THE BULLETIN OF
THE CENTER FOR
HOLOCAUST
STUDIES
AT THE UNIVERSITY OF VERMONT

Volume 3, Number 1 Fall 1998

Letter from Salzburg

by David Scrase

At the time of writing my daughter and I have been here in Salzburg for about a month. For me, and for most people of my age and provenance (born in 1939 in England), the war and our personal and national relationship to the German Reich are always a presence, and we don't have to be Jewish for this to be the case. If this is so for British natives, who endured bombing raids but not occupation, one can perhaps appreciate the feelings of those whose lands were not only occupied but also to a greater or lesser degree ravaged by the armies and the citizens of that Reich.

And now, here I am in Austria, known for a while as the *Ostmark* (the Eastern Marches), and in the 1930s hellbent, for the most part, on "returning" to the *Altreich*—"*Heim ins Reich*" was the slogan at the time. In fact, 99.73 percent of the vote one month after the *Anschluß* was in favor of being part of *Großdeutschland*—Greater Germany. Today I am not in Germany, but Austria. But in historical terms I am in the Reich, I am in *Großdeutschland*. The newsreel footage as the German Army marched in on 12 March 1938 when the *Anschluß* took place reveals vast enthusiastic crowds greeting them. All this was shown on TV and, in general, was in the media the last time I was here in 1982-83. The year 1983 was fifty years after Hitler's seizure of power and forty-five years after the *Anschluß*, Austria's willing complicity in an evil and criminal enterprise. Now, in 1998, we have more anniversaries: Sixty years after the *Anschluß*, fifty years after the Marshall Plan, and fifty years after the Berlin *Luftbrücke* (the airlift which maintained the western sectors of Berlin after the Russians closed the ground supply routes). In fact, as I learned from the local newspaper the other day, plans had been drawn up for an airlift to Vienna in the event of a Russian blockade in Austria—also a divided, conquered nation at that time.

Austria, of course, has led a charmed post-war life. The quadripartite division, which marked Germany until the early 1990s, ended in Austria in 1955, when the four powers (Britain, France, Russia, and the United States) signed the Austrian State Treaty. Before the end of the war, in the Moscow Declaration of 1943, the Allies designated Austria to have been Hitler's "first" victim, and Austrians subsequently, and gratefully, embraced the role thus bestowed upon them. That image of victim has been nurtured, embellished, and emphasized for a good five decades. With the younger generation, however, a new skepticism and mood of questioning have arisen. Other developments have supported that process. For example, the Waldheim affair of the late 1980s, which seemed to unify the Austrian nation in a role supportive of Waldheim at the time, probably raised the consciousness of many.

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Forthcoming Events

Sunday, October 25, 1998: "The Legacy: Holocaust Survivors Respond to the Question: *How would you want your experience remembered by future generations?*" A panel discussion with audience participation. In: Carpenter Auditorium, Given Building, UVM College of Medicine, at 2:00 p.m. (Co-sponsored by the Gathering of Holocaust Survivor Families and the Center for Holocaust Studies at the University of Vermont).

Tuesday, October 27, 1998: The seventh annual Raul Hilberg Lecture. Peter Hayes, Professor of History at Northwestern University, will speak about "Culture and Context:The Shoah, Germans, and Us." In: Carpenter Auditorium, Given Building, at 8:00 p.m.

For more information, please call 802-656-1492.

Now, in September 1998, no one in Austria can fail to be aware of their nation's historical complicity in the Holocaust. The media are full of aspects of it every day of the week. Perhaps, last week, I was the only person to look with disbelief at a farm vehicle trundling through Salzburg behind a tractor with the name of the manufacturer in large, bright letters: Mengele. The name is not so very uncommon, of course, and I should not have noticed. But no citizen who is at all informed, who watches the news, or reads a newspaper (even the *Salzburger Nachrichten*, — the *Burlington Free Press* of Salzburg), can fail to be aware of the legal battle for reparations, damages, and recompence of the many slave workers from both the east and the west. Nor can one miss the petitions to have the works of art pillaged by the greater Reich returned to their rightful owners. I have read and heard of no voices raised against a quick and fair resolution. Neither are there as yet any quibbles concerning how much should be paid to the workers. Of course, to recognize the guilt of Volkswagen, Puch, Steyr, or Degussa is for many a buffer against their own guilt.

The three items of news which have struck me most forcefully so far, however, are ones which probably never even made the news back home in the United States. In the month we have been here two unexploded bombs have been located: one on a glacier, and one in a field. In one instance experts were not immediately sure whether the bomb was from the First or the Second World War. Growing up in England my friends and I were constantly warned at home and at school not to touch, let alone play with, any suspicious object—unexploded bombs were everywhere. (Of course, we small boys had a far better idea of what we actually went looking for than we should have, and we dreamed of finding one, perhaps taking it to the police station on our bicycle carrier!) But sometimes it happened, and children were killed.

The second news item which has struck me particularly is very Austrian. It concerns the fate of the "Sudeten Germans," "*Hitlers letzte Opfer*" as today's newspaper headlines proclaimed—Hitler's last victims. These are the German-speaking Czechs (for the most part) who provided Hitler with a convenient excuse to annex and invade. In 1945, numbers of them fled to Austria as the Russians came in from the east. They continue to organize their folk festivals and national heritage events, and there is always a politician to embrace their cause. There is not, so far, any mention of the Joseph Hahns among those Sudeten Germans, the Jews who were also deprived of their home, their heritage, and (40,000 of them) their lives.

The third item, which absolutely stunned me, was the evening news coverage of the Yugoslav Republic's reaction to the EU edict that proscribed the landing of any Yugoslav aircraft in EU airports. Footage was shown of the very angry Yugoslav politician who was venomously laying the blame for this action at the feet of the Germans, "the inventors of the death camp, the gas chamber, and the crematorium."

It will continue to be an interesting year.

Announcements

The Holocaust Studies program was granted center status at the June meeting of UVM's board of trustees. We are all pleased to be officially "The Center for Holocaust Studies at the University of Vermont."

For the second time, Mr. Lennie Miller ('51) has made a very generous donation to the Center for Holocaust Studies. His gift will make it possible to sponsor a major symposium on German doctors and the abuse of medicine under National Socialism. This symposium, scheduled for the fall of 1999, will center on Nazi doctors, "euthanasia" programs, and medical experimentation. It is hoped that internationally known scholars will participate. We are again deeply indebted to Mr. Miller and most grateful for his continued help and support.

Last spring we realized that the newsletter you have been receiving had no title. We also realized it was more than a newsletter. At the last Advisory Board meeting, members agreed unanimously that the "newsletter" should become *The Bulletin of the Center for Holocaust Studies at the University of Vermont*. As board member, and prolific scholar, Prof. Wolfgang Mieder, pointed out, this will make it possible for our publication to be cited correctly in scholarly bibliographies.

Other changes are also in the air. David Scrase, Director of the Center, will be in Salzburg, Austria until August 1999, serving as Director of the New England Universities Study Abroad Program. He contributes a "Letter from Salzburg" to this issue of *The Bulletin* and plans to continue to do so while he is in Austria.

During David's absence, Arthur Kunin will serve as Acting Director of the Center for Holocaust Studies. Arthur is a member of the Advisory Board, and professor emeritus of the College of Medicine at the University of Vermont. Several years ago, Arthur spent two years as the on-site representative of UVM at the University of Petrozavodsk in Karelia, Russia (250 miles northeast of St. Petersburg). He is currently continuing his education in the humanities, which he left off in 1948 to pursue his medical studies. In about 1890, his grandparents emigrated to Burlington from Kaunas, Lithuania. Arthur saw military service in the combat infantry in France and Germany during World War II.

Jonathan Huener has received a tenure-track appointment as Assistant Professor in the Department of History at UVM. In addition to teaching courses on the Holocaust and German history, Jonathan will serve as liaison between the Center and local schools, and will advise UVM's Living/Learning program in Holocaust Studies.

Fifth Annual Summer Seminar On The Holocaust

For the fifth summer, teachers and undergraduates gathered at the University of Vermont to take part in a seminar on the Holocaust and Holocaust education during the last week of June 1998. Drawing primarily from the academic communities of the University of Vermont, St. Michael's College, and McGill University, the daily sessions provided a solid historical and pedagogical foundation for those taking the course.

Since very few educators have had undergraduate courses on the history or the literature of the Nazi Holocaust, this seminar was designed to provide numerous points of entry into this field of study. In addition to the historical overviews and insights offered by Frank Nicosia of St. Michael's College, elements of literature, music, drama, and art were presented by David Scrase of UVM. Wolfgang Mieder, the chairman of the Department of German and Russian at UVM, also discussed aspects of Hitler's writing in *Mein Kampf*.

The acumen and voices of some of those who witnessed the terror of the Nazis were also shared during the week. Holocaust survivors from the greater Burlington and Montreal regions presented parts of their life stories during the years of Nazi occupation. Henia Lewin, on leave of absence from UVM, Yehudi Lindeman, Simon Barenbaum, and Michael Bukanc all spoke of their survival and the challenges that they have faced as a result of their experiences during the Holocaust. Aranka Siegal, an author and survivor from New York who has taken part in the seminar each summer, was not able to attend, and her presence was greatly missed. Marion Pritchard, a rescuer and Righteous Gentile now living in Vershire, addressed some of the difficulties and obstacles involved in rescue and resistance to the Nazis.

In addition to the eyewitness testimonies, noted scholars in the field presented two evening academic lectures. In the first lecture, Peter Hoffmann of McGill University in Montreal, one of the foremost experts on German Resistance to Hitler, spoke on the question, "Did the Persecution of the Jews Motivate War Resisters Against Hitler?" With precise detail, Hoffmann noted several cases where Nazi terror against the Jews of Germany and Europe proved to be key motivating factors in the active resistance of these individuals against Hitler. In the second lecture, Steven Rogers, a chief historian at the office of Special Investigations within the U.S. Justice Department in Washington, D.C., spoke on "Attempts by the United States Government to Trace Gold Looted by Nazi Germany." One of the leading scholars for the United States government on the question of Nazi gold, Rogers skillfully documented the recent history and possible future implications and issues surrounding the question of looted Nazi currency.

Special thanks are to be extended to Bruegger's Bagels for their generosity during the week.

Although there were fewer participants in this year's summer seminar on the Holocaust and Holocaust education than in previous years, the overall success of the program was certainly not diminished. The next seminar is tentatively scheduled for the last full week of June 1999.

Robert Bernheim

Theatre

"On Guilt"

Introduction

Bernard Gotfryd, a native of Radom, Poland, was a "useful Jew" for the Germans because of his photographic skills. He was also useful to the Poles and was active in the Polish Resistance. He was denounced and sent to a succession of work camps and concentration camps, where his resistance continued. He was finally liberated from Gusen II, one of the satellite camps of Mauthausen, in May 1945. He came to this country and worked for many years as a photographer for *Newsweek*. Encouraged by friends who heard his remarkable accounts, he began to write *Anton the Dove Fancier and Other Tales of the Holocaust*, which was published in 1990. I have used his book in many classes and it has always been well received by students.

Todd Hall was one of these students. Although I was aware of his enthusiasm for both the book and the theatre, his announcement that his dramatization of one of the sections in the book would be performed in the Royall Tyler Theatre, and that Mr. Gotfryd needed only a little encouragement from me to be present at the performance, took me completely by surprise. I was, of course, delighted at the prospect of hosting Mr. Gotfryd and his wife Gina, also a survivor, and the theatrical evening, in my view a stunning success, was greatly enriched by their presence. During his visit Mr. Gotfryd also spoke to one of my classes. Gina Gotfryd is one of the panel of survivors speaking on October 25, on "The Legacy: How would you want your experience remembered by future generations?"

D.S.

From Page to Stage

by Todd M. Hall

"I have wanted to tell my story for the longest time—for more than forty years, in fact. I have always been concerned that if I didn't set these moments down on paper I would forget them, but when I started to write I realized that one doesn't forget such tragic events, not even after forty years."

These are the first words in Bernard Gotfryd's autobiographical short story "On Guilt" and in my one-act play based on that story. "On Guilt," together with the other short stories collected in *Anton the Dove Fancier and Other Tales of the Holocaust*, portrays the life of young Gotfryd before, during, and after World War II. "On Guilt" is an emotionally charged account of one young Jewish man's feelings of guilt in the aftermath of the Holocaust.

As a sophomore at UVM I took Professor David Scrase's course on the Literature and Film of the Holocaust. We read many accounts of the Holocaust and saw a number of movies. Not one of them touched me in quite the same way as Gotfryd's book did.

Anton seemed to scream out to me. Gotfryd's words are so eloquent, but at the same time straightforward. Gotfryd doesn't hide behind flourishes, he tells you the truth, however raw and emotional it is.

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While reading *Anton* for the first time, I heard the book telling me that I belonged to it, that we were linked as if hand in hand. To this day I still don't understand why, but Gotfryd's words captured my heart and haven't let go since. The book and the images in it have been a part of my every waking and sleeping hour. It is a haunting bond, but a peaceful one. A bond that showed me that life is such a beautiful thing; I knew this, but it doesn't hurt to be reminded.

The very first time I read the chapter in *Anton*, entitled "On Guilt," I was transformed. I saw this chapter on stage as a play. It was as if this book had been brought to me, a Theatre/English major, to be adapted into stage form. But brought by whom or what? I still don't know the answer to this question.

That first night, over two years ago, as I finished reading the chapter "On Guilt," I started to design the set, costumes, and to write dialogue right in my copy of the book. That night, lying on my bed, I saw Gotfryd's account, most of it in first-person narrative, split into three characters before my eyes: The Boy, The Sister, and The Brother. Gotfryd's personality seemed to have these three in him, the traits of his own sister, brother, and self.

Little by little I transformed Gotfryd's prose into dialogue, all under the assumption that one day I would see it on stage, although I felt I was dreaming a dream that would never come true. I started by dividing his narrative among the three persons. At the same time, I knew that there were at least two other characters, namely The Father and The Mother. Everything just seemed to fall into place. Gotfryd's words simply flowed from prose to dialogue; mainly because the narrator seems to be having a conversation with the reader.

The next step was to write my manuscript in longhand. Being a Theatre major, I knew all about rights and copyright laws. Seeing that I was using most of Gotfryd's original words, I put a disclaimer at the top: "This is a proposed stage adaptation of *Anton The Dove Fancier: and Other Tales of the Holocaust* by Bernard Gotfryd. Adapted by Todd M. Hall. — I, Todd M. Hall, take no credit in the writing of these words—they are all Mr. Gotfryd's words. Signed this second day of April 1997." This fourteen-page manuscript was my first recorded play.

Theatre majors have to direct a one-act play as their senior thesis. Because I was in my third year, I knew my time to direct was only a year away. I knew that I wanted to make the dream of "On Guilt" become a reality. One day as I was working on my manuscript, one of the seniors who was to direct that year was moping around. It transpired that he wanted to direct his own stage adaptation of *The Hobbit*, but was unable to receive the rights. Suddenly a light went off in my head—if I wanted to direct "On Guilt," I had better start checking into rights that very day.

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After Gotfryd read the play he had a couple of questions and objections. We compromised on the objections and I answered all his questions. I believe that he was as pleased with it as I was, although the joy I felt was overwhelming. I polished and improved the script for the next few months.

Then came the second semester of my fourth year. The semester in which my dream would finally become a reality. "On Guilt" would be my final exam in Theatre 251: Advanced Directing—the culmination of the four-year Theatre degree program. My Advanced Directing class consisted of four other student directors. We worked together to get our shows ready for production. We held auditions and compromised on casting. By this time I needed a cast of ten, the biggest cast of all four shows. In addition to the five-member family, I needed a five-member ensemble to play ghetto residents, Nazis, and stage crew members. After casting was set, rehearsals started.

Script changes seemed to be a daily occurrence and the show became a co-operative effort between my cast, Mr. Gotfryd, and me. We were mounting a world premiere. At least once every other week or so I was talking with Bernard Gotfryd, with whom I was now on a first name basis. I had questions for him, questions that would fill holes in the script. He was concerned and truly interested in my process. As show date came closer the show became what I had dreamt in my mind's eye two years earlier.

With the help of Professor Scrase, Bernard and his wife, Gina, came to see the show. The weekend of the show was wonderful. The time I spent with Bernard and Gina was indescribable. I still can't believe it. I now have two friends whom I consider family, two people whom I would have never imagined meeting in my wildest dreams.

I would like to thank Bernard, Gina, Professor Scrase, my cast and crew, the Royall Tyler Theatre family, Sarah Carleton, and my family for all their love, support, guidance, and help. Without them my dream would never have become a reality.

More about "On Guilt"

by Bernard Gotfryd

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How else will we learn, unless we try, I theorized, and if not now, when?

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The evening of the performance was full of anticipation. The theater was packed. Nervous as ever, I sat close to the stage next to my spouse and travelling companion.

The opening scene set the mood for the rest of the evening, when a young woman performer, with violin, dressed in black, appeared on a darkened stage playing "Kol Nidrei," a traditional cantorial chant, which is sung in synagogues during the High Holidays. Not that the chant had anything to do with my story, not in a realistic sense; however, it brought back memories from my past, from another world, a world I'd come from. I could hear voices of my father, my siblings, and myself, and at moments it became very real. It was very moving and it brought tears to my eyes.

I was pleasantly surprised and equally astonished at the unexpected professionalism this young group of students had demonstrated. It was something I'll remember for a long time to come. I'm still not sure if I can thank them enough for what they did.

Thank you, Todd Hall, and all the performers of "On Guilt," and whoever else had a hand in it, from the bottom of my heart.

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THEATRE

THE MAN IN THE GLASS BOOTH

Introduction

John Alexander was a student in one of my German classes several years ago. We did not, as far as I remember, talk much about the Holocaust in this language class, although the topic undoubtedly came up in the course of the semester. Imagine my surprise when, some ten years or so later, I received a message from him addressed to the Director of Holocaust Studies asking for support for a play which the Green Candle Theatre Company was going to be putting on. For his part, he did not realize that, in the meanwhile, his old German professor had become the head of Holocaust Studies. Mutual surprise gave way to mutual encouragement and support.

The play by Robert Shaw, who is known to most of us as an actor rather than as an author, is a fascinating mix of realistic detail and paradoxical projection. Ginni Stern, the child of a survivor, a major figure in One by One, was enthralled by the performance, which reached her in ways perhaps different from those which strike non-Jews and people less closely connected with the Shoah.

Sam Bogorad used to say most eloquently how his reading and study of the Holocaust had utterly and irrevocably changed his life. I can certainly say the same. *The Man in the Glass Booth* clearly changed John Alexander's life, and, I believe, Ginni Stern's too.

D. S.

The Mystery of Arthur Goldman in Robert Shaw's *The Man in the Glass Booth*.

by John D. Alexander

A few months ago, I was cast in the role of Arthur Goldman in the Burlington production of Robert Shaw's *The Man in the Glass Booth*, presented by Green Candle Theatre Company. On the surface, the show follows a fairly straight-forward plot line: A German immigrant to the United States is captured by the Mossad in New York, taken back to Israel, and put on trial for Nazi war crimes.

This role of Goldman was played by Maximilian Schell on the screen in 1975 and was originated by Donald Pleasance on Broadway in 1967. At the age of 12, I saw the newly released film version and was both moved and disturbed. I also found it quite perplexing, a reaction that I have always ascribed to my age at that time. I now realize that my confusion about the show had little to do with my age. At the age of 34, cast in the lead role, discussing the details of the character with the director, Mark Nash, on a daily basis for three months, I *think* we figured out much of Arthur Goldman's motivation —but we were never quite sure. The director and cast worked for months to uncover the sub-text of the show, but in the end it is all interpretation, and Goldman remains somewhat of an enigma, even to me. The contradictions and mysteries of Goldman's character remain unexplained to the audience until virtually the end of the show, but some aspects are never clearly revealed.

The action of the story begins in November 1964 (not long after the execution of Adolf Eichmann), in the penthouse apartment of Arthur Goldman, a successful, German-Jewish-American real estate developer. But the show opens with Goldman praying—on his knees! Anyone who reads the rest of Shaw's work will quickly see that Shaw was too intelligent and detail-oriented to have let the image of a Jewish man kneeling in prayer slip into the show by accident—twice! There was some considerable discussion of this. Mark felt that Shaw was trying to establish the dual nature of Goldman's character right from the start with this first solemn image, and I agreed.

While there are certainly many ambiguities and contradictions in the show, Shaw does present some certainties in the script which are never challenged. We know that Goldman was married before the war, that he was in a concentration camp during the war, that he came to New York after the war and married an American girl named Matilda, who subsequently fell ill and died. We know that she helped him recover, to whatever extent possible, from his experience in the camp, that he loved her deeply, and still mourns her loss.

The only person with whom we see Goldman in any kind of personal relationship is his assistant, Charlie Cohn. This relationship is at times strictly business, at times friendship, at times almost Father-and-Son (there was even some discussion among the cast that Charlie is in fact Goldman's son).

Beyond these few points, very little is certain about the life of Arthur Goldman. Goldman presents himself as a Jew, but as the play progresses, he makes a trip to Argentina, insists upon being addressed as 'Colonel,' and seems to emulate Hitler. In the apartment, he forces his doctor to give Charlie a vitamin injection that was intended for him and he menaces a group of guests with a German pistol. Why does he behave this way? Has Goldman been having some type of Stockholm-syndrome flashback, or has he been simply trying to set himself up as a suspect for Israeli Intelligence? On this point, there was some division in the cast. While I don't discount the latter as a possible intent of the playwright, I believe it is the former.

To be sure, Goldman is planning his own capture by the Mossad. As we later learn, he has planted his own medical files in the Mossad dossier on Dorff, has burnt his arm-pit with a cigar where the SS tattoo would have been, and grafted over the prisoner I.D. number on his forearm. However, it was my take that Goldman has become so wrapped up in preparation for his performance as Dorff, and has so stirred up the trauma of his experience in the camps, that he has begun to lose his sense of self, and, in the transition, is becoming unstable. The two incidents in the apartment are intended to show the audience that Goldman exhibits symptoms of post-traumatic stress disorder, an important component in the psyche of any survivor of such a nightmarish ordeal. Unlike the cast, which gained some insight into Goldman's character through lengthy discussion, the audience has very little idea of just who this person is when the play breaks for intermission.

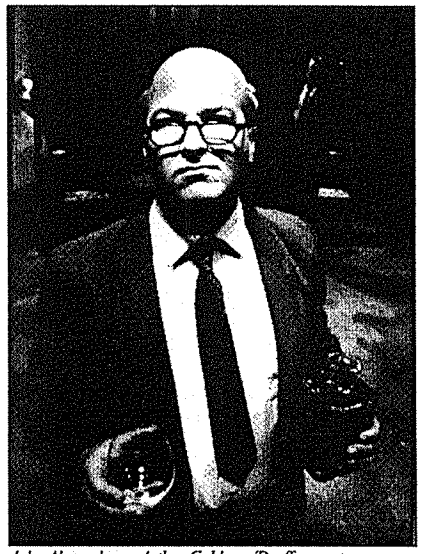
The second act opens in an Israeli prison cell, with Goldman/Dorff playing a strange, verbal game of cat-and-mouse with his interrogator, 'Rosie' Rosen. Rosen proceeds under the premise that she is interrogating Dorff. Her main questions are: "Why did you pretend to be Arthur Goldman?" and "Are you Jewish?" Why these questions? It seems obvious that Dorff would assume Goldman's identity, along with his Judaism, in order to escape justice. But she is too insistent for the answer to be as simple as that, and much discussion was raised around this topic. If Dorff is Jewish, then this is a case of a Jew on trial for murdering fellow Jews, and it would quickly become a much more complicated case for the court to have to deal with. If he is not Jewish, then his callous assumption of a victim's identity is all the more damning of Dorff. Finally, and least likely in Rosie's mind, is the possibility that he is really Arthur Goldman and *not* Adolf Dorff. However, Rosen is never given a real answer to either of her questions, and we are all left to wonder at her insistence.

At this point, 'Goldman' has largely fallen away, and what we see before us is the arrogant, self-assured Colonel Dorff, black SS-uniform and all. According to 'Dorff', he lost track of his Aryan wife and children at war's end, came to New York under the name of Arthur Goldman, his cousin, and married Matilda — the only point that agrees with what we knew about Goldman from the first act.

Goldman/Dorff is visited by Charlie Cohn in his cell, at which point we learn that he has left everything to Charlie. When Charlie asks why Goldman has left all his money to a Jew, Goldman/Dorff responds first that it is out of love for Charlie, then he gives Charlie a strong slap across the face and warns him not to come into the courtroom and ruin his case. While perhaps bewildering to the audience, I believe that Goldman's rejection of Charlie was a combination of concern that Charlie not associate himself knowingly with the persona of Dorff in the public forum of the court, and that Charlie not soften the court's view of him. This strategy is seen throughout the play, whenever Goldman insults Rosen or treats survivor-witnesses with utter disrespect.

The remainder of the second act takes place in an Israeli courtroom. Here we see the defendant's cruelty, both in his treatment of the witnesses and in his explanation of camp routines. However, it is not just cruelty that we see. The character tries to convince the audience of the existence of what Primo Levi referred to as the 'gray zone'. He describes the emotion behind the worship of Adolf Hitler, and the way in which some Jewish prisoners emulated their captors, saying finally to the Israeli audience, "...if [Hitler] had chosen you, you also would have followed where he led."

In the final scene of the play, Goldman/Dorff's true identity is exposed by Mrs. Lehmann, a woman who survived the camps along with Goldman. We learn that the man on trial is, indeed, Arthur Goldman; that Goldman did in fact lose his wife and children, but that he lost them to the gas chambers, and not to post-war displacement; and that Adolf Dorff was his cousin and a camp officer who was killed by the liberating Russians and the liberated prisoners (a killing in which Goldman refrained from taking part). One of Goldman's main objectives all along is to bring his chief persecutor to justice. Because Dorff was never brought to justice before the eyes of the world, Arthur Goldman has made it his life's mission to correct that injustice by taking Dorff's place. It is also reasonable to assume that because of his



John Alexander as Arthur Goldman/Dorff

feelings of guilt for having survived due to the favoritism shown him by Dorff, Goldman feels that it is appropriate that his life be sacrificed in the cause of this long-overdue exercise of justice.

Goldman closes the play with a description of his experience after liberation, riding with Russian troops—raping, pillaging, and killing all the German soldiers they could catch, behaving as brutally as the Nazis had. We see that Goldman is disgusted by his own actions as a Jew after liberation; in my interpretation, an-eye-for-an-eye may be one form of justice, but it is too much for the conscience to bear when that retribution crosses over into the same barbarism that was meted out in the first place. I had a strong sense that, to Goldman, this conduct was beyond the pale of what should be expected from a noble and civilized people. His behavior was a product of the rage from not only his Jewish dimension, but also from his German dimension, at having been one of the good Germans who were first excluded and then exterminated because they weren't Aryan, thus the line "...we kicked in their golden heads...we who were German and Jewish." Finally, these actions were understandable, in that we are all made of the same stuff, and, given the wrong set of circumstances, are all capable of the most barbaric acts. This last point is, I believe, the main point of the play and of Goldman's performance in the Israeli courtroom: The importance of watchfulness and remembrance, and a warning that it needn't be the Germans next time.

The show ends with Goldman locking himself in the bullet-proof booth and completely disrobing. Some in the cast felt that this was an indication of Goldman's isolation. While I agree that this was an element, I believe it was more specific than that. Nakedness was a common theme in the Nazi strategy to humiliate and crush the spirit out of their prisoners; by

disrobing, Goldman re-identifies himself with the victims. Additionally, he may have been stripping away all the facades that he had built up since the war (and during the trial), and is presenting himself before the world, and, perhaps, God, without any pretense. In *The Man in the Glass Booth*, Robert Shaw has left us a thoughtfully provocative show that is not gentle to the senses and forces everyone involved, both audience and cast, to think and remember.

The Man in the Glass Booth — A Review

by Ginni Stern

I walked out of the stifling theater in a stunned state of vertigo, unable to breathe, after seeing Green Candle Theater Company's production of Robert Shaw's highly provocative and controversial play, *The Man in the Glass Booth*. The Burlington company's June 1998 presentation was powerful. The mind-boggling twists, the passionate intensity and the piercing crescendo of this play saturated my consciousness for a long while.

The time is the mid-sixties, the place an up-scale penthouse in New York City, and the man at first appears to be an eccentric, wealthy, German-Jewish business man. Played with guts, sweat and a diagnosable paranoia by local talent John Alexander, the character of Arthur Goldman quickly creates an atmosphere of enmity, arrogance and intrigue. Before long, we discover Goldman's paranoia is not baseless. The Mossad are, indeed, aggressively searching for him and herein the viewers are exposed to the main theme of the play: *What is Goldman's true identity? Is he the Jewish Holocaust survivor and sharp business tycoon who fled to New York City after the war? Is he Adolf Dorff, the infamous S.S. officer, being sought to stand trial for his sadistically violent and vigorously fevered torture of Jews?*

The exasperating enigma of Goldman/Dorff becomes layered with even more complexity as the story presses onward. Clear, and not so clear clues that this is indeed the Nazi war criminal abound and demand acute attention from the audience.

The audacity of a German-Nazi war criminal posing as a German-Jewish Holocaust survivor is enough to get under the toughest of skins. This revolting character continues to unfold after he is arrested and imprisoned. He spouts Hitler's ideology in impassioned monologues; lewdly and graphically sexualizes the female Mossad investigator, Mrs. Rosen, (played convincingly by Bridget O'Conner); harshly berates the Jewish victims for their weaknesses; and exonerates the German people for their wartime behaviors by expounding about how any human being would perform inhumane acts given the right circumstances.

For the trial, Goldman/Dorff requests an S.S. military uniform, which he puts on ceremonially, amid zealous and detailed monologues on the themes of morality, the potential evil in all humans and his devotion to Hitler's ideals.

At the trial, Goldman/Dorff is in the glass booth, to protect him from the witnesses and the audience. His words, riddled with fiery—almost hysterical—rhetoric illustrating his faithfullness to Hitler's ideals, press in on the audience with irritating boldness.

Elderly witnesses of his war crimes come to tell their stories of what they saw Dorff do. Children of survivors describe what their parents suffered at his evil hands. Then, an elderly witness, Mrs. Lehman, played with powerful understatement by Geri Amori, stood from the audience. She haltingly approached the stage and calmly and positively recognized this man. She'd known him intimately and had witnessed the young Goldman, a German Jew, bravely saving the lives of Jews about to be coldly executed by Adolf Dorff. The presence of Mrs. Lehman, with her calmly descriptive and discernibly articulate memory, shattered Goldman. He crumbled before our eyes, a deeply wounded Holocaust survivor.

This play boldly addressed what I suspect could be the deepest wish of every Holocaust survivor—to hear a Nazi war criminal admit to his evil deeds, to acknowledge his infernal ideology, to bear the consequences of his actions, to reveal his diabolical nature, and to plead guilty to his vulgar deeds.

In his book *Admitting the Holocaust*, Lawrence L. Langer's essay, "Killers and Victims in the Holocaust," suggests the cruel Nazi values and behaviors indicate a "collective Nazi mentality." The result is an attitude that survived the war quite well. However, the danger of being arrested for war crimes became greater and the pressure from society appalled at the atrocities became much more public. These two factors forced war criminals to keep their rhetoric, their passion and their ongoing values to themselves. This silence—rarely broken even today—is what the character of Goldman is responding to. The truth must be told.

Goldman's rantings become a last testament of sorts, giving those witnessing the play a first hand view of what the survivors, and those who died, witnessed during their anguished imprisonment. They embody the Nazi collective personality that absorbed Dorff's being, evoked his actions and justified his past behaviors. By offering himself as a sacrifice Goldman magnaminously and desperately attempted to offer this view of the truth to the witnesses of the Holocaust, to their children, to the audience, to society and to all humanity.

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In Memoriam Gerhard Durlacher 1928-1996

Yehudi Lindeman
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When the Dutch writer G.L. Durlacher died on 2 July 1996 at the age of sixty-seven, he left behind five small books of stories and memoirs organized around the theme of growing up before and during the Holocaust. All of G.L. Durlacher's writings are autobiographical and almost all of them are rooted in travel, starting with the journey that carried the young boy from Baden-Baden in his native Germany to the Netherlands in 1937. Settled in Rotterdam, the family survived the May 1940 bombardment of that city, but lost most of their belongings in the flames. Resettled in the town of Apeldoorn, the Durlachers subsequently travelled back to the east once again, as they were forcibly transported, first from the Dutch transit camp Westerbork to Theresienstadt, and then, in the spring of 1944, to Auschwitz-Birkenau. There the family ended up in the ill-fated *Familienlager* (Family Camp) of Birkenau B II B. The return from Poland to Apeldoorn, and the reception of the young man, now seventeen years old, by the Dutch establishment and the few remaining members of his family constitute the final, and in some ways the most painful and bleakest, part of the journey.

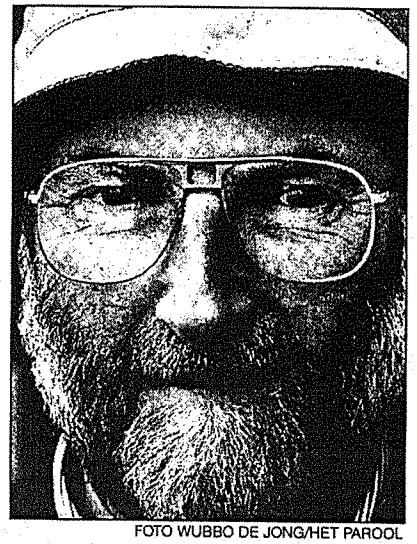
FOTO WUBBO DE JONG/HET PAROOL

Close in age to Elie Wiesel and Jakov Lind, Gerhard Durlacher, as he is known to his English-speaking readers, also followed the full course of a "European education"(to use Jan Kott's bitter term), and lived long enough to write about it. But unlike them and other contemporaries, Durlacher for years seemed immune from the pressures and mental tortures that drove those others to testify in print about their wartime experiences. Even so, his silence was always more a matter of willpower and defensive strategy than a voluntary act, and when it finally broke, memories started to flow out of him with great force. Durlacher often testified in magazine articles and for radio and TV about the protective wall that he carefully had built around himself, and how it crumbled.

The return to Apeldoorn and his reception there are the subject of an epilogue to the stories that constitute *Stripes in the Sky*. It is an essayistic commentary of the kind often used by Durlacher, and in it he speaks of the poisoned atmosphere he encountered upon his return from Poland, homeless and parentless: "I was the near stranger who had to listen to everything . . . and I bought acceptance with my willing ear and discreet silence." Yet even though he learned to put up a wall between himself and the past, eventually, and also "thanks to understanding therapists," the erected structure started to come apart:

> I learned to live like a human being among people again . . . and bricked up the past in my memory. Why, after nearly forty years, the mortar is no longer holding is a question I leave to others.

The turning point came in 1983, when Durlacher retired from his prestigious position as a sociologist at the University of Amsterdam in order to write. The resulting five books were all composed during the final decade (1985-1995) of his relatively brief life.

Deceptively simple, written to document and answer questions rather than from any obvious attempt to please or impress, the first of these works, *Stripes in the Sky* (1985; English translation 1991), is a stylistic masterpiece. Its strength lies in its ability to evoke in meticulous detail scenes and images that had haunted the writer for all this time. He begins in *medias res*, in the Auschwitz-Birkenau of the late summer of 1944, where the 16-year-old protagonist now is.

While the prisoners are lined up in rows of five at roll call, and are counted multiple times during a sadistic ritual lasting all day, caps in hand, they view again and again the trails of smoke, the "white strands of sheep wool" (the stripes of the title) emitted by the Allied planes that had come to bomb the nearby I.G. Farben factory, or the oil refineries at Blechhammer. The inmates' sense of abandonment has never been better described. "Had they forgotten us?" they ask, in tired disillusionment. The answer is left hanging, as they realize that the planes have no mandate to attack the crematoria that, after laboring to capacity for months, are now burning the last remaining convoys of Hungarian Jews.

In another story from the same volume ("The Illusionists), we witness the journey, in May 1944, from Theresienstadt to the Family Camp of Auschwitz-Birkenau. There the new inmates live in fearful expectation of what is to come. They are overworked and beaten, but are still united with their families, dressed in civilian clothes, and reasonably well fed. But "night and day my senses record what's happening on the other side of the barbed wire," writes the author, as he watches a scene never dreamed of in Dante's *Inferno*:

> There's no language in hell to describe what I see, hear, smell or taste. Terror and dread have cordoned off my emotions . . . . I see and hear the trains, the stumbling masses of people en route to the flames, the dull blows, the naked and shorn women, . . . but I don't understand.

The boy's failure to understand is, of course, meant to reflect not only the illusory nature of the "Family Camp," but also the even greater lack of comprehension on the part of the reader. But neither protagonist nor reader will be kept in the dark much longer.

Understanding comes suddenly and brutally, one day in July, when he and several dozens of boys, considered too young for productive work, are assigned to death in the gas chambers. Then, suddenly, they are re-evaluated. There is a brief selection, after which, considered fit to live, he is reassigned to become part of the *Männerlager* (Men's Camp) B II D. Though still a neophyte, he now belongs fully to the society of the concentration camp. All that remains is for him to be initiated:

> We're counted again as we go through the gate. The walking stick goes up and down with every fifth row. And then we march toward the sun, which sharply outlines the silhouette of the crematoria against the pale blue sky.

After they have showered and changed into their grey-blue striped uniforms and caps, their initiation ritual is over. He is saved, at least for now. At evening roll call, the regular ritual of counting is started, and the same happens again the next morning. By then, all that remains of the other 7,000 inmates of the Family Camp is ashes and smoke.

The remarkable story of the approximately 90 boys of the Family Camp who were saved is the subject of Durlacher's longest and perhaps most remarkable book, *De Zoektocht* (The Search) of 1991. Here the author travels to Israel, Czechoslovakia, Brazil, the U.S. and Canada to visit nineteen of the boys who also had survived the *Männerlager*, to find out how their lives have been, and how their wartime experiences have affected them. Besides the search for the boy survivors, this book is also about a quest for answers to the questions: What made us survive and what did we learn? How did our experiences as young men/boys color the rest of our lives? The special secret of this kind of writing lies in the way in which the different boys' memories and sensations are vividly recalled and brought to life, in scene after scene, to be discussed and weighed, only moments later, by the older men they have since become.

Two books that have been especially praised and singled out for awards are *Drenkeling* and *Quarantine*. (*Drenkeling*, published in Holland in 1987, appeared in 1993 in English translation as *Drowning: Growing Up in the Third Reich*, 1993; *Quarantine*, published in 1993, has yet to appear in English.) In *Drowning*, which is entirely and effectively written from the child's perspective, Durlacher describes the years of his childhood in Baden-Baden, and evokes through specific scenes the manner in which his childhood years are slowly, but certainly, undermined and poisoned by the rise of the Nazis and the spread of anti-Semitism.

In the moving fourth and final story ("After 1945") from *Quarantine*, a ten-ton U.S. Army truck drops off a barely 17-year-old survivor of the Holocaust at the local police station of a small Dutch town. It is late July 1945, the young man in question has only just returned from Poland, and his hair is still closely cropped as he hobbles along on a bandaged foot that refuses to heal. Hesitantly lowering himself to the ground, his memory, as if in a cinematic flashback, skips from the scene in front of him to the identical scene, same building, same setting, of his first night behind bars. That was after being arrested at home, in October 1942. Now he is the only survivor; the rest of his family has died in Auschwitz. About to ask a question of the policeman in charge, he is in for another jolt: scanning the face of a second policeman who has just entered with a report, examining his profile, he is shocked to recognize the Dutch police officer who came to arrest him and his family three years earlier.

In another episode from the same story, the young man, after much hesitation, rings the doorbell of the house where he used to live. He asks the woman who opens the door for any family photographs or papers left behind by the previous tenants. Without sympathy, the woman tells him to come back with his parents ("those Jew people"). When he replies that they are dead, the door is abruptly closed in his face. On his visit to the couple next door, he is shocked to notice that the man of the house is dressed in his father's stylish pin-striped suit. The embarrassment is mutual. So much for his homecoming!

Actually, things get worse as most of the boy's hopes and longings for a welcome reception turn out to be just so many illusions. His attempts at "surviving survival" often lead to more hostility, callousness, or indifference. An atmosphere of corruption seems to have seeped into almost every layer of Dutch post-war society.

To counterbalance these acts of insult or indifference, there are, to be sure, some heart-warming episodes as well, including the encounter with the kind-hearted family notary who not only managed to keep some money and precious things entrusted to him out of the hands of overly greedy relatives, but also invites the boy to stay with him and his family. Together, these and other acts of kindness begin to break up the 'river of ice" that had carried him along until then. The understanding glance of a classmate (the money left to him allowed him to go back to school), and the hospitality of his chemistry teacher are also a factor. While the latter effectively counsels him about obtaining his high school certification in the least possible time (and before his money runs out), he also initiates the long, slow process of reviving and healing him by inviting him into his home, talking to him about music, and playing Schubert and Beethoven sonatas. But when the teacher plays the Schubert songs that the boy's father used to sing for him, it is more than he can bear. Afraid of being overwhelmed and paralyzed by the past, he lets his irritation win out over his nostalgia.

Still, music is a revitalizing force in his life. Together with his discovery of books, (both those assigned in school and those in the "treasure house" of the municipal library), music helps him

begin the slow process of detachment from what he calls the pull of Hades. At the same time, the emblematic fate of the wife of the Biblical Lot sends a powerful signal, warning him of the dangers involved in glancing back too soon and too long at the realm of the dead. And so the roads to the process of healing all seem to lead him away from the past.

Added to this is his great suspicion about the limited power of language. Conscious, right from the moment of his return, that words cannot capture the reality of what he had lived, and that there was nobody willing to listen to them anyway, the young man quietly but grimly built his wall of silence. When the 55-year-old Durlacher decided, for reasons of his own, that the time had finally come to tear down the decades-old barrier, and to let the words follow their free course at last, he acted in a timely fashion. The five volumes that constitute his modest *oeuvre* are the work of a superb master of language, such as is rarely found among writers of memoirs. Primo Levi is one name that comes to mind, and, like Levi, Durlacher will be ensured of a fairly solid readership for as long as people remain interested in listening to the voice of the camp survivor. As yet, that group shows no signs of disappearing.

Two of Gerhard Durlacher's works are available in English:

Stripes in the Sky: A Wartime Memoir. Translated by Susan Massotty. London: Serpent's Tail, 1991. ISBN 1-85242-202-5.

Drowning: Growing Up in the Third Reich. Translated by Susan Massotty. London: Serpent's Tail, 1993. ISBN 1-85252-282-3.

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BOOK REVIEWS

Wiktoria Śliwowska, ed. **The Last Eyewitnesses: Children of the Holocaust Speak**. Translated from the Polish and annotated by Julian and Fay Bussgang. Postscript by Jerzy Ficowski. Evanston, Ill.: Northwestern University Press, 1998. Cloth $59.95 ISBN 0-8101-1510-7. Paper $24.95 ISBN 0-8108-1511-5.

Originally published in Poland by the Association of the Children of the Holocaust in Poland in 1993 to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of the Warsaw Ghetto Uprising, *The Last Eyewitnesses* collects sixty-five individual accounts by child survivors of the Holocaust in Poland. Most of these survivors remained in Poland after the war, although a few are now in Israel and the United States. These works were not originally intended for publication, but were submitted by members as they joined the association. According to the foreword, the Association of the Children of the Holocaust in Poland has been active in Warsaw since 1991. When this volume was originally published in Poland in 1993, the association knew of 200-250 survivors living in Poland. By 1997 that number had grown to about 500. Although many of them speak of their past reluctantly, by doing so, they have provided present and future generations with further testimony to the evils of Nazism and anti-Semitism.

Those responsible for compiling *The Last Eyewitnesses* have all been touched by the Holocaust. Julian and Fay Bussgang, the translators, lost relatives. Wiktoria Śliwowska, the editor, is also a contributor. Jerzy Ficowski, the Polish poet and writer who provided the postscript, is married to contributor Elżbieta Ficowska.

This work collects the first-person narratives of young survivors, who were born between 1926 and 1942. The narratives are divided into four groups. By far the largest number are from those from central Poland, followed by those from pre-war eastern Poland, and those who survived the camps, and, finally, the youngest, those who have only the vaguest memory or none at all of their birth families. The range of experiences included is vast, although, as Jerzy Ficowski writes in his afterword, "The abbreviated notes assembled here differ…from all those others—unrecorded, fallen into silence, stamped out life histories—in that, above all, they concern the living, those who, having passed through regions of undeserved torment, are among us."

The individual contributions vary in every respect. Their length ranges from a terse half-page summary of the events of her life written by Lena Kaniewska to Michał Głowiński's fourteen-page account of religious fervor and the deprivations of daily life he experienced in the children's home run by nuns in Turkowice. Some of the contributors to this volume have told some of their experiences, and those of their families, in other publications; others are speaking publicly for the first time.

Their personal histories encapsulate the variety of experiences undergone by survivors of the Holocaust. They tell of kindness and cruelty, of good luck and bad, of the survival of a complete nuclear family and the survival of one who knows only that he is, by origin, a Jew. The geographic scope of the selection means that persecution came not only from the Nazis and their Belorussian, Lithuanian, Polish, and Ukrainian collaborators, but also from the Ukrainian Insurgent Army and various other anti-Semitic, anti-Polish groups.

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Most of these chronicles replicate the sense of absolute aloneness and isolation their tellers must have felt. However, a number reveal connections among the group of contributors. Not surprisingly, most of these connections have to do with Warsaw. Hanna Mesz and Wiktoria Śliwowska attended the same secret school in the Warsaw Ghetto. Śliwowska later attended a school on the Aryan side directed by Stanisław Trojanowski, father of contributor Anna Irena Trojanowski-Kaczmarska. A number of contributors lived on Elektoralna Street in the Warsaw Ghetto. Both Michał Głowiński and Katarzyna Meloch survived at the children's home run by nuns in Turkowice. Pola Elbinger's story follows that of her brother Emanuel. These connections hint at the community that existed in Poland before the Nazi invasion.

The survivors' post-war experiences are as varied as their experiences of persecution. Some list their professional credentials as if to attest not only to their survival, but to their success; others found more sadness than happiness after the end of the war. Some survivors suffered long-term health effects, making them eligible for disability benefits or causing them to retire early. Some were happy to retain the identity they had been given in order to survive, others returned to their birth names. For still others, these changes of identity have had problematic results. Maria Kaminska, born Ruta Linder in 1935, concludes her account with these words: "Now that I am an elderly woman, more and more frequently I have the feeling that somebody stole my name and with it my whole life."

Any collection of eyewitness accounts of the Holocaust has value; this collection's worth is enhanced with a useful apparatus. Explanatory notes are attached to individual accounts as needed, and a glossary, historical notes, a subject index, and an index of persons and places have been appended to the whole. While *The Last Eyewitnesses* is not a work to read from cover to cover, it is readily accessible to the general reader with an interest in the Holocaust, and a useful addition to the shelf of scholarly resources. It would also be an appropriate resource volume for secondary schools.

The individual stories are compelling. Their cumulative effect is powerful. They bear witness to the spectrum of human capacity for good and for evil, and, above all, to the twists of fate that meant the difference between death and survival. Accounts of the lingering, ever-present effects of suffering resulting from the events of over 50 years ago serve as reminders that the past is, indeed, never really over.

Katherine Quimby Johnson

Thomas Moran. **The Man in the Box.** New York, NY: Berkley/Riverhead, 1996. Paperback $12.00. ISBN: 1-57322-649-1.

Thomas Moran is a journalist and editor who has now produced a novel, his first. His journalistic experience in Europe has undoubtedly provided him with much of his material: historical elements, local color, ambiance. But what dominates is his attempt to capture the tensions of growing up, of coming to terms with awakening sexuality, with relationships of adolescents with their peers, with their parents, and with adults.

Is this a Holocaust novel? The plot suggests it is. The adolescent hero-narrator, whose appendix was removed by a Jewish doctor, Robert Weiss, at a critical point in his life, is now, in World War II, a major figure in the rescue of this same Jewish doctor. In gratitude, the boy's father constructs a hidden compartment in his barn where Weiss can be kept hidden. The boy, Niki, helps by bringing him food, books, and conversation. Niki, in turn, is helped by a blind girl, Sigi, and the two later confide in their teacher, Traundl, who also helps by providing moral support just as Weiss is losing hope, his composure, his sanity even.

But this overt Holocaust content is subordinate to the inner thoughts, fears, and trials and tribulations of Niki, Sigi, and their various comrades. The teenagers' preoccupation with their own burgeoning sexuality, with the sexual activities of the grown-ups in their alpine village community, and with all the attendant problems involving the physical changes from childhood to adulthood are Moran's main focus. What, the whole village asks, does Traundl the teacher get up to in her apartment? And a group of brash schoolboys, equipped with binoculars, spies on her to find out. They are caught by their elders—who are just as actively engaged in the same quest. The teacher ultimately gets pregnant and arouses the self-righteous ire of the villagers, but escapes their retribution by leaving without trace as the war ends, and as Weiss emerges from his hiding place. Weiss encounters the same anti-Semitism, the same angry resentment, and the same accusations after the war that Jews had known in Austria before the war. Even the "good deed," the rescue of Weiss by Niki's father, is a grim *quid pro quo*, rather than an act of moral courage, and Niki is left as baffled by this as he is by the behavior and actions of the villagers in all other regards. We know, of course, that many rescuers had difficulty adjusting to their situation in the midst of anti-Semitic neighbors both during and after the war. Weiss goes to the USA after the war. Niki leaves the village to attend *Gymnasium* in the nearby city and then study medicine. The main characters all leave. What they leave—prejudice, egotism, opportunistic machinations, and the lack of any moral fiber—remains.

The novel's diction is that of a teenager; its ethos is much more generally and widely relevant. *The Man in the Box* is a compelling novel, of interest to those seeking insight into Holocaust matters, but especially to readers for whom the examination of human nature is paramount. Although the novel should make good adolescent reading material, school boards and parent groups would probably find its language objectionable and not suitable for the classroom.

David Scrase
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Kathryn Winter. **Katarína: A Novel.** New York: Farrar Straus Giroux, 1998. Cloth. $17.00 ISBN 0-374-33984-8.

As the title makes explicit, *Katarína* is a novel. However, both the jacket copy and a brief epilogue explain that the story has its roots in the author's childhood in Slovakia. The story opens with nine-year-old Katarína placed under quarantine for a simulated case of scarlet fever. The aunt who is raising her uses the quarantine to protect both of them from the Hlinka Guards, the Slovakian Fascists rounding up Jews in the area. Eventually Katarína is hidden with a peasant family. When it becomes too dangerous for the young woman protecting her, Katarína leaves hiding to wander, accompanied only by her monkey puppet Stefie. When she finally returns to her village, she finds that her teacher is the only one still alive. The other villagers died in a fire set by the Germans in retaliation for partisan activities in the area. Her aunt died of typhoid fever in Auschwitz.

The outline of the story may be familiar, but it is distinguished by Katarína's attempt to understand why she is despised. For Katarína is truly an outcast. Superstitious peasants fear and curse her because of her red hair and freckles. Others mistrust her because of her city-made shoes. More than once she is mistaken for a Gypsy, and only once, at a wedding, does that work to her advantage.

Katarína also struggles to understand how she might be Jewish. Early on she describes how she has more in common with a Catholic schoolmate than with a Jewish one. She finds Catholicism attractive, especially as it is described to her by her aunt's maid. The idea of "having all those saints around to talk to" is comforting and, indeed, her faith sustains her through the first months of her stay at a Protestant orphanage (where she is, once again, an outsider). Only when two of the caregivers at the orphanage prepare a secret Hannukah celebration for her does she begin to accept her Jewish identity, saying "I need to know what it is that everyone knows I am.

Children in middle school will be *Katarína's* best audience. It speaks on their level about self-hatred, the effects of prejudice, and the search for identity. Further, Katarína is in general such an average child that it would be difficult for a young reader to say, "Well, it wouldn't happen to me."

Overall the novel is well-written. The one exception is a chapter in which Winter switches point of view to speak in the voices of seven people Katarína encountered on her wanderings. Surrounded as they are with the intensity of the narrator's perspective, these brief vignettes fail to convince and do little to move the story along.

Fictionalization of personal history is, to put it mildly, a tricky business. When the intended audience is school children, it becomes, if anything, even trickier. With this particular work, one senses that certain elements may well be fictional. However, Katarína's inner life is the core of the story. Her reactions and confusions and her ideosynchratic, personalized faith, whether or not they are accurate in all details, ring true. *Katarína* draws readers into its world and shares with them what it felt like to be a child in Fascist Slovakia. In this respect it is a valuable contribution to juvenile literature of the Holocaust.

Katherine Quimby Johnson

THE CENTER FOR HOLOCAUST STUDIES
AT THE UNIVERSITY OF VERMONT

The Bulletin of the Center for Holocaust Studies at the University of Vermont is published twice yearly, in the fall and in the spring. We can be reached at Old Mill, Room A301, P.O. Box 54055, University of Vermont, Burlington, VT 05405-4055. Or telephone 802-656-1492, fax 802-656-1497, or e-mail us at kqjohnso@zoo.uvm.edu. Events are also posted on the following website: www.uvm.edu/~grdept/holocaus.htm.

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