-room overlooking lovely garden.

24-hour care—long and short term.

Licensed by the Borough of Barnet  
Enquiries 202 2773/8967

### WHY NOT ADVERTISE IN AJR INFORMATION?

Please telephone the Advertisement Dept.

01-483 2536

### C. H. WILSON

Carpenter  
Painter and Decorator  
French Polisher  
Antique Furniture Repaired  
Tel: 452 8324

### MAPESBURY LODGE

(Licensed by the Borough of Brent)

for the elderly, convalescent and partly incapacitated.

Lift to all floors.

Luxurious double and single rooms. Colour TV, h/c, central heating, private telephones, etc., in all rooms. Excellent kosher cuisine. Colour TV lounge. Open visiting. Cultivated Gardens.

Full 24-hour nursing care.

Please telephone  
sister-in-charge, 450 4972  
17 Mapesbury Road, N.W.2

### Buecher in deutscher Sprache, Bilder und Autographen

sucht

A. W. MYTZE  
1 The Riding, London NW11.

Tel: 01-586-7546

Ich bitte um detaillierte Angebote

### ALTERATIONS

Carried out efficiently. Also customers own material made up.

Willesden area  
Tel: 459 5817

### WANTED

## OLD BOOKS

pref. illustrated,  
scholarly, or Jewish, any kind!

MRS. E. M. SCHIFF

Tel: 205 2905

### B. HIRSCHLER— JEWISH BOOKSELLER

Jewish Books in any language  
and Hebrew Books

Highest prices paid

Telephone: 01-800 6395

### GERMAN BOOKS BOUGHT

Art, Literature, typography,  
generally pre-war non classical

### B. HARRISON

The Village Bookshop  
46 Belsize Lane, N.W.3  
Tel: 01-794 3180

## DRESSMAKER

HIGHLY QUALIFIED  
VIENNA TRAINED

St. Johns Wood Area  
Phone for appointment:  
01-328 8718

### TORRINGTON HOMES

MRS. PRINGSHEIM, S.R.N.,  
MATRON  
For Elderly, Retired and Convalescent

(Licensed by Borough of Barnet)

- \*Single and Double Rooms.
- \*H/C Basins and CH in all rooms.
- \*Gardens, TV and reading rooms.
- \*Nurse on duty 24 hours.
- \*Long and short term, including trial period if required.

From £180 per week  
01-445 1244 Office hours  
01-455 1335 other times  
39 Torrington Park, N.12

### RELIABLE & CAPABLE PLUMBER

offers a complete 24-hour  
plumbing service. Small  
jobs welcome. Please ring

JOHN ROSENFELD  
on 837 4569

### GERMAN BOOKS BOUGHT

Metropolis Antiquarian Books  
Specialist Dealers in  
German Books

Always Buying  
Books, Autographs, Ephemera

Eric Brueck  
115 Cholmley Gardens  
London NW6  
Tel 01-435 2753