

OK, so let me try that, to read that to you, yeah? OK, and then I don't really sing. I do like a sing-song. But it goes like this, because I don't have a good voice for singing. But check that it's on?

Yes, it's on. And we're ready.

OK, 3, 2, 1.

[SINGING IN GERMAN]

Here, it says auf der Welt It doesn't matter. Here, it says in der Welt Doesn't matter. But not the author and composer. Also, two lines are fÃ¼r dich ist die Welt, fÃ¼r dich ist sie klein, ein Tur ist noch auf fÃ¼r dich, fÃ¼r dich ist sie zu.

OK.

OK?

All right.

This was a very moving song. And then in the context of your book, I really enjoyed how you place this, everything in everything, in Heimat and there's--

In Heimat, And also, this was a song that I seem to have sang to myself many, many times, because that's really the story of my coming out of Nazi Germany and Switzerland. And then right after World War II, I went in '45 to Israel-- to, then, Palestine. It wasn't Israel yet. But this is really in the essence. And where did he learn it?

This [? Egon ?], I believe, learned it-- he said he learned it in Germany. Another woman who I met was very familiar with this song. And you do know Gertrude Schneider? So she's a historian. She's from Vienna. But she was in Riga Ghetto. And so she's written quite a bit about this. But she says that this song was actually written by her and some Viennese friends of hers.

How interesting.

Yes, and I have this--

I'll do it one more time so that you can choose which one is the best.

Which take we like, OK.

Right. OK, I'm Dr. Ruth Westheimer. And this is a song that I must have learned in Switzerland in the children's home that became an orphanage in Heiden before I went to then Palestine, which is now Israel. And I go to Israel every single year. So I do remember the song. I don't know who taught it to me. And so it goes like [SINGING IN GERMAN]

Now, I never knew about this line.

[SPEAKING GERMAN]

I don't think that's true. There was no door open.

And it fits. It rhymes, though.

So that's why, poetic license or whatever. Right. Because that's-- I don't remember that sentence.

I think this is just a nice supplement to what you've written in the book, now, about the meaning of music, which has

bigger meaning than just this particular history [BOTH TALKING] document.

Right. And we are going to do a project with Teachers College Columbia University specifically about the thing that you just said, about memory and songs. So somebody will get in touch with you. But that's the future. We first have to get a proposal going. But what my colleague at Teachers College, Hope Leichter, what she's particularly interested in is the things I say in the book about how important melodies were for me to remember my childhood.

Did you actually write this down? You mentioned a diary in your book. Did you have the words written down in that diary?

Let me call Jerry, OK? Are you taping?

It's going.

Is it on?

Yeah.

OK, there is a song that I learned during my later years of Heiden that expresses much of the sense of hopelessness and displacement I was feeling as the war wore on and, finally, ended. I don't recall exactly who taught it to me. So it was, perhaps, [? Ignatz Mandeleh ?], our teacher. Nor have I ever been able to determine its source. So I felt sure I was headed in the right direction a few times during the writing of this book.

I do know that I did not make up the song myself, for my dear friend Ilsa, who was with me in the home and whom I've mentioned before, remembers it as clearly as I do. And I know that over the years, I must have sung this song to myself at least a million times.

[SPEAKING GERMAN]

It begins, every person in the world has his own country. And there he is at home. Only one people in the world has no homeland of their own. And every day, there stands before them the eternal Jewish question-- whether, Jew, who in the world will take you? Where can you be safe? Where do you need not be worried about your next day? The world is so large. And for you, it is small. A door is still open. But for you, it is closed. There is no place in the world. You are a Jew. OK.

Thank you. They wrote this in Vienna before the war, that the authors were [? Freidl ?] [? Schatten, ?] Miriam Neuman, and herself, that her sister was put on a Kindertransport from Vienna to Switzerland, and something happened and she was turned back. And she said this happened when she was seven years old. And she is still traumatized by this rejection at the Swiss border. So it just still ties into Switzerland somehow.

Right, but the girl that was not permitted to go into Switzerland is her? No.

Her sister.

That's her sister. And she never made it.

She didn't make it into Switzerland, as she attempted it.

But she was-- she survived, or not?

She did survive. And they both made it out.