

Tape two, side one:

I was so thrilled at her having noticed me. I decided we were going to be friends. We went in the park. Whenever our housekeeper would take my little sister I would go along and so would Krista. We would walk in the park and I remember at one point that she told me grandly that she knew all about where children came from, and I said, "Where?" and she said, "Well, they come out from the mother's breasts," and of course, I had my own ideas that this was not right. I was not quite sure where they did come from, indeed, but that was not the place that I thought it was, but I didn't dare say anything about it. Now, as I said earlier, I had my ideas or suspicions as to why she took a liking to me. I think it was partly because her father was a railroad clerk and they were not...well, at best, they were working class people or lower middle-class people and really typical petty bourgeois and that came out in her whole outlook on life, in her behavior and treatment and so forth, but still, as I said, I was happy to be noticed and I had not had any friends before, so for me this was a marvelous thrill, and, also, there was the additional fact that she was blonde and had blue eyes and I had so wanted blonde braids and here I was with my wispy brown hair that I could never get to grow beyond my ears and I really did not like my eyes or any of my appearance. I thought that the blonde with blue eyes was after all much more normal so-called or common, and why did I have to be different? And I admired her for looking like everyone else, and I guess that was one reason why I took to her, to the friendship. In any case, she would come over to our house for dinner quite frequently. We had hot meals at lunch time, which is usual in Germany, and at night we had supper which meant sandwiches and she would have sandwiches with us, and very often when I went to my father on a Sunday, she would come along and he would invite her to come with us. We went on picnics and we went to a café for my beloved *Apfelkuchen, mit Schlagsahne*, apple cakes with whipped cream, and she would come along to the café, so she shared in a lot of the goodies that my parents were very generously offering because they, too, were happy that I had a friend and wanted to foster this friendship, even though I don't think either one of them particularly liked her. She was certainly not a particularly intelligent person. There was another thing. I was so happy at finding somebody who didn't seem to be unusually intelligent and didn't stand out because of the intelligence. She was just like everybody else, and I guess that's what I wanted to be.

In any case, only one time I was invited over to their house and I got there and I remember that the mother was sitting in the kitchen and it seemed to me a rather poor household. I was a little bit taken aback. I was not used to this kind of environment, and I don't know, I think we may have had a piece of cake or something, and I had the sense that her mother was hostile towards me. I couldn't put my finger on it. I wasn't quite sure how, but I just had a feeling...there was some kind of sense of hostility toward me and I felt uncomfortable. We went along with this friendship, so-called, and then in November of '32, when Hitler first won his first partial election, there was already the sense...and I got

this from home, from my parents, that the case was already won and that the National Socialists were going to be in power, and there was a great sense of anxiety among all of my family and friends and so forth, and the next morning in class, Krista came up to me and in front of everybody during recess and in front of everyone, she said in a loud voice, at least she didn't make any effort to subdue her voice, she said, "I can't be friends with you anymore, Susan. My father does not want me to be friends with a Jew," and then she just looked at me with those cold blue eyes and didn't say any more. I was so overwhelmed with horror and with rage and...that I just felt my whole face, I just felt that I was going to choke. My emotions were coming up into my head. I could hardly breathe but I couldn't say anything. I could see that everybody was watching and listening and the shame and the embarrassment over having her say this in front of everyone to begin with, and also the sense that she had absolutely not the slightest feeling of compunction about it, that there was not one word about, "I'm sorry," and this was after half year of what seemed like close friendship...It was to me an absolutely incredible trauma. I was then eleven-and-a-half and I remember that night I came home. I could not...I think I must have mentioned it to Polly. I don't remember now what I said. I guess someone must have said something to me, and I don't even think I cried. I was just too enraged, too upset. My eyes were burning with unwept tears, really, and I remember I could not sleep all night long. I was up all night long and all I kept thinking was that never again am I going to come close enough to anybody to expose myself to this kind of hurt, and it was something that stayed with me for many, many years. It left an indelible imprint.

This was only the first of many such incidents, and I would say that on the whole, over the next five years until we left in November of '38, the main thrust of the whole Nazi period, as far as I was concerned, was really much more a psychological than it was physical, because we did not suffer physically particularly. We did not have any...I mean obviously there were many restrictions on our lives socially and otherwise, but, on the whole, it was the psychological effect that was really indelible, and, as I had mentioned before, because of the fact that I had never developed a positive Jewish image, I found it so terribly difficult to respond to any attacks that were directed against me or against the Jewish people in my presence. I did not know...how did I know what was right and what was wrong? And at this point I began to...of course the *Stürmer*, this infamous horror of this hate sheet put out by Julius Streicher was being published daily and there were many times when the girls in school would leave a copy on my desk during recess, and I would come back to the desk and after recess...and I didn't know what to do with it. I was afraid to throw it away. I was afraid to read it. Obviously I was afraid to read it. I just did not know what to do with it. What I usually did was just put it under the desk or something. The problem was that there was this tremendous fear. Part of it was that I was always very short. I was always the shortest in class and the youngest, and that was in fact, one of the reasons I had never been told to skip a grade, because the teachers felt that it would not be good for me, because I was already the youngest and the shortest. And because of the fact

that I was short, I guess, and possibly because of the fear I always had of my mother, somehow this combined to a fear of any kind of physical confrontation. I was really terrified of any kind of physical confrontation, in spite of my being an excellent gymnast and being an excellent athlete in many ways, I was just terrified of being beaten up, and I knew that there were occasions when the Hitler *Jugend* boys or boys in the Hitler Youth were beating up Jewish kids. And at that time, the BDM Girls [*Bund Deutscher Mädchen*], in other words, the League of German Girls, they were also now proliferating in the school and they would beat...and many of them were much taller and stronger than I, and I was not a quick runner, so I was always afraid that I was going to get beaten up. And it became a rather overwhelming fear. It never really materialized but part of it, I suppose, of the reason why it did not materialize, was because I learned how to make myself inconspicuous. This became my great defense. I sort of melted, I learned to melt into the landscape. I wore my hair short and I wore basically the same clothes as the other girls and, of course, no make-up. No young girls in those days wore make-up, and I wore ankle socks, as did the others, I wore oxford shoes, as did the others. I wore skirts and blouses, as did the other girls. The only difference was that mine was not a uniform. The other girls wore white blouses and navy blue skirts and navy blue jackets with the insignia, and I wore just a regular shirt and usually also a navy blue skirt but sort of a tweed jacket that, in fact, in its outline, was very similar to that of the other girls—these uniforms. So, in any case, I learned to be inconspicuous.

I happened to be blessed with being farsighted, so when I would walk down the street, I could look ahead to the end of the block and even beyond and I could see if there was any danger approaching. If I saw a group of uniformed kids, young people, especially boys, or for that matter young girls or both, I would very quietly cross the street. And I learned how to evade danger and it became almost a second nature to me to look out for danger as I was walking the streets and to become extremely alert to any possible dangerous situation. From the time that Hitler came to power, I would say that there was not a day that I did not walk to school or walk back from school without a sense of fear in the pit of my stomach. But as I said, nothing actually materialized. The only thing was that there was so much around me in the atmosphere, in the things that we heard about and the things that we knew that were happening, and what we were told by friends and relatives and so forth, so that it was clear that this was not simply an irrational fear on my part. I mean, these were things that were going on. It was just something that somehow or other, by the grace of God or whatever, if you want to call it that, I did not fall victim. There were, however, a couple of very unpleasant incidents in school, several unpleasant incidents in school, not only in the general sense. At some point during the following year of 1933, we were separated in the classroom. I am not quite sure when this was done, but we were told we had to sit in front of the classroom so that we would not contaminate the Aryan children, and I sat next to a young girl who was half-Jewish. Her father was a Czechoslovakian Jew and her mother was a Gentile, and I think she was also Czechoslovakian. I don't recall, but,

in any case, they were living...they were caught in Germany. She could not get out. Her husband was already back in Czechoslovakia, I believe, and they were living in a rather precarious situation. But, as I said, the girl was considered half-Jewish, but, still, because of the father's background she was considered Jewish under the convoluted racial arithmetic of the German laws. And what happened one day was, I was sick that day and in one of my very frequent respiratory problems, and I came back to school the next day and I noticed all of the Jewish girls—there were only five or six Jewish girls left in the classroom—all looked terribly pale, one girl's eyes were red and it was quite obvious that something had happened and I asked what happened. I was told that in French class, when one of the girls in the back had been talking, the teacher told this girl that she should come up to the front and sit in this vacant space in my seat which was vacant next to that Jewish girl, and this young girl got up and said extremely arrogantly to her teacher, "I cannot." And she was in a BDM uniform of course, like most of the girls by then. She said, "I cannot believe a German teacher would ask an Aryan girl to sit next to a Jewish girl." At which point there was total hysteria and pandemonium in the classroom and the Jewish girls became hysterical. But the French teacher, to her credit, I might say, and this was unusual because she was...she seemed like she was a dried up old spinster...we always sort of made fun of her, but that day I wish I would have been there, because later on I wished I could have told her how much I appreciated her courage, because she stood her ground and said to her, "But a German teacher can ask a German girl to obey her teacher." Nevertheless, the girl refused to sit there and went to the principal to complain about the teacher, but somehow or other the whole matter was apparently not taken any further and the principal managed to side-step the issue. But this showed only the kind of pressures that were already being exerted in the classrooms in those days.

In any case, as time went on, and I am not quite clear about the various time periods here, but some of the Jewish girls were disappearing and going into private Jewish schools. It never occurred to me to ask my mother to send me to a Jewish school. I didn't know that such things existed. It never was talked about and because I was always told about how bad our finances were, it just did not occur to me to even think about such a thing. So, I just continued to go to school and put up with the treatment that I was getting. Among the... The one thing that I might say that was positive, if there is such a thing, about the Hitler movement, was the fact that for the first year after he came to power, there was religious instruction in the schools, including even Jewish instruction, and we were assigned to a Jewish teacher for one hour a week, and each time when we left the classroom there was general tittering and even loud derision on the part of the Christian girls, but, somehow, it didn't seem to bother me particularly because I enjoyed the Jewish instruction. We had a marvelous teacher. She was a rabbi, [Rabbi Regina Jonas] an ordained rabbi who was unable to get a rabbinate because of her being a woman and I have a feeling that she was really a feminist, but, of course, could not say so at that time. She had...I always thought of her as being sort of a biblical matriarch. Something like a Rebecca from the Bible. She

was rather an imposing figure and quite handsome and beautiful black hair that she had braided around her head, and I learned for the first time about the Bible and I immediately was carried away by the beauty of the Old Testament, and I read the entire Bible and I came to really love the whole...all those stories and she was very proud of me. I was one of her prize pupils, and that year we had a Chanukah play. She put on a Chanukah play. I don't recall where it was held, but I was one of the candles, supposedly of a menorah, and we all had some little verse that we were supposed to recite in Hebrew, and it was a very exciting thing to me. I was very pleased, and I might also add that both my parents came to this celebration to witness my debut as a great actress standing up there in some little nightgown and saying a line of something. And I never realized at the time how much it cost my mother to witness this sort of celebration because of her views, but, in any case, my father was, of course, terribly proud of me, but this instruction was terminated at the end of that first year.

One other incident that will always remain in my mind was: there was an old history teacher, in fact, a very unpleasant man, and whose suit probably hadn't been cleaned for the last 10 years, and I had already become rather contemptuous of him. Of course, I would never dare to say to him out loud because I knew so much of what he was teaching in class was complete lies, and one day in the class, and, as I said I had to sit in the front, one of the girls behind me asked me to give her a date, a historic date, that's the only time these girls would talk to me was when they wanted my help for either a date or how to spell something or a name of something or whatever, and, in any case, they asked me for a date, and I whispered or something to her because I was afraid not to. That was one problem I had. I was afraid not to give them these answers, and he turned to me and he said, "Keep your mouth shut. You are merely a guest in this country." Now the fact was that he had already been a teacher—this was the Augusta Victoria Hochschule (Lyceum), and it was a school to which my mother and her younger sisters had gone a generation earlier, and he had been among their teachers. He knew their story. He knew their history and he knew the family, and for him to say something like that to me, presumably to curry favor with the girls in the classroom, or to show what a marvelous patriotic Nazi and German he was, was so unbearable that I was absolutely beside myself with anger and rage. And, of course, I came home that afternoon and, again, there was no one that I could speak to. I probably did say something about it to Polly. I don't remember if I did. I don't remember. I may have not even have said anything, and I certainly did not say anything to my mother. She had her own problems at this time coping with Nazi spies in her department and so forth, people who were trying to get her out and tried every which way to get her discharged from her job. So I certainly didn't want to bother her and I just could not talk to anybody about it, and I was up the entire night and all I could think of was, "Why didn't I say something back to him? Why didn't I walk out? Why didn't I do this? Why didn't I defend myself? Why couldn't I fight back?" I was enraged by the fact that there was nothing I could do, and the sense of this powerlessness became so overwhelming that it was something that

stayed with me for a long time, because it carried through into many other situations in my later life. And I realized...I didn't realize at the time, but that is really what added to my sense of depression, because I knew there was nothing I could do. I kept telling myself, "You know darned well that there is nothing that you can do." What could I do? You know, there was nothing that I could do to defend myself and, yet, I was angry at myself for what I considered almost cowardice in not talking back to him in spite of the overwhelming powers and forces arraigned against me. At the same time, I was just horrendously enraged at the whole situation.

There was an additional thing which became a constant source of really undercurrent of constant rage and anger and that was that once a week we had to go to the auditorium to listen to a propaganda speech, usually by Hitler, and we had to sit on the back bench. I guess what we would now call the ghetto benches, totally separated from the rest of the girls, but we had to attend. There was no way for us to get out of it, and each time when he would say something against the Jews, you know these incredibly hyperbolic and irrational statements that he and others indulged in, the entire school almost would turn around and look at us and look at our faces to see our reactions, and the strength of will and of nervous energy that it took for me to make my face into a total poker face during those times became almost like a...it became a habit which unfortunately, a habit which remained for me so that for many years to come, at times of extreme stress and extreme anger and extreme pain, whether physical or otherwise, I would put on a poker face so that nobody would have any idea what was going on inside me, and I was simply totally unable to express my emotions because of that old ingrained habit. Another thing that I recall, was that we had to go to a performance of a movie about Horst Wessel, one of the young Nazi leaders whom everybody knew, had been a homosexual and who had been murdered because of some conspiracy...who knows why? But they had made a cult hero out of him in the Nazi movement and we all had to go and see this movie, and I recall I was just so appalled and repelled by the gross propaganda of this film and, yet, in spite of myself, I got carried away by the emotional force of it and at the end, when he was shot, I recall crying violently and being angry at myself for crying, because I knew that this was all propaganda and probably the entire story was a total fabrication from beginning to end. And at the end, of course, there was this terrible ranting and raving by someone, I forgot whom, about all these communists and the international Jewish conspiracy and so forth and so on in the usual way, and as we walked out, I felt that I just could not look at any of the other girls. There was a mixture of embarrassment and total sense of alienation and it was just incredible...And I had this kind of sense for so many years that I could just never shake off, and there were a number of other problems that were developing. Among them, should we say, "Heil Hitler" in school or should we not? And, of course, every morning as the teacher walked in, everybody was supposed to get up and give the "Heil Hitler" salute and there was this question of whether we were supposed to do the same or not, and first there was the question: Should the Jews do it or shouldn't they? And somehow or another the feeling

was finally that for the Jews to say, “*Heil* Hitler” would be a desecration of the holy Aryan alliance or whatever, and we were then excused, but, again, it was always a frightening moment and for me to stand there and have everybody around me salute and I was not saluting...there was always that one minute when I was expecting some kind of repercussions that never happened. One time, though, I was in the situation that was even more frightening. I had been walking...

Tape two, side two:

...down the street and I came up to the curb just when a parade was passing with Nazi banners and brown shirts and a band and the whole scene, and I was standing right at the curb where everyone could see me...there was just no way for me to avoid the issue, and, of course, everyone else was raising their hand in the Nazi salute, and I just stood there with my arms down at my side and shaking like a leaf inside and yet somehow I had the impression that everybody was watching me and that now there was going to be all kinds of horrible repercussions, but, in fact, probably, again, because I was short and because I had always managed to be rather inconspicuous nobody somehow noticed it. But, in any case, that moment passed, but it was a rather frightening experience for me.

I might now explain a little about what was happening at home. We were developing a sort of subterranean network among the Jews in Berlin. We all had the impression, an impression which I think was fostered deliberately by the Nazis, that our phones were tapped, that our mail was read, and that there was just no way that we could communicate without being overheard, and that every communication was in some way dangerous. When we wanted to say anything, we would walk into the bathroom and pull the shades down, turn the water on full force and then we would whisper, and the impression was that each janitor or superintendent of each building was a member of a cell, a Nazi cell, and that he was a creature of...that he would walk around in the building and listen to conversations. We had no way of knowing whether this was so, it may well have been, but we had no evidence. In any case, the codes that were developed when we talked on the phone were in some ways a little bit funny. Somehow or other my mother and her sister would talk on the phone and say such things in such a tone of voice that anyone who would listen would have to know that they were trying to say something else, and sometimes I couldn't help but laugh in hearing when she would say, "Well you know that it was going to rain this afternoon, don't you?" Of course, it was all terribly ponderous and yet nobody ever called them down on it, and in any case, it became...the atmosphere became tremendously oppressive. We slowly but surely...first of all my father could no longer work in the banking business, the finance business. He made a precarious living with some kind of commissions, third party commissions in some way...financing some investments somewhere, but it was all rather shady, and my mother amazingly enough continued in her position, and, when sometime later, *Kempinski*, being Jewish owned was sold to *Ashinger*, another chain restaurant store, she was taken along because the managing director thought extremely highly of her, and it was absolutely amazing, but until the last days of November of '38, she remained in her post as the only Jew among 7000 Gentiles in that business. It was really something quite remarkable because he personally would not allow her to be fired, though she had constant problems with provocateurs and people were coming into her department trying to provoke her into saying something. And there was one time when she told she was at a conference and there was a man whom she knew was

a Nazi spy and a provocateur, who had tried for a long time already to bring her down, and a military parade was going down the street from the army of some sort of unit and everyone else walked to the window, but she didn't, and he turned to her and he said, "Well, I can see Frau Neuländer is not interested in our German Army." And my mother, never at a loss for words, answered him, "Well, since my only brother died in the First World War fighting for Germany, I have not been as happy about military matters," which shut him up good, at least for the moment. In any case, the atmosphere, as I say, became very oppressive. I was becoming more and more isolated. I had one girlfriend who was from a lower, middle-class background. She was a very bright girl but her father was not doing very well. They were just barely struggling along and she and I would meet and get together but we had very little money. We had almost no pocket money and there was really very little we could do with ourselves. The whole life just became very circumscribed and rather sad in many ways. And yet, somehow, I was not...I did not seem to feel that kind of restriction...I guess, somehow, I kept on walking the streets of Berlin—it seemed it was my feeling—it was the only way I felt that I could be part of this society, and also in a sense, I think, I was sort of...it was a self-protective device in the sense that I could keep acquainted with the changing atmosphere and sort of keep up with what was going on as a sort of an alarm system by going into the streets and watching what was going on so that I could be prepared for myself and my family. And I think in many ways I had a great sense of what was going on because of the very fact that in the school, the girls and in general, the classroom and the teachers, of course, mirrored the prevailing atmosphere outside, and during the Nuremberg Laws suddenly things became much tougher and much tighter in '35 and Polly had to leave because my mother's boyfriend, who was then living with us—and she couldn't marry him for various reasons extraneous to the story at this point—he was under 45 and the laws were that if she was under 45, therefore she could not live in a household where there was a male, a Jewish male. She had to leave and we now had to cope with various Jewish women who were trying to take over as housekeepers, but, for the most part, the Jewish women in Germany had not been used to this kind of life and they did not really know how to cope with it, and it became a pretty sad situation. But I had to do quite a bit of help, but I was not that much interested. My main interest was in reading and compulsively listening to the radio. Unfortunately, of course, we could not hear any outside or foreign news, only German news which was unbearable to listen to, and I fixed our radio in such a way that I could receive short-wave. I knew that this was a capital offense and what I did was I used to turn the speaker and turn the radio way, way down and put a blanket over the radio and then put my ear right against the speaker so that I could hear news broadcasts, and a few times I heard German language broadcasts once from Germany and once late at night, I believe, from Amsterdam. I heard Salzburg festivals from Copenhagen and, to me, those were some of the green oases of our existence at that time. And I should say that I received one of these German broadcasts from Moscow, not from

Germany, of course, and I had, in any case...we had a rather empty life in many ways and yet somehow we managed.

On occasion, I would sneak into a movie and we were not supposed to use public transportation any more, from, I believe from 1936 on, but because I did not “look” Jewish in quotes, I could do a lot of things that possibly some other people might not have been able to do. This was, in fact, another element that I think was of great importance. The matter of appearance, because, of course, in a large city there was no way for people to know who was Jewish and who wasn’t unless they knew them personally or unless that person in quotes “looked” Jewish and, as I said, the fact that I did not look Jewish and looked more like a...you know, I had a small nose, brown eyes and brown hair, but in general, my coloring and so forth, I looked inconspicuous like any German girl maybe from Silesia or something. In a sense it almost made me feel guilty. I felt that I was getting away with something I might not have if I had looked more typically Jewish, and so these neurotic conflicts were growing, I suppose, somehow spurred on by general tendencies within me to begin with but also because of all these problems around me that I really had no way of expressing to anyone. And there were over those last few years several periods when, seemingly, the pressures on Jews were relaxing. One of those periods was in ‘36 during the Olympic Games. Just before that, after the Nuremberg Laws, the benches in the parks were painted yellow and marked for—if I remember correctly—non-Aryans only, or some such thing, and the other benches were green and, of course, no one ever sat on those yellow benches, or hardly anybody. Well, about a week before the Olympic Games started, these benches were suddenly painted green and, in general, you could see there was a general loosening up. We had...somehow we instinctively knew that if we wanted to go anywhere, or use transportation, or go to a movie or do anything, there would be no problem. And during the Olympics, there were many foreigners in the streets and it became a marvelous experience. I suddenly had a feeling that the outside world had come to us and that I had contact, that there were some people out there that we could contact and, yet, I had the sense that I...many times I would love to go up to someone in that street who looked like a foreigner and say, “Do you know what’s happening to us Jews here? Do you care? Does anyone out there know about it? What does the outside world know about us?” But I didn’t dare to, of course. You had no way of knowing who the person was that you were speaking to. It was much too frightening and much too dangerous a process. We did hear about one incident where a rather foreign looking or dark looking man had been riding in a limousine at night and he was dragged out from his limousine by a mob in the street who was under the impression that he was a rich Jew and they beat him up, and it turned out that he was an attaché of the Italian Embassy and the Germans the next day had a hard job to apologize to the Italians for their offense.

I remember that, during those weeks, of course, Jesse Owens had this marvelous achievement of winning the gold medals and I recall going to the movies and seeing how he had...how the Germans at the games had done everything to harass him and to prevent

him from winning. They made him start over again and they claimed that there was a wind in the back and whatever, and each time he would go, he ran even faster than the time before, and I was sitting there thoroughly relishing every moment of this experience and, of course, around me the Germans in the audience were sitting there in complete silence and nobody dared to say anything and nobody dared to make any comments, and of course I didn't make any comments. All I know is that I went there and it did my heart good to see that experience. Of course, a week after the Olympic Games were over, the benches were again painted yellow and, in typical German fashion, they were, if anything, always good at keeping things to their routine and doing everything exactly in good bureaucratic fashion. And, in the meantime, I had finished school and now in...early in the winter of '36, yes...and I might go back and say that I had been sent in the last year to a private Jewish school that was...had been formed sometime earlier by a man who had...a Doctor Adler who had been the principal of a very famous boys' Gymnasium in Hamburg where he had done some magnificent experimental work, and he was known to be a magnificent educator and he was dismissed from his job and had formed this Jewish school and, because of the fact that I was already ahead in school anyhow, and that my mother wanted me to go to work as soon as possible, I was to go to this school which was known as a *Pressen*. In other words, it did two years of curriculum in one year. I came in three months late into the school, in late '35, and left in the Spring of '36 and thereby completed the tenth grade at age 15. Now, I was sent first to an agricultural school in Silesia, a horrendous experience. It was one of those schools that had been set up by various Jewish communities, Zionist communities, and so forth and so on, and all I know is that the man who was the head of it was a homosexual who was later, I might say, some years later, arrested, and I was told, for such activities, and he was probably a marvelous man for the boys, but he really had nothing but contempt for the girls. There were ten of us girls who had to take care of 80 boys, which meant that we had to do all of the laundry and all of the cooking plus helping in the fields and get up at 4:00 in the morning and start the fire and so forth, and, for me, who had never done any heavy physical work, it became an absolutely overwhelming experience, plus I had a hand problem that went back...and I am not sure where it started...it may have been from my early days as a gymnast, and it really was a wrist problem which was not diagnosed until I was much, much older, but I could not rotate my thumbs properly and it made me extremely clumsy with implements and cleaning and things of that sort, and he would make fun of me in front of everyone because I was so slow, and treated me quite abominably. And other people would come up and say, "Why do you think he treated you like that?" And I never said anything, but I know that it was because he had seen in my eyes from the very beginning that I knew that he was homosexual, and I guess I just was not very happy about the way he treated us girls. And I could just never fit into that kind of pattern of serving the boys and being their servants, and at night I was so exhausted that I couldn't sleep half the night, and it was after two months, I became extremely ill and had a very high fever and eventually the doctor was called and said that I was totally

exhausted, and I had to go back. I could not do this kind of work and I was sent back to Berlin.

I was sent out again a few months later. Somehow my mother always liked to get me out of the house, because apparently there was some psychiatric evaluation by someone that I was having a problem because of her boyfriend. Heaven knows what. I never was privy to the various details of this Freudian analysis that was always ongoing and of which I was a lifelong victim in my mother's home. In any case, I was sent to a relative in a small town in Silesia, near where my father had been born...Gleiwitz; I am not sure what the Polish name is today, I think it's Gliwice or something of the sort, and it was my father's younger sister, his step-sister and her husband, who was much older than she and who was an Orthodox Jew and probably the most miserly man I have ever met in my entire life. And it was an absolute misery. I had to work in the office, which I didn't mind, I enjoyed the work, I liked organizing and I liked working, but I had to live in their home and he insisted on kosher food and, at that time already, slaughtering had been forbidden so that there was no meat available, and the only so-called protein that you could get was pigeons. And I would get one tiny pigeon for dinner and the rest was so little in terms of food because he was so miserly and so stingy about household money that I was always hungry and I would stuff myself with cake in the afternoon from what little pocket money she was giving me. And the interesting thing to me was that, at that time, I had to go to a commercial school, as everyone had to go until you were 18. I had gone to a commercial school...No, I had not yet. I was going here and, being that it was a small town, everybody knew the family. Everyone there knew that you were Jewish. When I went to the school, there was no question that I was Jewish and somehow, because of the fact, maybe because this was a Catholic community, somehow there was less enmity. I felt less hostility there than I did in Berlin, and, at the same time, the communities, of course, were much more separated there, openly separated, in the sense that it was impossible for us to participate in any general social activities of any kind. There was like no thought that you might ever go to any general cultural or social function and the only thing I remember, that I did participate with my aunt in singing in the choir for "Elijah" and for a performance at some future point and I don't recall now where exactly this was to take place. The whole experience was a very unhappy one for me. I mean, living there, not singing in the choir which I loved. And...but, as I said, the interesting thing to me was the difference in the way in which the Jewish community was much more isolated in that city than it had been in Berlin and, yet, in some ways I felt more comfortable there. Perhaps because there was more of a sense of being among your own and being among your own kind and there was a certain sense of protection that came to me from that. I can't really explain it any other way. I did not make any particular friends there. The young people, the young Jewish people there, most of them still were in some ways maintaining themselves, I don't know how. Their parents apparently still managed to have some money, and most of these young people could not go to college or university, as far as I know. I do not know exactly, but I do know that they

were not working. I was, I think, if I remember correctly, the only young person in that group who was working, and I had a certain sense of contempt for them. I felt that they were...many of them were quite a bit older than I, and I felt that they were really parasites and I was not particularly fond of any of them. And I had a certain sense of decadence about the way they were living. They liked to have the typical young late night parties and lights out and whatever. It seemed to me trying to carry on life as usual at this point to me seemed like...something very incongruous in the view of what I could perceive to be such a serious political situation and yet I didn't feel that any of them had that same sense of precariousness. And, in any case, I was quite unhappy there, as I said, and I pleaded with my mother to let me come back and, eventually, six months later, she did, even though she felt that I should not always be indulged in these weaknesses on my part, but her boyfriend, or my future step-father, was the one who spoke up for me and, in any case, I came back.

I had a rather interesting experience on the train back. I had told my friends I was going to live with my father for a while. We thought that that might work if I would live with him and be his housekeeper and, maybe and whatever, and I told him when I would be coming to the train station in Berlin and I was on the train coming back from Gleiwitz. I had to change trains in Breslau, what is now Bratislava,¹ and on the train, which was several hours, I got into a conversation with a man who was a postal clerk of some sort, and he started talking to me and he said, oh, what a nice girl I was, and I seemed so bright and everything, and he was telling me...and he just somehow managed to say something, and I don't know how I got to talk about it, but he said he always knew what Jews were like. They smelled so terrible and they looked so awful, but he could always tell a Jew, and, of course, I said nothing and we just kept on talking and talking and talking, and he said what a nice girl I was, and we talked about all kinds of interesting things. It was not a question of him making a pass at me or anything of this sort. I think he probably was old enough to be my father. I don't remember, he just seemed interested in talking to me, and when he left the train, and he was ready to leave the train, he had his foot on the lower step getting out the car and I said to him, "Didn't you say that you could always tell a Jew when you met one?" and he said, "Oh yes, I certainly can," and I said, "Well, you missed one." And he almost fell off the train, and that was one of the very few satisfactions that I had in those years. I would have loved to say more, but of course I really didn't dare to. I felt like...I really felt a little bit vindicated.

And, then, I stayed with my father for a while, but that also did not work out. He had late night things going on, and, then, also, I met a young man and he and I had started a romance, and my father really couldn't cope with this. He just couldn't stand the idea. He became extremely jealous, and there was a great deal of problems and I, again, I went back to stay at my mother's, after all, and I now began to work as a secretary in an immigration office, *Alltreu*. My mother's sister had a job just below me in the same

¹Mrs. Faulkner seems to have erred here. Bratislava was and is in Czechoslovakia. Breslau is Wroclaw today.

building in Potsdamstrasse, and it was the *Paltreu*, Palestine emigration office, and this one was the *Allgemeine* emigration office, *Alltreu*, and for all countries outside of Palestine, and I was the general clerk and typist and translator and whatever, and we had quite a few other people, of course, and I was the one who was put in charge of organizing the documents file, which was, of course, an extremely important one, because each file really held the life of at least one person in these papers and sometimes an entire family. And I had a triple cross-reference, I remember. It was very intricately organized and I might tap myself on the back and say that in the 12 or 14 months that I was in charge, not one paper was ever lost or could not be found. And, shortly thereafter the...and this had been organized, by the way, by the German government as a semi-governmental office, with the help of the Warburg family, a banking family, and it was specifically organized by the Germans to channel the Jewish money into the German coffers, because they had not decided that they would allow emigration. And, I should go back at this point, and mention something rather important in regards to the emigration question. Over the last several years, there were many times when I would ask, "Why don't we leave Germany?" And I recall in '36, when I was 15, shortly after the Nuremberg Laws were proclaimed, pleading with my father to leave Germany, and he had already had an offer to go to England. He had an offer to go and join a film company, and I said, "Why don't you leave?" and he said, "Look, the Germans are not going to do anything to me. I'm a war veteran. I have the Iron Cross..."