

# AJR Information

Volume L No. 2  
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Don't miss...

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**Dear Victoria**  
**Gillick,**

**T**he TV exposé of Mother Theresa made you allege a Jewish-Muslim conspiracy against Catholicism. I readily concede Michael Grade's Jewish parentage, not to mention Tariq Ali's Moslem one. Will you, for your part, openly acknowledge the Apostle Paul né Shaul – and admit that the co-founder of the Jesuit Order Diego Lainez and the Vatican painter Anton Raffael Mengs had Jewish forebears, that Hofmannsthal wrote the Passion play *Jedermann*, that Mahler composed the *Resurrection Symphony*, that Werfel penned *The Song of Bernadette* and that Lustiger is Archbishop of Paris. Suggests a pro-Catholic conspiracy to me! Doesn't it to you? Sincerely,  
Richard Grunberger

Crucial questions: war-war or jaw jaw?

## Winter's Crop of Dragon's Teeth

**T**he medium-sized wars along the perimeter of Europe – in Chechnya and Algeria – cast shadows over 1995. What links the two conflagrations is that, in both, indigenous Muslim populations are a party to the conflict. The Muslim Chechen want to secede from (Christian) Russia; in Algeria, fanatical Islamicists are battling their own Westernised, but corrupt, government.

Russia, already shorn of the other ex-Soviet Republics, wants to preserve its territory – an aim the Great Powers sympathise with. In a way Chechnya resembled Biafra which none of the major players at the UN wanted to form an independent state a quarter of a century ago.

The Biafran War generated large-scale atrocities. The same, unsurprisingly, happened during the bat-

tle for Grozny. Metaphorically though, the worst atrocity of the war in Chechnya was that it placed the democratic government of Russia in the same trench as the Pan-Slav mini-Hitler Zhirinovskiy. It would surely not have been beyond the bounds of human ingenuity for Moscow to agree terms with more moderate Chechens, but once Yeltsin ordered in the army they all united behind the hardline secessionist Dudayev. Now the danger is that the thump of soldiers' boots might resonate through the Kremlin. (But we can at least take comfort from the fact that when Yeltsin used Soviet means for Tsarist ends, Yelena Bonner, Sakharov's Jewish widow, stood up to be counted as she had done in the glory days of '89).

If the anti-Muslim forces could have tried conciliation in Chechnya, no such alternative presented itself in Algeria. The country's entire history – under French colonialism, during the independence war, and in its Third World phase – had created a political culture inimical to compromise. (Typically present-day Algeria is totally *judenrein*, unlike her neighbours Morocco and Tunisia).

The Islamicists locked into a life-and-death struggle with President Zeroual have declared war not only on their government, but on the West and the very spirit of modernity. It is no exaggeration to say that they are implacably at odds with civilisation itself. Their victory would turn Algeria into a Jurassic Iran. It would tip the balance of power inside the Muslim world towards blackest reaction – with dire consequences for the West, not to mention Israel. Nor, as demonstrated in Afghanistan, would an Islamicist triumph benefit the Algerian people themselves.

At the same time it is true the majority of Algerians voted for the Islamic Party and that Western backers of the Zeroual government are thwarting the will of the people. Such, alas, are the dilemmas facing democrats in the age of uncertainty that followed the end of the Cold War. □

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## The German-Jewish Dilemma

An international conference on the German-Jewish Dilemma is to be held at the University of Sussex, from 12 to 24 March 1995, organised by the Centre for German-Jewish Studies.

Is Germany to be regarded as "Heimat, the place where a sensitive period of one's youth was spent?" asks John Rossall in a thought-provoking article about a refugees' reunion in Bonn, published in the November 1994 issues of *AJR Information*. Or is it "the hub of a land of horror which the surviving victims should forever shun?" As the fiftieth anniversary of the defeat of National Socialism approaches, the crimes perpetrated by the Nazi régime in the name of Germany will again come under intensive scrutiny. However, commemorations of the Holocaust should not lead us to ignore the earlier, more creative dimensions of German-Jewish history.

In an attempt to address these contradictions, a new Centre for German-Jewish studies is being set up at the University of Sussex. The Conference on *The German-Jewish Dilemma: From the Enlightenment to the Holocaust*, is one of the first events to be organised by the Centre. The Conference is open to anyone with an interest in the subject, and aims to examine the achievements of emancipation as well as the countercurrents of antisemitism. The contribution which Jewish refugees and their families have made to British cultural life will form one focus for the Centre's teaching and research.

For further information please contact Renate Braimah, Centre for German-Jewish Studies, Arts Building, University of Sussex, Brighton BN1 9QN. Tel: 0273 606755. Closing date for applications to attend is 28 February. □

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## Profile

### The magistrate

Nine-year-old Inge arrived here from Vienna in late 1938 – followed by her mother and architect father before war broke out. Put in these terms the family seemed to have made an auspicious start in the UK. Reality, though, was otherwise. The father was unable to find work. The mother suffered from TB aggravated by persecution, and Inge, unhappy with the London family 'fostering' her, had become a bedwetter.

Within a matter of months war came and all three were institutionalised, the father in the Pioneer Corps, the mother in hospital – her last home – and Inge at boarding school in Dorset where she was infinitely happier than in London.

In 1945 the widowed father returned to civvy street and married a fellow refugee. Inge, newly transmogrified into Jo(anne), soon joined them. With her new family as a stable backdrop, she was to combine daytime work in an office with evening



Jo Kessler J.P.

study at the London School of Economics. She aimed at a Social Science degree, but entry to the course was restricted to full-time students, so Jo had to settle for second best – an Economics degree with Sociology as special subject. (She now says the Economics qualification has always been a liability because of her lack of interest in the subject).

In other respects, though, attendance at

LSE proved less frustrating: Jo met a fellow evening student with Austro-Jewish antecedents whom she married in the early 1950s.

Hereafter, her life revolved largely around home and family, though she also taught Liberal Synagogue classes. Then, after twenty years given over to domestic routines, Jo returned to her great love: social work. She began as advice worker at the Citizen's Advice Bureau in West Hampstead where she acquired considerable expertise in handling elderly, continental ladies. Appointed a magistrate in Tottenham several years later, she eventually rose to be Chairman of the Family Court – work she found particularly stimulating.

But the jewel in Jo Kessler's social work crown was the establishment of two Old Age Homes in N.W. London planned on a 'human scale' (i.e. with under a dozen residents). She expresses enormous gratitude for help with the project to the Abbeyfield Association and the Liberal Jewish Synagogue. (Mention of the latter neatly closes the circle since the LJS actually brought little Inge over to England all those years ago).

□R.G.



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## Alibi fabricators

As the 'Cash crisis' unfolded I had a strong feeling of *déjà vu*. Where had I read of Jews trivialising palpable antisemitism before? (*Spectator* editor Dominic Lawson – ex-Chancellor Nigel's son – and deputy editor Anne Appelbaum had absolved the author of the notorious article on 'Jew-dominated Hollywood' of antisemitism; William Cash, the *Spectator's* man in LA, they asserted, was no Jewbaiter, just a snob).

Now in the nineteenth century there was a rabbi at Giessen whose musically gifted son eventually became Bavarian Court *Kapellmeister*. One day Rabbi Levi sent his son an anguished letter asking him what he was doing dancing attendance on the *roshe* Richard Wagner. Hermann Levi wrote back assuring the rabbi that Wagner was *frei von jedem kleinlichen Risches* – free of all petty Jew hatred. In other words, Levi, conductor of the première of *Parsifal*, absolved Wagner (who had wanted to deprive him of that honour and been overruled by the Bavarian King) of all baseness; the composer's antisemitism, he implied, was of an elevated 'philosophical' variety.

It is a regrettable but, alas, undeniable fact that throughout the diaspora we have never lacked Jews with above-average intelligence – and correspondingly below-average character – who fabricated persuasive and unsolicited alibis for antisemites. This is not to say that either Hermann Levi or Dominic Lawson could be accused of lack of integrity – although the former did kow-tow shamefully before Wagner and the latter has long kept the Judeophobe gossip writer Taki on his payroll.

Not a million miles away from these have been cases of Jewish individuals actually derogating fellow-Jews in the hope that thereby they might gain exemption from antisemitic obloquy for themselves. A leading exemplar of the type was the sixteenth-century apostate Johannes Pfefferkorn who, not content with having labelled his former faith, procured an imperial licence to confiscate and burn all copies of the Talmud in the Rhineland. 350 years later the chief witness for the prosecution in the Tisza-Eszlar ritual murder trial was, similarly, the local synagogue beadle's son – but it should be said in extenuation that he was a psychological case.

In contrast to the shammas' son, most of the Jewish antisemites, i.e. lapsed Jews

who attacked Judaism or Jewry, belonged to the intellectual elite. Marx and Lassalle equated capitalism with the spirit of Judaism, Walter Rathenau thought self-indulgent Jewishness incompatible with self-disciplined Germanness, Otto Weiniger saw Jews as originators of human evil, Karl Kraus and Walter Mehring depicted them as war and inflation profiteers, etc., etc.

Of late the warcry 'Black is beautiful' has become a vociferous antidote to the sense of inferiority internalized by many Blacks living in white society. The eagerness with which, even now – half a century after the Holocaust and the creation of Israel – Jews demonstrate their 'broadmindedness' by trivialising instances of antisemitism (and its not-so-distant cousin, anti-Zionism) shows that we need a similar morale-boosting mantra. May I suggest 'Jewish is heartwarming' which makes up in uplift for what it lacks in punch and alliteration.

□ R.G.

## The two faces of a German town

Essen now has a small Jewish community with a new synagogue and a centre built in the mid-fifties. Around 250-300 members presently form the Jewish congregation. In the last three years the numbers have almost tripled with the inflow of Russian immigrants.

Still the congregation cannot afford a rabbi and the regional rabbi in charge has to cater for a constituency as large as the entire Northern counties of the Rhine river area. He lives in Aachen, on the Belgian-German border, and sees the community only on special occasions. For the high holidays cantors from Antwerp or Amsterdam are invited. Most regular services are led by a non-professional cantor.

When you go to the Saturday service you have to pass police or security controls. In the synagogue you will find a special group of worshippers: alongside the quorum of halachically Jewish men there are usually two to three times as many "other" people: Russian families with their relatives and friends, Jewish and non-Jewish alike and a small crowd of Christian visitors.

But the synagogue – with its mixed

German-Russian membership – with its prayers and its policed access, and with its group of non-Jewish guests – is only one part of a kind of Jewish "double presence" in the town. There is also the old or former synagogue with its exhibitions, workshops and programmes: its shrine is open and empty... But when you ask anybody in the town about Jewish life – the answer will usually refer to the much more visible "Old Synagogue". Indeed, most citizens would link Judaism to "museum" and Jews to "Holocaust". They would not even know about the police car in front of the present synagogue. And if they happened to see one at the door of the former synagogue, they will think the mayor is there to address an Israeli delegation. Essen is twinned with Tel Aviv... These two faces of the Jewish presence in my town are a phenomenon which you will find in other German towns – with the exception of Berlin, Munich and perhaps Frankfurt. There the larger Jewish communities have a new visibility. In Essen people would not usually know if their neighbour is Jewish. You would not find his or her name in the telephone directory – one way to keep away hate and threat calls... And when I, as a non-Jew, come to the synagogue with my *kippah* on, some regular members ask me with great amazement: "How do you dare wear it in the street?"

□ Rev. G.W. Rammenzweig  
Principal, Predigerseminar, Essen  
(Extracted from *Manna Magazine*,  
autumn 1994)

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## Lewandowski centenary

A century has passed since the death, in Berlin, of Louis Lewandowski, the leading composer of synagogue music, whose settings have kept their place in the Ashkenazi liturgy everywhere, spreading from Berlin to this country and the USA.

Lewandowski was born in Wreschen (near Poznan) in 1821 and had an orthodox upbringing. He went to Berlin aged 12 and assisted the *chazan* at the oldest synagogue in the city, which dated back to the father of Frederick the Great, and maintained an orthodox liturgy until our own time. The gifted boy eventually read music at Berlin University with A.B. Marx, a German-Jewish musicologist, one of the founders of the Stern Conservatoire.

After the emancipation of the Jews in Prussia, there were strong endeavours to bring order and decorum to the synagogue services in order to stem the drift away from Judaism which had assumed rather alarming proportions. In Vienna, parallel efforts were led by Solomon Sulzer, a famous cantor and composer who had enjoyed some co-operation from Schubert.

In Berlin, Lewandowski began his career as choirmaster of the *Alte Synagoge*. In 1866 he transferred to the *Neue Synagoge Oranienburgerstrasse*, one of the largest, with 3,000 seats. Here the liturgy was liberal, with mixed choir and organ. In the 1870s Lewandowski published *Kol Rinnah* in two-part settings, and the larger *Todah VeZimrah* for four-part choir and (optional) organ. The foundations of his recitatives were traditional and based on East European melody; this was rooted in his own traditional background, reinforced by contact with Eastern immigrants. His choral settings are very strongly indebted to Felix Mendelssohn; I personally feel that Lewandowski made the contribution to synagogue music which Mendelssohn might have made had he not been taken away from Judaism by his parents at a tender age.

What lends quality to Lewandowski's settings are his gift for popular melodic invention, solid mastery of harmony and counterpoint, and, above all, his power to give dignified expression to the religious message of his texts. As outstanding examples of his power I would mention his

music for *Mazkir*, his *Zocharti Loch*, his settings of Psalm 93, his *Kedusha* for the High Holydays and his organ accompaniment for the *Avodah (Yom Kippur)*, based on a medieval Central European melody. It also appears that Protestant churches in Berlin used a few of his German Psalm settings. Though Jewish composers in our century have made substantial contributions to the liturgy, they have not diminished Lewandowski's enduring appeal.

□Hans Freyhan

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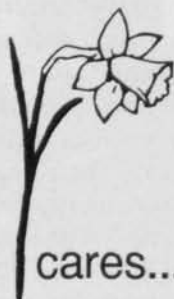
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## Doubtful Thomas

D.M. Thomas, *EATING PAVLOVA*, Bloomsbury, 1994, £15.99

**D**M. Thomas has long been fascinated by psychoanalysis which, unlike him, was born among Jewish Vienna's bourgeoisie, but this time he has laid hand on Sigmund Freud himself. Neither Freudians nor detractors will approve; for the former the book will seem too anti, too revelatory, and for the latter too pro, too forgiving of faults and mistakes.

Who says so? Why, Uncle Siggi in (alleged) person. He tells his life story, partly to his devoted daughter Anna and partly to himself, as he waits for death in Maresfield Gardens, Hampstead, at the beginning of the Second World War. The cancer in his jaw is eating him; injections of pain-killers confuse his mind. He mistakes the sirens of air war for psychic phenomena, but still he pontificates and interprets ... misinterprets a good deal even on matters of plain fact.

Fictional Freud is much exercised by his complicated family history. He tells of a weak father and a mother who would have given anybody an Oedipus complex; half his siblings go under the title *step*, for the weak sire was a strong womaniser.

Ambivalence abounds. There is a long and interesting tale about the courtship and marriage with Martha Bernays, according to *this* Freud the grand-daughter of a rabbi and the daughter of a swindler. Then he goes and makes her the illegitimate child of a maid, brought up in the home of the Pappenheims (whose daughter Bertha was his patient in a famous analysis report). Later the Bernays adopt her. Then he tells the astonished and shaken Anna that this is mostly untrue. To top it all, he seasons his anecdotes with, often very funny, Jewish jokes.

Then there is Freud the Prophet. In his mind he sees the world up to the end of the twentieth century. A feat, since he died on 23 September 1939. But Thomas rescues this piece of his own hindsight and Freud's incredible foresight by making him explain our mad times, with the characters of whom we know and he could not have known, as myths made flesh -- like his "Egyptian" Moses.

The end is moving. Sigmund, resting in the garden, dying and perhaps already dead, finds himself in his study once more by the famous couch among the statues he collected, and he feels a chill and he realises he is in a shrine, or a museum. And yet, would he not have wished such an eternal life for himself?

□ John Rossall

## Retrial

**G**ermany's highest court has ruled that a suspended sentence passed on Günther Deckert, the leader of the far-Right National Democrat Party, for denying the Holocaust, is too lenient. He now faces a retrial. The case has not deterred Deckert from continuing to pursue his neo-Nazi activities, which include ignoring a ban on visiting Buchenwald and telling a Jewish communal leader to leave the country.

## War crimes unit to be disbanded

**I**t has been reported that the Government is to close the special police unit investigating war criminals living in Britain. Confirmation was given by the Home Office that the team of detectives and historians set up by the Metropolitan Police will receive no more special funding after March this year.

The unit was formed following the passage of the War Crimes Act of 1991 which retrospectively made possible trials in Britain for offences committed in Nazi and Soviet-held territory during World War II. The Crown Prosecution Service is yet to decide whether or not to act against any of the 343 named suspects.

## West End world

**C**ontrary to the popular mythology inherited by contemporary generations of London's Jewry, the East End of London was by no means the only place of settlement for Russian, Polish and other Eastern European Jews seeking a new land in which to practise their religion, ply their trades, work their craft skills and raise their children at the turn of the century. London's liberal political climate and burgeoning empire-based wealth was infinitely preferable to that of the despotic regimes and recurrent programs of their birthplaces. Equally deserving of our interest is the Jewish West End which, in its heyday, was a most vibrant and productive community.

After the Jews' resettlement in (Cromwell's) England in 1656, the majority did, of course, establish themselves east of and close to the multifarious commerce of the City of London. From the mid-eighteenth century a move to the more fashionable 'West End' of London

began. The wealthy settled in Covent Garden, Bloomsbury, Mayfair and Marylebone, followed by the craftsmen and then the main group of poor immigrants who arrived from Eastern Europe at the end of the nineteenth century and settled in Soho and Fitzrovia.

The Jewish population of the West End peaked in the 1930s at about 25,000, by which time it had become the fulcrum of Anglo-Jewry, many Jewish institutions having moved from the East End to the West End. Hitler's blitzkrieg finally destroyed any lingering hope that the West End's Jews would survive as a community into the postwar period, though institutions like the legendary West Central clubs lived on in other forms well into the 1980s before succumbing to the inevitable.

A group of former West Enders, led by Sally Fiber whose father improbably was the publican of the Fitzroy Tavern, took some four years to research and present an exhibition, 'Living Up West', in association with the London Museum of Jewish Life. The exhibits reflected the im-

portance of the West End synagogues and chedarim, popular ones being found in Soho Square and Minette Street, the schools, which were full of the children of the ubiquitous Jewish tailors, and of the West Central Girls' and Boys' Clubs.

Nothing can be written to excess about the selfless generosity, commitment and dedication of the Montagu sisters, the indefatigable Lily and her ever-supportive elder sister Marian, daughters of Liberal M.P. Samuel Montagu, the first Lord Swaythling. They created a generation of enlightened young women, daughters of immigrant Yiddish-speaking tailors and their desperately hard working wives. They gave their girls entrée to English literature, drama, ballet, music, dance -- many of the finer things then considered the prerogative of society's upper echelons. Though spinsters to their dying days, Miss Lily and Miss Marian nurtured a huge family of women whose influence has permeated throughout Anglo-Jewry and beyond. I know because my mother, Esther Simon, was one of them.

□ Ronald Channing

# Letters to the Editor

## FREUD'S PSYCHOTIC COMPATRIOTS

Sir - I send you Carl Zuckmayer's eye witness account of the Anschluss to add to your December editorial.

"In the evening all hell broke loose. The underworld had opened its portals and spewed out the basest, most horrible, uncleanest spirits. The city was turned into a nightmare picture by Hieronymos Bosch: it seemed as if lemurs and semi-demons had hatched from mud eggs and crawled out of mired cracks in the ground. The air was filled with the incessant wild screeching emerging from the throats of men and women, which continued to shrill for days and nights; and all the people lost their faces, they had turned into grotesques: some in fear, others in lies, others again in hateful triumph. I have seen *something* in my life of unleashed human passion, horror and panic. I participated in the first war in a dozen major battles. I happened to be in the midst of the street crowd in Munich on the day of the Hitler *putsch* in 1923. I experienced in Berlin the first days of Nazi rule. None of this compared with the events in Vienna the days after the Nazi armies marched in. What was unleashed here was an explosion of envy, resentment and bitterness, a blind, malevolent desire for vengeance, while all other voices were being condemned to silence."

Moor Road South Dr. Herbert Loebel OBE  
Newcastle-upon-Tyne

## LISE MEITNER

Sir - Though I cannot enlighten Mr. Steinhardt (letters, December issue) as to where Lise Meitner is buried, I may just be able to give him a few leads.

In 1980 I bought a quantity of books and papers from Mrs. Ulla Frisch, the widow of Meitner's nephew and collaborator, Prof. Otto Robert Frisch. The more important papers, which related to their joint paper published in *Nature* on 11 February 1939 - the paper which first used the word 'fission' in connection with an atomic nucleus - are now in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge. It is possible that the librarian or archivist

there may know of the grave's whereabouts. It may be that Mrs. Frisch is still alive - she lived in Cambridge at the time - or it may be possible to locate one of the Frisch children, who would surely know.

It may also be worth contacting the Cavendish laboratory, with which Meitner and Frisch had a connection.

I don't know if the papers are yet available to the public, but they make fascinating reading. Meitner's letters of January 1939 are a mixture of science and personal worries. She mentions the difficulties of getting her parents out of Austria and says that they are so unaware of the seriousness of their situation that they are worrying about bringing their pet bird with them.

Rosebery Road Graham Weiner  
London N10

## CONSECRATION OF THE HOUSE

Sir - I much enjoy reading *AJR Information* and especially appreciate the monthly editorial, but I must criticise R.G. for omitting in the list of Jewish opera and music drama composers arguably this century's greatest - George Gershwin. He fits into the above category with his operatic masterpiece *Porgy and Bess*, and even many of his songs equal in quality some of Schubert's finest!

Was this snobbery or just a careless omission?

Lyndale Avenue Marianne Kaye  
London NW2

## SECOND LANGUAGE

Sir - I thoroughly enjoyed your article. The four words you first mention tally exactly with my own memories, but I do not think 'Povel' should be spelt Pofel - after all (like the Gaelic-Irish 'Poblacht') it comes from Populus.

Besides, I must disagree with your analysis of the 'Papirene Hoisen': Franz Joseph *never*, at least after 1866, wore white trousers!

Chapmans Lane Francis Steiner  
Deddington, Banbury

Sir - From my arrival in January 1939, until such time as I became fluent in English, I was constantly asked 'Vie glaachst du England'? Puzzled, I assumed, as it turned out correctly, that I was being asked how I liked England.

Some years later the linguistic distortion of the phrase became clear. It was the use of the German word 'gleich' or Yiddish 'glaach' in English 'like' in the wrong sense, that was at the root of the strange question, 'Vie glaachst du England'.

Canterbury Court Paula Hill  
Woodlands, London NW11

## BRESLAU RESTORATION

Sir - With the opening of the Iron Curtain I took the chance to work in Poland from 1991. In Wroclaw/Breslau I got to know about the rich Jewish tradition of the city dating back to German times. The tragedy there is the state of Jewish graveyards and of the Weisse Storch Synagogue, a classical 1830s building which survived Nazi barbarism, but will surely be completely ruined if action is not taken immediately.

A significant number of Polish intellectuals in Silesia would support an initiative to save the synagogue as well as the second Jewish graveyard in Wroclaw. The German consulate in Wroclaw tries its best to get restoration going, but without much success so far because of legal disputes. Pressure from an international public might speed up the bureaucratic procedures in Poland!

Wolfenbütteler Strasse 10 Gerhard Zamzow  
D-30519 Hannover



Exterior of the Weisse Storch Synagogue in Breslau, in urgent need of restoration.

**PILLAR OF THE COMMUNITY**

Sir - Though very pleased to see my brother's profile in the December issue, I was extremely dismayed to see you had got my dear father's name wrong. He was well known and loved among the URO clients, all of whom knew he was *Martin Stranz*. I have had several phone-calls from people who knew him well and were distressed about this error.

As I read on I was also disappointed about several omissions concerning my brother. He has a first-class honours degree, taught his subject (History) to University entrance level, and was Head of the History Department at his school. "Schoolmastering" is a somewhat derogatory description of a career. The most surprising omission to me is that you have not mentioned that he was three times "first citizen" of Redditch (Mayor). I do not think anyone else in the town has such a record.

Frankland Road Gertrude Stranz  
Croxley Green, Herts.

*I apologise profusely for the 'naming' error; can't think how it came about.* Ed.

**PERCEIVED LACK**

Sir - You are, no doubt, quite right in stating that a column by a Rabbi has never featured in your pages. But surely it is never too late to make improvements.

Do Jews pray and observe their religion only at the *Yomim Noraim* and *Pessach*

and not in between? I think that a large proportion of today's readers either came here as children, or are UK-born offspring of former refugees. Nowadays many young people whose parents were assimilated are searching for their roots and wish to know more about Judaism. They deserve encouragement and inspiration.

I feel sure that if you had a monthly short column by a Rabbi, like the *Jewish Chronicle*, your readers would not object to this.

Northdene Gardens Henry Schragenheim  
London N15

Sir - I deeply respect the sentiments of your correspondent Henry Schragenheim, (AJR Information, Dec. 1994), but I cannot entirely share them. Surely there must be many members of AJR who, like myself, may never have belonged to a Jewish congregation, but who are Jewish refugees by virtue of a common background, a common fate of uprooting and transplantation, and - all too often - common memories of family members who lost their lives in the Hitler years.

The vigorous but non-partisan approach which you have brought to your editorship is what keeps members such as myself, although not anchored in the Jewish religious tradition, loyal to AJR, as a body that has something to say to us and to give to us, and that has a continuing claim on our allegiance.

Farm Lane, Bredon Dr. P.E. Trier  
Tewkesbury, Glos.

**Making a will?**

**Remember the AJR**

Something that none of us should avoid is making a will and keeping it up to date.

Many of our former refugees have found their association with the AJR a rewarding one. This is an opportunity to support the AJR Charitable Trust (Reg. Charity No. 211239). Your solicitor will be able to help you; alternatively you can consult with our welfare rights advisor, Agi Alexander, on 071-431 6161 (Tues, Weds, Thurs) or the social workers at the Day Centre 071-328 0208.

If you have already made a will, it is quite easy to add a codicil.

Whatever amount you are able to leave to the AJR, it will be well received, carefully applied and remembered with gratitude.



**South London AJR**

The second meeting of the South London AJR group will take place on Thursday, 23rd February, from 2 to 4 pm at the South London Liberal Jewish Synagogue, Prentis Road, Streatham. Please note the earlier time, which has been requested so that we can get home before the rush hour. Ernest David, Director of the AJR, will be joining us.

There will be a talk by Richard Grunberger, Editor of *AJR Information*, on the subject: 'Behind the Scenes at AJR Information', and this will be followed by a discussion.

To defray the cost of the tea and to make a contribution to the cost of the hall, members will be asked for a contribution of £1 (or more if they can afford it). The AJR has again agreed to make up any shortfall.

If you are able to bring some food (cakes, biscuits, sandwiches, fruit, etc.) Ludwig or Lore Meyer (081-670 7623) would be grateful if you could let them know what you mean to bring, so that we can avoid having a surplus.

If you need help with transport, we have members who are willing to give lifts. Ken Ambrose (081-852 0262) will try to arrange this for you.

We look forward to meeting you again if you enjoyed the first meeting, or to welcoming you on the 23rd if you missed the earlier occasion.

□ K.A.

Simon P. Rhodes M.Ch.S.

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# The AJR at Work

## Tea Dance

Once again the Tea Dance at the Paul Balint AJR Day Centre provided a delightful Sunday afternoon which brought together the young and the young in heart. A lively trio played selections of music to dance to, encouraging even the faintest hearts to join in and enjoy themselves.

Tea and refreshments, up to the usual high standard of course, were greatly appreciated by everyone. We would like to thank Sylvia Matus, Renée Lee and Susie Kaufman in particular for organising such a successful function and hope that they will go on arranging similar events, which give us so much pleasure and happiness, for many more years to come.

□Gerda Buchalter



## AJR MEALS ON WHEELS

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

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

The cost for a kosher 3 course meal is £3.50. Delivery charge 50p. Payment for meals to be made to the driver.

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

Meals can still be collected from 15 Cleve Road on weekdays (Mondays-Thursdays) for £3.50 per meal.

## Fellowship is life

The AJR has 4,000 members of whom half live in North and North-West London.

Clearly we cannot offer the same service to members living in areas distant from our offices and the Paul Balint AJR Day Centre, and that is why we are encouraging the creation of satellite groups in order to develop bonds between members themselves and with the AJR.

It is also apparent that even in London, where the Day Centre caters for 360 members, we are not providing as comprehensive a service as we might for our members and for those of our community who would be members, but, as yet, are not.

There are many Jews who came to Britain before the war as victims of Nazi persecution, and members of their families who, for various reasons, do not wish to make use of the Day Centre, but who would appreciate coming together socially with people from similar backgrounds for companionship.

While we in no way wish to compete with existing organisations who cater for such needs, we believe there is a need to offer additional facilities if people want them.

To this end a meeting will be held at 11 a.m. on Sunday 19 February 1995 at the Paul Balint AJR Day Centre to discuss people's wishes and requirements, and to consider how these might best be met.

Please phone 071 431 6161 to let us know if you can come.

If you are unable to attend this initial meeting, but would like to participate, please let us know by phone or in writing where your interests lie and in particular, whether you would be prepared to act as an organiser or co-ordinator of events. □

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'DISCUSSION'

SUNDAY 19 FEBRUARY 1995

Phone 071-431 6161

## Be warned

A cautionary tale

Just into the New Year a young man knocked at the door of a flat on the third floor of a large block in NW6. The flat is occupied by a 93-year-old lady, a member of AJR and a client of our Social Services Department. Unfortunately the caretaker was off on his seasonal holiday. Our client never opens her door without having previously made arrangements with the caller, but the young man insisted that he was being chased and in desperate trouble, so she let him in.

Once inside he quickly demanded money and, in fear of her life, she gave him all the cash she had. Fortunately, this appeared to satisfy him and he left.

However, our member was left in a deep state of shock and is now afraid to leave her flat believing that he might return for more as he knows where she keeps her ready cash.

Please accept our advice and do not let anyone you are not expecting into your home; it is far better not to answer the door than to be extremely sorry afterwards. If the caller is genuine they will find another way in which to make contact with you - by phone or letter. If the front door has to be opened it is essential to fit and use a security chain. This enables you to check, and if necessary, double check the caller's identity. If you suggest that you will telephone the company which he claims to represent, this will often make an intending thief turn tail and run. Better still, don't answer the door in the first place!

□AJR Social Services

AJR INFORMATION  
is available on tape

If anyone would like to take  
advantage of this service

Please contact  
Mrs Irene White 081-203 2733  
before 9 a.m. or after 6 p.m.

## Message from Ernest David

There has recently been talk of a Holocaust Museum in London, possibly in the grounds of the Imperial War Museum. Over the years there has been much discussion on the requirement for, and possible nature and funding of, such a museum.

In America too there had been much soul searching and internal debate on this topic, but eventually they stopped talking and acted. As you know, the Holocaust Museum in Washington has turned out to be highly successful, attracting not only Jews, but many non-Jews. It is said to be a profound educational experience.

It is this that I consider to be the most important objective of the Holocaust Museum. While it is our duty to ensure that the terrible events of the past and the suffering of our people should be solemnly commemorated, by both Jews and non-Jews, the principal theme of a Holocaust Museum should be to reach out to all citizens, re-affirming the oath taken by

Israeli paratroopers at Masada – "Never again".

A Holocaust Museum, if it is of sufficient size and stature, would look back in sorrow and forward with hope and determination. If there is a possibility of funding from the National Lottery, let this be taken up and let the debate move on to action. □

### 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:

**Wednesday 15 February 1995**  
**Thursday 23 February 1995**  
**Monday 27 February 1995**  
**Tuesday 7 March 1995**

and every Thursday from 10 a.m. to 12 noon at:  
**AJR, 1 Hampstead Gate, la Frognal,  
London NW3**

*No appointment is necessary, but please bring along all relevant documents, such as Benefit Books, letters, bills, etc.*

## AJR SEDER NIGHT

We are pleased to announce that a  
**SECOND NIGHT SEDER**  
will be held on **Saturday 15 April**  
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15 Cleve Road, NW6

led by  
**Cantor Marshall Stone**

Please phone: 071-431 6161  
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Seating is strictly limited  
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required to ensure places.

Unfortunately, as there is limited space,  
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*Afternoon entertainment* –

### FEBRUARY

- Wednesday 1* A TASTE OF VIENNA – Pamela Kolorin (soprano) accompanied by Geoffrey Whitworth (piano)
- Thursday 2* SONGS OLD – SONGS NEW – SONGS YOU WILL REMEMBER  
Eddy Simmons accompanied by Anne Michaelson (piano)
- Sunday 5* DAY CENTRE OPEN – NO ENTERTAINMENT
- Monday 6* SYMPHONY IN FEBRUARY – Dee Forrest (soprano) accompanied by Geoffrey Whitworth (piano)
- Tuesday 7* AN HOUR OF OPERA & OPERETTA – Geoffrey Strum accompanied by Johnny Walton (piano)

- Wednesday 8* THE SINGING DUO – Jack & Rita Davis
- Thursday 9* THE DULCET TONES
- Sunday 12* HENDON STRING ORCHESTRA –  
Conducted by Roy Budden
- Monday 13* THE MELODY LINGERS ON – Judith Colman (soprano) accompanied by Geoffrey Whitworth (piano)
- Tuesday* 14 ST. VALENTINE SERENADE – Angi Boothroyd (soprano) accompanied by Ruth Leber (piano)
- Wednesday 15* A CONCORDE OF SWEET SOUNDS – Jane Rosenberg (soprano) accompanied by Ian Stirling (piano)
- Thursday 16* THE MUSICAL DUO – Jack Harris & Happy Branston
- Sunday 19* DAY CENTRE OPEN – NO ENTERTAINMENT
- Monday 20* THE MELODY MAKERS
- Tuesday 21* AN AFTERNOON OF SONG – Helen Wartski (soprano) accompanied by Bruno Raikin (piano)
- Wednesday 22* BALLADS & SONGS OF LOVE – John Cunningham (baritone) accompanied by Gael Ford (piano)
- Thursday 23* JACK DAVIDOFF & HIS PALM COURT ENSEMBLE
- Sunday 26* VIDEOS – Presented by Kurt Steiner

- Monday 27* SONGS MY MOTHER TAUGHT ME – Sylvia Hartman accompanied by Hermoine Goldsmith (piano) with Sergei Bezkorvany (violin)
- Tuesday 28* LIGHT CLASSICAL MUSIC BY TRINITY COLLEGE OF MUSIC

### MARCH

- Wednesday 1* ALL THAT JAZZ – Kathleen and Miriam Gilbert (violin) accompanied by Bridget Marshall (piano)
- Thursday 2* LIGHT CLASSICAL MUSIC BY TRINITY COLLEGE OF MUSIC DAY CENTRE OPEN – NO ENTERTAINMENT
- Sunday 5* THE GEOFFREY STRUM & JOHNNY WALTON DUO
- Monday 6* SPRINGTIME MISCELLANY – POPULAR SONGS & ARIAS. Michaela Davies (soprano) accompanied by Jean Paul Gandy (piano)
- Tuesday 7* HEBE & GEOFFREY IN HARMONY – Hebe (soprano) accompanied by Geoffrey Whitworth (piano)
- Wednesday 8* EMOTION – RHYTHMS & GESTURES – THE POWER OF INDIAN DANCE – Presented by Lakshmi Haas

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**Programme Spring 1995**

**Feb. 6th. Mr Walter Goddard,**  
 Denmark, the country which stood  
 by its Jews.

**Feb. 13th. Dr. Stephen Howald,**  
 (Journalist for Swiss and German  
 newspapers and author of a book on  
 Peter Weiss) Exile, politics and  
 Jewishness in the works of Peter  
 Weiss.

**Feb. 20th. Mrs. Dorothea**  
**McEwan:** Aby Warburg and the  
 Warburg Institute.

**Feb. 27th. Dr. Jennifer Taylor**  
 (London Research Group for  
 German Exile Studies) The German  
 Social Democrats and the British  
 Labour Party 1940-1941.

**Mar. 6th. Dr. Wolfgang Fischer**  
 (Fischer Galleries and member of  
 Austrian P.E.N.) Ilest aus seiner  
 Monographie über den  
 österreichischen expressionistischen  
 Maler Egon Schiele: Pantomime der  
 Lust. Visionen der Einsamkeit. (In  
 German).

**Mar. 13th. Ms. Hjordis Dreschel,**  
 (Swiss artist): Searching for the  
 myths and totems behind narrative.  
 (The artist will speak about her  
 work and show slides.)

**Mar. 20th. Mrs. Brigitta Pauley,**  
**M.A.** (Member of P.E.N.):  
 Mythologies of Magic: Witchcraft and  
 Witchhunts.

**Mar. 27th Dr. Margot Zutshi**  
 (Research Fellow at Royal Holloway  
 College, University of London); Dr.  
 Heinrich Hoffmann's 'Der  
 Struwwelpeter'. Changing  
 perspectives on a German children's  
 classic.

**April 3rd Dr. Erik Millstone**  
 (Lecturer at the Science Policy  
 Research Unit, Sussex University):  
 Science in the Policy Making Process.

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**FAMILY EVENTS**

**Deaths**

Kobner Hilda Kobner passed  
 peacefully away on 24th Decem-  
 ber.

Lee Joanna Lee passed away  
 peacefully on 10th January after a  
 long illness.

**Miscellaneous**

Krikler Memorial Lecture Al  
 Alvarez, poet and author, on  
 'Language and Night'. Thursday  
 8th March at 6.30 p.m. Info:

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Alice Schwab

## Art Notes

**M**an Ray (1890-1977), painter, photographer, writer and filmmaker, said: "My first name is Emanuel, I changed it to Man, and my surname is nobody's business." Actually, he was the son of a Philadelphian Russian Jewish family named Rudnitzky. An exhibition at the Serpentine Gallery (until 12 March) brings together all aspects of his work.

My friend Monica Bohm Duchon has organised an important exhibition, *After Auschwitz: Responses to the Holocaust in Contemporary Art* at the South Bank Centre (until 27 April). 21 artists are represented and the exhibition incorporates a broad range of responses. After its showing in London the exhibition will move to Manchester, Nottingham, Sunderland and Edinburgh. In collaboration with the South Bank Centre the Imperial War Museum will be showing *After Auschwitz Installations* (until 29 May).

The Barbican Art Gallery is showing



Christina Rossetti 1830-1894  
by Dante Gabriel Rossetti

*Impressionism in Britain* (until 7 May), featuring over 200 works by 100 artists.

A Centenary Exhibition of the work of *Christina Rossetti* (1830-1894) is at the National Portrait Gallery (until 12 February). For a long time overshadowed by

her brother Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Christina is now recognised as one of the outstanding poets of the Victorian period.

The major exhibition at the Royal Academy is *Nicolas Poussin 1594-1665* (until 9 April). Poussin was the father of French painting and a central figure in the history of European art. Over ninety paintings, brought together from public and private collections, are on show. A fully illustrated catalogue, written by Richard Verdi and published by the Royal Academy in association with Zwemmers, is available (price £18.90).

To coincide with the Royal Academy exhibition, the Wallace Collection, the National Gallery, Richard L. Feigen & Co., and the Dulwich Picture Gallery are organising exhibitions and displays around the work of Poussin.

The Wallace Collection, *Dance to the Music of Time* (until 9 April)

The National Gallery, *Poussin Problems* (until 9 April)

Richard L. Feigen & Co, *Poussin Before Rome* (until 3 March)

## SB's Column

*Has operetta finally yielded to the musical?*

**T**he latest survey of continental taste points in that direction: we not only find *Cats* in Hamburg, *West Side Story* in Graz, *My Fair Lady* in Brno and Cole Porter's *Can Can* in Munich: the Vienna Raimundtheater's hit is *Grease*, the Volksoper repertory includes *Man of la Mancha* and *Cage aux folles* and at the traditional Theater an der Wien, the 'cradle' of operetta, *Elisabeth* (story of the Habsburg Empress) is in its third year. Theatre architects in Stuttgart are crowning the lot by building a special stage near the Autobahn to showcase gala presentations of *Phantom of the Opera* in a particularly lavish production.

*Third World benefactor.* In the film *Bye, bye America* (Auf Wiedersehen, Amerika) reviewed in our December issue, one of the leads is a Jewish accountant who accompanies the Polish-American couple on their trip to Europe. This rôle is in the hands of Austrian-born Otto Tausig, 72, who, after emigration to Britain, returned to Vienna after the war, eventually joined the Burgtheater and appeared in comedies by Molière, Raimund and Nestroy. Now a 'Burg' pensioner, he devotes much time and all his surplus

Dulwich Picture Gallery, *Poussin, Works on Paper* (until 30 April)

A wonderful exhibition at the British Museum is *Byzantium* (until 23 April). The exhibition contains more than 250 superb works of art, including historical documents, icons, gold, silver, ivory and silk, as well as illuminated manuscripts, sculpture in stone and bronze, pottery and glass.

*The Ben Uri Art Society's Annual Picture Fair* is on 12 February and pictures will be on view on Sunday 5 February (2-5pm) and Monday-Thursday 6-9 February (10am-5pm). Tickets are priced at £60 for members and £70 for non-members and each ticket secures a picture.

*As Above . . . So Below* is the title of an exhibition at the Ben Uri (until 12 March). It comprises works by Yair Meshoulam, born in Haifa in 1963 but living in Britain since 1966. His recent paintings have been influenced by Cabballistic thought. □

earnings from stage and film work to the problems of the Third World. One recipient of his munificence is a project under which Israeli doctors provide medical care for underprivileged Palestinians.

*Birthday.* Judith Holzmeister, daughter of internationally known architect Professor Clemens Holzmeister and a leading Burgtheater actress, (she joined the ensemble in 1947, succeeding the legendary Hedwig Bleibtreu as 'tragedienne' in the classic repertoire) celebrated her 75th birthday. Officially retired, she still makes occasional guest appearances.

*Obituary.* Frankfurt-born Agnes Fink, an individualistic personality who preferred freelance engagements to binding contracts, has died in Munich aged 74. Her repertoire ranged from classical heroines through mysterious characters to sophisticated society ladies. She had been married to the German actor Bernhard Wicki. □

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## Before the anticlimax

### A W Freud with the Special Operations Executive in Austria

*continued*

**O**n the following day, all the Nazi and army mandarins of the neighbourhood had assembled at the aerodrome, and the meeting took place in my presence. After being briefly introduced to the many "dignitaries", I explained the situation as I saw it. I told them that the Western and Eastern Allies had agreed to split Germany along the lines of occupation by their armies; in other words, if Zeltweg was first occupied by the British, then it would belong to the British zone of Occupation. On the other hand, if the Russians came first, then Zeltweg would belong to them. They asked me a lot of questions about the final demarcation lines in Germany. Naturally I had no idea, I had not been invited to Yalta, but stuck to my story of "first come, first served". Had I been a more senior and older officer, accompanied by a small party, I am sure they would have handed over the aerodrome then and there. Unfortunately, it seemed to be below their dignity to hand it over to a single young lieutenant.

The meeting waffled on for quite some time, with everybody being extremely careful not to commit themselves either one way or another. If there had been a majority for either handing it over, or for not handing it over, everybody else would, and could, at once have said "This was also my opinion from the start".

As usual with large meetings, no decision was reached. Instead, they preferred to pass on their responsibility to others. It was decided to send me to Linz, the location of the Headquarters of the Commander of the whole Southern Front, General Rendulic. If General Rendulic should give me permission to take over the aerodrome, then I could have it. They were all very happy to have found somebody to whom to pass the buck.

During that meeting, a surprising thing happened. One by one, the senior Nazi bosses approached me with: "May I have a word with you in private Lieutenant Freud?" I said: "Certainly", and we would leave the big table to go to a window recess. He would start: "Lieutenant Freud, I love the Jews. I have a Jewish second cousin four times removed, whom I protected during the whole war. I trust that this will be taken into consideration

after the war". I said "Yes Gauleiter" or "Yes, Higher SS and Police chief" as appropriate. "All this will be taken into consideration and you will be given the opportunity to state your case". They knew that the War Crime Trials were coming and their bad conscience needed reassurance. It was not just one or two guests who wanted to "speak to me privately", but about half the people present. If I have to select the high point of my life so far, it was the moment when the *gauleiters* of Southern Austria assured me of their love for the Jews. These evil henchmen, who for twelve years had done everything in their power to humiliate, harass and eventually kill their Jewish co-patriots, were then coming crawling to me and sold their Nazi convictions and antisemitic beliefs for a few semi-reassuring words. Only two or three years earlier, these very same people fancied themselves as belonging to the upper hierarchy of the *Herrenrasse*, the Master Race, and the future rulers of the world. Only they were to enjoy the fruits of the earth; all else were to be their slaves, and if deemed unfit for slavery, exterminated. I looked at them in their fancy uniforms, with braids and decorations and side-arms, trying to smile kindly at me and doing their best to imitate an impression of civilisation. They didn't even have the guts to have me shot.

At the last time, when an over-ambitious potentate overreached himself and acted against all the established rules of morality, he was murdered by his followers. They had been frightened by some graffiti appearing on the walls of their Babylonian headquarters, reading: "MENE MENE TEKEL U-FARSIN", "weighed and found wanting". I felt that while I was not averse to similarly decorating the walls of the Zeltweg Aerodrome, it was outside my brief as a British Officer.

The next morning I was given a car with petrol and an accompanying officer, a major no less, and we set-off for Linz. At an aerodrome the shortage of petrol was probably not as acute as elsewhere. The Austrian countryside looked lovely that Spring. I can strongly recommend the tour from Zeltweg to Linz to any motorist. It took most of the day to get there, with a few stops for refreshments on the way. At Linz we were expected and I was received politely. I did not see General Rendulic myself, only a few of his officers. One of them was very curious where I had learned my good German. I told him that my father had had to work in Ger-

many before the war and that therefore I had been to school there. When he showed further curiosity, I told him that my pre-war life was quite irrelevant to the present situation and that all I was interested in was the aerodrome at Zeltweg. He then desisted. By the way, the name of Sigmund Freud was never mentioned. This should not be surprising. As a Jew, he had not appeared in any German publication for the past twelve years and as most of the German officers I talked to were in their thirties, they would not have come across the name in their adult life.

The Russians must have been very successful of late, because I was told without much further delay that I could have my aerodrome. Hooray! So back again with my car and the German major. Near Linz I was bombed by Russian aircraft. They swooped down low over the road and machine gunned everything. Their aim must have been good, but fortunately they did not hit me, or – as far as I could see – anybody else. But they created a lot of commotion, with everybody jumping out of their cars into the nearest ditch. It was the first time that I was being bombed, so I just sat tight, waiting for it to stop.

The return trip did not go as smoothly as the outward one. We must have taken a different, more westerly, route back to Zeltweg. After driving for a few hours, we suddenly came to a road block and my major was arrested. This was very dramatic, with lots of officers waving their revolvers about and getting very het up; one could easily have got hurt in the *melée*. We had run into a group of Austrian Army units who had had enough of the war and had mutinied. They occupied a slice of Central Austria, calling themselves "*Gruppe Ostermann*". After the war I contacted the Austrian War Office in order to find out more about that "*Gruppe Ostermann*", but they had no records of it. Perhaps the Austrians had made up the name on the spur of the moment; it was close to Easter (*Ostern*) at that time. Anyway, this group of "Independent Austrians" was much afraid of their former German colleagues, who were still quite capable at that time of suppressing an Austrian revolution. I told them who I was and that I was very anxious to go back south to Zeltweg. They wouldn't let me pass and persuaded me – in other words ordered me – to go to the Americans who were rapidly approaching Austria from the west. I was to tell them about this Austrian mutiny and to ask them to hurry up and arrive before

the Germans could take counter measures. After spending an uncomfortable night with my Austrians, I was driven in a westerly direction, with an Austrian officer replacing the German major, until I came to the American front line. This ran along a river. There were some last minute difficulties. The Front Line troops did not wish to let anybody pass in case he was a deserter. My Austrian accompanying officer managed to calm another revolver-waving captain who wanted to shoot me; it was surprising how quickly the German officers drew their guns, as if they were handkerchiefs and they had a cold. Most probably, it was caused by the frustrations of the lost war.

After this last hurdle was cleared, I made my way very carefully across a badly damaged bridge, hoping that neither side would use me for target practice. On the other side I soon found an American sentry whom I asked to take me to his headquarters. By then I had discarded my gas cape and openly wore British Army battledress.

I was interviewed by the officer in charge of intelligence of that American unit. The name "Freud" came in good stead. He was not like his counterparts on the other side of the bridge, poor ignorant bastards, but fully conversant with current ideas and he knew his slips. He couldn't do enough for me; I was received like a long-lost son. I wanted to stay with this American unit for a few days to learn how they operated; I believe they were part of General Patton's Army. I obtained their permission. They had learned the art of war and *Blitzkrieg* to perfection. When, on their advance, they came across a town, it was encouraged by loudhailer to surrender. If the town did this and indicated it by hanging out white flags from every house, then all was well. If they didn't, the officer in charge of the attack would phone the U.S. Army Air Force, rather like phoning a friend to drop in for a drink. "Bud, can you take out town X for me?" "Sure, will do," would be the answer. Within the hour, fifty or a hundred bombers would fly in and over the town and afterwards there would hardly be one stone left on another.

I went with the Americans through a just-captured medium-sized town. The first vehicle to enter was an armoured bulldozer to push away the rubble to ease the way for the following tanks. The accumulated rubble in German towns had to be experienced to be believed. At that time I, and everybody else who saw it,

thought that the Germans would not recover for two or more generations. One imagined that it would take them twenty years just to remove the mountains of rubble.

After this short and instructive interlude, the Americans gave me a private plane with a pilot to fly me to Paris. In Paris the cold showers awaited me. I was taken to the British Embassy, given a room there, but nobody would speak to me. I was not even invited to eat in their mess or canteen. Instead, I was brought a slice of bully beef on a biscuit - in Paris of all places. I knew I looked the worse for wear, but I was still a recognisable British officer and should have been treated as such. I was too exhausted to make a fuss. I still had most of my weaponry on me and the idea of shooting up the embassy looked quite attractive at the time, but I desisted. Since that time I have a strong aversion towards diplomats. I consider them an arrogant bunch of useless parasites who, because of their social position, never have to do an honest day's work in their lives.

After two or three days I was flown home to England, where I arrived on VE Day, 8th May 1945, and on the day that my father received a War Office telegram informing him that I was missing in action.

In England my treatment was not much different from that dispensed by the British Embassy in Paris. On arrival I was told to go home for two weeks' leave and then to stand by for duty in the Far East, i.e. Japan. Nobody asked me what I had done, nobody gave me a word of praise or criticism. The war in Europe was over and that was that. I was never debriefed or called upon to relate my story; this is the first time that I have written it down, fifty years later. Special Forces never contacted me, neither did my commanding officer, Colonel Peter Wilkinson. When I met him at a reunion some five years ago, he was as uninterested in my adventures as he had been for the past forty five years.

\* \* \* \*

### Postscript

In my opinion, the operations of Special Forces were only successful in Yugoslavia and Norway. In Western Europe the results achieved were not commensurate with the effort, cost and lives put into it. A few shot-down pilots were repatriated from France, a few railway lines may have been blown up, but I do

not believe that its operation affected or shortened the war. The damage caused by even one small bombing raid was usually infinitely greater than any damage inflicted by saboteurs. The most successful operation of Special Force was the destruction of the Heavy Water Plant in Norway and the sinking of the ferry carrying Heavy Water to Germany. But even this operation, during which a whole glider-load of brave volunteers were killed on Hitler's orders, was unnecessary. After the war it became evident that even if the Germans had had rivers of Heavy Water, they would not have come anywhere near to making an atomic bomb.

In Yugoslavia the position was somewhat different from densely populated Western Europe. The defeated Yugoslav Army was not captured, but managed to disperse and disappear, together with much of their weaponry, into the fairly inaccessible mountain regions. On one side of that area they had a relatively secure frontier, the Adriatic, by which they could receive supplies. They were a tough people, used to hardship, under a brilliant leader, Tito. These conditions in Yugoslavia did not apply to many other European countries, and hence the success in Yugoslavia could not be repeated elsewhere.

Luckily for me, and for my generation, the two atomic bombs dropped on Japan brought the war to a rapid close before I had to charge up a heavily defended beach. Instead, I was sent to Bad Oeynhausen in Germany, the headquarters of the British Army of the Rhine, to take part in the War Crimes Investigation Unit. This was very interesting work, but it was peacetime work and as such not part of this story.

One day in September 1946 I was demobilised with the rank of major; the following day I was a student again, trying to catch up with my education which had been so rudely interrupted six years previously. I had no opportunity of meeting my co-parachutist for a long time and there was never a proper opportunity for comparing our tales. All six of us survived. I understand that the other five also ended up, as instructed, on the Zeltweg Aerodrome, where they were told of a very arrogant British officer who had been there before them. But I will not spoil or give away their stories. Two of them, Fred Warner and Frank Kelley, are still very much alive and may well wish to give their own accounts. I would love to read them.

□ A.W. Freud, Oxstead, April 1993

## Cooking with Gretel Beer

**Cauliflower 'in a hood'**

Variation on a popular theme – a rather sophisticated version of Cauliflower Cheese – making it a good and satisfying main course.

- 1 medium-sized cauliflower
- 2 1/2 oz (70g) butter
- 3 eggs
- 2 heaped tablespoons grated Parmesan cheese
- 1 tablespoon fine breadcrumbs
- 4 tablespoons sour cream
- butter for the dish

Preheat oven to Gas Mark 5, 375 F, 190 C.

Cook the cauliflower in boiling salted water or steam it until just tender. Butter a gratin dish.

Cream the butter. Separate egg yolks and whites. Beat egg yolks into the creamed butter, then beat in Parmesan cheese, breadcrumbs and sour cream. Whisk egg whites until stiff and fold into the mixture. Spread a third of the mixture in the buttered gratin dish and sit the drained cauliflower on top. Completely mask the cauliflower with remaining mixture. Bake at Gas Mark 5, 375 F, 190 C until nicely brown on top. □

**SEARCH NOTICES**

**Thomas Emil Bergmann**, born in Prague in 1924 and once a pupil at the State Realgymnasium in Česká Lipa, Bohemia. In 1938 he emigrated to England with his parents and sister and may still be living there (possibly in London). Would he, or anyone knowing his present whereabouts, please contact Mr. Robert Appelt, a former schoolmate who would very much like to resume contact, at Hambacher Strasse 26, D-67125 Dannstadt, Germany.

*continued in next column*

**Search Notices** *continued*

**Dr. Richard Blass**, son of Paula Blass (née Bendigs), whose last known address (in 1938) was Regents Park Terrace, London NW1. Would he, or his next of kin, please contact Kurt Ostberg on 081-440-4929 in connection with an inquiry from Berlin re restitution.

**Ruth Feiner**, a German writer in exile, left Germany in 1933, lived in London, and in the late 1940s settled in Switzerland where she died in 1954. A student writing his Ph.D. thesis on Ruth Feiner wishes to gain as much information as possible on her published works and to hear from anyone who knew her, or had any knowledge of her family. Please write to Kerstin Schwiesow, Heinrich-Heine-Strasse 11, D-55118 Mainz, Germany.

**Mrs. Karen Gershon** (née Loewenthal). The present address of Mrs. Karen Gershon is being sought by Dr. Myra Warhaftig of Dessauer Strasse 39, D-10963 Berlin, Germany.

**Yarg WIZO/Mirjam, Vienna 1926-1938**. Former members of the above youth groups and/or people with personal or indirect knowledge of their founder, Mirjam Pollack of Vienna and later Josefthal, CSR. Please contact Peter Waldmann, 11 Dalegarth, Hurst Park Avenue, Cambridge CB4 2AG. Tel: 0223 500521.

**Pistol** An Austrian Jew who served as a driver with the British Army Film and Photographic Unit. First British soldier to enter Denmark on 4th May 1945 to return the German generals who surrendered to Field Marshall Montgomery on Luneberg Heath.

Mr. Pistol is being sought by the Defence Attache at the Royal Danish Embassy in connection with the 50th Anniversary commemoration of the Liberation of Denmark. Please contact Henry Morris of AJEX at AJEX House, East Bank, London N16 5RT, Tel: 081-800 2844.

**Amoral maze**

**D**avid Lodge has been much on my mind of late. This is not because he scripted the TV *Martin Chuzzlewit* and quarrelled with the producer. No – Lodge wrote two novels whose titles echo in the brain whenever

the two currently most high profile scandal-tainted figures in public life, David Mellor and Richard Gott, are mentioned.

Lodge's novels are respectively about Catholics and sex, and academe and industry – but that is neither here nor there. What matters is their titles. These are *How Far Can You Go* and *Nice Work* (with the implied addition *If You Can Get It*).

How far can you go? is indeed *the* question posed by David Mellor. He is a former highranking dignitary versed in law and government who, caught out in one adultery, staged a family photo call to make black appear white and, complacent over the grey result, promptly committed a second adultery. As a headline-hogging womaniser he could hardly remain in government, so he obtained alternative employment. This is where nice work becomes apposite, because what Mellor now does – commentating on his leisure time pursuits – football, opera, etc. – is both more fun and better remunerated than the grind of ministerial chores.

If Mellor inspired the term 'serial adulterer', the *Guardian* executive Richard Gott merits the sobriquet 'serial tyrant groupie'. (In addition to 'serialism' Mellor and Gott, incidentally, also share anti-Zionism). Gott did a whitewash job on Erich Honecker and defended Red China on the ingenious grounds that Mao Tse Tung at least was not Joseph Stalin. Answering Lodge's question how far can you go? he actually went the 'extra' mile: he constructed an alibi for the unspeakable Pot Pol who murdered proportionately more of his countrymen than either Stalin or Mao.

In parallel to Mellor, Gott financially benefited from his most flagrant misdemeanour – the contact with the KGB. Revelation of Gott's KGB nexus cost him his steady, but rather routine, job on the *Guardian*; instead he works freelance for the paper. In addition the erstwhile political pundit, whom his editor had lately shunted into a literary siding, now enjoys the ego – (and bank balance –) boosting spotlight of media attention.

Having opened with one reference of literary provenance, let me conclude with another: E.M. Forster's oft-quoted statement that, given the choice between betraying a friend or his country, he hoped he would have the 'strength' to betray his country. Forster, incidentally echoed by Graham Greene, clearly has a lot to answer for.

□R.G.

## Hitler and the Holocaust (Part 5)

Continued: Lord Bullock's authoritative lecture given under the auspices of the Yad Vashem Committee of the Board of Deputies.

**H**itler, however, was not in a mood to be daunted by difficulties. When he met Göring and other Nazi leaders on 16th July, he welcomed the Russian resort to partisan warfare: 'It gives us the opportunity to exterminate anyone who is hostile to us ... Naturally the huge area must be pacified as quickly as possible; this will happen best through shooting anyone who even looks askance at us.' Himmler was not present at the meeting, but received the minutes and acted accordingly. Within a week of Hitler's remarks Himmler ordered more SS troops to reinforce the Einsatzgruppen. By the end of 1941, their total strength had been brought up to 30,000, by January 1943 to 300,000. Throughout they received indispensable help from the German army and from collaborators in countries like the Ukraine and Lithuania with a long tradition of antisemitism.

Proof of Hitler's personal interest is provided by a coded message sent by Müller, the head of the Gestapo, dated 1st August, 1941: The Führer is to be kept informed continually about the work of the *Einsatzgruppe* in the east ... To this end, visual special interest, such as photographs, are needed.'

The total number of Jews killed before the Germans were finally driven out of Russia in 1944 was originally put at 900,000. But the opening of the Soviet archives has made available the two million pages of documents assembled by the Soviet Commission for the Investigation of Nazi Crimes, which show that this figure needs to be revised, on a conservative estimate, to 1,250,000, possibly more.

The final operation as the Germans retreated after Stalingrad was to destroy the physical evidence of the massacres. This task was given to SS Commando 1005, which opened up the mass graves and burned the human remains on oil-soaked grids. Any remaining bones were ground up by special machines.

\*\*\*\*\*

July 1941, the month in which the prospect of victory in Russia led Hitler to believe anything was possible, is the most likely month for the second even more

monstrous decision, to exterminate the whole Jewish population of Europe. The first definite evidence is the directive from Göring, as chairman of the Reich Defence Council, to Himmler's Deputy, Heydrich, on the last day of July 1941 putting him in charge of preparations for bringing about a total solution of the Jewish question within the German sphere of influence in Europe.

Why should the order have been signed by Göring not Hitler? It is inconceivable to anyone familiar with the relations between Hitler and his chief lieutenants that Göring, Himmler, or any other Nazi leader could have issued such a directive without Hitler's authorisation, least of all in July 1941 when the vindication of his decision to invade Russia gave him a unique authority.

Even in the 1930s, however, as we have seen, Hitler distanced himself from the execution of measures against the Jews. Now that he had embarked on the invasion of Russia, he had no more inhibitions about their extermination, but he was still mindful of the lesson of the euthanasia programme and the importance of his image. As the charismatic leader of all the German people, Hitler could not afford to let his image be sullied by association with the dirty work of systematic mass-murder. The SS, whose pride was unquestioning obedience whatever was demanded of them, would carry out the necessary measures without any need of a written order from Hitler. The Final Solution would be implemented in Poland and Eastern Europe to which the remaining Jews in Germany and Austria would be deported under the guise of resettlement.

*To be continued*

### UN's 50th anniversary dilemma

**T**his year marks the 50th anniversary of the founding of the United Nations. For a decade Kurt Waldheim, later President of Austria, was its Secretary-General. The belated revelation that Waldheim had lied consistently about his war record brought about the removal of all traces of his term of office from the organisation. As one of only two living former Secretary-Generals (Pérez de Cuéllar is the other), in the unlikely event that he should be invited and succeed in outflanking the ban on his entering the United States, who would wish to join him there? □

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## Gift of tongues

Fortunately someone had the foresight to equip the child with some iron rations of an English vocabulary so that, already on the fateful crossing to Harwich in July 1939, the term Basic English came into its own as she broadcast the magic word 'lavatory' to half a boatload of grateful little refugees.

Otherwise her linguistic luggage was as light as the small suitcase they allowed her to bring: lots of irregular verbs ("I eat, I ate, I have eaten or aten", as the grammar book had it), a couple of cryptic nursery rhymes (one about a pieman refusing to sell his ware at the fair for a penny because he had not any), plus an undigested *Three Men in a Boat*, whose urbane humour was sadly obscured by too many unfathomable words, such as 'maze' and 'housemaid's knee'.

Once off the boat and in the deep end of English Life, the distinction between Basic English and the real thing ceased to be valid. Instinctively she clutched at every flotsam and every jetsam to keep afloat – the King's English and dialect, poetry and slang, psalms, popular song and billboard. Her first day at her English grammar school was a desperate struggle to make sense of a bewildering variety of the language. In a lesson mysteriously called Elocution she heard a small girl declaim: "Break, break, break / On thy cold grey stones, O Sea / And I wish that my tongue could utter / The thoughts that arise in me"; in an English class someone was ordered "get thee behind the arras" and promptly disappeared behind the blackboard, and one group of 12-year-old maidens was singing "We're an hundred pipers an' aw an' aw".

The next few days were spent at the back of Form III, *The Water Babies* in one hand, a pocket-sized English-German dictionary in the other. At home the colourful, homespun Lincolnshire of the housekeeper contrasted strangely with the careful, unadulterated Oxford English of the lady of the house. Instinctively she knew that the latter was to be emulated, but equally instinctively she felt drawn to the former. One day the culture clash ended in a culture shock.

The summer holidays had come, putting a merciful end to *The Water Babies* and providing more opportunities for widening one's vocabulary. One such was the local occupation of pea picking. The bulk of the pickers were women, and there was much robust banter, most of it intrigu-

ingly unintelligible. Encouraged to ask questions of a linguistic nature at home, the young innocent abroad sat down to afternoon tea one day and asked: "Please, what is a poverty-stricken bugger?" Her gentle guardian's spoon froze in mid-air as her charge added hastily: "One of the ladies in the pea field always said it to her friend." "Child!" came the horrified response, and the miserable wretch resolved in future to keep her extra-mural studies of the English language to herself.

Pronunciation exercises had always gone on in secret. In front of the bedroom mirror she stood and mouthed: "bad bed, bad bed; squirrel squirrel; a very white vest." Thou Shalt Not Be Conspicuous was the first commandment, and before long – *mirabile dictu* – the girl in the navy blue gym slip, square-necked blouse and black stockings could almost pass for the real thing, an English schoolgirl.

Within three years she passed her School Certificate English exam, with distinction, albeit at the expense of Maths, and Geography. Maybe the examiner, sensing there was something not quite kosher, (a composition on *A Visit to a*

*Waxworks* was turned by the candidate into *A Candle Factory*), marked for promise rather than achievement. But the first hurdle had been cleared.

No one knew the secret of her linguistic prowess. It was two-fold: a strong daily dose of *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, which allowed even the most abstruse "Gladly my cross-eyed bear" float meaningfully upon the music; and, for very similar reasons, a school production of *The Mikado*. A 15-year-old German Pooh-Bah intoning

But Family pride  
must be denied  
And set aside  
And mortified

cannot have been conducive to the suspension of disbelief, but it did wonders for our student of English.

The second big hurdle on her road to assimilation two years later held few terrors. Having been asked by the dispensers of university scholarships to write an essay entitled "Knowledge of another language opens another world," she scribbled on one of the sheets of rough paper provided: "Are you kidding?"

□Brigitte E. Hay



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