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Journeys of a Second Generation Survivor

Ginni Stern

For the past several years, Professor David Scrase has been aware of my work and struggles in the arena of German/Jewish and Polish/Jewish relations and he has asked me to write about my process for The Bulletin. *For me, the daughter of a Jewish survivor of several concentration camps, including Auschwitz and Buchenwald, the process has been intensely personal and emotional. I grew up with no family on my father's side, as they all were gassed or lost their lives from disease and starvation during the* Shoah.

As I continue to learn, read, and probe issues related to the Holocaust and engage with and learn from Germans and Poles, the issues have indeed become clearer and at the same time more complex for me. My attempts to come to terms with the intergenerationally transmitted hate and intolerance, common to many descendants of the Shoah, *is no easy task. What follows is an effort to share some of that attempt with you, as well as my involvement with two organizations that have helped facilitate my process, growth, understanding, and healing. This undertaking has inspired me to create* The Polish Tallitot Project, *which I discuss here as well.*

Some Personal History

In the winter of 1995 The UVM Center for Holocaust Studies invited a guest speaker from an organization called One by One, Inc., a non-profit organization that brings together for intensive five-day Dialogue Groups descendants whose parents were enemies during the Third Reich. Jewish or Christian victims of the Holocaust meet with people whose German parents or grandparents were Nazis, Gestapo, Waffen SS, or bystanders.

The guest speaker, a Jewish-American woman born of two Polish-Jewish Holocaust survivors, spoke dynamically of her experiences going to Germany to participate in a One by One Dialogue Group. While sitting in the lecture that evening, I knew instantly and intensely that this was something I was compelled to do. I quickly enrolled in the upcoming One by One Dialogue Group. About two months later, in January 1996, I made my first trip to Europe and participated in the first of several Dialogue Groups with descendants from both sides.

I was born and raised by Jewish parents in the Bronx, New York, in a Jewish neighborhood, where the few Germans we knew of were Holocaust survivors or people who had the means and insight to leave Germany while they still could. Although, I am quite certain my parents never explicitly said as much, as a young girl, I somehow learned, very early, "*Germans were very bad people.*" It was a prejudice that, once I became aware of it, I wasn't proud of; yet at times, this deeply ingrained preconception felt as natural as breathing in and out; other times it gripped me like fear of falling off a cliff.

Unlike the other Jewish children of survivors with whom I traveled to Berlin that first time, I was brimming with an excited anticipation. All my life I had known that after liberation, in a DP camp, my father had met a German Christian woman while he waited for his papers to come through so that he could come to America. She volunteered at the DP camp, helping to feed the survivors. She took a liking to my father, fed him from the bottom of the pot and gave him extra. They began a relationship. My father struggled to save money for two years, but when his papers finally came through, he had just enough money for one passage. The German woman was pregnant. The day my father's boat touched the shores of Rikers Island, she gave birth to a baby boy.

Before I left for the Dialogue Group in Berlin, I asked Helga, a German member of One by One, to search for my German brother; she quickly located a man who she was quite certain

was him. With the support of One by One, Helga had been immersed in her own research, investigating what her own father really did during the war, so the task of locating my brother was surprisingly quick and easy for her. The night Helga called me to report she had located my brother, my fear spiked. We had no idea at all who this German man might be and my dread that he might as easily be a Neo-Nazi as a Quaker was quite a challenge for me. I wrote this German man a letter and included a baby picture of him my father had kept over the years. I invited him to come to meet me in Berlin and told him where I was staying. As we flew to Germany I had high hopes of meeting this German baby—now forty-seven years old. As the One by One Dialogue Group continued and the phone remained silent, my hopes faded.

I returned to Vermont without meeting my German brother, but with a swelling determination to somehow pursue a meeting. In 1997 I returned to Germany, and with Helga, traveled to visit my German brother. A few months later, he and his wife came to the U.S. for me to introduce my brother to "our" father. My German brother was forty-eight years old when he first met his birth-father. We have continued building and exploring our remarkable and complicated new relationship through phone contact and visits both in the U.S. and Germany.

Learning more and more about the horrifying atrocities perpetrated by German people under Hitler at the same time I was slowly and carefully developing a relationship with my delightful German brother continues to make hating Germans a very challenging enterprise for me. I have continued to critically examine this often embarrassing, sometimes infuriating, ever-present, but lately fading abhorrence that I inherited.

From One by One to the Peacemaker Community

At the Interfaith Convocation for Peace at Auschwitz-Birkenau in 1994, members of One by One, Inc. first became acquainted with Zen teacher, Roshi Bernie Glassman, who co-founded the Peacemaker Community with his wife, Sensi Jishu Holmes. Roshi Glassman conceived of the idea of an annual international, interfaith retreat to bear witness to the pain and suffering at Auschwitz-Birkenau. Impressed with the work of One by One, he invited members to attend and make a presentation during an evening at the first Bearing Witness Retreat in 1996. It was a great honor for me to be one of three to represent One by One at this auspicious and sanctified gathering of 150 people from all corners of our planet.

This was my first introduction to the extraordinary work of the Peacemaker Community. 150 people from many different countries and of many different religious orientations gather at Auschwitz-Birkenau to experience the overpowering anguish, sacredness and healing power of this site. I have felt compelled to attend the Bearing Witness Retreat at Auschwitz-Birkenau yearly. For me, the process of grieving and healing the losses and deaths of my family members who were murdered at the hands of the Nazis, had finally been able to begin. It continues to develop and deepen with each pilgrimage. It is the Zen teacher's idea, that being on the grounds to experience the overpowering anguish, pain and suffering of this place, we open ourselves to its sacredness as well as its power to heal. Roshi Bernie Glassman states: "We have to remember, revisit, and begin to heal these places of dark memory."

In One by One, Inc., we pick up the pieces of devastation and one by one we identify those who perished in genocide and war. One by one we seek out the humanity in each other as we listen with compassion to each other's stories of guilt, anger, shame, anguish, grief, loss, and fear. As our own stories and the stories of those who perished resound within us, a healing begins, our burdens are lightened, our hearts open, and the vision of what we can be to each other is born.

The ways of learning, probing, plunging, and healing with these two organizations and orientations dove-tailed and beautifully blended for me at the first Bearing Witness Retreat, deeply enriching both approaches.

The Experience of Bearing Witness at Auschwitz-Birkenau With the Peacemaker Community:

Each day we walk from our dorms to Birkenau. There we sit in a large circle in contemplation and remembrance, on the railroad tracks – the final disembarkation point and selection site for well over one million people from all over Europe, one of whom was my paternal grandmother and namesake, Gitzah.

Each morning, upon arrival at Birkenau, we break into smaller groups for individual religious services. I generally feel compelled to join a different service every morning, which may be Jewish, Buddhist, Christian, Islamic, or Muslim. Last year, in November 2000, for the first time, a Native American Medicine Man joined us with the vision of creating a Bearing Witness Retreat for Native Americans at Wounded Knee. The parallels I feel at each service are interesting to witness and somehow comfort my vulnerable, grieving heart.

Each period of Sitting Meditation begins and ends with a shofar resounding over the tracks and ruins of the barracks at Birkenau. Between periods of Sitting Meditation and chanting the names of those who perished in the Holocaust and other genocides, we offer Walking Meditations along the railroad tracks, the ruins of extermination sites and the Ash Pit. During periods of Walking Meditation we say Kaddish (the Jewish prayer for the dead) at different sites such as: The Women's & Children's Barracks, the Ruins of Crematoriums II & III, the Ash Pit, or "Canada," the warehouse where the belongings of the deported were sorted and stored.

Each day something is offered at the Remembrance Altar, created at the center of the sitting circle—a loaf of good bread, a Yahrzeit Memorial Candle, a Torah, a coin, a cup of clean water, a rose, paper with names of those who died during the Holocaust....

Each day soup and bread are provided for our daily lunch, which out of respect, we eat outside the gates of Birkenau. Roshi Glassman asked the Polish women delivering the soup to not provide spoons to deepen our experiential connection with this place. Though the soup we received was nourishing and the bread fresh, our meal resembled that of the prisoners; this became a deeply respectful way of having lunch each day.

Each day at Birkenau closes with an Interfaith Service. Then we walk back to our dorms, where we eat breakfast and dinner, talk informally, sleep, and dream.

Each evening after dinner, we meet in a whole group for Council, to share who we are, our personal family histories, and

share the parts of the experience we are able to put into language.

The Bearing Witness Retreat at Auschwitz-Birkenau has become an ongoing and deepening process for me over the five years I have been attending. The first year, 1996, I was mostly aware of being on the grounds with many people from different nations. I especially took notice of the German retreat participants, to whom I became hyper-alert. Horror and aversion mixed with admiration and respect for the courage of these German people, who had dared to come to this place, to bear witness to the grief of these Jewish descendants of Holocaust survivors, as well as to remember the anguished dead. They came also to plunge into the complicated issues of the legacy of the brutality of their country, to risk uttering the family secrets, family lies, or personal fears and assumptions they carry about the roles of their family members during the Third Reich. The first year I was there, Auschwitz-Birkenau was a place of German and Jewish sensitivities and awareness... an acute awareness for me.

In subsequent years, I met and learned from Polish participants about their grief and the acutely profound confusion of being from a victim/perpetrator country. It wasn't until the last day of that first Retreat that a Polish man spoke up and shared his shame and rage that this Retreat, in his own country was run by Americans and that the Polish participants, a small group of about twelve that year, were mostly silent. Auschwitz-Birkenau, after all, is in Poland, not Germany, and I then realized I had managed to spend seven days in Poland and five days in the intensity of the Retreat at Auschwitz-Birkenau and I hadn't had the courage to speak to a Polish person. Since then, Polish participants have slowly gained the courage to share their stories, as I, somehow, gained the courage to listen.

One of those Polish stories was Tanna's. A Polish woman who was a long time practicing Buddhist, Tanna had only recently learned of her Jewish heritage. In the last several years, her parents informed her they were in fact Jewish; since learning this about her heritage, Tanna has been actively exploring Judaism. She also petitioned the Polish government and after a very long drawn out bureaucratic snarl, successfully re-claimed a piece of family property and a building her family owned before the war in Kazimierz, the old Jewish Quarter of Krakow.

The Creation of the Polish Tallitot Project

At the second Bearing Witness Retreat at Auschwitz-Birkenau, in 1997, during one of the evening gatherings in the Auschwitz Museum auditorium, an Israeli-Jewish woman shared this story:

Her brother worked as an Israeli tour-guide and brought people from Israel to Poland to search for their roots by exploring Polish shtetls where their families lived before the war. During one of these trips, in a small rural Polish village, as the small group of Israeli tourists were walking around, an elderly Polish woman wearing a babushka approached them. She could easily tell they were not from the village and asked if they were Jewish.

When she learned they were, she invited them to come with her. She said she had something to show them. She took them to the old run-down house she lived in. She brought them inside and explained that her family moved into this house sometime in the late 1940s and from the day they moved in, no one had been down to the basement. They intentionally stayed out.

She brought them downstairs and when she opened the door, to the utter amazement of the tourists, there was a little musty shul in the basement shadows. There was a bimah with a Torah, prayer benches and tables with prayer books still open, all to the same page—as if the people who had been praying there were all called suddenly away.

The Israeli tour guide immediately asked the woman if he could buy the contents of the basement shul and offered the Polish woman some money assuring her he would be back soon. He asked her not to move anything in his absence. Within a few weeks, a group of archivists from Yad Vashem arrived, carefully removed the sacred prayer objects from this hidden basement shul, and brought them to Israel.

We all sat in the auditorium in a silent state of wonder, with this amazing story hovering in the air. I imagined the people who prayed in that musty secret shul hovering in the air above us as well. Within moments, Staszek Krajewski, a Polish-Jewish man who lives in Warsaw, a writer who is deeply involved in Jewish renewal in Poland, approached the microphone. He expressed anger and frustration about how, "...people from other countries feel as if they have the right to come to Poland and remove what few remnants of Jewish life and Jewish history remained in Poland after the war...." He said that the little Polish shul didn't belong in Israel. He explained how he felt it belonged in the Polish shtetl where it was found, where the original Jewish residents of that house, and their neighbors and friends lived and prayed.

A wave of shame washed over me. Until that moment, this perspective had been totally out of my realm of consciousness. I had never imagined that there were Jewish people in Poland who felt this way. Suddenly Staszek's impassioned reaction made perfect sense to me. During that Retreat and since, I've met several Polish adults, raised as Christians, who were discovering that their true heritage is Jewish. This phenomenon is such that Staszek Krajewski created and runs a hotline in Warsaw where Polish people can call anonymously, to talk to hotline workers about their hunches, clues, and feelings that they might be of Jewish heritage. That evening, Staszek began to educate us about Jewish life in Poland, the hopes of Jewish Poles, and the challenges they face in Poland today.

I returned to my safe warm home in Vermont, haunted by the images of the now empty basement, that had once been a shul in a little shtetl in Poland. One night, tossing and turning, my head spinning with fragments of many, many stories I remembered from the Retreat, I imagined collecting Jewish prayer objects to bring with me and leave in Poland, when I returned for the Bearing Witness Retreat in 1998. The Polish Tallitot Project was born.

The Polish Tallitot Project

For the 1998 Retreat, I collected eighteen tallitot—Jewish prayer shawls. Nancy Katz, an artist and tallis maker in Berkeley, California donated a minyan (ten) of beautiful contemporary, hand-painted silk tallitot. In addition, my Polish uncle, whose beloved mother and sister died in Auschwitz, donated the large traditional wool tallis he wore for daily davening. Rabbi Chasan from Ohavi Zedek Synagogue in Burlington, Vermont donated one, and I collected the rest from other people around the USA who had heard about the effort.

Because, traditionally, tallitot were worn only by Jewish men, in gathering the tallitot, I always ask the donors if it matters to them if a non-Jewish person or a woman was the recipient of the

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tallis. My Uncle Harry firmly wanted only a Polish-Jewish man to have his tallis. Nancy Katz said it didn't matter, man, woman, Jewish or not, so long as they treated the tallis they received with respect and love and understood its purpose. Both these seemingly opposing desires feel right to me, and I distribute the tallitot in accordance with the donor's wishes.

These donated tallitot became for many a tender and precious aspect of the 1998 Retreat. Once participants realized I usually had a tallis in my back-pack, they often asked if they could wear one during periods of meditation or when they took their turn to chant names of people who died at Auschwitz-Birkenau. People asked to use a tallis to say Kaddish at the extermination sites that we walked to during periods of Walking Meditation. The tallitot were held tenderly and worn with humble adoration, reverence, and deep respect.

It so happened at the Retreat in 1998, that all four of my roommates were Polish. Kamila, a Christian woman from a close family, probably in her early fifties, told me that some years ago, her elderly mother called her, her older brother and younger sister together to talk.

Her mother told them that before the war, a Jewish family lived next door and she had been friends with the Jewish woman. During the war, as the Jewish people were being evacuated from their village, her neighbor anxiously ran over with her baby. She shoved the baby into the arms of Kamila's mother and asked her to care for the baby until she returned. She never returned. Kamila's older brother was this baby. Kamila said she would give the tallis I gave her to her beloved brother, who has now begun to explore Judaism—a Polish family wartime secret revealed.

Another of my Christian roommates, Malgorzaia, came to me one day, her eyes filled with tears. She had a nightmare immediately after I told my roommates (with one roommate acting as translator) about The Polish Tallitot Project. She dreamt she had taken a tallis home and the police had suddenly burst into her house one night. Having the tallis there put her family in grave danger. It was a very frightening dream. With big tears now flowing down her cheeks into her worn thick green sweater, she said, "Ginni, I am sorry, I cannot take one of the tallitot." On the last day of the Retreat, I tenuously offered Malgorzaia the one remaining silk tallitot from Nancy Katz that hadn't found a Polish home yet. She cradled it like a tender baby, kissed it, cried, and thanked me.

In November, 2000, Damian, a young Christian-Polish poet to whom I had given a tallis to two years ago, approached me. Speaking English is a great effort for him, but his English was far better then my almost non-existent Polish. He asked if I remembered him and proceeded to tell me there were no Jews in his family. He wore the tallis I gave him when he practiced his Zen meditation on Fridays and Saturdays. One day his aunt was visiting and noticed the tallis. As if she recognized it, she went to it and tentatively touched it. After a while she asked about it. He explained how he came into the possession of this pious symbol of Jewish prayer. Then she told him they had had a Jewish great-uncle who had married into the family. He disappeared during the war and the family never spoke of him. Damian was happy to learn the truth—another Polish family wartime secret revealed.

Making contact with my half-brother, my involvement in One by One and Bearing Witness Retreats are my personal way of processing my Jewish heritage and the complicated legacy of the Holocaust. As the following entry from my journal shows, this is an ongoing effort.

From My Journal

Preparing to leave for Poland, the overpowering recurring image of hiding loaves of bread in my luggage... the image became more and more vivid as my day of departure approached... The morning I left, I comforted myself with the thought, "*What can it hurt – to pack just one loaf of bread?*" So, on my way to the airport, I went to Klinger's Bakery and bought a loaf of chocolate-cherry bread, the richest loaf they make and hid it in my luggage. This provided some solace for my sojourn.

At Auschwitz-Birkenau:

In the cold, Inge (a German One by One member and friend) and I sit close together with a blanket wrapped around our legs... she is the daughter of a Nazi. I saw his picture. I heard his words in the letters he sent home to Inge's mother during the war. The letters filled with words celebrating the good work of Hitler and *riddled* with anti-Semitism... and today, at these tracks, I hear Inge's clear voice chanting out names of people who perished here. My voice blends with hers and I am comforted by her tears and her love....

...behind the ruins of Crematorium II, at the Ash Pit, the Rabbi says Kaddish in Hebrew, then someone says Kaddish in German, the Rabbi says Kaddish in Hebrew followed by someone saying Kaddish in Polish, then the Rabbi wails Kaddish in Hebrew, then in French, in Hebrew, in Italian, in Hebrew, in Spanish, in Hebrew, in English, in Hebrew... the Ash Pit still, as glass... the people so pulsing and alive. I had had great concerns about evoking my Grandmother's spirit in this place of her tortured death.... I am relieved I didn't feel the presence of my Grandmother's spirit there. I did, however, have a strong sense that her ashes were there... after Kaddish, a long moment of silence, then Roshi Glassman took a fist full of earth from the edge of the Ash Pit, and threw it onto the thin layer of ice that formed over the almost perfectly square pit. Many others did the same... I screamed in my head, "*NO! NO! There is enough in there! NO MORE!*" I turned slowly and quietly walked away....

Walking... in an acute state of awareness, a meditative walk in this most sacred of places... thinking... the actual survivors are becoming more and more frail and dying... then there will be no actual witnesses to all this.... But I am here... walking on this very ground my Grandmother, Uncle, many other family members and about 2 million others came to their very cruel deaths. I AM HERE. I am alive and as I walk, placing each of my feet, slowly, sacredly on this very ground, I am learning to bear witness.... Bear witness for my father, who will soon die in not so cruel a manner....

I walk, I witness and I lament... I walk I witness and I accuse....

I walk I witness and I grieve... I walk I witness and I rage....

I walk I witness and I honor... I walk I witness and my heart expands....

I am somehow comforted by realizing the task of learning to bear witness.... I must stretch all my ways of knowing to be a good student.

* * *

If you would like to donate a tallis to The Polish Tallitot Project, please mail it to the address below. Attach your name and address and a note if you wish. On a separate piece of paper, please indicate any special requests, such as whether you desire the tallis you donate to go to a Polish male of Jewish heritage, or whether the recipient may be a women or Polish Christian. Tallitot arriving after 22 October 2001 will be taken next year. Send tallitot to:

Ginni Stern
P.O. Box 367
Shelburne, VT 05482 USA

For more information about The Polish Tallitot Project contact Ginni Stern at;
gstern@zoo.uvm.edu or 802-985-5522
For more information about the tallitot created by Nancy Katz, go to
www.nkatzart.com
For more information about One by One, Inc. explore
www.One-by-One.org
For more information on the Peacemaker Community, visit
www.peacemakercommunity.org

Reports

Summer Seminar 2001

Robert Bernheim

During the last week of June, fifteen educators, graduate students, and undergraduates took part in the eighth annual summer seminar on "The Holocaust and Holocaust Education" at The University of Vermont. Academic experts from UVM, St. Michael's College, Smith College, and the Office of Special Invesitations at the United States Department of Justice joined Holocaust survivors and a rescuer in providing participants with a solid historical and pedagogical foundation.

Topics during the five-day seminar ranged from the history of anti-Semitism and the rise of the Nazis to the use (and misuse) of language in Hitler's *Mein Kampf* and Victor Klemperer's diaries and tracking down Nazi war criminals in the United States. While the academic lectures and discussions enhanced the participants' knowledge and understanding of events before, during, and after the Holocaust, it was the interaction with eyewitnesses to the events themselves that left an indelible mark on those taking the course. Simon Barenbaum, Lou Shulman, Susi Learmonth, Aranka Siegal, Marion Pritchard, and Henny Lewin all offered their recollections during the week. Their honesty and willingness to share personal memories, vignettes and incidents which have been described by Ida Fink as " . . . scrap(s) of time . . . in the ruins of memory . . . fresh and untouched by forgetfulness" are highlights not soon to be forgotten by those in attendance. As one student noted in an evaluation: "The emotion that Aranka brought out of herself and the class was something I had never really experienced before. There aren't really any words to explain what she told us that day." Another participant noted that although she knew Henny Lewin, "I never really *knew* her before this day!"

In addition to the daily sessions, there were two evening lectures that were open to the public. Dr. Alex Rossino and Dr. Wendy Lower, historians from the United States Holocaust Memorial Museum, offered insights into recent scholarship in the field of Holocaust Studies and are described immediately below.

Based on the success of this year's seminar, tentative plans are underway for the Summer 2002 course to be offered through the Department of Continuing Education at the University of Vermont during the last week of June.

Summer 2001 Lectures

Katherine Quimby Johnson

This year's summer lectures departed slightly from the traditional format of one account of survival and one scholarly discussion of some aspect of the Holocaust. Instead we heard two presentations by scholars affiliated with the Center for Advanced Study at the United States Holocaust Memorial Museum in Washington, D.C. On Tuesday, 26 June 2001, Alex Rossino presented "Anti-Jewish Policy and the Liquidation of the Polish Intelligentsia in 1939: A Dress Rehearsal for 'Operation Barbarossa'?" Wendy Lower followed on Thursday, speaking on "'Der Reibungslose' Holocaust? The Nazi Implementation of the 'Final Solution' in the Ukraine, 1941-1944." Together these lectures offered a chilling picture of the development of Nazi policy and its implementation in eastern Europe.

"Anti-Jewish Policy and the Liquidation of the Jewish Intelligentsia"

Alex Rossino investigated Nazi treatment of the Jewish and Polish populations following the invasion of Poland. Although the two groups were not mutually exclusive, the Nazis had different intentions toward each. While Jews were to be removed from conquered areas, the Polish populace was to be rendered vulnerable by the loss of its civil, religious, intellectual, and social leaders and exploited as a source of labor.

In order not to "burden the army" with the murder of civilians, *Einsatzgruppen* (Operational Groups) were created to operate behind German lines. Made up of Gestapo, *Sicherheitspolizei* (Security Police), *Sicherheitsdienst* (Security Service), and Criminal Police, these units were responsible for security in the areas under German control, as well as for the elimination of the Polish intelligentsia. Each of the seven *Einsatzgruppen* was made up of several *Einsatzkommandos* of 120-150 men dedicated to Nazi aims. Approximately 4,000 men were given the mission of eliminating 61,000 Poles and Polish Jews considered "Anti-German."

While all the *Einsatzgruppen* were charged with the confiscation of Jewish property, four groups in particular were responsible for carrying out anti-Jewish measures. The Special Purpose *Einsatzgruppe* was led by Udo von Woyrsch, who was on intimate terms with Reinhard Heydrich. Under orders to cause the Jewish population in the Silesian part of the country to flee, von

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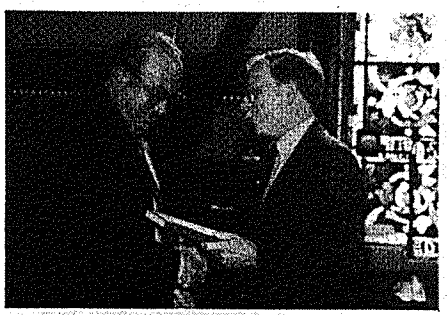
Our Newest Publications!

The Holocaust: Personal Accounts

The spring and summer of 2001 saw the Center for Holocaust Studies at work on not one, but two volumes. The first, *The Holocaust: Personal Accounts*, has been in the works for several years. It gathers the first-hand accounts of twenty individuals who experienced the Holocaust in ghettos and concentration camps, as hidden children, as rescuers, and as camp liberators. The contributors include long-time residents of Vermont as well as frequent speakers at the Center for Holocaust Studies: Irene Kahn, Carl and Ruth Freitag, Max K. Liebmann, Frank Schaal, Simon Barenbaum, Susanne Learmonth, Emil Landau, Aranka Siegal, Gina Gotfryd, Gabe Hartstein, Yehudi Lindeman, Michael Bukanc, Stephan H. Lewy, Clinton C. Gardner, Irving Lisman, Hank Golovin, Rabbi Max Wall, and Marion P. Pritchard. *The Holocaust: Personal Accounts* covers the terrain from Lithuania to France, and from Hungary to Holland and Great Britain. This companion to *The Holocaust: Introductory Essays* also includes a glossary, map, and index.

Reflections on the Holocaust

On Thursday, 6 September, members of the Center for Holocaust Studies Advisory Board, former colleagues, and invited guests surprised Professor Emeritus Raul Hilberg with the presentation of a collection of essays in his honor. *Reflections on the Holocaust: Festschrift for Raul Hilberg on His Seventy-Fifth Birthday*, edited by Wolfgang Mieder and David Scrase, contains a dozen scholarly essays on topics from the history of the Holocaust to recording testimonies and teaching the Holocaust. The contributors are Howard Ball, Robert Bernheim, Jonathan Huener, Carroll McC. Lewin, Yehudi Lindeman, Wolfgang Mieder, Francis R. Nicosia, Robert D. Rachlin, David Scrase, David A. Shiman, Richard I. Sugarman, and Gabrielle Tyrnauer. The publication of the Festschrift was made possible by various generous contributors. Particular appreciation goes to Jerold D. Jacobson, Esq., a former student of Professor Hilberg's, and his wife Gertraude Holle-Suppa.



Professor Wolfgang Mieder presents Raul Hilberg with the first copy of Reflections on the Holocaust: Festschrift for Raul Hilberg on His Seventy-Fifth Birthday *at the reception held in John Dewey Lounge on 6 September2001.*

Both books are available for sale through the Center for Holocaust Studies, as well as through the University of Vermont Bookstore. To order *The Holocaust: Personal Accounts* ($10, paperback) or *Reflections on the Holocaust* ($25, cloth), send a check to The Center for Holocaust Studies, The University of Vermont, Old Mill A301, 94 University Place, Burlington, VT 05405-0114.

Charlotte Salomon: Life or Theater?

Judith Stone

Charlotte Salomon completed *Leben oder Theater?* (Life or Theater?) one year before her death at the age of 26, while she was in exile in southern France in 1939-1943. She was deported and presumably gassed at Auschwitz very shortly after the immense autobiographical oeuvre was completed in a hotel room in the Mediterranean town of St. Jean-Cap-Ferrat. Indeed, the Vichy government ordered the arrest and deportation of all "undesirable refugees", the easily cracked code for foreign-born Jews, in the very months that mark the completion of the work: summer, 1942.

The entire saga, owned by the Jewish Historical Museum in Amsterdam, comprises nearly 800 10" x 13" gouache or opaque watercolor paintings, integrated with text and musical cues. Of the 800 images, the first 217 are overlaid with sheets of tracing paper, hinged to the paintings on the left margin: verbal commentary is written on the overlay in pencil or paint. In the remaining and greater number of images, text is incorporated with painting directly, with occasional musical reference. Although the analogy may seem jarring, there is a parallel to be drawn between the Wagnerian *Gesamtkunstwerk*, (a total theatrical event), and Salomon's massive opus. The Royal Academy of London recently organized a selected, but nonetheless overwhelming exhibition of 400 images selected from the whole, made available to the American public at the Boston Fine Arts Museum, in summer and autumn, 2000, and at New York's Jewish Museum, in winter, 2000-2001.

Life or Theater? may be understood as a tri-level haunting and haunted coming-of-age epic, wherein the artist digs into her appalling past and unearths the details of her emergence as a young woman and artist; simultaneously, she re-enacts in word and image the tightening of the noose around the Jewish community in Berlin. Suggesting, beyond the weighty Ring Cycle, the more playful, musically eclectic *Singspiel*, the work is divided into three thematically distinct sections: a "Prelude," which narrates Salomon's disrupted and unstable childhood and adolescence in, initially, Weimar and ultimately Nazi Germany; the "Main Section," an alternately sweet and bitter account of her artistic education and development, most tellingly in relation to her charismatic mentor Albert Wolfsohn; and an "Epilogue" that looks with anguish and fierce honesty at her years in exile with her Grunwald grandparents, affectionately known as "Knarre," or "rattle."

Salomon begins *Life or Theater?* in the manner of an expansive Russian novel, with a cast of twenty-two characters resembling in name and personal traits their real-life counterparts. Charlotte herself, for example, becomes Charlotte Kann, her surname the German for "is able." Charlotte's gifted, imposing stepmother, Paula Lindberg, is renamed Paulinka Bimbam, this last a transliteration of a lyric for a melody sung on the Jewish Sabbath. (It seems appropriate here to note that Paula's birth name was Levy, her father a rabbi in the small town of Kurzenberg-on-the-Rhine. Like most assimilated middle class Jews in Berlin, the Salomons and their kin by blood or marriage felt themselves as much or more German than Jewish. The subtext of Jewish identity, or more accurately awareness of that identity, surfaces with progressive and searing significance in the paintings.) Alfred Wolfsohn becomes the pivotal Amadeus Daberlohn, referring both to the sublime Mozart—Alfred is a singing coach after all —and the iridescent, but noisy and irritating starling.

Stylistically, the paintings are carried out in the loose-brushed Fauve or Expressionist manner characteristic of Salomon's peers in the European avant-garde. Accordingly, accurate anatomy and perspective are suspended, while color use depends heavily on the emotional weight of each of the multitude of images. While paintings of childhood experience, early in the narration, often sing with unbroken, unsaturated hues, later images of events laden with personal conflict or grief, or communal persecution, talk to us through dull, acidic colors.

The primary artistic influences on Salomon's depictions were, in fact, the vanguard German Expressionists, and their spiritual forebear van Gogh. Further, her elongated figures and portrait faces echo those of Modigliani, and her floating presences suggest those of Chagall. Too frequently overlooked is her mordant visual and verbal wit, indicating familiarity with the piercing caricature of George Grosz. Salomon was, in sum, at home with the early 20th Century cultural avant-garde through formal education and exposure during her considerable travels. Moreover, her family's social circle included such luminaries as the theologian Albert Schweitzer and the architect Erich Mendelsohn, so intellectual and creative innovation were, for her, the norm. Unlike Anne Frank, to whom she is quite logically compared, Salomon was a formed artist by the time she completed *Life or Theater?*.

Most significantly, however, and innovation aside, the swift, gestural Expressionist stroke suited her needs. The recording of memories at once complex and precise demanded the uninhibited, aggressive application of brush to paper. We cannot help but ask whether a *Life or Theater?* carried out in the calm and security of a conventional studio—a work plotted, revised, and polished—would affect us as deeply as this one, which was achieved at an accelerating pace under the palpable pressure of likely deportation and death.

The Salomons and their parent families Grunwald and Benda were a family of suicides, by any standard a startling number. Two of the many suicides had great impact on Salomon's young life: that of her aunt and namesake, Charlotte Grunwald, by drowning, and that of her birth mother, Franziska, when the artist was eight. Masked as death by illness throughout Charlotte's adolescence, the awful reality of her maternal loss was revealed to her by Grandfather Grunwald only in the final years in France. So, in the "Preface," we see a wrenching series of tableaux describing Franziska's emotional decline, her melancholy, and finally the empty fourth floor window through which she throws herself from the well-appointed Charlottenburg apartment. A refrain or leitmotif binds the paintings devoted to Franziska's psychological deterioration: "We twine for thee the maiden's wreath."

Indeed, reiteration of verbal motif is one of Charlotte's intuitive strategies for heightening audience response. She had a highly developed understanding not only of opera and theater, but also of cinema. This is evident in her extensive use of montage, her well-timed shifts from "long shot" to "close up," and her attempts to "shoot" scenes from multiple angles, often on the

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same sheet. Again, exposure and quiet receptivity to a sophisticated cultural milieu, the experimental German film community of the 1920s, certainly informed her groundbreaking, intricate work in composition.

Salomon's narrative directs blame for the many family suicides at the central and very intimidating figure of Grandmother Knarre, a woman domineering, unyielding, and perfectionist to a destructive degree. (Ironically, worn out by old age, undone by exile and belated feelings of guilt, Grandmother Grunwald/Knarre did in life, as in the narrative, die by her own hand.) However, the Salomon biographer Mary Felstiner meticulously analyzes the demographics of suicide in Germany during the inter-war period. She discovers that suicides by Protestants outnumber those of Catholics, while those of Jews exceed those of both groups. Most strikingly, the recorded suicides of Jewish women statistically outstrip all others, not, Felstiner asserts, as a result of the congenital instability, "hysteria," targeted by the cultural stereotype, but in reaction to a peculiar historical irony: a higher level of education than that of Christian women in Germany, and, conversely, a more limited window of professional opportunity. All the more incorrect, then, in view of Felstiner's appraisal, to dismiss the suicide rate in Charlotte's family—and the figure includes male suicides—as a chromosomal aberration or neurotic contagion peculiar to the Salomons, Grunwalds, and Bendas in particular and to German Jews of the period in general.

Despite her family history, the Charlotte we see in the early sheets *of Life or Theater?* has the rudiments of a carefree, secure, and culturally nourishing childhood. In fact, a close look at a few vividly painted images reveals a girl we envision less often than the socially uneasy introvert: an enthusiastic, well-coordinated athlete, she skates, rides horses, plays tennis. Further, the later paintings in the "Prelude" present us with the tall, slim, blond and blue-eyed Jewess whose "Aryan" appearance, added to a "modest demeanor," eventually allows her rare entrée into the Berlin Art Academy, where she alone represents the 1.5% Jewish quota imposed by the Nazis on all educational institutions after 1933.

The idyllic childhood, or so Salomon paints it, gives way in the narrative to a darker period, one in which Franziska gradually becomes immobilized by melancholy, while Albert grows more obsessed by his research and medical practice. Tracing the trajectory of her parents' marriage, Salomon imagines in paint her parents' meeting at a military hospital during World War I. (Franziska chose the nursing profession in response to her own sister's suicide, yet another irony not contrived but organic to the history.) The slow evolution in her mother's outlook and behavior, from energetic and effective to depressed and enervated, is one of the heart-stopping chapters in *Life or Theater?*.

Consequently, the advent of Paula Lindberg, vital and forceful, was a momentous event in Charlotte Kann's depicted life. (The steely Paula Lindberg is alive and, for her age, quite well in Amsterdam even as I write.) When Paula married Albert in 1930, the union at first offended Charlotte, but then brought to her sterile home life a source of both comfort and energy. Paula's most visible dedication was to her concert career, chiefly as a singer of Christian liturgical music "almost always in churches" before the Nazi accession. Thus, while we see Franziska at the piano from time to time, it is obvious that the musical face of *Life or Theater?* owes its presence to Paula's arrival in Charlotte's domestic realm.

Paula's primary career mentor, in the long period when her concert life flourished, was Kurt Singer, psychiatrist, musicologist, and Director of the Berlin Municipal Opera. With the Nazi rise to domination in 1933, viability for Jewish professionals in all fields, including the arts and medicine, shrank rapidly. As a result, Paula was barred from the "Aryan" concert stage, while Albert, despite his skill and knowledge, and his elaboration of an innovative surgical procedure, was permitted to practice only in a Jewish hospital. Singer, "Dr. Singsong" in Salomon's narrative, responded resourcefully by forming the *Kulturbund* (The Cultural League of German Jews), to enable Jewish musicians to continue performing, albeit solely for Jewish audiences. He did so with Joseph Goebbels' permission. Salomon conjures in her mind's eye the face-to-face meeting between the elegant, dignified Singer and the diminutive, ranting "Ministah of Propaganda" (as the caption reads in translation). The visual satire in these sheets equals in its fine sense of the grotesque any lampoon of the régime created by Grosz, Heartfield, or Höch. Salomon's history and persona may suggest to us only tragedy, but her wit was surgical and devastating.

The paintings, to reprise, often present us with a number of associated or sequential events on a single sheet, in the "continuous representation" traditionally used to describe visually the lives of saints. When several events are presented on the same sheet, they may take place on several "registers" or levels, or they may be separated by black line boxes. Sometimes they swirl together fluently around the picture plane, sometimes the link between past and present is established by point perspective strategy. Viewers in need of a visual narrative spun out in tight, linear chronology will very likely be baffled by *Life or Theater?*, which implicitly asks us to "go with the flow" of intense, but nonlinear memory. And while Salomon's motives and the extreme compression of her creative time span contrasts radically with those of Proust, she is conceivably his match in comprehensiveness of recall.

Sheet #153, for instance, gives us a painting of a billboard referring to *Der Stürmer*, the infamous Nazi press organ of "popular enlightenment." Salomon records, word for word, an incitement to boycott Jewish merchants and the way to do it:

> The Jew has made only money from your blood. The Jewish bosses financed the war ... Once the Jewish blood spurts from the knife, you'll have by far a better life. Hunt the swine until he sweats and smash his windowpane to bits.

Salomon began sketching at age fifteen, in 1932, not long before public education was closed to Jewish students in Germany. However, as mentioned earlier, her blond looks and unostentatious manner, not to mention her father's World War I participation, helped her squeak by the censors to be admitted to the Berlin Academy of Fine Arts. The admission allowed her the structured training required to give substance to her resolve to become an artist.

At that point, and approaching age twenty, she also traveled to Rome with a group of Jewish colleagues, and was moved by the passion and majesty of the Sistine Chapel narrative, Michelangelo's use of chiaroscuro to give sculptural volume to his Biblical figures. Nevertheless, even here, the satiric jabs often sidestepped by Salomon scholars counterbalance her reverent response. On Sheet #176, she puts patronizing words into the Pope's oracular mouth: "I am Pius XI, God's Vicar on Earth. Tiens! Tiens! Tiens! What are all those little Jews doing here?"

Salomon introduces the viewer to Paula/Paulinka at the height of her professional powers, but Sheets #209, #210, and #211 in the "Main Section" bear witness to the decline in warmth and expressive power in Paula's voice as she approaches middle age. The record of this decline is uncompromising yet sympathetic. We see a bent for domination and little problem with self-esteem in Charlotte's portrait of her stepmother, but it would be an error to minimize the devotion, laced with muted envy, Charlotte feels for this imperious woman. Indeed, acknowledging the bond between Paula and Charlotte opens the door to an exploration implicit throughout *Life or Theater?*: Charlotte's investigation of her own womanhood through her steady observation of Franziska's and Paula's personal and professional lives.

The intensity of focus on Alfred Wolfsohn/Amadeus Daberlohn in the "Main Section" is especially telling given his debatable effectiveness as a musical mentor. Wolfsohn appeared "on the doorstep" of the Salomons' world for practical reasons: in order to work as a musician in even a solely Jewish context, he had to verify his qualifications through a kind of test administered by an expert, in this case Paula. Once in the door, he moved from the position of supplicant to one of control. Wolfsohn was a Rasputin-like figure. He was charming and manipulative, with skill in gulling even the most skeptical, at least among women. He mythologized a World War I experience, making a legend of the supposed epiphany in extremis he felt upon waking up "among corpses," after being left for dead on a battlefield. This prototypically Romantic account of his near-death, rebirth, and spiritual regeneration became a kind of calling card to his "seduction" of Paula. In the painted version Daberlohn assures Paulinka that she can be reborn as a singer, with his inspiration and assistance, but she must abandon her dreary household duties, and by implication the husband for whom she carries them out, to do so. Clear-eyed, Charlotte watches this process of enticement and entrapment, setting down the experience as though it were her own.

And in fact, the relationship we are conditioned to expect between older male teacher and virgin female protegée did develop between Salomon and Wolfsohn, dovetailing that between Wolfsohn and Paula. (Proof of physical intimacy in either relationship is still absent.) The later liaison is extended through numerous sheets, in exhaustive, often surreal detail. In a series of images, for example, we see Daberlohn in multiple head studies, indicating multiple moods and protracted speech, charted with directional arrows. The impact on the viewer mimics the very head-spinning effect Wolfsohn's chronic theorizing and erotic allure had on both Paula and Charlotte. (It is perhaps not inappropriate here to make note of a similar spell cast over the greater part of the German public in the same time period by Adolf Hitler.)

Salomon's Daberlohn may, to the case-hardened realist, suggest a fairground medicine man, but his ruminations have the ring of truth for any artist seasoned in the creative process. Orpheus descending into the Underworld, he observes, mirrors the artist descending into his own psychic depths to find his Eurydice, his "central truth," the impulsion that emerges as an aesthetic artifact reflecting the artist most authentically. The descent, of course, is perilous.

Daberlohn draws the familiar analogy between sexual and creative release... familiar, that is, but not quite stale: "Once when, after a very strenuous practice session with a singing student, I looked into a mirror, I discovered I looked exactly as if I'd spent all night making passionate love—which led me to the conclusion that art means nothing less than self-surrender."

Charlotte is, more than Paulinka, the sounding board for Daberlohn's theories, while he is the first serious object of her mature sexual urges. A group of images narrate her heated effort at completing a set of etchings for Daberlohn's birthday. These veritable "labors of love" are greeted with dismissive indifference, a disappointment sparking at first grief, then anger, and finally disenchantment and retrospective cynicism: "But the fellow's not worth it." Charlotte Salomon's awakening into womanhood was rude and abrupt.

On 9-10 November 1938, *Kristallnacht* ("the night of broken glass"), Storm Troopers, Hitler Youth, and SS officers conducted rampages against Jews and Jewish property, supposedly in retaliation for the assassination of a German diplomat in Paris. Albert Salomon was arrested and taken to Sachsenhausen where the middle-aged physician did heavy physical labor. Paula, as the narrative shows us, employed the guile and persistence that defined her to have her husband released, and succeeded. At this juncture, a set of remarkable paintings tell us that both women found Wolfsohn's presence in an increasingly threatened household distracting and offensive. He was an unabashed parasite, his delusions of divinity, ludicrous. More to the point, Wolfsohn's position in the embattled family's life was in the end marginalized by the central fact of imminent Nazi destruction.

The "Main Section" concludes with a narration of events culminating in the Salomons' escape to apparent safety. Charlotte was sent to the Côte d'Azur, where her grandparents had been living since 1936 with their generous American benefactor Ottilie Moore. However, the painted record of strategies for escape are pointedly interleaved with sheets on which Salomon makes trenchant comments on the arrogance and willed blindness of many Jews in her family's social circle: "The German Jews, of whom each one is so preoccupied with himself that at a dinner party a silent observer feels as if he were in a goose pen."

The "Epilogue" is devoted primarily to Salomon's harrowing years with her grandparents "Knarre" in Villefranche, near Nice. Here, finally, Grandfather Knarre reveals to the incredulous Charlotte both the truth of her mother's death and other family suicides. Grandmother Knarre, her brittle carapace of self-righteousness destroyed, attempts to hang herself, and Charlotte, whatever complex of emotions she harbors, dedicates herself to preventing it from happening again, with only temporary success. It isn't difficult to see, looking beyond these oddly clinical depictions, that the young woman Charlotte, painter and scribe of her family's fortunes, became finally the fulcrum on which this small household balanced.

Indeed, caring for her grandparents compelled Charlotte to "go completely out of herself," to assist other French and German refugees in "Free France" on their way to safer havens, before the deadly deportations decreed in spring, 1942. For those who elect to view Salomon as a neutral, unself-aware observer to the end, the following instance of self-examination, addressed to Paula and Albert, who were by then in Amsterdam, may be surprising:

> Just recently I have been busy accompanying people of all ages and callings to the station. It consoles me for the fact that I myself shall probably never get

away from here. For by observing people's behaviors when they know they are embracing their loved ones and standing on their native soil for the last time before facing a new life in an unknown country, one can be a prophet.

So, if you would like to know whether your daughter has a chance of turning into a reasonable human being, just let me know what time the train is leaving.

Grandmother Grunwald's suicide in 1940 was followed by Charlotte's and her grandfather's internment at Gurs, one of 49 French detainment camps generated by the Vichy government. Like her eventual marriage to Alex Nagler and pregnancy, this dehumanizing experience, too raw and immediate for reflection, finds no place *in Life or Theater?*. Released from Gurs, and supported and encouraged by Ottilie Moore, Salomon began the paintings in summer, 1942. Working with unbroken self-discipline, she worked for more than a year structuring the shards of the past on paper. At the saga's completion, with deportation an unavoidable certainty, Charlotte handed the bundle of painted sheets to Georges Moridis, a local physician and known resistance fighter: "Take good care of this. It is my whole life." Moridis in turn passed on the now priceless sheaf to Ottilie Moore. Ultimately, and not without some wrangling, the manuscript found its way to Paula and Albert in Amsterdam.

Paula and Albert survived the Holocaust, as did Alfred Wolfsohn, who carried on his activities as voice coach and guru until his death in 1967. While we may discount Wolfsohn as a careless seducer and opportunist, his final words to Charlotte, a refrain repeated in the "Epilogue," may have provided the emotional bedrock crucial to the relentless production of *Life or Theater?*: "May you never forget that I believe in you."

She didn't.

Charlotte—slim, tall, watchful, unremarkable—doggedly and perhaps desperately spun out on paper a vanished cosmos, in virtual isolation. The stunning product resists categorization.

How do we think about *Life or Theater?*? Do we focus on the unbearable load of her own, her family's, and her community's sufferings, so that the work's content rivets our attention to the exclusion of form, style and media? Can we concur with Raphael Rubenstein, who feels that naming Salomon a "Holocaust artist" marginalizes her and consequently reduces her importance in relation to the art historical mainstream? Will Feminist and Gender Studies scholars co-opt her for their own, so as to deflect attention placed instinctively on her achievement, highlighting instead a young woman ringed by tragedy?

Do we debate her gifts and oeuvre in the subjunctive mode? Should we ask what she would have done in the arts without family ghosts and the threat of deportation demanding she retain her stability through painting her life? Would she have become an artist of wider scope and higher polish if she had lived past 26? Is this the autobiographical "first work" that, like *Call It Sleep*, would never have been surpassed?

At any point she could have stopped painting. No insistent gallery director, no eager client, no enthusiastic critic, no doting spouse or parent goaded, caressed, or flattered her to continue. But the weight of family grief, of embattled Jewish community, of gender, in the persons of Franziska and Paula, even of a flawed but trusting mentor, drove her on. A few painted sheets became a corpus of work; the responsibility of finishing *Life or Theater?* became a vocation. No matter what lens we use to regard *Life or Theater?*, the work defies critical boundary.

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Summer 2001 Lectures

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Woyrsch's unit killed at least 800 men in and around Katowice. Their actions were so outrageous that local military authorities began court martial proceedings—these were soon dropped. This unit also drove approximately 18,000 Jews across the river San into Soviet-controlled territory, an expulsion in line with the Wehrmacht's anti-Jewish activities at the time.

Einsatzgruppe V, commanded by Ernst Damzog, a professional policeman and long-time Nazi Party member, registered and expelled Jews from territory west of the Narew River. It combined border patrol duties with the deportation of Jews, a duty in which it was joined by *Einsatzgruppe* IV. Together they forced untold numbers of Jews over the Narew River. These terror-driven expulsions continued until December 1939, when Soviet diplomatic objections brought them to a halt.

According to Rossino, the training ground for the "Final Solution" was not the expulsion of the Jewish population from Polish territory, but the violent decimation of the Polish leadership. Here, too, the *Einsatzgruppen* played a crucial role, carrying out Himmler's directive of 3 September that all insurgents be shot. *Einsatzgruppe* IV, in addition to the activities described above, was responsible for the execution of over 500 Poles in the city of Bydgoszcz between 9 and 11 September.

Einsatzkommando 1 of *Einsatzgruppe* I, commanded by Ludwig Hahn, was sent to Katowice. Their orders were to shoot anyone showing any resistance, as well as to round up Poles on the list of Polish leaders. On 4 September, in a single courtyard, Hahn's men shot 250 men, women, girls, and boys. In another location 500 Poles were shot in mass graves in Kosciusko Park. In all, by the end of December 1939, four months after the invasion, the *Einsatzgruppen* had killed between 45,000 and 50,000

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Book Reviews

Bernard Gotfryd. Anton the Dove Fancier and Other Tales of the Holocaust. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University Press, 2000. Expanded edition. 227 pages. ISBN: 0801863104 Cloth. $17.95.

Anton the Dove Fancier and Other Tales of the Holocaust is a collection of tales based upon the author's experiences before, during, and after the Holocaust. It is a series of portraits of himself, his family, friends, and people he knew.

Bernard Gotfryd was born in Radom, Poland, in 1920. After the Nazis invaded Poland, he was associated with the resistance, but he was arrested and went through six concentration camps, including Majdanek and Mauthausen. His parents were killed, but he, his sister, and his brother survived. He was liberated by American soldiers. In 1947 he emigrated to the U.S., where he worked for *Newsweek* as a staff photographer. The book has photographs of his family, relatives, a childhood friend, and of Radom. Many were taken when the author revisited Poland in 1983 as a photographer. In the 1980s he started writing about his experiences. The tales are written in a succinct style reminiscent of Chekov; arranged mostly chronologically and told with simplicity, lucidity, integrity, and humor.

Anton is the author's life recollected in short story form, in closely intertwined tales. It is also a recollection of people, incidents/episodes, and belongings. These may be divided into several groups according to their focus. The first group is concerned with the author's family. Then there are portraits of girls and women who fascinated the narrator before, during, and after the Holocaust—these I found deeply touching. Another group includes people the narrator knew, some of whom he re-encountered after the war, in unforgettable episodes varying from humorous to agonizing and painful. Lastly there are episodes concerning food and belongings ranging from eggs to a violin, and a fountain pen, all of which are loaded with memory. Altogether *Anton* consists of thirty arresting tales. The following summarizes a few.

The author's experiences are told mostly by a first person narrator. The world is looked at, presented, and told, as the young boy saw, heard, and felt. "The Last Morning" describes a Sunday in August 1942, a day the narrator cannot cleanse from his memory. It is the day he watches his mother crying behind the lilac tree, which will become his fixed vision of her. Mounting anxiety, fear, and helplessness grip people, as is apparent in his father's remarks: "I stopped thinking. It's better not to think." His family is torn apart. His grandmother is ordered to go to the hospital and the narrator and his brother accompany her. The two boys are found in the barn where they have hidden themselves; they are reported and arrested. Soon after the narrator sees his grandmother on the horse-drawn cart loaded with dead bodies. Even today the narrator's ears echo with the voice of his mother, begging him and his brother to go into hiding and stay alive so that they can tell the world what has happened. Although the narrator has been speaking out, he has to confess, "I am not sure if anybody listens or understands me. I myself am not sure if I understand."

Aharon Appelfeld, who visited Japan in 1995, said to a Japanese reporter: "What embarrasses me is that I still cannot comprehend the meaning of what I have gone through. One of the tragedies of the Holocaust is that Holocaust survivors cannot comprehend the Holocaust." A Japanese student of mine referred to the impact of these testimonies, to the disoriented psychological state caused by the statements particularly concerning a past in which one cannot find meaning. She had assumed that what one has gone through in the past should be comprehensible, explainable, and hence should have some meaning. This encounter, and Appelfeld's remarks about incomprehensible experiences simply baffled her. It is likely that the way she looks at the world and human experiences relied on a scientific cause-and-effect theory. She realized, however, her responsibility for facing the facts of history, in spite of embarrassment and pain. Reading *Anton* facilitated her decision.

"Masha" is a portrait of a young girl, impoverished, neglected, and a victim of an (attempted) rape that robs her of the power of speech and hearing; eventually she is a victim of the Holocaust. The young narrator finds himself fascinated by her beauty, and her presence disturbs his sleep for two years, a situation described humorously. In 1942 the narrator's attempt to go into hiding fails due to betrayal, and he is brought back to the ghetto and selected to clean it. The Nazis are merciless in forcing people to do the task for which they have been selected. The gruesome sight of so many dead children in the ghetto makes the narrator mutter, "Murderers, savages, you shall burn in Hell." The narrator reaches for the legs of a dead body and nearly faints when he finds Masha. Our response to the scene of piles of innocent victims and a young boy ordered to pick up their bodies is one of horror and disorientation. We ask the same question the narrator asks, "Where art thou, O God?"

Gotfryd personalizes the sufferer and the victim with such immediacy and poignancy that it is painful to visualize the scene. However, he helps us to see her face and enables us to recognize the presence of a girl named Masha. In doing so, he rescues her, to use Appelfeld's expression, from "huge numbers and from dreadful anonymity," and gives the tortured and annihilated person the human form that has been snatched away from her. Through the multiplicity of specific voices and specific faces, we may approach one step closer to the Holocaust; Gotfryd helps us to make that approach.

"Execution" is concerned with choice. In the first half, the narrator tells about the execution of his father, and the choice his brother had to face; both of which he heard about from his brother. In the second half the narrator recounts the execution scene of a middle-aged man, and the boy who refuses to become an accomplice in his murder. The man is the boy's father figure, and despite repeated threats by a Nazi, who screams at the top of his voice, foaming at the mouth and pointing his rifle, the boy refuses to kick the stool and cause the man to be hanged. The boy gets a heavy blow, but is spared, an exceptional response made to a person with courage. The Nazi kicks the stool himself, and the man is hanged: "The man dangled on the gallows, and suddenly the world around me was no longer the same."

Choice imposed upon victims during the Holocaust is often referred to as "choiceless choice." The choice the young boy has made is "not" to act, "not" to help the murderer. Exceptional as his choice may be, it is unfair to ignore such examples of decency and courage. We are grateful, therefore, to Gotfryd for revealing this facet of the Holocaust.

"Three Eggs" has three episodes concerning eggs. The first episode is concerned with an egg that the narrator's father, in the Szkolna labor camp, throws to his son on a moving truck. The

second episode is about an egg given by a Polish miner and the death of the woman to whom the narrator gives the egg. (The narrator is a prisoner in Wieliczka, the oldest salt mine in Poland.) And the third episode describes a Boy Scout picnic in an American suburb. Here a contest is being held using eggs, and the narrator and his son, reminiscent of the father and son in the first episode, but in a totally different situation, participate in the game. In these three episodes eggs represent misfortunes loaded with sadness and a sense of guilt and loss. In the first episode the narrator fails to catch the egg and sees his father get a blow to the head for his deed. In the second episode, in desperation (the thought of eating it gives him gooseflesh), the narrator gives the egg to the woman who begs for it, only to learn from someone that her sister died in the Warsaw Ghetto Uprising; he soon finds the woman herself dead, which makes him envision the egg as the cause of her death. Instead of joy, the egg brings memories of sadness and sorrow, a sense of loss and guilt. Here we are made to recognize memory as uncleansable, inseparable from the present self. We might shape our memory and experience according to our wishes, conscious and unconscious, but memory is also what shapes us, and what we are.

Gotfryd sensitizes us through the way he looks at people, through the way he portrays people. The narrator in "Memory" says that he values life. This is reflected throughout the tales. He looks at himself and people with detachment and objectivity, but also with warmth and humor. He tells his experiences with accuracy, with classical control and simplicity, restrained and deliberative. One might shudder at some Holocaust scenes rendered using concrete individuals in a concrete context, but they are not intended to make us numb. Written with integrity and honesty, *Anton* helps us to recognize human strength and precariousness, and the complexity of human existence. The book rouses our responsibility and makes us face people and history through the specific voices Gotfryd lets us hear, and the specific faces and places he lets us see. Altogether the book is a significant contribution to facing the future with the knowledge of the past. As a Japanese, I look forward to the day when *Anton* will reach Japanese readers as well as more English-speaking readers. In Japan the Holocaust has been looked at mainly through Anne Frank and in recent years through Chiune Sugihara, the rescuer. *Anton* will broaden our view, too.

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New Contributors:

Ginni Stern is a clinical social worker, practicing in Shelburne, Vermont. She helped organize five Gatherings of Holocaust Survivor Families while a member of the Gathering Steering Committee.

Judith Stone, a creative artist, as well as Lecturer in Art at The University of Vermont, focuses on intersections of the visual arts and politics in her teaching of contemporary art history.

Yasuhiro Tae, Associate Professor of Education, visited the Center for Holocaust Studies as a Fulbright scholar in fall 2000, as part of his investigation of methods for teaching about the Holocaust in the United States.

Donald Niewyk & Francis Nicosia: **The Columbia Guide to the Holocaust.** New York: Columbia University Press, 2000. Cloth, $45.00. ISBN 0-231-11200-9.

The Columbia Guide to the Holocaust is a very helpful book for teachers and students who are interested in a first introduction to the various problems of the Holocaust as well as in specialized studies and controversial questions. The most significant feature of this publication is the extremely meticulous way the authors have gone about their task; their prime concern has been to elaborate on the various approaches to the Holocaust as well as to discuss the latest research results.

Part I summarizes the factual history, placing the Holocaust within the larger context of Nazi Germany and World War II. The section gives a brief history of the Nazi ideology, the racial thinking according to which "Aryans" are the "master race" and Jews or Slavs are regarded as inferior and ultimately not worthy of life. The authors recall that by the beginning of World War II in 1939, seven large concentration camps had already been built in various parts of Germany and Austria (which became part of Nazi Germany with the "*Anschluss*" in March 1938). The first victims were political opponents of the regime such as members of the Communist Party, the Social Democratic Party and the conservative Christian Social Party in Austria. The authors demonstrate how the persecution of the Jews moved forward step by step: from the concept of "emigration," the original Nazi solution to rob and expel the Jewish population with the forced support of Jewish functionaries. (Doron Rabionovici's *Instanzen der Ohnmacht. Wien 1938-1945. Der Weg zum Judenrat*, [Authority of Powerlessness, Vienna 1938-1945. The Path to the Jewish Council], also published in 2000, covers similar ground). Racial pressure culminated in the so-called Crystal Night pogrom in November 1938.

During the first two years of World War II, the Germans radicalized their racial policy with astonishing speed and began their campaign of genocide. Shortly after the outbreak of the war, the mass murder of mentally and physically handicapped people was planned, and Jews and Gypsies were brutally ghettoized in occupied Poland. In the context of the attack on the USSR, the authors demonstrate the killing of primarily Jews but also Communist officials by the massacres carried out by *Einsatzgruppen* as well as the killing of three million Soviet POWs by the German Army (*Deutsche Wehrmacht*). [As the emotional reactions to the exhibit *Vernichtungskrieg – Verbrechen der Wehrmacht 1941-1944* (War of Annihilation – Crimes of the German Army 1941-1944) showed, these facts were long lasting taboos in postwar Germany and Austria. While it was on tour through those two countries, the exhibit caused very emotional and also aggressive reactions by a broad segment of the population even more than fifty years after the end of the war. Helmut Dubiel analyzed the *Bundestag's* 1997debate about the exhibit in his *Niemand ist frei von der Geschichte. Die nationalsozialistische Herrschaft in den Debatten des Deutschen Bundestages*, published in 1999. Living with this great guilt gave rise to excuses and the creation of myths, like those of the *sauberen Wehrmacht*, which intended to mean that the soldiers in the German Army had only fought a "normal war" and had nothing to do with war crimes and the massacres of Jews.]

Elaborating on the last step of the "Final Solution" after the Wannsee Conference, Niewyk and Nicosia also discuss the ambivalent function of the Jewish Councils (*Judenräte*) in ghettos

as well as of prisoner functionaries in concentration and labor camps (pp.16-17). The questions of Jewish resistance and survival are also raised in a more detailed form in Part II. Here, resistance is not just reduced to armed resistance by groups in ghettos, forests or camps, but also includes nonviolent forms. The authors emphasize that survival, in and of itself, constituted a form of resistance. They also try to find different answers to the question of why prisoners in labor and extermination camps survived. Their answer: determination and luck. As they argue, one was not sent to the gas chamber if the Germans happened to need workers on the day of the selection. The survival could also depend on special skills being needed at a certain moment. Other factors were age and health. In the reviewer's opinion, the authors might have added the ability to speak the German language, (for example, this could have been a great help in getting a job in the camp bureaucracy), as well as being part of a certain group. As we know, belonging to a communist or social-democratic group, as numerous Jews did, could help to get a better job or prevent prisoners from being sent from a concentration camp to an extermination camp.

By quoting memoirs and research by survivors, the authors want to emphasize the great diversity of Holocaust experiences and thereby warn of pushing forward any generalizations about victim responses. At this point, it seems interesting to ask when people started to write their memoirs, who wrote them (i.e. in the postwar period, it was mainly political prisoners who published their memories, and we have hardly any such works by Orthodox Jews), what they remembered; and how their memory was influenced after the Holocaust. Answers to these questions also seem important as we try to cope with the newly-emerged discussion of faked Holocaust memoirs.

Part II probes more deeply into various problems of the Holocaust, whereby the authors raise questions that they answer by discussing new and sometimes very controversial results of historical research. As the authors put it: "Our exploration of these controversial issues seeks to establish the nature of the debates and the strengths and weakness of the opposing positions" (Introduction, xii).

At the beginning of Part II, the different ways to define the term Holocaust are questioned. Does the term only relate to the genocide of Jews or do we have to include other victim groups? The authors themselves have adopted a working definition, according to which "Nazi genocide was the systematic state-sponsored murder of entire groups determined by heredity" (p. 52). Here, a comprehensive discussion is devoted to victimized groups like Gypsies (Roma and Sinti), the mentally and physically handicapped, Soviet POWs, Polish and Soviet civilians, political prisoners, religious dissidents, and homosexuals. In addition to the roots of the Holocaust (the history of prejudices and anti-Semitism) and the victims' reactions to persecution, the motivations of the perpetrators are also discussed, as well as the behavior of bystanders, the question of rescue (the role of the Allied powers and of neutral states), and the lasting effects of the Holocaust. In going about this, the authors followed a very broad and interdisciplinary approach. For example, when they deal with the impact of the Holocaust on victims, studies by psychologists are discussed. Here I want to suggest including in a future edition research being done on the impact on the second and even third generations.

Part III of the book gives a chronology; Part IV is an encyclopedia of the Holocaust; and Part V gives a useful survey of not only printed sources, but also of films, electronic resources and museums. In light of the results that will be emerging from new research projects, many of them connected with various historical commissions looking into "Aryanization," restitution and forced labor, it is to be hoped that the authors will get the chance to publish an updated edition of their very useful *Columbia Guide to the Holocaust*.

Helga Embacher
University of Salzburg

Ellen Land-Weber. **To Save a Life: Stories of Holocaust Rescue.** Champaign, IL: University of Illinois Press, 2000. Cloth, $34.95. ISBN: 0-252-02515-6.

The silence with which personal experiences of the Holocaust were cloaked for years has long since been broken. There is no shortage of memoirs by victims, written for children as well as adults, written by survivors from all across Europe. That is as it should be, for these voices speak not only for themselves, but also for those who were brutally silenced. The sheer number of memoirs testifies to the magnitude of the Holocaust.

Many, if not most, of these memoirs include incidents where a helping hand was extended by someone who, at least temporarily, stepped out of the role of passive bystander. By contrast relatively few rescuers have shared their stories. Moreover, whether written by a survivor or a rescuer, these memoirs relate only one side of the story.

Ellen Land-Weber has provided a service by gathering six stories of rescue into one volume. Three of the rescues took place in Holland, one in Czechoslovakia, and two in Poland; the work is divided geographically, with each section preceded by an overview of the situation for Jews in the country in question, as well as a useful map. In each story, a brief introduction is followed by the rescuer's account, then by the accounts of those she or he helped survive. The work concludes with an appendix of places, events, and terms, suggestions for further reading mostly dealing with Holocaust rescue, and an index. Photographs, some taken by the author, add visual appeal.

The juxtaposition of multiple perspectives on events grants readers insights unavailable to the individuals sharing their stories. For instance, one rescuer claims to know who betrayed four of the people she was sheltering—the ex-girlfriend of one of the men, who will not speak of the matter. He, who presents himself as a man with no secrets, says "How they found us I do not know. I have always been too scared to find out" (p. 51). In another case, the rescuer puts her motivation succinctly, "If somebody needs help, you have to help, so you do" (p. 168). The man she and her husband hid says, "When they brought me inside...I had the feeling she was against the idea of having me in their house. But Jerry had brought me home and she accepted the situation" (p. 186). One of the women Barbara Szymanska Markuch helped was a pediatrician who felt that everyone in the village protected her. By contrast, the woman whose child Markuch placed in a convent perceives the Szymanska family as the only one in town that could be trusted.

One of the major questions regarding the rescuers of the persecuted during the Holocaust is, of course, why did they choose

to help others? That was the question posed by Samuel P. and Pearl M. Oliner in their study, *The Altruistic Personality: Rescuers of Jews in Nazi Europe* (1988), and this volume is an outgrowth of the Oliners' work. Land-Weber, a photographer/artist, was one of the interviewers for the Altruistic Personality Project. Even Land-Weber's small sampling demonstrates how difficult it is to develop a personality profile for people who willingly risked their own lives to help others. The rescuers come from all walks of life, numerous political affiliations, and various religious persuasions.

The Dutch rescuer Tina Strobos, from a family "for whom atheism was a religion" (p. 43), appears to have been motivated by her political beliefs. With her mother and grandmother she sheltered political opponents of the Nazi regime as well as Jews. John Damski, who barely escaped execution at the prison for Polish political prisoners, seems to have reached out to help Jews from a sense of brotherhood for fellow victims of the Nazis. In addition he fell in love with the girl who landed, literally, in his lap as she escaped from a raid.

Barbara Szymanska Makuch is one of the few contributors to indicate what made her willing to help others. She attributes her involvement to the way she was brought up in a home where her mother would help anyone in need, regardless of their background. Both Makuch and her sister helped people as best they could, hiding one girl themselves and finding safe havens for others. Eventually both became involved in Zegota, the Polish underground resistance group dedicated to helping Jews. Makuch was arrested, imprisoned, and sent to Ravensbrück.

Just as the rescuers resist categorization, so do their relationships with the survivors. Mirjam Pinhof, who worked with a Dutch underground group to get children to safety in Palestine, is very close to the Young Pioneers she helped. Anna and Jerry Chlup spoke weekly with Herman Feder after they all emigrated to the United States. However, when Barbara Makuch found that one of the girls she had saved was also living in Canada and tried to establish contact with her, she received a rude letter in reply. Others, while grateful for the aid they were given, don't feel particularly connected to their rescuers.

To Save a Life is a fine companion to the Oliners' study. By itself it offers much food for thought. However, a scholarly afterword, placing the individuals from *To Save a Life* in the context of the earlier work would have been extremely useful. As it is, it is difficult to make connections between the individual stories, let alone to find common characteristics among the rescuers. Nor do their own words always make it clear why they chose to reach out to someone in need, rather than turn away, as so many did. However, this lack of analysis does not diminish the value of the volume as published. *To Save a Life* raises a number of questions as worthy of discussion. Chief among them is this: How is it that some people choose to reach out to others rather than strike them down? That question resonates as much in the twenty-first century as it did in the second half of the twentieth.

Katherine Quimby Johnson

Shadur, Joseph. **A Drive to Survival: Belgium, France, Spain, Portugal; 1940.** South Deerfield, MA: Schoen Books, 1999. 144 pages. Hardcover. $20.00. ISBN 965-222-934-2.

Joseph Shadur, director of the Jerusalem Field Studies Center of the Society for the Protection of Nature in Israel, has written an engaging memoir. Like so many other families, his fled Nazi persecution, aided by the kindness of a few friends, some strangers, and timely strokes of luck. But in how many stories of flight does an automobile, in this case a 1938 Oldsmobile L-38, play a crucial role?

Although they were originally from Lithuania, most members of his extended family were involved in the fruit trade in Berlin or other major German cities. Soon after the Nazis came to power, most of his uncles and aunts emigrated to the United States or England. Shadur, his parents and his sister remained in Berlin for several years. They lived across the street from the local NSDAP headquarters, a fact that provided plenty of tension, as well one of the better family jokes in the book.

In 1936 Shadur and his family moved to Antwerp, where the children were enrolled in school and their father found a partner for a new wholesale fruit company. After *Kristallnacht* the one aunt who had remained in Germany, fled to Antwerp, as did Shadur's paternal grandmother. Antwerp, with its substantial Orthodox Jewish community, as well as the devout Roman Catholic population, expanded what today would be called Shadur's multi-cultural education. He also had a taste of right-wing nationalist anti-Semitism, Belgian-style.

The family's flight to the safety of Lisbon began with the invasion of Belgium in 1940. The father's charm and urbanity, such an asset when he traveled around the Middle East buying wholesale lots of fruit, proved equally useful on the drive across France. He talked to people who had influence with border guards; he chatted up British soldiers, who left them much-needed gasoline for the car; he even found them housing with a pro-German couple in Bruges (Gironde). Because of their Latvian passports, the family was accepted in this small town near Bordeaux; they were considered victims of the war, not Jewish refugees escaping the Final Solution. Those same Latvian passports, however, were due to expire, and Latvia had recently been swallowed up by the Soviet Union. A risky trip to Paris, to the Soviet embassy, resulted in the family's receipt of Soviet citizenship and extensions of their passports, giving them just enough time to leave France for Spain and then, with the usual heart-stopping delays and complications, Lisbon.

Once they reach the United States, Shadur's father loses energy and spirit, as does the story. Not only is it as if he had given his all to save his family, it is also as if this man, who could charm peasant and aristocrat alike, did not know how to function in the rough and tumble of American commerce. Indeed, Shadur makes it clear that his parents were most comfortable after they retired from Chicago to Switzerland.

In two concluding chapters Shadur retraces much of his family's route and meets a friend he made at the time, and considers his family's history. They are of minor interest to a general reader. Although the center of the story is the family's flight to safety, for this reader the details of daily life in Berlin and Antwerp were more interesting. For these alone this slender volume is a helpful addition to the genre of Holocaust memoirs.

Katherine Quimby Johnson

(continued from page 10)

Poles, among them some 7,000 Polish Jews.

In conclusion, Rossino described the Nazi motivation in 1939, which was to speed the flight of the Jews from Poland and to discourage resistance by the Polish populace. However, the murders of Jews by individual *Einsatzkommandos*, while not widespread, meant that a threshold had been crossed. Moreover, the wholesale murder of the Polish intelligentsia bears a striking relationship to the eventual implementation of the "Final Solution." The main difference was the unwillingness—at this point—to integrate orders to kill with the official goal of the campaign, thereby involving the Wehrmacht. Indeed, some of the same units involved in Poland were later deployed to the same ends in the USSR. In other words, the brutality of 1941 was facilitated by two years of practice.

"Der Reibungslose *Holocaust?"*

Lower's lecture covered events in the Ukraine from the invasion in 1941 until the Soviet reoccupation in 1943. Her title alone reveals what practice had done to the killing process. "*Reibungslos*" can be used as either an adjective or adverb, and means "smooth," "without a hitch," or "without conflict." It was used in numerous reports to describe both the process of mass murder and relations between the *Einsatzgruppen* and the Wehrmacht.

A majority of the 1.4 million Jews in the Ukraine died by the bullet. (2,000 Galician Jews were deported to Belzec, and approximately 185,000-200,000 died in ghettos and labor camps.) These murders occurred in occupied territory in which leaders of the local administrative districts were given a great deal of latitude in their day-to-day operations. However, there is no evidence of much variety in the implementation of the Holocaust in the Ukraine.

In March 1941 Reinhard Heydrich, SS Security Chief, and Lt. General Eduard Wagner, Army Quartermaster, agreed to divide the labor in the war of annihilation. The Army was to focus on security cleansing operations, while the *Einsatzgruppen* would establish local control, targeting first male Jews, then all Jews, as pre-war Bolsheviks.

The pogroms of June and July 1941 began as a way to involve the native population, and with the hope that they would eliminate most Jews. Although the *Einsatzgruppen* carried out most pogroms, on occasion the Wehrmacht actively participated in the massacres. In Lutsk, for example, the Wehrmacht led reprisals after they found murdered German prisoners of war. However, disagreements over jurisdiction arose as the number of killing actions increased. In addition, local military authorities were not always in agreement with the massacres, because they removed a source of labor. Eventually precise orders divided the responsibilities for executions between the *Einsatzgruppen*, which would commit the murders, and the army, which would guard the areas.

German authorities were also concerned about the psychological effects of the killing on the perpetrators. In August 1941, the mass shooting of the Jewish population of Zhytomyr turned out to be "intolerable for both victims and firing squad." At about the same time, *Sicherheitskommando* commander Paul Blobel, had a similar problem; his shooters needed something to calm them after they had participated in a massacre. Senior staff doctor Gerhart Panning had wanted to investigate the effects of Soviet explosive ammunition. Together Blobel and Panning developed a plan that met both their goals: Handpicked men would tests the effectiveness of Soviet explosive ammunition on selected Jewish POWs. Thus the two branches of the German military establishment in the Ukraine collaborated in furthering the goals of the "Final Solution."

The brutality of the massacres increased by degree. In Biela Tserkva, the Jewish adults were massacred. The cries of the orphaned infants and children disturbed chaplains in the town, and led to complaints. Thereafter, mothers and children were kept together at mass murders as "a more humane approach."

Babi Yar represents the culmination of methods of mass execution. On 29-30 September 1941, 33,771 Jewish men, women, and children were stripped, beaten, driven to the ravine, forced to lie on top of the previous victims, and shot by *Sicherheitsdienst* marksmen. The local population was assigned to cover the bodies with lime and sodium chloride. When the action was completed, the ravine was blown up.

While Babi Yar represented a "smooth" operation, as one officer wrote, it had "become apparent that this method will not provide a solution to the Jewish problem." 350,000 Jews remained in Volhynia-Podolia, in the eastern Ukraine. There Jews were forced into ghettos on Rosh Hashanah. The welfare department made sure there was inadequate food, deliberately ensuring that starvation and disease would decimate the ghetto population. Here again there was a conflict between the demand for the liquidation of the Jewish population and the desire to exploit its labor. However, by that time the "Final Solution" took precedence over other needs, and the ghettoes were attacked.

By March 1942, plans for the elimination of the Jewish population in the Ukraine were proceeding such that there was no need to obtain pre-approval for action, only to report its outcome. In addition, the local forces were such willing accomplices that the *Sicherheitspolizei* and *Sicherheitsdienst* forces were necessary only when a mass killing action was to be undertaken.

In summary, the totality of the implementation of the "Final Solution" in the Ukraine exhibited the synchronicity of the center and the periphery of the Nazi apparatus. That the perpetrators could view their actions in this manner indicates not only their loyalty to Nazi ideals, but also the extent of their ingrained anti-Semitism. Describing the killings as "*reibungslos*" was a way for the perpetrators to rationalize, in both senses of the word, their own actions. While administrators could distance themselves from their actions, and point with pride to an efficiency of execution, their actions resulted in nothing short of bloody mass murder.

Together Rossino and Lower demonstrated how the "Final Solution" was carried out in Eastern Europe. In addition, their lectures helped answer the question, "how was it possible?" Calculated hardening of individuals, exploitation of local populations who shared certain Nazi ideals, namely anti-Semitism, and an ability to look at murder as a means of production all led to a disregard for human life.

The Bulletin of
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at the University of Vermont
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Contents:

Same location, different address:
UVM has finished E-911 addressing. Please address all correspondence to us at The Center for Holocaust Studies, Old Mill, A301, The University of Vermont, 94 University Place, Burlington, VT 05405-0114. Thank you!

Events to Note

Wednesday, 7 November 2001
UVM, Billings Student Center
Campus Center Theater
8:00 p.m.
CANCELLED
"A Different Country: A Different Country. Dialogues with Germans, 1938-2001"
Gitta Sereny

Sunday, 18 November 2001
St. Michael's College
McCarthy Arts Center
2:30 p.m.
"Music from the Holocaust"
For more information call (802) 654-2535

Wednesday, 5 December 2001
UVM, Billings Student Center
Campus Center Theater
8:00 p.m.
"Hitler's 'Prophecy' and the 'Final Solution'"
Ian Kershaw

Sunday, 21 April 2001
Miller Symposium on
The Involvement of German Business and Industry in National Socialism

The Center for Holocaust Studies
Old Mill, Room A301
The University of Vermont
94 University Place
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