

Playing Hookey for an Afternoon of Soccer at the Pub

Two Americans Watch Soccer in Germany

By Daniel Hammer with Adam Sacks

It is 30 degrees Celsius, that means "hot" in Europe. We figure that must be something around 80 Fahrenheit. At 1:30 in the afternoon we arrive at the Biergarten in Kreuzberg's Viktoria Park for the TV broadcast of the Germany-Ireland game from the World Cup competition in Seoul and are greeted with the news that the United States just beat Portugal, 3-2. "What? We won? Ha ha!" The excitement is quite genuine, but we fear an America that keeps on winning won't find any new friends in Europe.

Still, it is unexpectedly exciting that America has won. We ponder the fact that for soccer to enter or overtake the big three sports in America, it would require a massive victory. The barrier of entry is high for new sports in an America rich in sports no one else plays. Winning is important in the New World. Although we played soccer as kids, it remains a sideline sport for most Americans, with the exception of the Latino community.

The Europeans are famous for the pride they take in their sports, a pride which often falls along nationalist lines. This is a part of the Old World we are glad to have left behind. Today we see that they have practically had to build moats around the playing fields in Seoul to constrain hyperactive fans. We take our places far away from the ones where you might find painted faces, drumming and the get-up of "professional" fans. We settle down on a German beer garden bench among some yuppies out to lunch for the afternoon and join our host nationals as they watch their boys play Ireland.

In America, soccer is feminized when compared with baseball or football. We remember playing with girls on our team when we first started out. And who can forget the Soccer Mom who picked you up in the minivan. We stopped playing at age 15, around the time when we began to feel embarrassed at getting in through the sliding door.

No gender apartheid here, though. We find a surprisingly high proportion of women among the fans. Many of these lady-of-the-tatoos take the opportunity to show-off the tatoos they have inscribed on portions of their bodies hidden from our view nine months out of the year.

Their male counterparts, meanwhile, seem less interested in them than we are and are concentrating, for the most part, whole-heartedly on the game. They are wearing leather sandals and shorts, lavender tank-tops and wire-rim glasses, the distinct look of accountants and brokers out for a casual event. They're unshaven, yet otherwise clean-cut. It's obvious that they are skipping work. They have abandoned the feng-shui of their offices for the beer garden television sets that are sure to cause neck-strain. They have chosen to spend the afternoon among those who may need an investment tip in deodorant. They smile when the German goalie embraces an Irish player to break-up the game's only scuffle. For once they need not feel embarrassed at men demonstrating physical affection for each other.

The prediction, made two weeks ago, that such hooky-playing by German professionals would cost the German economy 300 million euros doesn't seem to be on anybody's mind as wheat beer after wheat beer is consumed, occasionally accompanied by a hot, grilled wurst. Mixed into the crowd are a few scattered punks with dreadlocks, a grandmother fixed in one position at the bar and a mother who has adorned her baby with a Guinness hat the colors of the Irish flag.

When it's all over, the one-to-one tie sends Germany on to the next round of the tournament. Germany would have won had it not been for the last-minute goal the Irish managed to sneak past the German defense, which the crowd had already been berating for getting sloppy as the clock ticked down. But once the ball is through the goal and the chance for an absolute victory is lost, there seems to be no threat of a riot. Winning does not seem to be everything here in the Old World—even if it is the World Cup. After all, it is just a game, and the goal of spending an afternoon in the sun has been successfully reached, win, tie or even lose.

< Transatlantic >



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Caught Between Museum and Prayer Hall

The Surprising Controversy Around the Old Synagogue in Essen

By Adam Sacks

The surge in Germany's Jewish population in recent years has also meant a renaissance of synagogue building in the country, whose national bird is said by some today to be the construction crane. As the leader of the national council of Jews in Germany, Paul Spiegel puts it, "who builds, plans to stay." But what is to be done when there is already a synagogue in town, one with a rich tradition and long history, but which has been converted into a museum or educational center, as happened to so many synagogues still left standing after World War II?

The Old Synagogue in Essen represents such a case. With over sixteen hundred seats, the synagogue once served a Jewish community of five thousand. Although men and women sat separately, the congregation followed the liberal tradition and services featured an organ. Miraculously, it survived *Kristallnacht*, war-time air raids and attempts by the local fire department to start a fire which would burn down the entire building. During World War II, the vestibule of the building was used for air-raid drills. There is no definitive explanation as to how the mammoth structure survived, but after the war it remained like some lonely giant from a bygone era.

It was first bought by the city of Essen in 1959. The city redesigned the interior to create a purely functional space thereby destroying the original synagogue furnishings, such as the ark for the Torah. From 1961 through 1979, the building was used as an exhibition space for modern industrial design products and posters. The external structure, however, was left completely intact. In 1980, the synagogue was designated as a memorial and as a museum, housing political and historical documents.

As a consequence, Essen began efforts to restore the interior to its original state in 1986. The museum's permanent exhibition space features an exhibit on persecution and resistance during the Nazi era and an exhibit on contemporary Jewish life.

This former synagogue has not hosted a Jewish prayer service in over 50 years.

A few weeks ago, the mayor of Essen sent a reply to Chaim Guski, leader of the Egalitarian Minyan of North Rhine Westphalia, who requested that his prayer group be allowed to use certain sections of the synagogue for prayer services. According to Christian Komberg, a personal advisor to the mayor, the mayor told Guski that the structure is "about religion, but not of a certain religion, and it should stay that way." In other words, the mayor did not, in any way, wish to allow Jewish services to be reinstated at the former synagogue. Technical

issues, such as facility management, he claimed, did not play much of a role in his rejection.

Instead, Komberg insisted on the neutrality of the site. While conceding that "Jewish culture has a special significance in the memory of the Old Synagogue," he explained that the attempt to appropriate the Old Synagogue for what he termed "specific political uses" has always been a problem surrounding this structure.

When the Sinti and Roma recently requested to use the site for political demonstrations, they were also turned down. "If special treatment were to be given to the Jews, the neutral character of the site would be lost," Komberg did, however, hold out the possibility that a Jewish religious group could buy back the structure from the city, in which case they could do with it "as they please."

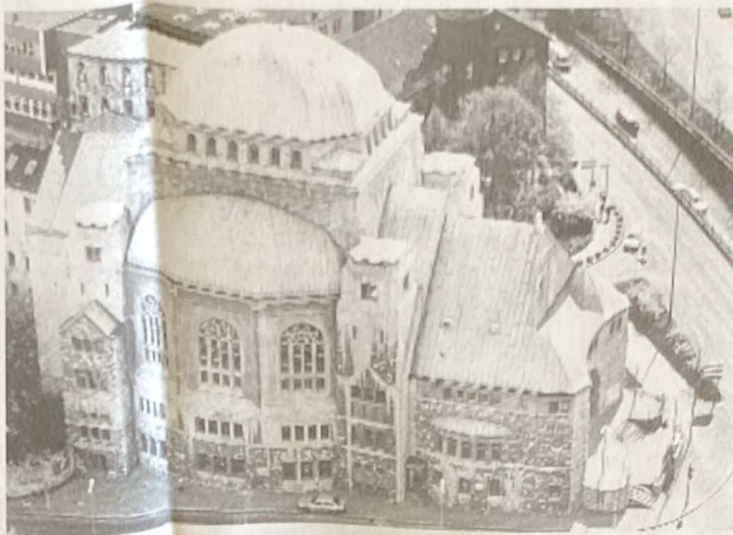
When Edna Brocke, an Israeli and the Old Synagogue Museum's director since 1988, was contacted for comment, she declined any public comment. Brocke is also on the editorial board of the journal, "Church and Israel" and holds a doctorate from Church College in Neundettelsau.

The Old Synagogue is not being used for the purpose for which it was consecrated, nor is it a "memorial site."

A representative from Essen's official Jewish Community responded to Guski's request with distance and skepticism. He said that "we have a big enough synagogue, and we do not think a lot about the Old Synagogue," which he maintained was "a museum, with other goals." Besides, he added, "95 per cent of the Essen community are Russian. The former members are gone."

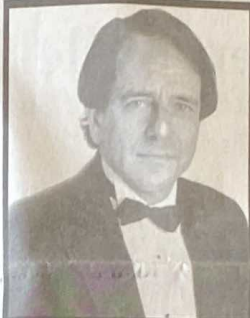
Guski, whose mission to open the Old Synagogue for his Minyan has brought him into conflict with the city and with Edna Brocke, feels that the current use of the synagogue "makes it *kaputt* [destroys it]... for today's Jewish life." It is not being used for the purpose for which it was consecrated, nor, he contends, does it have the character of a "memorial site." And, besides, he points out that using portions of the building for services wouldn't interfere with its current uses.

The inaccessibility of the Old Synagogue is a "disturbance, but not an obstacle," for Guski and his Minyan. When asked whether there are other places to pray, he replies that "we receive offers from church-



The Old Synagogue in Essen

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Music's Path Across the Generations

Martin Goldsmith Traces His Family History

By Adam Sacks

A mighty ash tree grows from the floor in the middle of a house forming a canopy over the roof. A golden sword emerges from its trunk. Martin Goldsmith, the former director of classical music programming for National Public Radio and for ten years the host of its show, "Performance Today," uses this image of the tree in Hundin's house from Richard Wagner's opera, "The Valkyries," as a metaphor for the silent presence of family history while growing up within a seemingly normal American home. The great trunk so dominated the closed space, he writes in his book "The Inextinguishable Symphony: A True Story of Music and Love in Nazi Germany," that it required tremendous effort not to take notice of the tree.

Although Goldsmith's childhood seemed to be a perfectly normal one in which family members played and talked, Goldsmith grew up without grandparents and with a missing uncle. He recalls donning an emotional costume when at home, camouflaging his real personality. The tree, whose roots were at the base of all of familial life, represented the fate of the German Jews in the 1930s that his parents—who had escaped—silently carried with them.

Only after Goldsmith's mother's death in 1984, was this tree first openly acknowledged. In 1992, Goldsmith met up with his father in his father's hometown of Oldenburg where the father began to speak of his childhood memories to his son. And in 1994, Goldsmith's father agreed to tour the new Holocaust Memorial Museum in Washington with his son. There followed an interview with Goldsmith's father on NPR's Morning Edition, which represented a further break in the silence around Goldsmith's family history.

Finally, when in 1997, Goldsmith had to provide a short bio to the host of a film series in Baltimore, the idea for a book on Goldsmith's family came to life. Goldsmith, who is currently director of classical programming at XM Satellite Radio in Washington, D.C., was briskly explaining his musical roots: that his parents had played in an all-Jewish orchestra in Germany, that his father had fled Germany for Sweden, but that he had returned to Germany to be with his future wife, and that they had escaped just in time in 1941. The professor directing the Baltimore Film series responded, "That's some story. You oughta write a book." Goldsmith was inspired and the idea for "The Inextinguishable Symphony" was born.

Goldsmith began his journey back across the generations four thousand miles from home, on November 9th, that infamous date in German history, at the grave of his great-grandparents in Sachsenhagen, in Lower Saxony. They are, as he writes, "the only memorials to our families that exist anywhere in the world." Alex Goldschmidt, Goldsmith's paternal grandfather

and the youngest son of a family of horse-traders, didn't follow his father in the family business and instead, left for the big city and went to Oldenburg. There he married and opened a shop for ladies' garments. The couple had a son, named Günther, whom the mother introduced to the world of German culture and music.

Goldsmith's maternal grandfather, Julian Gumpert, came from West Prussia. He was a violinist, and, after winning the top prize at the music conservatory in Dresden, he married and moved to Düsseldorf where he opened a conservatory which focused on string instru-



The author Martin Goldsmith.

ments. He soon had a daughter, Rosemarie, who would prove to be a musical prodigy. At the age of seven she began playing the viola.

Music would prove to be a refuge, both literally and figuratively, for both Rosemarie Gumpert and Günther Goldschmidt as they came of age in a time of increasing political and social turmoil.

In the summer of 1933, after Jewish artists and musicians had been expelled from all German organizations, the Kulturbund Deutscher Juden was founded as an emergency project designed to employ Jewish artists. It rapidly grew into an organization of artists bound together in a time of crisis, "sustained by life-giving principles," as cofounder Martin Buber once said. Although the hopes on which this organization were founded were, of course, ultimately shattered, the project initially received state sanction from Nazi officials who wanted to use the organization for propaganda purposes.

Rosemarie secured a place as a violinist in the Kulturbund's Frankfurt orchestra in 1935. In the meantime, Günther, who had been expelled from his conservatory was preparing for emigration to Sweden when, at the last minute, he was called on to fill in for a sick flutist at the same Frankfurt orchestra. It was while rehearsing Tchaikovsky that Rosemarie and Günther met. When Günther finally left for Sweden a few months later the two continued to correspond. When the same flutist then fled to Palestine, Günther returned to Frankfurt to

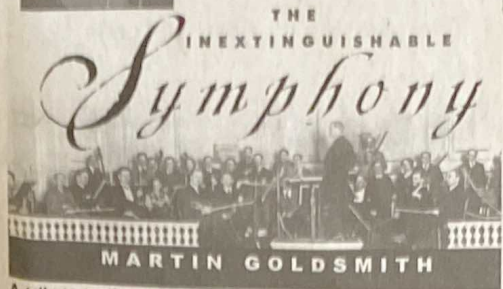
take his place and be by Rosemarie's side.

In 1938, the Frankfurt orchestra folded and the two moved to Berlin. On Kristallnacht, Günther escaped by fleeing via train to Oldenburg. There he married Rosemarie's family in Düsseldorf. Out the window of the train he could see the burning synagogues. Günther and Rosemarie were married shortly thereafter and returned to Berlin to play with the only remaining Jewish Kulturbund. Thanks to a recital at the U.S. Embassy, the two were able to receive immigration visas to the U.S. in February of 1941. Money for their passage was raised through a fundraising dinner held by a friend who was a teacher living in Chinatown. Soon they were on the deck of a Portuguese ship looking at the Statue of Liberty as they sailed into New York's harbor.

Günther and Rosemarie Goldschmidt became George and Rosemary Goldsmith and took an apartment on New York City's Upper West Side. In 1947, they became U.S. citizens. When Rosemary got a job with the St. Louis Symphony they moved to St. Louis, and then, when she got a spot with the Cleveland Orchestra, they moved to Cleveland and George entered retail sales.

After his release from Sachsenhausen, following his Kristallnacht arrest, Alex, Günther's father, applied with the Cuban consulate for a visa. Rosemary's father, Julian, meanwhile, applied for a visa at the Ecuadorian consulate. Julian succeeded in leaving Germany shortly thereafter, along with a younger émigré couple he had befriended. They left via plane. Within days of Julian's arrival in Quito, however, he died of a heart attack.

Alex booked passage with his younger son on the infamous St. Louis and obtained the necessary passports and visas. When the ship was ultimately sent back to Europe and the passengers distributed, Alex and his son landed in France and, after the outbreak of the war, were



A tribute to the music that brought Goldsmith's parents together during dark times.

placed in a camp for "enemy aliens." Their letters describe deteriorating conditions. Alex's letters to his son George became increasingly pleading and painful, urging him to do everything possible to save them. "It will be on your conscience," he wrote.

Goldsmith's two grandmothers and an aunt had been left behind in Berlin. They were deported east and murdered. In August 1943, Alex and George's younger brother, Helmut, were deported to Auschwitz via Drancy, outside of Paris. When George learned of the fate of his father and brother after the war, he abandoned his flute. Though his father always insisted otherwise, Martin sees this decision as connected to the fate of his family.

This past fall Martin Goldsmith visited Berlin. In a moving presentation, he addressed a group of Kulturbund veterans at the new Jewish Museum, remarking that the museum was less than a mile from his parents' last address and the site of the last Kulturbund theater on the Kommandantenstraße. Though Goldsmith's father has returned to Germany for visits, he has yet to venture to Berlin. Goldsmith describes himself as his father's "emissary." His love of music and culture is part of his family inheritance, "so much of which is German," he adds.

This past spring the New York Philharmonic performed the "The Inextinguishable Symphony," a symphony by the Danish composer Carl Nielsen, that was also the last piece rehearsed by the Kulturbund for the 1941-42 season that was

never to be—and that, of course, gives Goldsmith's book its name. Nielsen wrote of his symphony's message: "if the whole world were devastated by fire, flood and volcanoes, and all things were destroyed and dead, then nature would still begin to breed new life again."

Goldsmith's book has led to a documentary film that will be aired on PBS, as well as a companion music CD and companion "Symphony Tour." For Goldsmith, the film and the book are "torch songs" to the relatives he never knew and yet whose absence has been so present in his life. But the story is also a song of passion, a tribute to the music that brought his parents together during dark times. It also sheds light on a still largely unknown chapter of the Nazi era.

After his extensive work traversing the generations, Goldsmith no longer experiences his father as cut-off and isolated. The emotional distance between the two men has narrowed. Today, he can appreciate his father in heroic terms, as someone who overcame the horrors to establish a rich new life in the United States. Goldsmith says that he realized that music is something that can save your life and is something worth risking your life for, this was the golden sword in the tree, a rich treasure of understanding and hope.

If you would like to be involved in the documentary film project, please contact its producer, Gail Prenscky, at gprensky@sprintmail.com and visit the project web site at www.fwmprodus.com/TISProject.

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German-American Dialogue in Berlin

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Confronts Skeptics with

Signs Expressing Condolences Metamorphosed into Anti-War Placards

By ADAM J. SACKS

Imagine being abroad and learning of the sudden death of a loved one at home. You are unable to fly home for the funeral and, thus, also miss the comfort given the bereaved in the aftermath. After some time has passed, you realize that the home you left is not the one you will return to. Such was my experience as an American in Berlin on September 11.

I am an American Jew from New York who has been living in Berlin for two years. For me, moving to Berlin represented a leap of faith. It expressed a trust in the possibility of dialogue. I came to Berlin

ging architecture resembled a bomb site. On the way home, he labelled pedestrians passing close to our car possible civilian casualties or collateral damage.

Once at home, I settled in with a group of German friends to watch TV. As the repetition of the images from New York began to subside, the coverage of the reaction in Washington increased. Two scenes, in particular, came into focus: the raising of the American flag by the honor guard in the Capitol rotunda and the singing of "God Bless America" by members of Congress assembled on the steps of the Capitol building.

For me, these were undeniably moving moments, but my German friends greeted them with laughter and asked, "Kannst Du damit etwas anfangen?" ("Can you relate to that?"). What came to my mind as an explanation, but by no means as a justification, was the complicated relationship to the flag within contemporary German political culture. After the flag-heavy Third Reich, the Federal Republic of Germany shied away from symbols of nationalism.

Critical voices in Berlin and the U.S.

Conversations beginning the day after the attacks and continuing for weeks after manifested concern over the U.S. response to what had happened. Many of my German friends were convinced that the U.S. was about to plunge the world into a third global conflict, and this, more than what actually had happened, concerned them. "The U.S. has no right to be upset (betroffen), even though I am a born New Yorker. At the same time, in our discussions over possible responses, these conversation partners regularly mistook Afghans for Arabs.

The emotion initially displayed on the streets was summed up by the phrase, "We are all New Yorkers now." The oversized condolence book outside the American Embassy on Unter den Linden was first signed by the Chancellor, then by ordinary Germans, some of whom had brought along several type-written pages that they meticulously transcribed into the book.

But almost overnight the signs expressing remorse and condolences metamorphosed into anti-war placards, reading "Only no more dead," "Stop all wars," "No revenge, no war; think." More than once over the last six months, I have also heard German acquaintances remark that the American reaction "kam mir fremder vor, als die der Islamisten." "seemed more foreign than that of the Muslims."

Within recent months, however, I am most often asked, "Are there any critical voices in America?" This question comes mostly from educated young students, aware of Susan Sontag for example, or of the guru-like grip Noam Chomsky holds over a wide segment of American university students. In fact, when I returned home, briefly, around Thanksgiving and visited friends and professors at my alma mater, I was shocked by their critical reaction to events.

I had decided to wear a small American flag pin on my lapel, for which I was routinely castigated by members of the faculty, one of whom claimed that the war in Afghanistan was motivated by a search for more oil. Friends routinely blathered the war on continued "military adventurism," and one old roommate, whose father is a career military man, claimed that the Northern Alliance was in fact no better than the Taliban and that the war was ultimately in vain.



Germans carrying anti-war slogans in Berlin some weeks after 9/11.

Photo: ddp

for a brief visit during my time in college and decided, then, to apply for a grant to continue my studies here after graduation. After two years in Berlin most of my friends are German gentiles, while, at the same time, I am deeply involved with the Jewish community. Rarely did I imagine that larger political events would greatly affect my interpersonal relations; then again, I have never had to confront an event like 9/11, and this thousands of miles from home. Perhaps my greatest fear was that my friends in Berlin would abandon me in my sorrow, revealing my trust in them to have been misplaced, while friends and loved ones back home in the States would sorely feel my absence at such a critical time.

On the day itself, I was waiting for friends at the Jewish Museum. Although a couple of hours had passed since the first knowledge of the attacks, the Museum remained open until six o'clock, at which time it was closed by order of the German police. Identified as an American by the museum staff and gathering press, I was sought out and observed for my emotional reaction. When my friends arrived, the gap between my total shock and their cultural and emotional distance became apparent immediately. The first response from one German friend was a series of jokes. Upon arriving, he first remarked on how the Jewish Museum with its zig-zag-

hairstylist exclaimed over my wet scalp. "That must be so scary! I mean, we're under attack." The popular belief in Lee's Summit is apparently that to live outside the U.S. borders is to be caught in the jaws of the terrorists.

From the window of the beauty salon, I watched swollen residents of Lee's Summit push packed carts from the grocery store to shiny Mercedes cars. The strip mall had been built since I last visited, but other than that the scene was not much different than one I had seen hundreds of times before September 11th. Aside from the American flags pasted in every car window, there was no other visual indication that America was at war.

My home town is a victim of the same take-no-prisoners efficiency that is now overrunning parts of Europe. It is also teeming with the images Germans seize upon when making fun of American culture: people are overweight; the landscape is studded with shopping malls and gridded with highways; everyone in the neighborhood drives an SUV.

Not much is left to make me feel attached to the place, but growing up there I was always encouraged to speak my mind. That freedom to speak out is one thing that makes me feel like an American. So I am offended when my German friends call me "a little bit European" if I criticize American policy.

I am as much European as Gerhard Schröder is American. Still, the rhetoric of American values that is being filtered over the Atlantic sounds more like the German caricature than my understanding of what it means to be an American. There is no indication that Americans question authority or appreciate debate.

A president who enjoys 90% of American approval tries to use the moment to raise funding for the military, control distribution of information at home and abroad and deny civil rights to prisoners of war. And I'm still waiting for some of the cheering to stop long enough to prove that my understanding of American values is right.

Versäumnisse im Nahen Osten

Von Adam Sacks

Professor Michael Cohen, graduiert an der London School of Economics und Political Science, alumni des Princeton Institute for Advanced Study, derzeit Inhaber des Lazarus Lehrstuhls für Geschichte an der Bar Ilan Universität in Israel, sprach über "Der politische Zionismus und die Wurzeln des palästinensisch-israelischen Konflikts". Der britisch-gebürtige Israeli und Autor zahlreicher Studien zum Thema präsentierte mit makro-historischem Blick lange historische Prozesse im Zusammenhang mit dem, was heute passiert. "Der politische Zionismus war in der Wirklichkeit ein Versagen, auch der arabisch-palästinensische Nationalismus." Er argumentierte, dass es bei der Herausbildung dieser zwei Ideologien erstaunliche Parallelen gibt. Gegründet vom Wiener Feuilletonisten und Theatermann Theodor Herzl basiert der politische Zionismus auf der Theorie des ewigen Antisemitismus und der immer wiederkehrenden Gefahr, dass die Juden ohne Staat immer verfolgt werden. Im Gegensatz zum säkular und mitteleuropäisch-deutsch gesinnten Herzl weigerte sich jedoch der grösste Teil der meist russischen zionistischen Bewegung, irgendwo anders hinzugehen als ins Land der Bibel. Selbst zionistisch Gesinn-

te unter den emanzipierten Juden verschwenden keinen Gedanken daran, ihr Heimatland zu verlassen. Mit Ausbruch des 1. Weltkriegs triumpierte der westlich-nationale Patriotismus über die kollektive jüdische Identität. In der unklaren Situation des offenen Kriegsausgangs versuchte jedes nationale Judentum, seine eigene Nationaldeklaration zu erhalten. Zu dieser Zeit, war der "Weltfeind" der Juden Russland, der Hauptsponsor des staatlichen Antisemitismus seit der Ermordung des Zaren 1881. Gleichzeitig ersuchten die Araber im Nahen Osten die Türkei um Autonomie. Die potentiellen Lösungsträger waren da die Briten, die den Nahen Osten erobert und von den Türken befreit hatten. Die Hauptironie ist, dass angesiedelte Juden und Briten so den palästinensisch-arabischen Nationalismus geschaffen haben. Der moderne arabische Nationalismus begann erst im 20. Jahrhundert war insofern auch religiös motiviert, als dass sie den Caliphate, also das Geistesoberhaupt und höchste religiöse Amt des Islam von den Türken und ihrem absterbenden Reich zurückholen wollten. Zur dieser Zeit waren die Palästinenser lediglich Bewohner einer südlichen Provinz von Syrien. Nach dem 1. Weltkrieg, als Frankreich Syrien erobert und die Briten das Mandat über Palästina hatten, standen die Palästinenser einem Herrschaftssystem gegenüber, das mit Hilfe der Balfour Deklaration von 1917 eine jüdische Heimstaat zu errichten beabsichtigte. Prof. Cohen sagt, es sei der grösste Fehler des palästinensischen Nationalismus, dass er die jüdische Suche nach Heimat niemals anerkannte. Er sprach die Vermutung aus, das Problem sei möglicherweise, dass die muslimische Kultur den Begriff "Kompromiss" nicht kenne. Der Islam könne keine Kompromisse machen, da er nicht reformiert und wie viele andere vormoderne Religionen totalitär und dogmatisch sei. Immer wieder hätten sie eigenen Interessen zuwider gehandelt, insofern bilde der palästinensische Nationalismus eine Herausforderung für die westliche Konzeption von Staat und Nation. Zur Zeit des Mandats nutzte der palästinensische Nationalismus seine Chance nicht, administrative Aufgaben zu erlernen und eine eigenständige Regierung zu organisieren. Auf dem jüdischen Sektor war ein Staat im Werden begriffen, der seine eigene nationale Organisation, ja sogar ein Steuersystem innehatte. So gesehen trafen die moderne westliche Gesellschaft und die noch feudale arabische Welt aufeinander. Bis 1967 verhielten sich die Israelis rechtmässig. Die Zionisten mussten arabisches Land kaufen, so verlangte es das Gesetz. Die reichen Paschas, Grundeigentümer in Beirut and Damaskus, ließen palästinensische Arbeiter in feudalistischer Weise den Boden bewirtschaften. Die nationale Bevölkerung hatte ihren Anspruch auf Land verloren, der Landhandel ist Ursache für das Problem. Die Führung Palästinas deklarierte öffentlich, kein Land an Juden zu verkaufen, doch gleichzeitig Land erfolgte dies durch Agenten. Für die Palästinenser war es eine Katastrophe. Sie hatten nicht genügend nationales Verantwortungsbewusstsein, um der Versuchung des Geld-

machens zu widerstehen. 1948 nahm Jordanien die Westbank ein. Vor der Gründung der PLO 1960 hatten die arabischen Staaten die Politik für die Palästinenser determiniert. Der regionale Konsens gegen den palästinensische Staat reichte bis in die sechziger Jahre.

Die jüdische Präsenz im Nahen Osten ist eine Frage der Notwendigkeit und nicht des Rechts. Es gab zwei grosse Wellen der Verfolgung und Ermordung, eine in Russland und eine in Deutschland. Historisch gesehen ein Misserfolg, denn damit wurde die jüdische Frage in der Diaspora nicht gelöst. Im Schlusswort stellte Prof. Cohen fest, dass die Anschläge auf die USA die gegenwärtige Situation im Nahen Osten nicht grundlegend verändert haben. Es wird keinen Frieden geben, solange die Palästinenser von den Israelis besetzt sind und ihren Staat haben. Nach dem 11. September glaubten die Israelis an die Ankunft des "Anti-Terror"-Messias, denn nun konnten sie gemeinsam mit Amerika gegen den Terror zu kämpfen. Die Regierung machte den Fehler, Arafat mit Bin Laden und die PLO den Taliban gleichzustellen, die den Terroristen Unterschlupf gewährt. Taktisch gesehen vertritt Bin Laden einen islamischen Kreuzzug, wohingegen Arafat für den legitimen Unabhängigkeitskampf steht. Alle Seiten stimmen überein, dass es einen palästinensischen Staat geben muss, lediglich über das Ausmass besteht Unklarheit. Prof. Cohen fragte, wieviele Menschen noch ihr Leben lassen müssen, bevor Palästina errichtet wird. Er sieht die einzige Lösung darin, dass die USA beide Seiten zu eine Lösung drängen muss, da der linke Flügel Israels nach der zweiten Intifada zusammengebrochen ist. Doch zur Zeit braucht Amerika die islamische Welt, wobei Israel in diesem Kampf ein Störfaktor ist. Im historischen Kontext gesehen konnte keine Besetzungsmacht, auch wenn sie erheblich grösser als Israel war, erfolgreich das Land eines anderen Volkes besetzen. Dieses historische Phänomen entfaltet seine eigene Ironie, in dem Sinne, dass die Briten und die eingesiedelten Juden (selbst Träger eines neuen nationalistischen Selbstbewusstseins) ihrerseits eine Steigerung des Selbstbewusstseins der Palästinenser bewirkten und somit die eigentlichen Begründer dieses neuen Nationalismus sind.

Fortsetzung von S, 3 VS

nommen., allerdings gibt es verbale Attacken., der Umgang mit und das Verständnis von Muslimen ist ein Kernthema. Claudia Schmid unterstrich mehrmals, dass Moschee-Vereine keine Terroristenklubs sind und dass es ohne strafrechtlich relevante Beweise keine Aktionen gegen diese geben wird. Gebraucht wird ein gesellschaftliches Klima, in das sich Muslime integriert fühlen, eine Erkenntnis, die im Staate BRD sehr spät geboren worden ist. In muslimischen Kreisen geht die Angst vor deutschen Übergriffen um. Werde deshalb zurückhaltend agiert? Milzbrand war ein weiteres Thema, auch die Frage, ob dessen „Absennder“ auch zu Terrorakten anderer Art bereit sind. Publikum und Referentin waren einig darin, dass in die Terroristszene nicht eingegriffen werden kann, wenn Attentäter normativ leben. Was aber, wenn Dienste wie in Hamburg auf erkennungsdienstliche Fakten nicht reagiert wird? Nicht nur die Bevölkerung muss sich auf die neue Lage einstellen. Frau Schmid wurde nicht müde, Rechtsstaatlichkeit und Demokratie als oberste Prinzipien zu betonen, wobei der Verfassungsschutz schon im Vorfeld andere Aufgaben habe und andere Wege gehe als die Polizei.

An diesem Abend wur erneut unüberhörbar, dass Klischees wie jenes vom verdeckten Schlapphut oder das Vorurteil gegen den Dienst an sich nichts nutzt, wenn Aufklärung und Handlungsfertigkeit gefragt sind.

AN ALLE ÜBER ACHTZIGJÄHRIGEN:

Ich schreibe eine Biographie des Historikers ARTHUR ROSENBERG (1889-1943), der zuletzt am Brooklyn College lehrte. Ich wäre für jede Information von Zeitzeugen, die ihn gekannt haben, dankbar. TO ALL OCTOGENARIANS AND ABOVE: I am a German historian, now writing a biography of the former Brooklyn College professor ARTHUR ROSENBERG (1889-1943). I would appreciate any information from people who knew him. Meine Adresse/Please contact me at: Dr. Mario Kessler, Wartin Str. 14, 13057 Berlin. Tel.: +30-928-2042; Fax: +331-289-9140; email: mariokessler@sirecontact.de

teenage waistland

A Former Fat Kid Weighs in
on Living Large, Losing Weight, and
How Parents Can (and Can't) Help

abby ellin

For Alan,
with much thanks!



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acknowledgments

I've wanted to write this book since I was sixteen years old, and I'm still amazed that I finally had the chance. That's largely due to Robert Wilson, my wonderful agent who won't even let me pay for a coffee and always seems to answer my 2 a.m. emails within minutes. His tenacity and enthusiasm led to my genius editor Lisa Kaufman, who transformed a concept into an actual manuscript. Without her vision, patience, wit, insights, and willingness to share her own experiences, I wouldn't be writing this page. Thanks also to Martha Deery, her trusty marketing coordinator, who never seems to leave the office. I've heard horror stories about the publishing industry, but that wasn't my experience at PublicAffairs. Clearly, that's a reflection of Peter Onos, who runs a terrific company. Nina D'Amario, the creative force behind the book jacket, and Jaime Leifer, my publicity goddess, both deserve awards for putting up with my endless emails and (relatively minor?) obsession about my author photo. Robert Kinzey, Melissa Raymond, and Anais Scott dealt with all the copy-editing and last minute mayhem. Adam J. Sacks, my trusty researcher, could probably find Jimmy Hoffa if he had to. Hats off to you all.

Throughout the years friends have listened to me natter on about fat, either my own or someone else's. They've stuck with me through thick and thin and everything in between. Deepest thanks to: James Alexander Bond, Dave Lewis, Jill Diamond, Pete Gamburg, Bobby Harrell, Jason Oliver Nixon, Peter Nigrini, Jenny Leigh Thompson, David Wallis, Debra Feldstein, Marybeth Krug, Mark Geiger, Ellen Athena Catsikas, Ilana Strubel, Julie Slotnick, Tom

LISA LEWENZ VISITS CORNELL

Valerie Weinstein
Adam J. Sacks

On Wednesday, November 3, 1999, guest filmmaker Lisa Lewenz presented her award-winning documentary, *A Letter Without Words*. In 1971, Lewenz found a treasure in her parents' attic: over 14 hours worth of film shot by her grandmother, Ella Lewenz, in Germany, the United States, Palestine, Brazil, and other locations from the period after World War I until her death in 1954. Since that time, more of Ella Lewenz's footage, as well as some of her papers and diaries, have come into Lisa Lewenz's hands. Ella Arnold Lewenz, member of two of the wealthiest and oldest German-Jewish families, had been an avid amateur photographer, possessing a home movie camera when it was still a luxury, and using color film before it was available to audiences in movie theaters. Ella, who remained in Germany until 1938, captured not only her family, exotic vacation locations, and bustling cityscapes, but also celebrities (such as family friend, Albert Einstein, amongst others), historical events, and the marks of change in the Third Reich: soldiers, red banners and swastikas. More tellingly, she documented a range of signs and posters forbidding Jews access to various aspects of daily life such as swimming pools, park benches, telephone booths, and even whole towns. For seventeen years after finding this treasure, Lisa Lewenz researched, interviewed, traveled, translated, filmed, and edited in order to produce the hour-long documentary, *A Letter Without Words*.

While Ella Lewenz's archival footage is the centerpiece of the film, Lisa Lewenz has created an effective personal and historical narrative through a montage of the archival footage, archival stills and documents, and her own contemporary footage of sites previously filmed by her grandmother. They include a visit with her aunt in Berlin, and interviews with surviving relatives. Whereas Lisa Lewenz filmed the contemporary footage with sound, she



Lisa Lewenz

has accompanied her grandmother's silent footage with original music and voiceovers. These are comprised of her own personal narrative, readings by relatives from her grandmother's diaries, and other commentary, including a moving audio tape made by her father in 1969 where he expresses regret for having converted out of Judaism.

While some of the analysis, the chronological narrative, and the historical footage claim to represent an authentic, insider's view of an important historical moment, other techniques in the film underscore how unique, contingent, and subjective this narrative is. The voiceover often expresses regret about missing text — diaries, letters, and documents — and information about Ella Lewenz and her state of mind. Repeated references to the extraordinary wealth of the Arnholds and Lewenzes, and an explanation of its role in buying the family's way out of Nazi Germany remind us that the original footage could have been produced and survived, only in this wealthy milieu. A scene where Lisa and her aunt, Dorothea, visit the Charlotteburg *Staudesamt* (registry office) housed in the family's former mansion makes the scale of this wealth most concrete for the viewer. The subjectivity of the narrative is further underscored by the differing perspectives of Lewenz's

various relatives, and also particularly neatly in a scene where Lisa reads diary entries by Ella about World War I and comments that that account is completely different from what she had learned in school. It is this weaving of the historical and the subjective, present and past, sound and image, as well as the acknowledgement of absences and gaps, that make *A Letter Without Words* such an effective account.

Valerie Weinstein is a graduate student in the Department of German Studies at Cornell.

Declaring her Cornell visit, "liberation day," Lisa Lewenz's visit coincided with the first day on which she was not working on her film, *A Letter Without Words*. The preceding eighteen years, four months and three days comprised, not only the film's production, but a process of oral history and historical research spanning an historical bridge upon which the "German Jewish century" unfolds. Rather than deferring to nostalgia for a "world of yesterday" that takes refuge in a simplified past, the continuity of stable origins is disrupted; the "revelation" of identity is exposed as a process constantly under revision and difference. As scenes of Weimar luminaries and the comfort of home life give way to the visual effects of fascist racism and the onset of exile, the film is interspersed, through interviews, with the memory of the many relatives of the grandmother. In the context of an ever-tightening noose of legislation, the grandmother's pursuit of film is an evident act of resistance, an "island of memory," surrounded by amnesia. *A Letter Without Words* comprises a fraction of the overall footage and provides extraordinary accessibility to the pictorial memory of both the Weimar and Nazi eras, making visible a cultural heritage invisible in contemporary German society.

As the title indicates, it is based on the idea of silence: silent film and a silent interlocutor in an inter-generational memorial dialogue. As an examination of what silence means and how it works, the film sunders the common equation of silence and repression. In a traumatic context, silence may be a sign of a psychic

(continued on page 16)

community can place their unreserved confidence. President Rawlings is fortunate to be able to enlist her as his principal partner in preserving Cornell's great traditions and in promoting educational innovation. Her associates in the university administration can anticipate with pleasure the ebullient personality, generous spirit, and beneficent leadership she will bring to the office of the provost."

Marin, professor of German studies and women's studies, has served as senior associate dean of the College of Arts & Sciences since 1997. A member of the Cornell faculty since 1983, her previous administrative responsibilities have included serving as the chair of the Department of German Studies from 1994-1997, associate director of the Program of Women's Studies 1993-94, graduate field representative for German studies 1991-96, and as graduate field representative 1992-96 and co-founder of the field of lesbian and gay studies. She was the recipient of the prestigious Clark Distinguished Teaching Award of the College of Arts and Sciences in 1990.

Martin is the author of numerous books and articles, including *Femininity Played Straight: The Significance of Being Lesbian and Woman and Modernity: The (Life) Strives of Lou Andreas-Salomé*. She is presently collaborating with Carol Maxwell Miller of Cornell's psychology department on a book on child analysis and play therapy that explores the relationship between traditional psychoanalysis and contemporary definitions of play and analysis. She is one of the editors of *New German Critique*, an interdisciplinary journal of German culture studies, and has served or serves on the editorial boards and staff of such publications as *Studies in Gender and Sexuality*, *Gay and Lesbian Quarterly*, *Diacritics*, *Signs*, and *Women in German*.

She received her Ph.D. *summa cum laude* in German literature from the University of Wisconsin-Madison in 1985 and her B.A. in English literature from the College of William and Mary in 1973, where she was elected to Phi Beta Kappa. She is a native of Lynchburg, Virginia.

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(Lewenz - continued from page 3)
inability to process, while it is also a negative space that signifies and communicates.

The discussion period was punctuated by questions of silence and disavowal ("What didn't they know?" "Why didn't they figure it out?" "Why didn't they tell you?"), about the overdetermined German-Jewish cultural context that privileged *Salonsfigliker* and placed a taboo on discussion of Jewish matters before an audience characterized by indifference and/or suspicion. This is redolent of the troubled and complex dialectic of silence and over-representation that can stimulate or inhibit a practice of silence. Against the visual backdrop of the Nazi phantasmagoria, Lisa's aunt declares "we never spoke about it," at the same time that her grandmother is writing a letter to her son with explicit instructions not to return to Germany. From this perspective, the father's spoken representation, which reveals his regret about converting from Judaism, is almost as significant as the grandmother's films. Its truth and confession reveal a trans-generational practice, which constitutes part of the logic underlying the film, and an approach to identity which avoids essentialism.

The musical accompaniment features Felix Mendelssohn's "Song without Words," another German-Jewish grandchild who ruptured the Hegelian logic of assimilation by reappropriating the "Jewish" surname of his famous grandfather in opposition to his father's plans for conversion. The film is a performance of cultural recall that links the past to the present and the future. It is an "operations manual" that lights a path out of interminable, endless melancholy which forecloses working through the past and its losses.

Adam J. Sacks is a senior College Scholar at Cornell.

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