



AJR JOURNAL

The Association of Jewish Refugees

Why did refugee intellectuals fight so much?

'The history of philosophy,' wrote William James, 'is to a great extent that of a certain clash of human temperaments.' This is particularly true of the great Jewish refugee thinkers of the mid-20th century. They fought endlessly. Why? Why did they fight so bitterly when they had so much in common?

A MUSICAL NOTE

There is something of a musical theme this month, with articles on the music publishers of Leipzig and the Hungarian opera promoter (pages 8-9).

We also have an interesting feature on the families who sought wartime sanctuary in the Peak District (pages 10-11), plus the final short story in Bernd Kochsland's trilogy (pages 14-15).

We hope you enjoy reading this issue and would be delighted to receive comments.

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Clockwise, from left: Karl Popper, Sir Isaiah Berlin, Ludwig Wittgenstein, Isaac Deutscher and Hannah Arendt.

In his new book, *Hannah Arendt & Isaiah Berlin* (2021), Kei Hiruta tells the story of the bitter rivalry between Arendt and Berlin, two of the most famous refugee thinkers of the post-war period. In his *Journals*, the American historian Arthur Schlesinger Jr. wrote, 'Years ago, I brought Hannah and Isaiah together. [...] The meeting was a disaster from the start. She was too solemn, portentous, Teutonic, Hegelian for him. She mistook his wit for frivolousness and thought him inadequately serious.' Berlin later wrote, 'I do indeed have views on

Miss Arendt. I am a profound non-admirer of both her work and her personality.'

Hiruta does a fine job of analysing the layers of dislike between the German refugee and the Oxford don. First, there was an 'unfortunate personal chemistry' between the two. Temperamentally, they were worlds apart. Second, they disagreed over Zionism. Arendt started as a passionate Zionist after she fled Germany in 1933 but became increasingly critical of Israel. Berlin
Continued on page 2

Why did Refugee intellectuals fight so much? (cont.)

was a lifelong Zionist. Third, they had very different notions of philosophy. Arendt was a huge admirer of Karl Jaspers and Martin Heidegger and saw British philosophy as shallow by comparison. Berlin, by contrast, said Jaspers 'talks dim rubbish and ... is too bogus even for Continental metaphysicians' and he dismissed Heidegger as a 'gifted charlatan'.

When Berlin was asked by Faber & Faber to report on Arendt's book, *The Human Condition*, he raised 'two objections': 'it will not sell, and it is no good.' In a private letter, Berlin dismissed much of her work as 'dark, Teutonic, clouds of irrelevancy.'

As political thinkers, they differed over the notion of freedom, the nature of Nazism and Stalinism, and while Arendt was interested in imperialism, Berlin was not. They even disagreed on relatively minor issues like the student revolts of 1968. Arendt sided with the rebellious students, Berlin regarded them as politically and intellectually worthless. They were, he wrote, 'all wild, all bearded, all very mad.'

Arendt was an outsider. She had fled Nazi Germany for Paris in 1933, then left France for America in 1940. Berlin was also an émigré. He left Riga for London in 1921 but became a consummate insider, a Professor at Oxford, knighted in 1957, appointed to the Order of Merit in 1971 and President of the British Academy from 1974 to 1978.

Above all, they disagreed passionately over the Eichmann Trial, particularly the *tone* in which Arendt wrote about the Jewish leadership during the Holocaust. The way she condemned the *Judenräte* was for Berlin, and many others, a moral failure, he accused her of 'inexpressible arrogance.'

Both were Jewish refugees from east Europe, lifelong critics of totalitarianism, who became among the leading political thinkers of their generation. And yet they loathed each other, as people, as philosophers, as Jews who tried to come to terms with the Holocaust.

Berlin's conflict with the Polish refugee historian Isaac Deutscher is the subject of David Caute's *Isaac and Isaiah: The Covert Punishment of a Cold War Heretic* (2013). Berlin was a passionate liberal, Deutscher

was on the Left. They were, Caute writes, 'Titans of opposing camps in the Cold War.' Deutscher attacked Berlin's writing. Berlin did everything he could to block Deutscher's career. 'How can I reply to Deutscher?' Berlin wrote to his friend Anna Kallin. 'I hate him too much... I cannot be sure that it is only his hateful personality (about which we are all agreed), his Communism (which is that mean, dead, talmudical "parshivy yevrey" type).'

The last phrase is revealing. Born in Galicia, Deutscher came from a Hasidic background. His background couldn't be more different from the assimilated world of Isaiah Berlin, educated at private school and Oxford. It wasn't just the Cold War that divided them. They were two very different kinds of Jews.

In their book, *Wittgenstein's Poker* (2001), David Edmonds and John Eidinow described an extraordinary row that erupted between two Viennese refugee philosophers, Karl Popper and Ludwig Wittgenstein, in Cambridge on 25 October 1946. The guest speaker was Karl Popper. In the audience was Wittgenstein, then one of the most famous philosophers in Britain. In his intellectual autobiography, *Unended Quest*, Popper gave his version of events. Popper put forward a series of what he considered real philosophical problems. Wittgenstein dismissed them all. Wittgenstein was playing with a poker. He challenged Popper to give an example of a moral rule. 'Not to threaten visiting lecturers with pokers,' Popper replied. 'Whereupon Wittgenstein, in a rage,' wrote Popper, 'threw the poker down and stormed out of the room, banging the door behind him.'

What is surprising is how much the two men had in common. Both were Jews from assimilated and highly cultivated backgrounds in Vienna. Both left Vienna and found sanctuary abroad, Popper spent the war in New Zealand and then settled in Britain and Wittgenstein spent the last twenty-four years of his life in exile in Britain, mostly in Cambridge. Both were famous thinkers who took British philosophy by storm.

There was another thing they had in common. 'Both,' write Eidinow and Edmonds, 'were bullying, aggressive, intolerant and self-absorbed.' Bryan Magee described his first meeting with Popper. He was struck by 'an intellectual aggressiveness such as I had never encountered before.

Everything was pursued beyond the limits of acceptable conversation...' It was famously said that Popper's most famous book, *The Open Society and Its Enemies* should have been renamed *The Open Society by One of Its Enemies*. Ralf Dahrendorf was amazed by Popper's stamina in dispute. 'He would walk up and down and, in his inimitable way, argue and argue and argue and argue.' Iris Murdoch wrote that 'Wittgenstein always imposed this confrontation on all his relationships.' The philosopher, Von Wright wrote that 'Each conversation with Wittgenstein was like living through the day of judgement. It was terrible.'

These famous thinkers had so much in common. They loathed totalitarianism and realised that Nazism and Stalinism were the dominant issues of their time. Between them, they wrote some of the most famous books on liberty and *The Open Society*. They knew that philosophy was undergoing a fascinating revolution, or, rather, two very different revolutions, which couldn't be reconciled. They also knew that Israel was one of the other key subjects of the post-war world and many of them took strong positions on Zionism. But they disagreed over Zionism just as they disagreed over Communism.

They were also divided by temperament, surprisingly quick to take offence, leading to grudges which lasted a lifetime. There was something else. The question of insiders and outsiders bitterly divided them. Who fitted in and who didn't? And this touched on another division. What kinds of Jews were they? Berlin couldn't forgive Arendt for her criticisms of the eastern European Jewish leaders during the Holocaust but at the same time there was something about Deutscher's Hasidic background that rubbed up against him. It will be interesting to see what authors with finer Jewish antennae make of these feuds and rivalries that played such an important part in the world of refugee thinkers.

David Herman

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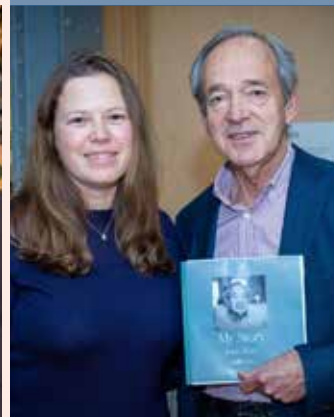
Freddy Berdach BEM



Eve Wilman MBE at her investiture



Ivan Shaw BEM, pictured in 2020 with Lisa Bayfield, the AJR volunteer who helped produce his *My Story* book.



The AJR wishes a very hearty mazeltov to all survivors who received an honour for their services to Holocaust Education in the New Years Honours list.

These included AJR members Freddy Berdach, Frank Bright, Lily Bruml, Agnes Kaposi, Anne Marie Lever, Ivan Shaw and Bronia Snow.

Frank Bright, who has been awarded an MBE, is a regular contributor to this Journal. He was nominated directly by students of Northgate High School in Ipswich, where he speaks regularly about his experiences at Auschwitz aged 16 and his later life as a refugee. Pupils at the school have been so inspired that last month they applied to

plant one of AJR's special 80 Trees for 80 Years oak trees in the school grounds.

Another New Year's Honour recipient, London-based Ivan Shaw, only began talking at schools in the past year, around the same time that he started taking part in AJR's *My Story* project. When his book was published he told us "The *My Story* book has given me and my family so much pleasure. I had not talked much over the years about my past but somehow, being interviewed on a number of occasions for it has made it

easier to come to terms with what had happened to me as a child."

We would also like to congratulate AJR member Dr Eva Willman on receiving her MBE from Sir Kenneth Olisa OBE, HM Lord Lieutenant of Greater London. This was awarded in the 2021 New Year's Honours list for Eva's work in Holocaust education.

Note from editor: If you have recently received an honour or award of any type please let us know.

GET THE CHILDREN OUT!

AJR member Mike Levy has published a wonderful new book containing the previously untold stories of several women and men who helped save thousands of Jewish children at the start of WW2.

Find out about the young Dutch woman who stared down Adolf Eichmann and the rogue Rabbi who could charm his way out of trouble. Learn how Sir David Attenborough's parents brought two young Jewish children into their home and about the diplomats who defied their own government.

Mike Levy uncovers these stories and more in a book which represents decades of research and especially pays attention to the role of women in what, until now, has been a largely male dominated historical narrative.

Mike Levy is a highly respected Holocaust historian and educator who has helped AJR with research for the new *UK Holocaust Map* and is chair of the Harwich Kindertransport Memorial appeal.

Get the children out! is published by lemonsoul.com and is also available from Amazon and selected bookshops. £1 from each copy sold will be donated to the charity Safe Passage which helps today's child refugees.



ART NOTES: by Gloria Tessler

*Spirit
of the
Carnival,*
by Tam
Joseph



You cannot ignore the music; the reggae sounds, the voice of the carnival, the colour of the Caribbean. While the scandalous treatment of many members of the Windrush generation - who came to Britain in the 1950s, grew up, worked and raised families here only to face deportation - may pursue them, like a dark cloud, Tate Britain's current exhibition of Caribbean artists over four generations shows both sides of the story. There may be darkness in some of their art, but there is also its uproarious spirit that survives tragedy. *Life Between Islands: Caribbean British Art 1950s – Now* brings home the memory of a very different homeland, but also captures, sometimes in black and white photographs, that dark mood not reconciled to life here; the memory of slavery, the rise of the Black Panther and Black Lives Matter movements; and even the annual carnival challenged by police yet bringing all the vibrancy of islands in the sun into the grey obscurity of post-war Britain.

The exhibition begins with the Windrush generation, exploring the Caribbean Artists Movement whose members were clearly inspired by the tropical landscape they had left behind.

One of them was my friend, the late modernist textile designer **Althea McNish**, who married Jewish jewellery designer, John Weiss and brought the rich beauty of her native Caribbean landscape to stores like

Liberty's and Heals, exhibiting her prints widely. She died in 2020 and one of her obituaries describes her as a hugely influential figure in the world of interior design and fashion, the first woman from the West Indies to rise to international prominence in her field.

McNish saw everything with a tropical eye. According to the designer and curator Christine Checkinska she "overthrew the sterile rules of taste that had previously shaped British and international design".

Born in Port of Spain, Trinidad, McNish never discussed Windrush with me; she was too busy, too vivacious and, fortunately for her, too successful. She had a loom upstairs in her Wood Green home shared with John and an endless retinue of cats. She painted from childhood and first exhibited at the age of 16. Arriving in England aged 22, she won a scholarship to study architecture but opted for print studies instead and clearly took the Caribbean into her art. Her *Golden Harvest*, suggests trees, with yellow and orange sunlight peeping through. These are gentle, sensuous colours, perhaps quieter than most of her other designs, including works by other artists. For instance, fellow Windrush artist, **Paul Dash** is energetically figurative – so much so that his canvases are packed with crowds.

There are several startling works here, including **Hew Locke's** *Souvenir*, a somewhat ritualistic sculpture of Edward VII in masonic regalia, built from gold chains and a mass of colourful fabrics. **Aubrey Williams' Shostakovitch** is an arresting abstract in a clangour of yellow and mahogany, suggesting the composer's parallel time of political unrest, yet offering a subtle sense of harmony.

There is a strongly masculine element here; for instance **Vanley Burke's** *Young Men on a Seesaw*. Their faces are quiet, anxious; here is the unspoken question: do they feel threatened or safe? **Frank Bowling's** *Kaiteurtoo*, 1975, is a sweep of primary colours suggesting the shape of a long

island with golden sands, or an abstracted torso. Clearly these artists speak of home, in memory and imagination, but equally of the harsher, starker reality of life in a different island.

The darker world they faced heralded the rise of Black Power, reflected in **Horace Ove's** photographs of Stokely Carmichael and **Neil Kenlock's** *Black Panther Schoolbags* of 1970. The Black Art Movement further depicted struggles with the police. Conflict between the police and carnival revellers is brilliantly explored by **Isaac Julien** and **Tam Joseph**. The latter's *Spirit of the Carnival*, 1992, is a disturbing semi abstract in which a yellow feathered being is surrounded by uniformed police looming into its space also occupied by a wolfish creature with bared teeth. It is a very powerful work with painful symbolism.

Some of the darkest yet most vibrant paintings are by **Denzil Forrester**, whose *Jah Shaka* portrays a brilliantly attired group listening to music and gazing up at what appears to be a picture of a well-dressed white couple. The dissonance of colonial slavery persists here, although not all artists convey it. **Ingrid Pollard's** *Oceans Apart* is an engaging black and white photograph of a mother and her young son, all gleaming, white teeth, white nails and white shorts, both knee deep in sand and laughing. Her intimate reflections suggest a coming to terms with radical change.

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LETTER FROM ISRAEL BY DOROTHEA SHEFER-VANSON



ISRAEL'S ENERGY MUDDLE



In 2000 a natural gas field was discovered in Israel's offshore waters near Ashkelon, and amid great

rejoicing commercial production started in 2004. An offshore rig can be seen from the coast, which doesn't do much to improve the beauty of the scenery but certainly helps Israel's energy-starved economy. Till then Israel relied on imported coal and oil to fuel its power stations, as well as on its only natural resource – ample sunshine – to heat water by means of solar panels on the roofs of houses.

The subject of energy is intrinsically interesting to me, but especially so because one of my grandsons has spent the last four years studying for a degree as an energy engineer. Consequently, as I read the daily paper each morning I pay special attention to articles concerning energy, and make a point of sending them to him.

So I was stunned to come across an article in the middle of December stating that the Energy Minister, Karin Elharar, had brought the energy economy to a halt, announcing that there would be no more gas energy explorations for at least a year, and that

attention would be focused on the quest for 'green and renewable energy.' In so doing she cast aside the government's energy policy and the recommendations of the governmental committee on the subject.

It seems that I was not the only one who was stunned, because the very next day I came across the headline stating that the government had no intention of infringing its contract to the Trans-Israel Pipeline, the company controlling the pipeline transporting gas from Ashkelon to Eilat, and which was originally built to transport imported oil from the Gulf of Aqaba into Israel. In recent years there has been a groundswell of 'green' organisations seeking to restrict the use of sources of energy that are harmful to the environment.

One can only imagine the furore that must have taken place within the government for the Prime Minister, Naftali Bennet, to immediately issue an announcement stating that no contract with the Trans-Israel Pipeline would be broken, even going so far as to require the Supreme Court to refrain from adjudicating in favour of any such demand.

Israel's current government consists of a large number of parties, forming a coalition cobbled together in a desperate attempt to prevent the previous government from regaining power, after three general elections which left no party in a position where it could form

a government. Inevitably, there are differences of opinion and approach in a government that is so diverse, but somehow, to all appearances, at least until now, the government has managed to function reasonably well without erupting or disintegrating in disagreement. Though who knows what goes on behind closed doors?

So for the moment matters remain as they were before Elharar's shock announcement, though there are indications that efforts will be made by her and other interested parties to stymie or at least hamper the original agreement. It remains to be seen who will end up with the upper hand. As the old saying goes, we are cursed by having to live in interesting times.

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Letters to the Editor

To submit a letter please email editorial@ajr.org.uk. Please note that the Editor reserves the right to shorten correspondence submitted for publication and respectfully points out that the views expressed in the letters published are not necessarily the views of the AJR.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF WANNSEE

The very last words of David Herman's article (January) are that the significance of Wannsee "depends on... what kind of state you think Nazi Germany was". On that I can offer one fragment of not-obviously-biased testimony hitherto unrecorded. In 1957 I had the good fortune to spend the core of my National Service being trained at London University as a Russian interpreter. One of our teachers was a youngish woman called Lyubov (Amy) Volossevich (nicknamed Flossie, of course, by her pupils). She had arrived in this country post-war, having lived for the later war years in Nazi Germany - an interesting achievement on her part, to be sure, though by no means unique. She described in vivid detail how unregimented and unbureaucratic was life in the wartime Third Reich by comparison with Stalinist Russia.

Political antisemitism being widespread in Germany decades before Hitler, and Nazi population policies involving also (inter alia) extermination of the mentally ill on the one hand and the Lebensborn breeding programme on the other, why on earth should the Holocaust have stemmed from a single initiative and a single chain of command, rather than an extensive consensual mentality?

Peter M. Oppenheimer, Oxford

REMEMBERING THE KITCHENER CAMP

Your article (January) brought back one of the rare vivid memories which I still retain of the year 1939. In the late summer of that year my mother and I were taken on a visit to the Kitchener Camp to celebrate my father's safe arrival in England. We were brought there by our 'guarantors' (who, in the case of my sister and myself, had arranged our escape from Vienna on the March Kindertransport, and that of our parents, separately, later that year - my father, I believe, on an 'agricultural labourer' visa).

I have this picture in my mind of my father arriving to greet our little group - he was wearing muddy boots and mud-spattered

clothing, and carried a spade over one shoulder (he loved the work). For years my mother did not let him forget her mortification at this sight 'when everyone else we could see', she always claimed, 'were elegant men wearing suits and ties'!
Freddy Kosten, London, N3

HARRY LIME IN INNSBRUCK

Meriel Schindler's article about the Café Schindler brought back to me a memory of Innsbruck in the summer of 1969.

I was working in a village called Trinns, just outside Innsbruck, with a film unit who were making the film called *The Last Valley*. At that time I was living in Innsbruck and during the evenings it was my habit to go out to eat. One of my regular haunts was a small type of beer garden right opposite the Marie Theresia Hotel; one entered by a covered passageway into a small garden courtyard but what the place was called I cannot remember. From the location description in Meriel's article I wondered if this could have been a part of the same building; occasionally they would have singers in traditional costume to entertain the tourists.

Upon my arrival one evening I found the place was rather over-full but being by now a regular, I was placed at a table with an elderly gentleman who was obviously Austrian but spoke rather good English, and so we chatted. He said his name was Anton and he asked me what I was doing in Innsbruck and was very interested in listening to me, especially when I said my father was from Germany but had left in 1934, and he encouraged me to tell what I knew of my father's early life. Then suddenly there was an announcement in German; he got up, went and sat on a chair on an elevated platform and started to play the accordion, and I thought to myself 'this fellow is good'!

When he finished he returned to the table and I told him how good he was; he smiled and thanked me. He then told me who he was. I should have realised, for when he played the *Harry Lime* theme the

place exploded with applause. He was, of course, the famous Anton Karas.

He finished the evening with me; never once did he allude to my not knowing him and was delighted to hear that the Harry Lime theme was one of my father's favourites which he regularly played on our piano at home. At the end of the evening he gave me his autograph on an envelope which I was hoping to reproduce here, but after 50 years I cannot seem to find it.

It was whilst I was working on this film that the celebrated Jewish Czechoslovakian actor Martin Miller suddenly died of a heart attack, aged only 69.

John W Martins

HOLOCAUST MEMORIAL DAY

Each year I go to Offenburg, Germany - my birthplace - to visit them, go to Church with them and speak in schools.

This year is different. Because of COVID, sickness, and age. I am nearly 91 years old and can only be with them in spirit.

Many thoughts are going through my mind on this day, and those years of persecution are still with me as they were eighty years ago.

Auschwitz was freed on 27 January 1945 by the Soviet troops. There were only a few people left after all the horror, that is what Auschwitz meant. My mother Sylvia Cohn was murdered there in 1942, her eldest daughter Esther in 1944 when she was just 18 years old.

My sister Myriam and I were deported in 1940 to Gurs in France, later in an OSE children's home. We escaped to Switzerland at the end of October 1945 and I found my father again in England after a six year separation.

To remember is our duty, in order that this dreadful antisemitism does not return. This is my plea. Care for peace and teach children the old Jewish and Christian

human laws. Love your neighbour as you love yourself. And tell them hate makes ill.
Eva Mendelsson Cohn, Ross-on-Wye

WHERE IS GUILDFORD?

Scanning the list of sites where trees have been planted and will be planted, (AJR@80 project becomes a tree-ality, December 2021) I do not see Guildford in Surrey, although Dorking, Haslemere and Farnham are mentioned.

During WW2 many Jews moved from London to Guildford. I was evacuated with St. Michaels School from Southfields, London to the Guildford area and lived at Newlands Corner, in the home of Mrs. St. Loe Strachey with seven other evacuees for the entire length of the war. There was a large community of German and Austrian refugees living in the town. I believe that a Jewish agency in London helped these refugees move to Guildford. The town certainly deserves recognition as a place of safety for Jewish refugees.
Ralph Samuel, Oakland CA USA

REFUGEE OR SURVIVOR?

At the risk of boring readers who have already made up their minds what to call themselves when defining their status to their grandchildren, may I put forward fundamental differences between the two concepts.

Having come to England with his parents before the outbreak of WWII the writer claims, quite justifiably, refugee status. They sought refuge, they were granted refuge, ergo, they and many others, became refugees and formed an Association.

Being refugees in the UK enabled them to have a youth, an education, attend a university, and have something to build on from the main attributes of a free society, of which they made good use.

My experience as a post-war entrant is fundamentally different. I had no youth. The most important part of my life, the years in which I grew up, meant that

attending school and higher education or learning a trade, are missing. They were spent in ghetto, Auschwitz and slave labour camp. I have no formal education at all except for 2 years at a Jewish primary school in Berlin. I did attend a Jewish school in Prague from 1939 to its closure in 1942 but its syllabus was drawn up by the German occupation authorities with emphasis on the German language, in order to understand their commands. For maths I had to wait for help from a brilliant fellow ghetto inmate who taught me trigonometry by the light of a very low wattage bulb. Like so many other brilliant boys he perished. Another loss to science.

My engineering studies in the UK started in 1946, at the Regent Street Polytechnic, and lasted for nine years. I had to hold down two jobs, alongside evening classes and study. Accommodation was poor. I had no parental guidance. I somehow coped and survived all those handicaps. I am a survivor. One of the last of this kind at 93.

The question is, given the choice, was it worth being a survivor rather than a refugee? Probably not because the past still haunts me every day, a past refugees were spared and know nothing about.
Frank Bright MBE, Martlesham Heath, Suffolk

SETTING THE RECORD STRAIGHT

Peter Phillips (January) has misunderstood my article (December 2021) about the differences in outlook between the children born to those who fled to Britain before the war and the children born to those who came here after 1945. My article focussed specifically and explicitly on the British-born children of these two groups. Consequently, it had no application to those born in the countries of origin, like Mr Phillips. It said nothing about their classification as refugees, survivors or anything else. I never even used the term 'survivor', which only appeared in a title that was not given to the article by me.
Anthony Grenville, London NW6

EVEN MORE TREES!

Readers will be delighted to hear that, in looking for ways to reduce their carbon footprint, the printers and distributors of the *AJR Journal* - **FBprinters** and **Snapmail** - have both partnered with Just One Tree (www.justonetree.life), an organisation that plants trees around the equatorial regions of the planet.

For each job that FBprinters and Snapmail do in 2022, they are committed to plant a tree - no matter how big or small the job! This means that producing the *AJR Journal* this year will result in 24 trees being planted.

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THE MUSIC PUBLISHERS OF LEIPZIG

Brussels, 1942. Picture the scene: a 73 year-old dishevelled, disoriented man, living in a run-down lodging house in this foreign city. Having just buried his beloved wife of 44 years and having recently lost their youngest son, a victim of Nazi persecution, now broken and alone, he is shortly to meet his own cruel fate - deportation from Malines detention camp and murder at Auschwitz. But who was this man and how had it come to this?

Henri Hinrichsen (1868-1942) had been the proprietor of one of the world's oldest and most esteemed music publishing houses, C F Peters Bureau de Musique, situated in Leipzig, the acknowledged centre of musical life in Germany since the beginning of the 18th century. Among the company's clients were the following composers: Robert Schumann (1810-1856), Anton Bruckner (1824-1896), Moritz Moszkowski (1854-1925), Richard Strauss (1864-1949), Hans Pfitzner (1869-1949) and Arnold Schönberg (1874-1951).

Henri Hinrichsen, and his predecessor and uncle, Max Abraham (1831-1900), didn't merely publish their music. They were interested in promoting their composers' musical development and often showed a genuine, almost paternal interest in their all-round well-being. Edvard Grieg (1843-1907), the famous Norwegian composer and pianist, for example, became a close family friend to whom both Max and then later Henri gave emotional and financial support, even letting him share the family home.

In addition to being a great benefactor with a passion for music, Henri Hinrichsen was also a philanthropist. Thanks to his generous patronage and



Paul Ollendorff, Edvard Grieg, Nina Grieg, Martha Hinrichsen, Henri Hinrichsen, in Talstrasse 10, the offices of C F Peters, Leipzig in 1903

Source: *Music Publishing and Patronage, CF Peters: 1800 to the Holocaust* by Irene Lawford-Hinrichsen, Edition Press, 2002

the inspiration of Henriette Goldschmidt (1825-1920) he founded the first All Women's College, *Hochschule für Frauen*, in Germany in Leipzig in 1911. Conceived as a college of further education, it offered not only a regular education but also functioned as an educational institute for all women including those not registered as students, who could attend lectures on philosophy, history, art, literature, education, sociology, law and biology.

Henri also oversaw the continued growth and development of the Peters Music Library, founded by his uncle at the end of the 19th century. It became the largest privately funded library of its kind in the world. It housed a renowned collection of early books and manuscripts, much original sheet music and a museum of musical instruments, all freely accessible to musical scholars.

In recognition of his contributions in many spheres of social and economic life he was honoured with the title of *Geheimer Kommerzienrat* or *Geheimrat* for short, equivalent in status to the British 'Privy Councillor'

As an assimilated Jew, the Nazis put an end to all that. Two of his sons, Max

and Walter, were able to continue the business in new incarnations in London and New York respectively. The rest of the family suffered varying fates as a result of Nazi persecution.

Through the dedication and interest of Max's daughter, Irene, the Wiener Holocaust Library is now the proud owner of an important collection which documents this family and its remarkable achievements.

Postscript

Fast forward to 1991. A reader at the *Staats und Universitätsbibliothek*, Bremen noticed a number of the library's books were marked 'J.A.' followed by a numeral in pencil in the inside cover. Further investigation revealed that 'J.A.' was an abbreviation for *Juden Auktion* and that these books had been expropriated from the belongings of Jews - many of whom would have been murdered during the Holocaust. The books, along with myriad other possessions, which had been packed in shipping cases and stranded in the Bremen docks after the outbreak of war, were subsequently plundered and sold off at auction to the highest bidder. One of the main customers for the books was the city

THE HUNGARIAN WHO BROUGHT OPERA TO THE MASSES



Tibor Rudas with Luciano Pavarotti in Hong Kong in 2001



The Three Tenors

Tibor Rudas, born 1920 in Budapest, was an entrepreneur who is best known for conceptualising Luciano Pavarotti's performances in sports arenas and later for signing the Three Tenors: José Carreras, Plácido Domingo and Luciano Pavarotti.

Having survived Bergen-Belsen he moved to Australia, where he started a dance studio. In 1963 he landed in Las Vegas, producing variety shows. His next move was to Atlantic City where he wanted to produce opera to large - later very

large - audiences. Pavarotti first rejected his offers, until a large fee and a tent for 4000 seats next to a casino were offered. The concert sold out in less than an hour.

Rudas first put on *The Three Tenors* in the Dodger Stadium in Atlantic City for 50,000 people and this concert was televised later to an audience of 1.3 billion. Many concerts in large venues and altogether 200 concerts for Pavarotti followed.

He presented the New York Philharmonic Orchestra in an Atlantic City casino and produced large outdoor concerts for diverse classical artists at the Eiffel

Tower, the Sydney Superdome and other unconventional venues.

Rudas said: "I am the most hated man in the world of opera, but I am loved by the masses".

About *The Three Tenors* concerts, a critic once said: "This was a night for celebrating personalities and personality cults, it certainly wasn't a night for serious art." I guess he was only jealous!

Tibor Rudas has undoubtedly expanded audiences for opera more than anyone else.

Janos Fisher

and university library of Bremen.

In the 1990s the head librarian undertook a systematic survey of the library's holdings and discovered some 1500 books with similar annotations. The descendants of Henri Hinrichsen were contacted and those books where it could be identified 'ex libris Hinrichsen' were repatriated to the family. Wiener Holocaust Library now holds a sample number from those recovered as part of the Hinrichsen collection.

Howard Falksohn
Wiener Holocaust Library

OUR FRIENDS IN LEEDS

After nearly two years of isolation the Leeds Holocaust Survivors Friendship Association (HSFA) was delighted to re-start live meetings last Autumn, with a series of speakers and music for its own and local AJR members, culminating in a wonderful Chanukah event on the last night of the

festival. Given the difficulties surrounding Covid and the ages of our first generation members, the attendances continue to be good and the meetings very lively. Many more meetings are planned for 2022.

Barbara Cline

The peak years fo

The town of Buxton lies some 25 miles south east of Manchester in the Peak District, about 1, south. At the geological junction, there are a number of springs, some of which were disc

There was a Jewish presence in Buxton in the middle of the 19th century when children of Selim Bright lived on The Crescent. In 1901, Jacob Banes lived on West Street with his wife, Esther, née Weisgard. The occasional Jewish trader from Manchester would venture as far as Buxton, and some Mancunians would spend their holidays there. Percy Rothband lived at Wyelands, Buxton, until 1926 when, still traumatised by his experiences in the trenches, he took his own life on a train from Buxton to Manchester. However, although some Jewish individuals lived in the town, or visited it, during the 19th century and the first half of the 20th, these were just individuals rather than members of an organised Jewish community. It was only the influx to Buxton of refugees and evacuees before and during the Second World War which produced numbers that were sufficient for the creation of communal institutions.

Buxton College was founded in 1675, and from the 1920's it served as the town's grammar school. During the 1930's the principal, Mr Mason accepted about 30 refugee German boys of Jewish extraction as boarders. He himself paid their fees.

The website for Jewish Communities and Records – United Kingdom (JCR-UK) lists information from various Jewish year books which were published during the war years and shortly afterwards. These show that the communal Rabbi was Benzion Lopian (1913-2002) and that the following served as communal officers:

S Oster and B B Lichtenstein (Chairmen), M Gurvitch, S Leitner and Dr S Wohl (Wardens), A Bishop and P Davies (Treasurers), and B Hyams and D Lever ((Secretaries)

Recollections of various wartime Jewish residents of Buxton have been set out in a book by Yvonne Chalker. Entitled *Buxtonians; A Hardy Breed*, this was published in 2015.

Judith Usiskin is one of the contributors to the book. She and her brother, Harold Slutzkin, arrived in the town shortly after the outbreak of war. Judith was 5 and Harold 11. They were accompanied not only by their parents but also a grandfather who had lived in Palestine and a girl, Lore Gutwillig. She had joined the family from Germany via the Kindertransport, at the age of 14. Judith notes that Buxton was considered a safe haven, away from major cities and surrounded by hills. She understands that eventually up to three hundred Jewish families lived in Buxton and the surrounding area. She notes that kosher food was brought in from Manchester and there were frequent religion classes at the local *cheder*. Her account does not specifically mention a Synagogue. However, the JCR-UK website shows that Friday evening services were held at 4 Lower Hardwick Street and Sabbath morning services were held at the Oddfellows' Hall on Market Street. The festivals which are recalled by Judith Usiskin are Purim, Chanukah and Simchat Torah – arguably those festivals most likely to appeal to a young child.

Meir Posen was another German refugee who spent the war years in Buxton. Born in Frankfurt, he moved to London after the war and qualified as a Rabbi. He later became an internationally recognised authority on the halacha of mikvahs. (Jewish religious law relating to ritual baths).

Herbert and Gisela Eisner were also refugees from Germany who made their home in Buxton. In 1936 at the age of 15 Herbert was sent from Berlin to attend Buxton College. He married Gisela Spanglet who came to Britain aged 13 with the Kindertransport. They moved to Buxton in 1951, later than other Jewish families. Herbert spent most of his working life at the Safety in Mines Research Establishment at Harpur Hill, just outside the town.

Other German refugees included members of the Wertheimer family. Fay Wertheimer was born in Buxton in 1943.

Judith Usiskin's brother, Harold Slutzkin, also contributed a piece to Yvonne Chalker's book,



Oddfellows Hall in Buxton, where the Jewish community held its services

Buxtonians; A Hardy Breed. He notes that the family lived in Didsbury in south Manchester when the war broke out – unusual at the time for an orthodox Ashkenazi family. They rented a house in White Knowle Road, Buxton, a town 'where there were suitable educational facilities and the nucleus of a Jewish life'. He records that a kosher boarding house had been opened by Mr and Mrs Hoffman on Terrace Road, Buxton. Irene Wineberg, who is mentioned below, remembers it as Somerford House.

The *Jewish Chronicle* frequently reported on events which took place in Buxton. For example, the newspaper carried an item on 20 September, 1940 which referred to Mr Slutzkin of 'Cranford, White Knoll Road, Buxton'. In August, 1941 the paper carried a report of the Mizrachi in the town. A further entry in the 'JC' for 17 October, 1942 reported that delegates from Buxton attended a regional Zionist conference in Manchester.

Selwyn Rose, another contributor to Yvonne Chalker's book, refers to his education at Fairfield Endowed Infants and Junior Schools. He suffered from polio and was treated at the Devonshire Hospital.

Joan Sklan, another contributor, was evacuated from London to Buxton where she stayed for five years. She describes her education at Cavendish High School. Her sister and her fiancé were the first Jewish

r the Peak District

000 feet above sea level. It is situated where millstone grit to the north meets limestone to the south. The town was first mentioned in a document covered in the 17th century and from that time onwards, Buxton developed as a spa town.



couple to be married in Buxton. It is clear that the Sklan family was one of several religiously observant families in the town.

It is also clear that the Jewish community was close to Jewish servicemen who found themselves in Buxton and the surrounding area. Joan Sklan notes that the local Jewish community cared for Jewish soldiers who served in the Pioneer Corps. Yvonne Chalker's book includes an extract from the local newspaper stating 'On Sunday evening last, the festival of Pentecost was observed at the Jewish Forces Club at the Oddfellows' Hall where a service was conducted by the Rev W Wolfson.' The book includes a further newspaper notice stating 'Jewish members of the forces staying in Buxton during the Holy Days are invited to apply to Mr J N Jackson, Oddfellows' Hall, Buxton, so that reserved seats shall be allocated to them.'

The J N Jackson who has been mentioned was 'Jack' Jackson, a retired cabinet maker. His grandson, Bernard, was 9 years old when he arrived in the town from London. He remembers that there were not one but two synagogues, including one for 'a more orthodox community, who held their services in Dale Street'. He also remembers a family called Gould who lived at number 6, Oddfellows' Cottages.

Another contributor, Arthur Weiss, remembers that a kosher hotel {or that was

how it was described to us') in Buxton was owned by Nechama Finkelstein and her husband, Bernard. This apparently, is not to be confused with the boarding house mentioned by Harold Slutzkin, and named by Irene Wineberg as Somerford House. It might, for example, have been the Pavilion Hotel which regularly placed advertisements in the Jewish Chronicle.

A further contributor to Yvonne Chalker's book, Tony West, recalls that his family cared for Harry Ralton, a refugee from Breslau (now Wroclaw) and 'RAF officers who were billeted with us from time to time.'

Sabina Sussman arrived in Buxton in 1941 at the age of seven. She attended Hardwick Square Junior and Cavendish Grammar Schools. Her memories include caverns, woods and hills which, to this day, remain attractive features of the countryside around the town.

Irene Wineberg's parents were already in Buxton when war broke out. They were there to attend a 'cure' in the spa. Irene and her immediate family stayed in the town during the war. She remembers one visitor to her home was Vivian Herzog who was stationed in the nearby town of Matlock. Vivian was to become Chaim, President of the State of Israel. Irene's other memories include the deep snow, the Cavendish Grammar School and Passover, with the supervised milk which was brought from Farmer Peacock.

Geoffrey Preger speaks of a thriving Jewish community in Buxton. At school he was ink monitor. Of religious life he remembers Mr Cohen, the communal *Chazan* (Cantor) and Shabbat evenings on cold winter nights 'where whiskey and herring were staples'.

The Goldstein and Corman families owned a coat factory in nearby Macclesfield but members of the families lived in Buxton. Avraham Goldstein is remembered as 'a deeply pious and religious man and a generous benefactor to Jewish and Zionist causes.'

Harry and Elsie Kersner were also residents of Buxton during the war years. Their son, Michael Louis, was born in February 1943 at St John's Nursing Home, whilst the family address was 91 Macclesfield Old Road, Burbage, Buxton.

Chaja Ziment lived in Southport in 1939 but stayed at 95 Spring Gardens, Buxton during the war. In 1941 she registered as an alien with the police at the nearby village of Chapel en le Frith.

Eventually, the war came to an end and most Jewish residents of Buxton returned to their pre war homes. The town's Jewish community ceased almost as quickly as it had been created. Accordingly, no entry for Buxton can be found in the Jewish Year Book for 1949. Nevertheless, some Jewish presence did remain. Personal announcements of Jewish residents of the town, and advertisements for the Pavilion Hotel appeared in the Jewish Chronicle until 1948. Somerford House still placed adverts in 1950. A Jewish summer school was held in Buxton during 1951 and some Jewish families such as the Franks and the Eisners continued to live there during the 1950s. Nevertheless, there was what might be termed 'a Jewish community' only during the period of the Second World War. The community was transient, a 'pop-up' community created to meet the temporary needs of refugees and evacuees who were fortunate enough to find themselves in the delightful surroundings of the Peak District.

Geoffrey Weisgard

Geoffrey Weisgard is an amateur genealogist and historian. His hobbies include hill walking – mainly in the Peak District. Please write to him at weisgard@hotmail.com if you have any information about the Jewish community of Buxton, or if you would like an extended version of this article. An earlier version of this article appeared in the March 2021 issue of 'Shemot', published by the Jewish Genealogical Society of Great Britain.



NEXT GENERATIONS

The Association of Jewish Refugees

THE POWER OF WRITING

Meriel Schindler, author of *The Lost Café Schindler* (see Review, August 2021) joined the AJR last year as a Next Generations member and spoke at last month's Holocaust Memorial Day event. Here she explains how writing her family story was a very cathartic process.

I had heard of the AJR, which helped my family after they fled from Innsbruck, from my father but never realised that it was open to Second Generation Jewish refugees.

My family had been well-to-do business people in western Austria. They ran a distillery, a jam factory and a much loved dance café. And then the Nazis arrived...

After my book was published last year the AJR's Debra Barnes was one of the very first people to contact me. She interviewed me for the AJR book club and also introduced me to AJR members Ruth Jacobs and Harry Heber, both from Innsbruck. Ruth remembered going to the Café Schindler every Sunday with her parents to eat cake. It was a very special moment to meet someone who had loved my family's café.

The success of the book has led to me juggling interviews and appearances at literary festivals with my day job as an employment lawyer. This was all rather unexpected as the starting point for this project was a form of private self-prescribed bereavement counselling: an attempt to understand my father, Kurt Schindler.

Kurt was a maddeningly difficult man. Handsome and charming, he liked to tell anecdotes of our lost family business and illustrious relations. These supposedly ranged from Franz Kafka to Alma Mahler, from Bruno Kreisky to Oskar Schindler and Dr Bloch – the only Jew in the Reich who enjoyed Hitler's personal protection. It all seemed a bit far-fetched and when I asked for details my father was vague and evasive.

As a small child I adored Kurt but as I grew older I realised that he was adrift in his own confused sea of recrimination and litigation. He portrayed himself as having suffered great injustices, not only as a Jewish victim of the Holocaust but also at the hands of his own family, with whom he had fallen out. He determined to right these perceived wrongs and thought nothing of pursuing and defending hopeless litigation to reclaim 'stolen' assets. In the process he ran up debts he could never realistically pay, but always maintained he had "no choice": his family empire had been lost and he wanted to restore the wealth and luxury of those pre-war years.

It fell to me and my sister and our husbands to sort out the chaos that Kurt left behind in the small cottage where he died. Papers



Meriel Schindler

PHOTO © HOLLY FALCONER

relating to the café, the villa and distillery business were piled up in every corner: the spare bedroom, his bedroom, the small sitting room and dining room. We opened the doors of the double garage and faced floor to ceiling cardboard boxes crammed with papers from failed business ventures and court cases from around the world. We discovered piles and piles of Nazi era documents festooned with swastikas; letters ending with the peremptory sign off: Heil Hitler.

Our father funded his thirst for litigation by setting up commodity trading companies which regularly failed. He was a compulsive gambler who gambled with our stability and happiness.

I spent many hours looking at the 13 photo albums Kurt had left behind. These included pictures of the coffee house at the centre of Innsbruck's social life. Young men in crisp uniform posed before setting out to fight for Kaiser Franz Josef on the cusp of WW1; women in long dresses and bonnets astride toboggans prepared to hurtle down snowy slopes. I was gripped by a desire to know who these people were and what had happened to them. And Kurt was no longer there to tell me.

I spent evenings and weekends trying to piece stories together. Some things were accessible online; others required me to write off to archives and museums in Austria. The past started to come into focus and allow me to name the people in the photos. It became clear that not all of my family had made it out of Austria. I needed to honour them and tell their story.

So my book was an attempt to understand my father retrospectively: to sort fact from fiction and understand my own history and with it the history of Austria as it emerged from the Austro-Hungarian empire and slid into the hands of the Nazis. Like so many second generation AJR members who have researched their own history, the process has been both sad but also uplifting as I have been able to reunite a family that had been scattered by war and feuding.

www.merielshindler.com

RUDI & ILSE: A GERMAN ROMEO & JULIET

Murder or Suicide - Young Woman Found Dead in Ahlbeck was the local newspaper's headline on 13 June 1939. Something terrible had happened the previous night on the beach of Bad Ahlbeck, a resort on the island of Usedom, off Germany's Baltic coast. The paper reported that a young woman had been shot dead. Next to her was a man; a shot to his temple had left him severely injured. Both were slumped in a traditional Strandkorb, a wicker 'beach basket'. The paper told its readers the man had fired his pistol, fatally, at Ilse's heart and head.

Police records indicated the couple had been found that morning. Alerted, a police officer went to the scene. After he saw a seemingly lifeless young couple in an embrace, he summoned a doctor, who confirmed the woman was dead. The man was still alive. As his identity papers showed he was Rudolf Marx, a soldier; an ambulance took him to the marine hospital in nearby Swinemünde, a garrison town. Rudi died there hours later.

The woman was identified as Ilse Fröhlich, normally resident in Siegburg, near Bonn. With Rudi, she had come to Ahlbeck from Swinemünde. The officer's report concluded that Rudi had shot Ilse, before shooting himself. As the couple were found in an embrace, the police officer presumed that both chose to die together.

Coming weeks before the outbreak of war, the tragedy was forgotten, until a Bonn daily mentioned it in 1985. Researchers have

since found out that Ilse's Jewish family had a fashion store in Siegburg. Her mother died in Bonn, four days after her birth. Ilse was a pupil in Siegburg; in 2012, a school contemporary recalled that Ilse and other Jewish girls did not suffer from antisemitism. They attended classes on Saturdays.

Although Allied bombs destroyed the school in 1944, some documents survived. One showed the school awarded Ilse top marks. In 1931 Ilse switched to a Gymnasium in Bonn, but left that school in 1936, probably because she was Jewish. She took up a training position in Cologne.

By then, it's presumed she had fallen in love with Rudi. As Rudi had been called up in 1937, and stationed in the Swinemünde garrison, Ilse had no reason to doubt he was a Catholic. That meant the Nuremberg Laws of 1935, to 'protect German blood', outlawed their relationship, and that was presumably why the couple decided to commit suicide.

Ilse travelled up to the Baltic to join Rudi. The couple went to a pension in Bad Heringsdorf, next to Bad Ahlbeck. On their way to the beach, Ilse posted a letter. 'Dear Father, dear Degen,' it began. Degen was her widowed father's business partner, and perhaps companion. It continued: 'By the time you receive this letter, Rudi and I will have shot ourselves. Despite all the difficulties, we have come together. I thank you wholeheartedly for all you have done for me, because you really could not have done more, and I am so grateful to you, for you let me live carefree. It is all fate and destiny.

'Certainly, I caused you much worry, but I could not act against my heart. Forget the pain and all that I have done to you, and think that we are now happy. As my last



Ilse Fröhlich

favour, I ask that you place Rudi and me together in one grave, we can be buried here, so that at least in death we have peace. My things are in Bad Heringsdorf in Pension Hubertus, room 29. I can't express in words my gratitude for your love, for you wished me the best. I greet and kiss you a last time, Your Ilse.'

Degen, who took over Ilse's father's business, gave Ilse's letter to the Siegburg museum, where it is on display. Ilse's last wish was not granted. She was buried in Siegburg's Jewish cemetery, while Rudi was buried in Bonn. The SS shot Ilse's father and other local Jews near Minsk in 1942.

But how Catholic was Rudi? His mother was, while his father Emil presented himself as one. In fact, Rudi's father was Jewish, probably converted, so that his son was a *Mischling*, a 'first-degree mixed-race' individual. According to Nazi doctrine, *Mischlinge* were to be considered as Jews.

Martin Mauthner



Bad Ahlbeck on Germany's Baltic coast

Decades of Chance?

This third and final story by AJR member Rev. Bernd Koschland MBE follows on from his story in our December and January issues and recounts the lives of the three German soldiers who answered the call for Minyan in the British trenches in WW1.

As agreed Martin and Hannah, his daughter, met; she had been given the day off on compassionate grounds. She asked her father to tell her what had befallen him after they separated. He answered with tears in his eyes that her mother had died in the camp, in the arms of a friend whom he treated after the war. He then related his story, as written in *Three Soldiers*.

He explained that Leah and he wanted to retire, but not in Germany. They decided on Israel, where they both could start a new life. Martin said he could not forget the past, but as someone wrote: *"We have to look at life positively and make this world a better place."*

Before speaking about her experiences, Hannah had questions about Leah and Israel. Martin said that Leah had survived a camp with her mother, who died shortly after release; her father did not survive; she had searched records and found his name. As a nurse, she volunteered to work at a hospital not far from the DP camp where she lived. Martin worked there later which was how he met Leah. Why Israel? Really the only place to start a new life together. Yes, he had been back to Ichenhausen for just a few hours, saw his former home. That short visit was enough; there was nothing for him there anymore. It simply laid a 'ghost' to rest.

"Now what about you? My last vision of you was cuddling into your mother". Hannah took up her story. After he had gone, the train moved on until it



These teddy bears and toys were recently on display at Yad Vashem, having each been deeply cherished by a different child survivor.

reached Concentration Camp XY. "We were ordered off the train, with shouts of 'hurry up and leave your bags behind. You can collect them later.' Of course we never did. We were marched through the gates of the camp, the two of us clinging tightly to each other. Once all were in, SS guards moved among us. Men, women and children were ordered into separate lines, with much shouting and pushing by the guards. The women were marched away at the double; it was the last time I glimpsed Mum.

"The row of children stood there frightened, trembling and crying. There was no-one to comfort them; all they got was more shouting and bullying. An officer of quite high rank walked up and down looking at us children. It was like a slave market, each one of us appraised for some unknown purpose. The officer selected one older girl and told her to go to the junior officer. Then the senior one marched up and down and stopped by me. He ordered me to join the other girl. The four of us got into a car and drove to a large house with armed guards".

The officers went in and left the girls outside. A woman came out, introduced herself as the wife of the senior officer. She led them to a small side building and

said this would be their home. It had a bed, some chairs, a table and a small bathroom/toilet. She explained to the girls why they had been brought there.

They would have to help around the house, clean, perhaps serve at table, help with the two children and do whatever else was required. They would eat in the kitchen. She explained that the house was in two parts, the living quarters to which they had access and the other part which was closed off and for army personnel only.

Annie and Edith went to their little room and chatted about themselves and where they came from. Punctually at 5 they reported for duty as ordered, and were told what they had to do. The workday would start at 6 in the morning and finish at 9pm.

The years passed with both girls anxiously concerned about their parents. They began to notice changes, particularly in food shortage and supplies. The husband was rarely seen. Shooting and explosions were coming very near. One night the girls went to bed as usual. To their amazement, when they got up next morning and went to start their day, the house was completely deserted. They heard footsteps behind them, looked round and saw soldiers in

different uniforms; they heard a different language. In German the girls said "We are Jewish and prisoners".

A soldier called out and said he was Jewish and spoke German. He had a conversation with the girls and passed on the gist to the officer in charge. The soldier was told to take the girls to his base camp and contact a Jewish Chaplain.

The Chaplain took charge of Annie and Edith, gave them a meal, and explained the next move. Not far away was a small group of children awaiting transport to England. He took them there and put them into the care of adults. They were taken to an airfield, put on a plane to England, and were then driven to a large hall in central London, where the 'slave market' procedure began once more, but in friendly surroundings.

A cheerful couple came up to Hannah, introduced themselves as Moses and Dinah David and asked if she would like to stay with them. The answer was an emphatic Yes. They went home by cab - a new experience for her - and were greeted at the door by daughter Rachel for whom Hannah would be a new 'sister'.

It took some days for Hannah to settle down, to get to know her new family, and for the Davids to know her and learn what life had thrown at her. The house made her reflect on the past; she was living in surroundings she had last experienced before deportation to a camp.

Her new existence meant tackling areas that had been taken out of her reach. To get her education up to speed, Moses arranged for her to attend a school of English and a small tutorial college to catch up in basic subjects. The Davids often spoke in Hebrew, their native language, which Hannah also picked up. She took part in all family events.

Sadly the good times were about to change. In a family gathering, Moses laid out future plans. His business had grown massively and had been sold for a fortune, so he could retire. He had decided to join his brother in Toronto. For Hannah there was a choice: either to go with them to Canada, where she would



Rev. Bernd Koschland MBE

be very welcome, or to join his other brother on a kibbutz in Israel. Take time, he added, before making a decision. We will give you all the help you need: you are part of the family.

It came as a bit of a blow; going to Canada or Israel would mean putting down new roots again. To stay in the UK she would be alone. What prospects would she have in Canada or Israel? She finally decided on Israel.

Moses started by contacting his brother on the kibbutz, who was happy to welcome Hannah. The family received her very warmly, just as Moses had done. She went to an Ulpan and quickly picked up Hebrew and helped on the Moshav wherever she could.

As time went by, she felt that she had not achieved much in her life as she had little training in anything; then her attention was drawn to a notice regarding the Army. Would it give her a career and stability? The family discussed the idea and agreed that it would give her a basis for a firm life after all her experiences so far. Inquiries led her to an interview, followed by another with Officers of the IDF. A few days later a letter came asking her to report to Section Gimmel at a base not far away

Hannah duly reported and said she would like to serve as a regular. This was the beginning of her military career. She rose in time to a commissioned rank and worked in a highly secret unit, in which she met Gadi. The two became friends. Gadi proposed to her and his proposal

was accepted with eager delight!

In time, they had a few days' leave, which they spent in Tel Aviv. On the morning of their arrival, still in uniform, they went to have a coffee in a restaurant where, unknowingly, her life would be changed forever. Her father, Leah and Gadi were absorbed by her story. (See *Three Soldiers*, January, for the reunion). Martin wanted to be told more about her time in the house of the Army Officer. She was intrigued by her father's two friends who were indirectly responsible for the reunion; he replied that Heinrich/Henry had died a while ago, but Carl was living gloriously in Miami. Arrangements were made to meet again next day.

Hannah asked: "Abba, do you remember Eddy?" He looked very puzzled. Eddy? Hannah put her hand in her pocket and pulled out a small teddy-bear. "He has been with me since you and Imma gave him to me as a very young child. He was with me when I entered the concentration camp. He was and is my comforter and until now always recalled your love".

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REVIEWS

THE CHAMPAGNE SPY. ISRAEL'S MAN IN EGYPT

Wolfgang Lotz
Vallentine Mitchell

This is the story of a most exciting and dangerous life. Wolfgang Lotz, the son of a Jewish actress, was born in Mannheim, Germany in 1921, left for Palestine in 1933, served in the British army in the Second World War and in the Israeli army for the 1948 Arab-Israeli war and the 1956 Suez war. That would have been enough adventure and danger for most people, but Lotz then joined the Israeli secret service and became a spy in Egypt. He got away with it as he did not fit the Jewish stereotype, describing himself as 'blond, stocky and thoroughly Teutonic in gesture, manners and looks.'

He spoke German fluently and presented himself as a former Wehrmacht officer. As an enthusiastic horseman he joined his nearest Cairo riding club and soon made friends with the Honorary President who was also the General of Police. Through this contact he made many more influential friends, enjoyed frequent high society parties in which, after a few drinks, numerous military and diplomatic figures would 'speak to me about secret or confidential matters. That's because they like to show off.' They had no idea that Lotz understood Arabic, and so gave away information that was then transmitted to the Israeli government. Due to the possibility of hidden microphones he always referred to Israel as Switzerland and Israeli intelligence as Uncle Otto. His friends were unwittingly so helpful that one of them, a major, offered him an army base as a place to stable his horses. Another friend, General Abdel Salaam, gave him an entry permit to a prohibited area of the Suez Canal zone because the fishing there was better than elsewhere. Meanwhile General Osman told him how excellent the Israeli intelligence service was. Lotz also leased a farm that was conveniently close to an experimental rocket base. 'The rockets were fired off fairly frequently and it was important to record and report

the exact times and frequency of the launchings.' And so it went on.

This all seems to have been too easy and too good to last and so it was. Returning one day from a sightseeing tour he found four cars full of men parked opposite his house. He asked one of them what was going on and received a heavy blow on the head and handcuffs round his wrists. At his trial in 1965 he faced ten different charges, each of which carried the death penalty. He was lucky to be 'merely' imprisoned for life with hard labour and then three years later released as part of a prisoner exchange. Lotz, who died in 1993, wrote this book in 1972 and it has recently been reissued. Unsurprisingly, a story as good as this has been made into a film, also called *The Champagne Spy*.
Michael Levin

THE EXILES: ACTORS, ARTISTS AND WRITERS WHO FLED THE NAZIS FOR LONDON

Daria Santini
Bloomsbury

Here's another book about the extraordinary contribution refugees from Hitler made to the Arts in Britain. Santini, a former academic and now a London-based writer on cultural topics, has an unusual approach: she took the year 1934 - the Nazi persecution had just begun - and researched what a handful of German-speaking actors, artists and writers were up to in the British capital that year, as refugees or émigrés.

Her quest proved to be fruitful; the result is an absorbing kaleidoscope, full of unexpected insights that enrich her narrative. Helped no doubt by her internet browser, it's a technique that lets Santini spring in all directions, invariably unearthing fascinating tidbits on the way.

Some AJR readers will recall the Austrian actress Elisabeth Bergner's successes on the London stage, but how many will know that she inspired, in his later years, the author of *Peter Pan*, J. M. Barrie? If we are familiar with the sibling photographers Wolf Suschitzky and Edith Tudor-Hart, how much do we know about Bill Brandt, wandering the streets of London in 1934 with his Rolleiflex? Or how Fritz Saxl and Gertrud Bing helped to transfer the

famous Warburg Library from Hamburg to London?

In her chapter on British film studios, Santini looks at the UK production of Lion Feuchtwanger's popular historical novel, *Jew Süß*. Unlike the propaganda film with a similar title that Dr Goebbels released a few years later, it relates sympathetically the tragic fate of the 18th-century court Jew, Joseph Süß Oppenheimer. The leading role was played by Conrad Veidt, a Protestant with a Jewish wife; they moved to Britain soon after Hitler came to power.

A final chapter looks at two famous exiled writers in London that year, Stefan Zweig and Bertolt Brecht. A pacifist, Zweig had left an 'Austro-Fascist' Salzburg after police searched his home. He was soon spending days in the British museum and other libraries, researching the life of Mary, Queen of Scots. He was also distancing himself from his wife Frederike, and starting an affair with his secretary, and future wife, Lotte Altmann.

Unlike Zweig, Brecht was politically committed, and had fled Germany the day after the Reichstag burnt down in 1933. Visiting London from his refuge in Denmark, he, too, was communicating with his wife and with his lover. Friends had persuaded him to come over to seek contracts for publishing, staging and filming his work, especially theatre performances of his *Dreigroschenoper*. Only in 1956, 28 years after it was first performed in Berlin, could Londoners attend a staged, as opposed to a concert, production of *The Threepenny Opera*.

Overall, following in the footsteps of earlier 'explorers' such as Daniel Snowman, Santini brings home yet again, and urges us to remember, Mitteleuropa's 'rich cultural legacy'. Taking her readers to the present day, she affirms that London then ('more attuned to German culture' than today) 'was less welcoming to strangers than it is nowadays.' Some residents of what she calls the 'cosmopolitan metropolis' might wish to debate that assertion with the former Oxford German Language and Literature don.
Martin Mauthner

JOIN OUR FRAN CLUB

Following the sad passing of Carol Hart in November 2021, we are delighted to introduce readers formally to our new Head of Volunteer Services, Fran Horwich, who writes the following:

I have been fortunate to have had several careers. I began fresh out of university as a hopeful young actress. After wandering around regional theatres and popping up as a machinist in Mike Baldwin's factory in *Coronation Street* I decided it was time for a more settled existence as a primary school teacher. I enjoyed a most rewarding time in the classroom but eventually, realising I was spending far more time with other people's children than with



my own, decided it was time for another move.

I became a volunteers' coordinator at the Fed in Manchester where I found my true vocation. I quickly learned that the most precious gift that can be given is time. Volunteers always tell me that they get far more from their volunteering than they ever put in, and it becomes a very central part of their lives. Whilst at the Fed, I developed a Young Volunteers project, encouraging sixth formers to enrol. Young people's dedication is remarkable, often taking on volunteer roles that adults would shy away from.

In 2013 I joined the Volunteers Team at AJR and had the privilege of being under the mentorship of Carol Hart MBE. It has been a wonderful experience, getting to know and love our members. I certainly have never met a more interesting, diverse and inspirational group of people. Travelling all across the North, meeting members in places I had never heard of, let alone visited, it is often a challenge to locate suitable volunteers. Once introduced to an AJR member, our volunteers become truly dedicated to the role, often visiting their client for many years.

It is truly a privilege to become Head of Volunteer Services at AJR. I am grateful to have learned so much from Carol, and from all my colleagues at AJR. Of course, I have learned the most from AJR's exceptional members, and have no doubt that will always be the case.

If you would like to volunteer your own time to help an AJR member please contact Fran on fran@ajr.org.uk or call AJR on 020 8385 3070.

DOUBLE HEADER FOR HERTFORD

The last fortnight of January saw 45 different communities - from Bath to Bradford, from Sandwich to Sunderland - choose to mark Holocaust Memorial Day by participating in AJR's 80 Trees for 80 Years project.

Most events occurred after this Journal went to press but the first two both took place at the wonderful Hertford Castle, on Sunday 16 January.

One sponsor, Steven Frank, said: "Today is *Tu Bishvat*, the new year of trees, reminding us of another tree that was planted the same day in 1943, which became a symbol of the children of Theresienstadt and a note of defiance. The trees we planted today, again of defiance that Hitler did not manage to kill us all, remind us how the good folk of Hertfordshire - along with so many others in the UK - took us into their hearts and homes and that in the UK, we feel safe".



Peter and Hana Briess, and Steven Frank and family, with the Mayor of Hertford, Bob Deering, and HM Lord-Lieutenant of Hertfordshire Robert Voss

The second tree was sponsored by Peter Briess, in honour of his late father Hans. Their family fled Czechoslovakia in July 1939, eventually settling in Harpenden where Peter enjoyed childhood, despite his parents' grief at never seeing their own parents, brother and sister again. "What a moving event in such beautiful and historic surroundings with so many prominent and empathetic people. Thank you AJR for excellent arrangements", said Peter.

Robert Voss said: "It was a great honour and privilege to assist in the planting of

a number of AJR's special trees here in Hertfordshire. I am also delighted that these are included in the wonderful legacy for Her Majesty's Platinum Jubilee as part of The Queen's Green Canopy. It is very poignant to see the link between Jewish refugees who arrived here during the Holocaust like Steven and Peter (and my own parents) and Her Majesty The Queen who has welcomed and acknowledged the important contribution to British society and culture that Jewish refugees have made over the last 80 years."

OBITUARIES

LADISLAUS LÖB

Born: 8 May 1933, Cluj, Romania
Died: 2 October 2021, Zürich, Switzerland.

Ladislau (Laci) Löb, one of the last Professors of German at Sussex University, was a distinguished scholar of the literature of the German Enlightenment and an accomplished translator from Hungarian and German; Laci will also be remembered for his first-hand accounts of the Nazi extermination of Romanian and Hungarian Jewry and of the 'luck' of his own survival.

His book *Dealing with Satan* (2008), draws on the testimony of other survivors as well as his own and provides a well-researched and balanced defence of Kasztner, who was later assassinated and who remains an incendiary figure in some quarters. Laci regularly spoke to Sussex students - telling them how he and his father became part of the so-called 'Kasztner group' of around 1,600 Jews who were given safe passage out of Hungary thanks to a deal between Nazi officials and the Zionist leader Rezsö Kasztner, whose course of action after Budapest was occupied by the Nazis, still stirs much controversy.

Throughout his life Laci was grateful to Kasztner for saving his life and he emphasised this time and again. In 1963, after a brief career as a teacher and journalist in Switzerland, he came to England to teach German literature and language at the University of Sussex, where he remained until his retirement. Talking with Laci, on and off campus, gave the liberating sense of moving between and across cultures and languages: 'having been born a Romanian and Hungarian citizen, I am now Swiss and British by naturalisation.' After his retirement from Sussex, Laci kept close contact with the Centre for German Jewish Studies. Laci's sense of humour always impressed those who encountered him, but he also knew how to use his wit as a powerful device to make young people think about the past.

When talking to students he used to tell them about his final train journey from Bergen-Belsen to safety in Switzerland. He depicted this trip as a passage from darkness to light, remarking that this was meant not only metaphorically. In fear of air bombing, Laci used to explain, the German side of the border was dark while the Swiss illuminated their cities to signal to Allies bombers not to attack them. His was an extraordinary life and he was an extraordinary man.

Alistair Davies and Nicolas Tredell

JOHN HOWARD IZBICKI

Born: 8 November 1930, Berlin
Died: 9 December 2021, Kent

John's vivid memories of Kristallnacht have featured in AJR memorial services and education programmes and, after coming to England, he is perhaps best remembered as the *Daily Telegraph* education correspondent.

Nine-year-old Horst escaped with his parents to this country, just in the nick of time, the day war broke out on 3 September 1939. He had screamed so much when Nazis broke the family Berlin haberdashery window that his voice was permanently damaged.

Soon he changed his name to John after the son of a police sergeant in Oxfordshire who had shown kindness. The family settled in Manchester where John went to North Manchester Grammar School, enjoying amateur dramatics and sports. He gained a distinction in English in his Higher School Certificate despite not being able to speak a word of the language 10 years earlier! He was awarded a scholarship and went to Nottingham University to read German and French; the course also involved spending time in Germany which whetted his appetite for further spells abroad both for studying and work.

John remained loyal to his alma mater and was only too willing to help there as he also did elsewhere. Many years later, during the mid-seventies, I first came across John at the university convocation when he was on the platform debating with Lord Crowther Hunt, the Education Minister, and he made a lasting impression.



Renowned in Fleet Street, he started his journalism career after National Service in the Royal Army Service Corps (RASC) in Egypt and the Middle East, specialising in education, entertainments and public relations. After demobilisation he became a graduate journalism trainee in Manchester, meeting Matt Busby, Manager of Manchester United while touring night clubs looking for stories for his diary column. Soon he was posted to Paris by the Kemsley group where his line manager was Ian Fleming of James Bond fame and he drank coffee with François Mitterrand and Françoise Sagan. He cultivated prestigious newspaper and social contacts and got to know his first wife Maureen Ryan whom he married in the British Embassy in Paris in December 1959. Their son Paul was born in 1964 but tragically Maureen died of cancer aged only 42. Later he met June Gordon-Walker, a teacher, they were married in 1986; he was devoted to her two children Anna and Patrick.

He had joined the *Daily Telegraph* and remained there for 23 years, heading the education department for 18 years, and always had a good relationship with the teaching unions. But after interviewing eight education secretaries, including Sir Keith Joseph, Shirley Williams and Kenneth Baker, he tired of the role. His urbane charm enabled him to rescue Margaret Thatcher from a drunken journalist by asking her to dance and afterwards admire Scarborough beach by moonlight. He said of the various Ministers of Education he knew, she stood out as the best. Soon he found himself back in France

as "Our man in Paris" and always spoke affectionately of his life there. Later he was public affairs director to the Committee of Directors of Polytechnics and played a leading part in transforming the country's polytechnics to "new universities". In retirement he continued to write education columns and spearheaded schools' Holocaust educational work and adopted a leading part in the community where he lived in Horsmonden.

His autobiography *Life Between the Lines* was finished when he was 80, by which time he'd led such a full life he agonised about what to leave out. National papers picked up in particular on his experiences in Nazi Germany and flight to England and he never forgot his childhood under fascism. He also paid tribute to the tragic fate of all those who died under the Nazis, including his grandmother who died of starvation in Theresienstadt and many other relatives who perished. June helped him check the work and compile an index. They were both familiar figures at regional Tunbridge Wells AJR meetings where John was a willing and able contributor. Unfailingly courteous, he always had something apposite to say and enlivened a debate. His quick intelligence, ready wit and gift for imitating people in the nicest possible way shone through.

He leaves June, Paul, Patrick, Anna, and grandchildren Tyler, Chloe, Artie and Luke.

Janet Weston

LOOKING FOR?

POST WAR DP TRANSPORTS

A photograph published in Germany ('Rail Klassik No. 3') shows details of special trains or carriages for groups of Displaced Persons departing Munich in December 1947 for Paris, Münster, Innsbruck - and eventual destinations Palestine, America and England. Rabbi Dr. Walter Rothschild is keen to hear from anyone with knowledge of these transports.

Rothschild-Berlin@t-online.de

ALBERT PALACHE & NELLY PALACHE-BONDY

Historian Arno van Beurden seeks information and memories about city banker Albert Palache, born Amsterdam 1888, died London 1958, and his spouses. His second wife was Nelly Palache-Bondy of Prague and Vienna.

AJPvanBeurden@gmail.com

REFUGEES IN WIMBLEDON

The Wimbledon Society Local History Group seeks information about refugees who were given sanctuary in the Wimbledon area, including details of how they were welcomed by the community. Two such refugees were Annie Woolf-Skinner and her sister.

normansmit21@yahoo.co.uk

PIONEER CORPS

AJEX archivist Martin Sugarman seeks information on two German Jewish refugees who served in the Pioneer Corps in WW2 and were killed: Major P. Ritinitis (aka Weinberger), Intelligence Corps, buried at Mejdes el Bab, and Peter Kahn/Khan, buried Escoublac, Brittany, SS *Lancastria*, 17 June 1940.

martin.sugarman@yahoo.co.uk

MUSICAL NOTES


Ann Antrich has three notebooks handwritten in 1916-17 by her great-uncle Kurt Wolff. The notes are on classical music by famous composers; some have Jewish connections. She does not read German so, if any AJR member is interested in looking at the notebooks, please contact her.

antra1@talktalk.net

ZOOMS AHEAD

Details of all meetings and the links to join will appear in the e-newsletter each Monday.

Tuesday 1 February @2pm	David Lawson - The Czech Scroll Story https://ajr-org-uk.zoom.us/j/86998907375	Meeting ID: 869 9890 7375
Tuesday 1 February @4pm	Sammy Stein - The story of the Glasgow Friends of Israel https://ajr-org-uk.zoom.us/j/87643624064	Meeting ID: 876 4362 4064
Wednesday 2 February @6pm	Prof John J Heartfield in conversation with Monica Bohm-Duchen https://ajr-org-uk.zoom.us/j/85305878707	Meeting ID: 853 0587 8707
Thursday 3 February @11.30am	Kinder Contact Project https://ajr-org-uk.zoom.us/j/88243596238	Meeting ID: 882 4359 6238
Thursday 3 February @2pm	Rahima Mahmut - The persecution of the Uyghur people https://ajr-org-uk.zoom.us/j/81362488135	Meeting ID: 813 6248 8135
Monday 7 February @10.30am	Online yoga: Get fit where you sit https://ajr-org-uk.zoom.us/j/85246889439	Meeting ID: 8524 688 9439
Monday 7 February @2pm	Philip Mendelsohn & Lynnda Wardle – Today's Refugees https://ajr-org-uk.zoom.us/j/82369228502	Meeting ID: 823 6922 8502
Tuesday 8 February @2pm	Yolanda Bentham – The Ferramonti di Tarsia Internment Camp in Italy https://ajr-org-uk.zoom.us/j/83878044495	Meeting ID: 838 7804 4495
Wednesday 9 February @2pm	Laura Nicholls – Born in Bath: the Postal Service, Planets and Plasticine https://ajr-org-uk.zoom.us/j/82763362485	Meeting ID: 827 6336 2485
Monday 14 February @10.30am	Online yoga: Get fit where you sit https://ajr-org-uk.zoom.us/j/85246889439	Meeting ID: 8524 688 9439
Tuesday 15 February @2pm	Ruth Bell – Tapestries of Jerusalem https://ajr-org-uk.zoom.us/j/85618155422	Meeting ID: 856 1815 5422
Wednesday 16 February @2pm	AJR Book Club Discussion (no speaker) – <i>The Museum of Innocence</i> by Orphan Pamuk https://ajr-org-uk.zoom.us/j/81022916746	Meeting ID: 810 2291 6746
Monday 21 February @10.30am	Online yoga: Get fit where you sit https://ajr-org-uk.zoom.us/j/85246889439	Meeting ID: 8524 688 9439
Tuesday 22 February @2pm	Gloria Tessler – Art Notes https://ajr-org-uk.zoom.us/j/84514899531	Meeting ID: 845 1489 9531
Wednesday 23 February @2pm	Liz Whetton - The Rothschilds at Waddesdon Manor https://ajr-org-uk.zoom.us/j/88494085472	Meeting ID: 884 9408 5472
Monday 28 February @10.30am	Online yoga: Get fit where you sit https://ajr-org-uk.zoom.us/j/85246889439	Meeting ID: 8524 688 9439



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