

We're rolling. You can go ahead.

Today is October 29, 1991. I'm Ellen Szakal, an interviewer with the Holocaust Oral History Project in San Francisco. This evening I will be interviewing Sam Kalmar and behind the camera is Laurie Sosna. Sam, would you please begin by stating your name, your date of birth, and your place of birth.

My name is Stephen Samuel Kalmar, and I was born October 6, 1910. I'm married, and I live in Berkeley, California.

OK, well, tell us about-- where were you born?

I was born in Slovakia in a very small village called Sisov in Slovakian, and in Hungarian, it's called Siso, S-I-S-O. At that time, Slovakia was administered by Hungary. It was a part of the Hungarian Austrian monarchy. In that village, there lived about 12 to 15 Jews. My parents moved from there to Vienna in the middle of 1914 just about a few months before the First World War started. Then we lived in Vienna. I was educated in Vienna.

Did you have any brothers and sisters?

Yes, family consisted of six children. I was the youngest. The oldest was quite a bit older than I. The oldest two brothers and were two sisters then was a brother just three years older than I. My father and my brothers were all drafted into the army in the First World War in Vienna, and my mother stayed behind with the two girls and the two younger boys. Two girls had immediately to find jobs there. There were about 14 and 16 years old.

The mother kept the little store where she sold eggs and apples and something. Whatever there was to sell. It was not much during the war, but she kept that going. I was four years old then when the war started, and my brother seven. He went to school already. I spent most of the time on the street and enjoyed it very much as a little boy, but it was not as easy. In the morning around six, I had to get up and go to the corner shop to wait in line to get some ration and whatever it was.

No, that is wrong. It was the other way around. My brother went there at 6 o'clock, and I went there at 8:00 to relieve him. He went to school already, and I waited until the shop opened the door until I was able to get to the shop and get the things. My father returned from the war when he was 52, and the brothers, one became a prisoner in Russia came back after the revolution in 1917, was drafted to get into the army and stayed till the end of the war.

The other brother was all the time to the end of the war. It's a part that is now Yugoslavia. That's a coast there. He was a telephonist till the last day, and had a little notebook that told [INAUDIBLE], don't shoot anymore. We are surrendering, but it didn't help them when Hitler came in 1938. Both of them were taken to Dachau and stayed in Dachau until they were able to obtain visas for Shanghai.

And then quite complicated detours. They reached Shanghai and survived the war in Shanghai. Shanghai the ghetto. The eldest brother, Shandor, then went to New York. Edmund, who is two years younger, went to Australia. During the Hitler years, the sister, Margit, which is a bit younger than my sister Estie, she stayed in Vienna. Her husband was not well. They had a boy of eight. The three of them were taken to the Theresienstadt, in the concentration camp in Theresienstadt. My brother-in-law, the husband of my sister, died there, and Margit and her son were taken to Auschwitz and died there.

Estie, my other sister, together with her husband went illegally over the border through Germany to Belgium and stayed there till just a little bit before the war started. They were able to get to the United States. George, the brother that is three years older, also went without a passport into France. He had studied French at University to become a professor in French.

His wife should have followed, but his wife didn't want to leave the mother and father, and they all died in a concentration camp. He survived the war in France by being hidden by the underground in the wine fields in the southern France and in the hospital all bandaged so that the Germans, when they came, the Gestapo couldn't recognize--

they couldn't see the face, and then they also said he had an operation. He's a French man who was operated. A few times he was saved in that way.

I myself left Vienna already a few months before Hitler came. I had been politically very active already as a high school student. I had joined the socialist high school student organization and then the socialist university students organization. 1934, in Austria, democracy ended and Italian-type, Mussolini-type fascism was introduced under the leadership of Dollfuss, and all parties were outlawed.

The Austrian Social Democratic Party had in all elections about 43%, 45% of all the votes but were forbidden and went underground and participated still in the underground. At 1937, I was arrested. Spent only about three weeks in interrogation detention. Was released then. I sat in jail with two quite high-up Nazis. The jails were crowded, and under this regime, the Nazi party was outlawed too. It was only one party allowed, the Catholic People's Party.

I was in a cell with two others. A single cell with two others. The two others were Nazis, and they told me, in a few months time, they will control Vienna and Austria. In the cell, they will not hurt me, but they know me, and when then they come to power, I better be not there. And I could see how the time changed. The former socialist students suddenly became anti-Semitic, didn't greet one anymore when they saw them on the street.

I married a girl that I knew already for many years, and together we buy food, hitchhiked through all Europe via Switzerland, France until we came to Sweden. Sweden still allowed people with Austrian passport to enter for three months as a tourist. And when I arrived in Sweden, I declared myself a political refugee, and Sweden was on the Social Democratic government. And they had the special refugee organizations that checked one's documents, papers, and references.

And if one could prove that one was in danger, not only as a Jew but mainly as a Social Democrat or under Hitler refugees, they allowed one to stay. So I was allowed to stay even to work there. I expected that the war would very soon start and was waiting for it because I thought that would be the only way that Hitler could be terminated and the new democracy starting in Europe. When the war started, the threat was great that Sweden or Scandinavia would be occupied by Hitler.

In the last moment-- I worked in Sweden as a journalist and mainly as a maker of crossword puzzles and other puzzles had learned the language quickly. It's not very different from German or from people who speak English too could learn it quickly, easily. I started to make crossword puzzles which I could sell and wrote some articles.

I was never receiving any support, financial support, from any organization. Just by that, we were able to survive modestly, but it helped me mainly to get in the last moment a visa to Mexico as a correspondent for a Swedish daily newspaper, a Social Democratic daily newspaper. Not really that they expected me to work for them there. There was so much interest in Sweden for Mexico, but they really wanted to help me. And the Mexican government accepted it. It was under the presidency of Cardenas who had also allowed many other Social Democratic refugees into the country.

I left Sweden early in 1940 already after the war had started and arrived in Mexico sometime in February after being detained in Ellis Island for three weeks. I needed a transit visa through the United States. That was the hardest thing to get. The consulate in Stockholm for an hour I battled with him.

He wouldn't want to give it to me because he was afraid I will never go to Mexico but would stay in the United States. But then he gave it to me, but apparently, informed the government in the United States not to let me in. So when we arrived in New York, I was the first one to be called up, and I thought that this a special honor went down from my cabin to the board and then was asked to come down. And then with a taxi, I was taken to Ellis Island.

Only released when the boat came for which we had tickets to go to Mexico, and we were taken to Mexico to Veracruz in that boat. And we had a lot of trouble in landing Veracruz. It was not easy. Afterwards, I heard that we were the only ones that land without bribing the immigration officers there or having been expected by relatives or others who had arranged the release.

We didn't expect that we had to do that, and we were the last of the boat to get out. When we arrived there, it was all pitch dark. It was a strike. We got to a hotel, and the next day, we got to Mexico City, but we had no relatives there I didn't know the language. I didn't know anybody. Stayed eight years in Mexico.

How's your Spanish?

Learned Spanish. Started again to make crossword puzzles together with a lady that had come to Mexico a few years earlier and had been a writer in Germany, Elise [Personal name] I taught her how to make the crossword puzzle, and her Spanish was already correct. We succeeded and again started to earn some money, and then I was introduced to a Spanish refugee which started in Mexico a weekly film magazine. And we convinced him to start a crossword puzzle magazine.

That survived about six months and did quite well but not well enough for him. But we were also selling to magazines and newspapers the crossword puzzles. And I started to export Mexican handicraft products, which I bought on the markets in various villages in Mexico City and other villages. For about \$100 that I had saved from the crossword puzzles, sent the merchandise to a friend of mine in St. Louis, Missouri who had studied with me in Vienna, had more or less the same family background as I, lived in the same district.

In fact, he was the one who taught me to make crossword puzzles. Vienna had about 11 crossword puzzle weekly magazines. It was the center of it, because there were so many unemployed people, and when they were standing in line for hours and hours to get their support, they were solving those crossword puzzle magazines, which cost only \$0.10 or \$0.05. And he became the chief editor of three or four and needed more puzzles than he could make himself, so he taught me how to do them. He had started when he was 12, 13 years old doing them and supported his family with it.

I started when I was 14 or 15 and supported myself amongst studying in Vienna, and it became important to immigration. For immigrations, so you have to be flexible and try whatever you can where you may not have too much competition for others. He did never use it again, but for me, it helped. Anyhow, I sent through the merchandise to him. He sold it with some profit. He sent me back my money was half of the profit. I bought more, sent it to him, and we built it up to quite-- not to a big business, but some.

One could call it already a business. Then I found a Czechoslovakian refugee there who had been the managing director of the largest bank in Prague of the [NON-ENGLISH]. Like the Bank of America here or even bigger compared to the country size. He had manage to escape just before Hitler came to Prague by some deal with the government that they handed over the bank to the government and were allowed to take some money out. He became my silent partner and financed my business to become bigger, and it grew, and we had exports to many other countries.

Mainly still to the United States, but to other countries too until the war ended. So in some sense, I'm not really a victim of the Holocaust insofar as personally I was not in a concentration camp and didn't suffer bodily, but many of my family members perished beside the immediate family. Many uncles and aunts and cousins, friends. Both Jewish and political friends that I had.

While you were living in Mexico, what type of communications were going on with you and your family? And then I'd also like to hear about what was going on with your wife.

I had no connections with anybody outside that one sister in New York. We did not know what happened to the others. I thought that they are dead, that they were killed too like my sister. Only when the war ended through the help of the Red Cross, they got in touch with us somehow. The Red Cross, and we also contacted the Red Cross and asked whether they could find out something about what happened to them. And about a year after the war, we heard that the two brothers in Shanghai had survived and the brother in France. Then we were informed by other people that survived the concentration camps that my sister, her husband, and their son were taken to the camp but did not survive.

Did you know anything about the camps during the war?

Not during the time of the war. We started to hear about it very close toward the end of the war in no detail. Just the

rumors, but we have never met anybody who had gotten out of the camp with some facts. We never had any facts about it.

So did you have any inkling of the exterminations?

No, I did not. When I was in Sweden, I wrote to my sisters and my relatives in Vienna and relatives in Czechoslovakia that the situation's extremely dangerous, that the war will start, that they should try by all means to get out. And if possible, the whole family. But if not, at least some of the family, but the answer was always the same. They had either a shop or a job that they can't give up or family or children or somebody ill in the family, and they didn't go out. We learned later that in Slovakia my parents had many brothers and sisters, and they all had many children.

All of them lived in Slovakia and Hungary, and most of them perished. One family close by where we lived, close by to - Siso is the larger-- it's a town already, Tapolca in Hungarian. [Place name] in Slovakian called. One family had eight sons. Tall, strong men. They all were killed, shot in the marketplace. And another family, they had also eight children. [Place name] by the name of Steiner.

This family's name was Deutelbaum. My mother's name was Deutelbaum, and they were relatives of hers. One sister of my mother married somebody by the name of Steiner, and they lived in [Place name] In Hungarian, it was called [Place name] And that is the translation of the same. Three of their children survived and managed to get to Israel, but the parents and the others died. In the last days, they were underground with the guerrillas in the mountains there. And when the Germans withdrew already, they thought it's safe to come down.

The Russians were just at the border just very close to them, but the Russians didn't go in, and the Germans returned and caught them and killed them. Now, one of them, one of the children, was a cousin of mine, and two sisters of his still alive in Israel in Tel Aviv. He had started out by making little prayer books in some unusual, silver-plated cover in books and did it himself. He and his wife, and it grew more and more.

A few years back when I visited them in Israel, it turned out through the work of his wife and the daughters that has grown up, they became a very large leather handbag company. And they're name, Steiner, is on every bag in every shop where you go-- you could see that name. Very orthodox people. My family was orthodox, too. But when I was 12, 13 years old, became an ardent socialist, I gave up any religious obedience. And my parents still kept the holidays, but I was not religious anymore.

No, I want to say that might be interesting. When leaving Sweden, I needed \$300 of landing money in Mexico. That was a regulation. Nobody was allowed to land who didn't have \$300 money in his possession. And the committee that recognized me as a political refugee was not willing to give me this money, but insisted that I should try to get it through the Jewish community, although I never-- I considered myself a full socialist and not as a Jewish refugee. But they were ready to help me.

Gave me the \$300, and when we arrived in Mexico City, the first thing we were told, there is a Jewish organization there of refugees called Menorah. And their president was a Jewish refugee from Hamburg, a doctor Dr. Ernest Frank. He's a physician, and my wife was pregnant already in the six months, which fortunately nobody had noticed on the trip. We would never have gotten the tickets and passage tickets on the boat.

He helped her, and when the first son was born, the Menorah sent us a large parcel with all the things that were needed for a baby. \$100 of the \$300, it was really not earned money. \$100 of the \$300 were left when I started the export business with the Mexican handicraft, which cost only a few cents. Straw figures and little, wooden, carved things, and small, cheap things.

Can you tell us a little bit more about your father's family and your mother's family in Slovakia, and how they came to be there, and what were their families like?

From what I know about the past of my family and of the Jews in Slovakia, they had come pretty late there. I think around 1820 from Austria and from Germany to administer the properties of the aristocracy and the large land owners

there. And we are welcome there. They didn't speak Yiddish. They spoke German and did quite well. I think my family also did, originally, quite well.

My elder sisters told me that at some stage, we were quite wealthy there, but then it all switched around when they were not needed anymore. They were expropriated by the government and had just little shops and rented little farms to support themselves.

In this village-- and that might have been the reason why most families tried to get to either Budapest, the capital of Hungary, or to Vienna, the capital of Austria. And during the First World War, I went there in 1916, 60 years old, to get some good food again. Because in Vienna, we were all terribly suffering.

But there, the Slovaks of country, they still had bread, and meat, and milk. And at that time, it was very hard on the Jewish holidays. They had great trouble to get 11 people together for a minyan in the temple. The temple in Siso, I remember-- I was told that, too, by my father, was built through the help of my grandfather who, around 1900, had gone to Moravia to a health spa where the emperor always went with a delegation of a few other Jewish people from there and made the petition to obtain some money and help from the government to build the synagogue.

And it was granted. And that synagogue, I remember the big building-- it was not a very big building when I later came back. It was a two-story building with a woman section above and a male section below. But there was great trouble from the surrounding villages to get 11 people together. They had to walk for three or four hours to go there on Saturdays for the services.

I think by the start of the war, there was only one Jewish family left. Similar was a situation, many villages in Slovakia as people moved away to the capital-- more to Budapest and Vienna than to Prague. Prague itself, Moravia, had an old established Jewish population, the oldest synagogues, I think if I'm not wrong, from the 11th century or more-- around that time already. But they were all speaking German, not Yiddish.

Why did the rest of the family stay and your mother, and your father, and six brothers and sisters decided to leave? Why did your father make that decision? And what did he do actually, professionally, in Slovakia?

In Siso, he had a little inn and a little farm. That was quite common. The inn, it was really not an inn where you stayed over night. It was a little shop where you sold schnapps or vodka, or slivovitz to the peasants, and eggs, some from the little farm that he had. They sold eggs and they made butter from the milk from the cows. That was what they did.

He was drafted to the army, a surprising profession for a Jewish fellow, he became a trainer of wild horses to become military horses. I have a photograph still where he's standing next to a horse. In the First World War, he was drafted to the cavalry both at the Polish or Russian front.

The brothers had become apprentices in the next larger village in a notion shop, selling ribbons and threads and things like. And when they came to Vienna, they got similar jobs in this firm, the company, owned by some far relative, and the sisters the same. One brother of my mother had emigrated earlier to Vienna and started a tie factory. And sister Margit, who died in the camp, started to work there when she was 14 years old and became the manager, finally, of that tie factory who provided not only Austria, but all the states controlled by Austria, which after the war became independent states.

That was true with many of the companies. They didn't only supply the small Austria. Austria-Hungarian monarchy had about 70 million people Austria itself, and the war ended in 1918, was left with 6 million, which, of course, created terrible difficulties-- economic difficulties. That explained why so many in Austria became socialists and social democrats. Communists were very few-- just 3% or 4%. But the social Democrats were very strong.

The brothers started one a small shop on his own, the other a small manufacturing company-- ladies underwear. From Shanghai, he moved after the war ended to Australia. That was brother Edmond. His son, Kurt, when he was 12, around the time when Hitler came to Vienna, he was a very strong boy, crossed the Danube swimming into Slovakia, and went to the relatives there, then went back to Vienna and visited Jewish organizations help, but to England.

And on a farm in England, when he was 16, he falsified his age, and volunteered to the army, and joined the English army, and was in Italy until the end of the war. He had to change his name too because under his own name if the Germans would have caught him, they would have shot him as a traitor to the country where they kill the Jews. But they would still have said at that time he's Austrian.

So he took the name of Lenz. And 1948, I moved from Mexico to Australia where my brother Edmond had already moved a little bit earlier, and then his son came there. And then the brother who survived in France also came to Australia. And I stayed in Australia until 1962 when I came to Berkeley.

And Shandor, where was Shandor?

Shandor also survived in Shanghai in the ghetto there. Went to New York and started in New York with his wife. They both had this retail store in Notions in Vienna. Started a similar store in New York, very small, in the area where a lot of Jewish people lived around the 98th street, 92nd, 98th street. Now it's all Puerto Ricans, but at that time, it was mainly Jewish.

He died about 10 years ago, and his wife died about six years ago. My brother Edmond died about seven years ago. My sister, Estie, lives in Berkeley, is 94 years old now. And her husband, who was 92 years old, died last week. My brother George still is in Australia. He's in his 85th year.

Do you speak to him frequently?

Beg your pardon.

Do you speak to him frequently?

Occasionally. I was back a few years ago and I telephoned him and he sometimes telephones here.

And Kurt?

Kurt is still there, has an interesting life. His father started a small trouser factory there, just he and his wife and I think one other helper. When he came to Australia, he first worked as an auto mechanic. He was a tank driver in the war and became a mechanic. And in Australia, he worked as an auto mechanic for Jaguar cars.

Then he joined his father, but instead of making men's trousers, he was a great sport-- start to make ski pants, and more or less introduced skiing into Australia. He was a ski jumper. He became the president of the ski association and did rather well. And two years back, I guess, he became a member of an OBE, of the Order of the British Empire, which is quite a distinction for my father, whose name was Max Kohn in Siso and Vietnam.

Yes, his factory did quite well. But manufacturing became difficult because of competition of imported stuff from Japan and Hong Kong and switched over to importing himself. He's still doing it. I carried him in my arms in Vienna, now he's probably 65.

Sam, you were quite young in Vienna. I'd like to know what your life was like. I know that your brothers and sisters were, with the exception of Julius, were quite a bit older than you. I'd like to know what your father was like. Was he happy? Was he serious?

What did he do professionally there? Do you remember songs, or friendships? I'd like to know what your early childhood was like.

My earliest childhood was really spent still at Siso in Slovakia. I remember very little of it. Probably my first language was Slovakian. I don't remember anything like that of my father, or my mother, or the others, or 3 and 1/2 years when I came to Vienna. And there in Vienna, my father after a few months went to war, although I have little memory of him

from that time. I remember him when he came back and he was already 52 years.

1916, during these two years, I was brought up really by nobody. I was a street urchin. My mother had no time for me. I was all the time on the street. And Jules-- Jules was my hero. I tried to copy him in everything. He was an excellent soccer player, and bicycle rider, and ice skater. And I couldn't do anything of that yet. He was already seven and eight years old, and I was three, four, five.

And my sister Estie, who I remember, took a little more care of me than the others-- more home. Not much, a little. Jules was in the schools already, and I was not. I was almost like a single child without family or parents. My father was a very handy man, very practical with his hands. I was told by him that in Slovakia, he went from farm to farm to drill water wells-- had developed some method whereby he could drill into the soil and find water and other things that he could do with his hands.

When he came back, he got a job for one or two years in spite of, I consider him a very old man-- he was 52, but he still got a job till the end of the war, but then was not working anymore. And the elder brothers and sisters supported him, and my mother, and Jules, and me enough to just survive in a small apartment-- very little apartments that we had. And from 12-year-old, 12 on, I coached other students in mathematics and in writing and in shorthand. And whatever I learned, I passed on to those who were not good enough.

Jules, we all had scholarships at university to go to the university. We had relatives in Vienna, quite a large number already, brothers and sisters of my mother, mainly-- of my father also. One was a Schweikart in the second district in Vienna, which is where we lived. Vienna had about 160,000, 180,000 Jews and about 120,000 or so lived in the 2nd district. It was almost a Jewish town.

There were the synagogues, and the orthodox Jews, and he was a Schweikart. His son was already a physician, a very good physician. That was the only relative of my father's side. My mother's side, her name was Deutelbaum. But around 1914, Hungary requested that all Jewish people should change their name into Hungarian names. They called it modernizing.

And so our name was originally Kohn, and that became Kalmar. And many people with Kohn had to choose usually names with first starting letter. They changed it into Keisch, and into Kaltiesch, and into Koloman, and all kinds of names that sounded somehow Hungarian. Now, my mother's name was Deutelbaum and many of them changed the name into Denes-- D-E-N-E-S-- pronounced "Danish" in Hungarian.

Now, one brother who had come to Vienna earlier started a glass company and became the largest glass replace company in Vienna. And his name was seen on all the street cars. He had some contracts with the city of Vienna and was very proud of that. That was a Denes, but he kept very little contact with us-- visited us once a month or so for a few minutes. I remember him well.

The other was Franz Denes, who had the largest, I said before, tie factory together with another Denes. They split, and both were manufacturing ties. And there was a third Denes who started a framing company in the best street, or one of the best streets, and close to the castle, Hochberg, in the first district in Vienna. And I remember well.

I went often there, and he had paintings to frames there of the high aristocracy. And everybody who entered was Baron so-and-so and Graft, Count, and so on. They spoke German with a Viennese accent. Nobody would have known that they are Jewish. The husband didn't live anymore, only the wife-- his wife, his widow-- and the two children. And they had this store.

It was a large Jewish community, and they helped one another. That Franz Denes was one of the heads of the Jewish community. I remember, if it's correct, [NON-ENGLISH SPEECH]. He was the only one, I think, who was religiously active.

Did the Jewish community stick together?

Yes.

Were you a part of the Jewish community?

Yes. There were, of course, very orthodox synagogues and not so orthodox. And I remember one, the Turkish temple, where the Sephardic Jews-- and all in the same district, a few streets away from the other. Up to my certainty as I went over Yom Kippur or Rosh Hashanah into the temple to visit my parents, but stayed not long. They were always there. And they celebrated Friday night.

So they were, they weren't religious, your mother or father?

Only the parents were still keeping Jewish rituals and holidays. None of the other children did anymore.

If the Deutelbaums were living in Vienna, why were they subject to Hungarian authority that they would have to change their names?

They changed it still in Slovakia before they came. Some changed it earlier, or some changed it. I'd never given that some thought when they changed the name. It's an interesting question-- why did they change the name from the Deutelbaum or where did they change it? I know there were relatives in Budapest by the name of Denes.

When your mother married, what was her maiden name?

Deutelbaum. And so her brothers changed that name to Denes when they moved to Hungary or to Austria. Might be that at that time, they still had Hungarian passports and had to do because of that what was required by Hungary-- may have become Austrian citizens later. 1918, I had a Czechoslovakian passport still. When I visited Slovakia, I traveled on the Czechoslovakian passport because Slovakia has then become a part of Czechoslovakia, not anymore of Hungary.

So in my life, I had a lot of passports. I had Czechoslovakian passports, Austrian passports. From Sweden, I left with a Swedish stateless passport, but which looked fully like a Swedish passport in Swedish language. And fortunately, in some countries, they didn't know it and accepted it, otherwise they wouldn't have allowed one to go in.

I had great problems when I got the visa for Mexico, I had to provide a valid passport. I had only the Austrian passport that I had, I had to go to the German embassy-- Austria was occupied by Germany. And I had to receive a German passport. So my Austrian passport still showed me as Samuel Kalmar. And Stefan was also already in it. No, it was only Samuel. I used the name Stefan also when I made my crossword puzzles and wrote articles as a journalist in Vienna.

When I studied at university, I studied economics and international trade. I started to write popular article about economics in Vienna. But under the name of Samuel, I would have never been able to get them accepted. So I called myself Stefan Kalmar. But in the passport, I was still under Samuel Kalmar.

So when I got the German passport, that was not enough to identify me as a Jew, so I got the big Israel added to it, and the sign J for Jewish. When I presented that to the Mexican consul, he wouldn't accept it because he knew I would not return. And he said, I give you only a visa for Mexico if you can prove that you have a valid visa and can go back. I can't give you an immigrant visa to Mexico only as a correspondent for a limited time.

Through the socialist refugee organization, I got this Swedish nansenpass, it was called-- a stateless pass. But I didn't have the right to return. When I presented it to the Mexican consul, he wouldn't give me the passport. And the last boat leaving, the war had started already, was due in two or three days. And that was a real struggle. I finally got the right to return stamped into that visa.

And then that consul was also anti-Semitic. He knew that I'm Jewish from the German passport, the Mexican consul. And he said I have to have a letter from the newspaper that they will regularly send me money to Mexico to pay for my keep there. And the chief editor of the newspaper was also a member of the parliament in Sweden. And the Russian-Finnish war had just started.

And Sweden debated whether to enter the war, or to help Finland, or not to enter. And this editor in chief of the daily paper was the main speaker of the Social Democratic Party, which controlled the government. The only way to get it was for me to get into the parliament and to get him out from there to induce him to give me this letter.

He was very annoyed that I called him out, was so red faced when he came. But he signed the letter, took it back to the consul, and got the visa, and next day we left. Otherwise, we would never have gotten out. We left for Mexico.

Then in Mexico, my first son was born, the name of George, but the Spanish, Jorge, Jorgito. And due to the fact that I was a father of a Mexican-born child, I obtained Mexican citizenship. So when we went from Mexico to Australia, I traveled on the Mexican passport. From Australia in 1962 when we came to America, I still had a valid Mexican passport and went to Mexico City again.

I had to wait there about six months before I got an immigrant visa to the United States and then came to the United States. And in the United States, I remained a Mexican citizen until Nixon resigned. And I consider that such a great show of strength of democracy that within a month, I applied for the American citizenship and became an American citizen.

And my first names in all these countries changed because first, it was Samuel, pronounced "Sham-well" in Hungary, shortened to Shamu. At home, I was called Sammy or Saminko in Slovakian. In Vienna, I added Stefan to it-- S-T-E-F-A-N-- and then the Nazis added Israel. In Sweden, it became Stefan-- they liked it more. In Australia, they liked Stefan.

In Mexico, it became Esteban. Now, I've got accustomed to use myself, Stephen. But as time goes on, those people who know me better or longer call me Sam from before, and most friends by now call me Sam again. So the circle seems to be closed and going back to Sam.

I started about six years ago to write my memoirs. I decided to leave something out of the stories that I lived through for my children. But the publisher here in San Francisco learned about it, and contacted me, and asked me to see the manuscript, and published it here. But I had it ready only up to leaving Mexico. So it covers only the first 40 years of my life in Austria, Sweden, and Mexico.

Just now, I'm finishing, I hope tomorrow, I write the last pages of the second 40 years of my life in Australia, back in Mexico, then in Berkeley. In Vienna already, besides studying economics, international trade, I got also very interested in psychology in an early age. Vienna is the center of all modern psychology and psychiatry besides Freud. At that time, Adler, who started the school of individual psychology became well known too.

And he was a former disciple of Freud. And I liked his teachings more than Freud's and became quite involved in Adlerian individual psychology. In Berkeley, another former Freudian scholar, disciple, who had joined the Adlerian school of psychology, formed his own, the so-called third Viennese school of psychology, Viktor Frankl. And he called it logotherapy. I became very involved in it. I was, for a long time, the vice president of it.

My first wife-- the marriage with my first wife-- broke up a year after I came to Berkeley. And the year thereafter, I married my second wife, Vera-- Vera Lieben. And she was a schoolteacher, retired a few years ago, and became also very active in local therapy and studied psychology and education, then obtained her doctorate degree in education here in San Francisco and became the training director of the local therapy.

He had survived the war in Russia, and Siberia, and the Russian camps. And her story is probably much more interesting than mine. One day, you should probably interview her.

One day, we'd like to. Can you show us your book and tell us a little bit about it?

I called my book Goodbye, Vienna. I thought I would never return to it. When I left Vienna, my first wife and I, we took a streetcar to the furthest western streetcar station, which is in HÃ¼tteldorf, left the train there, and started hiking on the street. And when we got the first car that took us along, we turned back and had still a view of Vienna, the dome of St.

Stephen, my name.

And I said, goodbye, Vienna-- thought I would never return. From Australia, I made a return to Europe in 1953. I had established myself as an importer there. I started an import company. And eight years after the war, I didn't want to see anything in Austria, but I went to Germany. But my second wife's family returned to Vienna in 1945 and lived there since then.

And with Vera, my second wife, I went back quite a few times to Vienna. Now, this book here, Goodbye, Vienna, tells in detail what I have just answered to your questions. In Mexico, second son was born to us, Tomas. And in Australia, a daughter was born to us, Alice. So it's an international family.

I was born in Slovakia, lived in Vienna. George was conceived in Sweden. And his name is George Gunnar Kalmar, after a close Swedish fellow who became a close friend of ours. Tom's name is Tom Mario. The girl in Australia's name is Elise, Elise Margit, Margit after my sister.

In this book, there are photographs of my family-- a family picture showing my whole family, and separately my brothers and sisters who died.

You want to hold those up?

It showed me when I was nine years old, after the First World War. Through a Jewish children's help organization, I was sent to Holland. Some others were sent to Denmark and to Sweden. And I lived six months in Holland there and forgot all my German, spoke only Dutch. But then I came back to Vienna, I quickly learned it.

Sam, hold that up so she can get it on the camera.

It's wonderful. Thank you.

There is a picture of my family. You can see in the middle, my mother and my father on the side.

There is your mother right in the middle, yeah.

My mother, my father, my oldest brother, Shandor, the next one, Edmond--

They look alike.

The oldest sister, Ernestine-- we called her Estie. My sister, Margit then Jules, and me. I'm probably holding a big, rubber ball in my hands beside the picture. It has a face on it, and I am holding it so that the photographer will take a picture of that face.

You recall taking that photograph? Do you recall?

Yes, I recall it very well. And my brother, still in uniform, was taken 1918. This brother, too, was on furlough. 1917 it must have been taken. The war ended in 1918. That's probably right-- I'm seven years old there. And here is a picture of my membership card in the socialist student organization when I was 13 years old, and another one in the Social Democratic Party.

Can you tell us about anti-Semitism in Vienna?

Yes. This is a picture of the sister, and her husband, and the little boy who died in-- who was sent first to Theresienstadt. And he died there, and she died in Auschwitz. The whole family was outstanding, handsome.

Beautiful.

Here is a picture of the crossword puzzle magazines that I made in Spanish in Mexico City. Here, that is a picture in Mexico City-- a close friend of mine were friends. Otto and Elise [Personal name] Otto [Personal name] and Elise [Personal name] Elise was of a Jewish family, a large furniture manufacturing company in Prague. He was a labor leader, a member of the Reichstag, of the parliament in Germany.

And they became friends of mine. But they were well-known. And here you see Diego Rivera, the famous Mexican painter, making a portrait of Otto.

That's amazing.

They were leftist socialist-- not communist, not Trotskyite. They were anti-Trotskyites, too. They were for, more or less, what Solidarity's doing now, or tried to do in Poland-- democracy from the ground up-- small factories, committees, and true democracies. But they recognized and respected Trotsky, met often with him. And here's a picture of Trotsky in Mexico City with Elise [Personal last name] and Otto [Personal last name]

And did you take these photographs?

No, I came to Mexico. I never met Trotsky. He was killed just about when I came there. I met his wife a few times, but not without knowing her better, just was introduced to her. Anti-Semitism in Austria, Vienna especially, was very strong in every range of society-- everywhere.

You could see at school already, Jews had no chance to advance in government jobs. A few became known as professors or doctors, physicians, this government employed. But in normal government positions, it was 100% non-Jewish occupation. A few Jews could establish themselves as professionals in various small professions-- carpentry, tailoring, and electricians.

At the university, often, the Jewish students were beaten by the already strong nationalistic, before Hitler, really, anti-Semitic student organization. The police would not defend them. You were often called [NON-ENGLISH]. It means "big Jew" on the street.

It was not so amongst the Social Democratic Party. There might have been some dormant anti-Semitism in it. I did not encounter it until the last few months before the Nazis became very strong, my friends were, to a great extent, non-Jewish or Viennese-- all the Jewish ones-- but mainly, non-Jewish ones. What was happening in Vienna, like in Germany, the longer the Jews stayed there, the more of them became assimilated and became Austrians and Germans intermarried.

But in Austria, contrary to German, especially in Vienna-- or exclusively almost in Vienna-- there was a continuous influx of Jewish people from the other areas of the Austrian-Hungarian monarchy, like we who'd come from Slovakia, and after us many of us, and from Hungary, and from Poland, Galicia and Romania, and Herzegovina, and Yugoslavia. So the Jewish population grew, but it was a switch going on all the time. The assimilated Jews didn't find so much anti-Semitism. Others didn't recognize them as Jews, but those who were recognized as Jew were always treated badly.

Well, how did some Jews physically stand out as Jewish and others not?

The Jews that came from the Eastern part of Europe were all orthodox Jews. They spoke Yiddish, which already gave them away. They wore black hats. They had side locks. They often went together. They used their hands to speak. They were loud.

The assimilated ones behaved like the others that had gone through the same schools, had lost their old ways. They may have still been religious Jews, obeying Jews, but most people wouldn't recognize them-- in Germany even more so than in Austria.

Austria was a Catholic country, and to my own experience, wherever there is a strong Catholic influence in primitive countries, it goes hand-in-hand with the strong anti-Semitism. That's why Slovakia had strong anti-Semitism as a strong

Catholic country. Slovakia during the Hitler time formed an armed state equally brutal, equally killing Jews like the Germans did-- Austria much more than Germany.

National socialism became strong in Germany. The individual German hardly knew Jews. There were only about 500,000, 600,000 Jews in all of Germany. In Austria, it was different, especially in Vienna. You had many Jews in Vienna. About 10% of the population of Vienna was Jewish. And of them, a good part was recently arrived Jews who was easily visible. But you don't need them really to see them and know them to be anti-Semitic. Anti-Semitism finds sort of his reason for anti-Semitism and for hating the Jews.

What do you think the reasons were in Vienna for hating the Jews?

If it hadn't been the Jews, if it had been some other ethnic group that was different, they would have hated those and blamed them for their shortcomings, and troubles, and poverty, and whatever went wrong. Now, they have no Jews, and they still are anti-Semitic, or they switch over to become anti-Yugoslavs, or anti-Turks, or anti-Greeks in Germany and in Austria.

I think in every country, not only in Austria, it's not the exclusiveness of them. In the United States or in other country, any minority will be hated by or could be blamed for the bad things that happen in a country, especially if some members of that minority become very visible, either in economics or in politics. And then even today, you may find people who think that there are, again, 100,000 Jews in Austria, in Germany, or in Poland, and there are only a few thousand there.

Facts don't count very much if it's an easy outlet for your own worries and troubles, you don't know the explanations for them, you blame people who have a different color, or different belief, or different ethnic background. Then you'll feel better if you belong to the stronger, bigger majority in your country.

This may be a difficult question, but you've lived in many countries. And how did anti-Semitism compare to the anti-Semitism you experienced in Vienna? Greater, lesser, non-existent?

Probably those who were looking for it could find it everywhere . But if you were not looking for it, if you came there to these countries, tried to establish yourself, learned the language, I would say I found none personally in Sweden, or in Australia, or in Mexico. But I know that there were, especially in the leading classes of Sweden, was a lot of sympathy for Hitler and the Nazis, and probably leading positions were never available for Jewish people, neither in the government nor in industry-- a few, perhaps, outstanding, but they did not have the equal chance as a reason.

But I didn't find any. Sweden treated us very well, treated to Jewish immigrants there well. They were not immigrants. They were only allowed to stay until they could go to some other country. It's a problem that no country want the Jews-- neither the United States. If I had applied for a visa for the United States in 1938 in Vienna through my brother for an immigrant visa, it would have taken five or six years before the quota number would come up-- it was a quota system-- pretty useless.

Only a small number could come. The same other countries would take Jewish people if they were married to non-Jews. Australia took a few. Mexico took some non-married Jews if they were willing to marry Mexican people. Australia, Argentina, and Brazil, the Quaker arranged some visas for them. And so people in Sweden only tolerated immigrants.

And the Jewish people in Sweden didn't want them. They were afraid this anti-Semitism may grow if they would stay there. So that's why they helped people. They helped me to get out of Sweden. There were are only a few thousand Jews in Sweden. In Australia, there were not many, only a few. I didn't encounter any, and there is not much to be seen.

In Mexico, you are not known as a Jew. Mexico, you are treated by your nationalities. They would not say to him, Mr. Moskowitz, the Jew Moskowitz. They would say El Polaco, or the Russian, or the Hungarian. If somebody does something wrong and gets into the newspaper, you always say, Alleman, for example-- the German so and so. If he was Jewish, had the Jewish name, but he went by the nationality that he had.

And Jewishness was not considered a nationality, contrary to Poland and Russia, where the Jews formed and were considered a nation by themselves within the bigger nation-- was a nationality. They had to say in their passports or whatever when they were asked this nation, they had to say, Jewish, whereas in Germany, Austria you would say German-Austrian. And in Mexico, surprisingly, it's the same.

That's what I could say about it. If they know that somebody is Jewish, they don't like them, they would say, judeo and that is a swear word in Mexico. But they wouldn't recognize them. They are just foreigners to them.

Were you ever beat up for being a Jew? Were you ever beaten for being a Jew? Beaten. Were you ever beaten as a child?

Beaten. I was beaten as a student at the university. I remember one thing, especially-- the socialist student wanted once to show them that we can resist them. And we went an early morning out to the university, about 60 of us, armed with sticks, and blocked the door, and didn't let the Nazis in. But they came in through a back door-- the professors or the guards.

The concierge opened the door for them in the back, and then they were more than we. They opened the door from inside and went at us. And we were beaten by them, and then the police arrested me and arrested others-- not them, but arrested us. And on the street, no, I was never.

But I lived in a district that was mainly Jewish. The children around were all Jewish. These beatings didn't happen before Hitler came to power in Vienna or Austria. I don't remember to have heard it ever-- not like in Poland or in Russia, where you had that happening in the pogroms. That must have been one of the reasons why they went to Vienna or to Budapest because there it did not happen.

What is your earliest memory of Hitler? And how did people regard him in Vienna?

I knew about Hitler probably much earlier than most other Jews, because being a socialist, I knew about Hitler already 1927, '28 when he started to become stronger in Germany. He had made a coup attempt to take over Germany 1923 in Munich. But he was beaten there and was put in jail for a while. And that's where he wrote Mein Kampf.

I followed keenly the progress of the Nazi party there. And I was shocked when the German president, Hindenburg, made him the chancellor of Germany. And I thought, that will be the end of democracy in Germany. That was 1933. By that time, there was a small Nazi party in Austria.

We had German nationalists, quite a large-- they called them the German nationalists, [GERMAN]. Perhaps 8% of the population or 8% of the members of Parliament wanted Austria to be a part of Germany, but they were not Nazis. They were just thinking that East Germany should be united with Germany. As Hitler grew and became stronger, many of those became Nazis.

And when the Austrian Catholic Party disallowed the Austrian Socialist Party. And the Austrian Socialist Party did not resist it strongly enough. Many Austrian socialists became disappointed in socialism and fell for the Nazi propaganda. It was called National Socialist Labor Party, the Nazis.

Many said the Jewish leaders-- there were many Jewish leaders in the socialist party-- has betrayed you. And a good number of them switched over. I would say not more than, perhaps, 8% or 10%. But still they grew there too. Schuschnigg was assassinated by the Nazi coup in Austria, which failed in 1936. And then he was followed by Schuschnigg, the same dictatorship, only one party existing, but not such a brutal dictatorship as the German was.

They put the people in jail, but they didn't kill them. They also resisted under the threat of death. In 1934 when Dollfuss introduced his fascism, there was a resistance. And there were about, I can't remember the figure, but a few hundred were killed, and I think six or seven were hung by the government for resisting that fascist coup. But in the years from 1936 to 1938, there was a change all around where people were abandoning the Catholic party and joining the Nazi party.

Still, in an election, he would never have gotten the majority, even in Austria. But by marching in, of course, and also, everybody try to show that they always have been Nazis, and welcomed him, and even the day before, they were still wearing the socialist party sign on their lapels.

Why did they capitulate so easily?

There was no real strength behind the government. Since 1934, Dollfuss and then Schuschnigg were 100% dependent on Mussolini's support in Italy-- Mussolini in Italy and fascism in Italy was very strong. And Austria had not many choices. On the one side, it was endangered by Hitler Germany. Alone, the six million Austrians could hardly have resisted against the 80 million Nazi Germany.

But by Mussolini supporting the independence of Austria, Mussolini was afraid, to some degree, of Germany, of Hitler. This political group believed that the only way how they could keep Austria independent-- and had he not disallowed the Austrian Social Democratic Party, then the Catholic Party, together with the Austrian Party, could have somehow made it harder for Hitler to take it over, perhaps even prevented it without the war, because Hitler didn't want, really, to start the war.

But how it was, and knowing that there is hardly nobody who supports the government, he had it very easy to march in. And by that time already, he had made pacts with Mussolini that Italy, Germany, and Japan-- a three anti-communist pact to fight against Russia. So Italy became less and less ready to stand up against Germany. The fascist, Mussolini, was disappointed by the Western countries, Western world not allowing him to take over Abyssinia when he marched into Eritrea, Abyssinia, and boycotted him, whereas Germany supported him.

So by 1938, Schuschnigg tried to get the support of Mussolini, but Mussolini simply told him, I can't help you. Then he tried to re-establish the right of the Austrian Social Democratic Party to exist. And for a week, they chased the Nazis from everywhere from the streets. They were against the old emblems, and suddenly everybody was, again, a social democrat.

And Schuschnigg proposed a referendum. And that connection may be interesting-- that was early-1938. I had only the right to stay in Sweden as a tourist. So I left Sweden, and went to Finland, and lived in Finland for a few months. I could make my crossword puzzle in Finland as well as in Sweden, and was still sending them to Vienna to my friend, Fred Weingarten, who was still the chief editor there before Hitler offered his magazines and paid for those puzzles.

When I heard about this referendum, I was sure that Hitler will never allow it. The referendum was, are you in favor of Austria to remain an independent country? Or are you in favor of Austria to become a part of Germany? And the majority would have voted against it because Schuschnigg at the same time allowed the Social Democratic Party to exist. And they 100% would have voted against Anschluss to Germany.

So the next day, we went back to Sweden because in Finland, they had no support by the political organization, went back to Sweden, and within a few days, Hitler threatened to march immediately into Austria. So the referendum was canceled, and then he marched in anyhow-- and Mussolini was in favor of it.

Do you recall the events that led to your decision to leave in 1937?

You may not have many people whom you interviewed who still are alive and remember the political details of those years-- the last 10 years, say, from 1927 to 1937. But up to 1927, there was still great hope for socialism and social democracy in Austria or in Germany too. The Austrian Social Democratic Party had the self-defense organizations that had more members of the military-- government military. By the Treaty of Versailles, Austria was only allowed to have, I think, 26,000 soldiers and no armaments.

But the Social Democrat Labor Party had about 40,000 former soldiers who were taking part in the war who has formed a self-defense organization against an attempt to re-establish the monarchy in Austria. And there were fascist forces already attacking the socialist Mussolini type fascists. And every time some Social Democrat or liberal man in Germany

or in Austria-- many in Germany, too, were killed by fascist groups.

A Jewish minister, a member of government in Germany, Rathenau, was shot by the German Social Democrats, like Liebknecht and Luxemburg were killed, and many others. They always were acquitted by the court. Nothing happened to the murderers. And in Austria, the same happened 1927 on the 15th of July.

And some of those Heimwehr fascists had killed seven Social Democrats in a demonstration, and they were acquitted by the court. And the workers in Vienna put on the tools and marched into the center of Vienna to protest against it. They came through the second district. I was 17 years old. We marched there peacefully.

And we came close to the palace of justice, it was called. And some people had gone in their age into that palace of justice and put fire to it, to document that it burned. And because so many people were around it, the fire brigades couldn't come to it, and it burned quite strongly. And the police came on horses, and on cars, trucks, and started shooting.

97 people were killed. They are peacefully demonstrating people, and everybody expect now will come a general strike, and the Social Democrats will take over the government. And the strike broke down. Nothing happened. About 1,000 people were arrested and put in jail. And on that day, I said, that seemed to have been, really, a fairy tale of our strengths. We don't have that strength at all.

And then 1934, the fascist government was introduced, and we were outlawed, really very little happened. So I still remained a socialist, but I'd given up all hope for any future in Austria. But I still continued to work for them. Then when I was arrested, and there were many others of us, they still somehow hoped that Czechoslovakia and Russia may change the whole thing around. If a war would start, Hitler would be beaten.

I couldn't see it. And then when I sat in jail with those Nazis there, I decided I have nothing to hope for anymore in Austria. I better leave it. And when people started to call me, dirty Jew, again, and not anymore, though I was attacked on both sides as a Jew and as a socialist-- and I had nothing to lose. I had no job. I had no shop. I had no real or steady income.

Contrary to other people who had family and could not easily leave, I decided instead of fighting longer in this poor country without any chances-- I admired the social democratic system in Sweden, and hoped that I could stay there. But then when the war started, I was afraid that all Scandinavia will very soon be occupied by the Germans. So I went from one embassy to the other.

That's what I did most of the time, trying to find a place where I could go with my wife until, as I said before, I managed to go. That was my idea. But others could have seen it too and did not. Some people say I was smart and intelligent. I feel I was just luckier than they.

What about your mother and father?

My father, I would say fortunately, died a year before Hitler. Not the year before, he died about three months after I left. He was already pretty ill and died when I was in Sweden. My mother died still when I was in Vienna.

But did you talk to your father--

Not anymore.

--about leaving? About leaving.

Yes. This is shown here. I visited him in the hospital where he was already for a few weeks with kidney trouble and other troubles. I told him I'm going to marry that girl. She was my friend already for seven years, and she came along with me.

And he said, that's the right thing to do. Decent Jewish boys should do that. And he gave us his--

His blessing?

Yes, his blessing. And said both of you will do well. I said, I will come back and look after you. He said, no you will come back. I will not live anymore. I said, why do you talk like that? And then three months later, he died in the home of my sister Estie who is still in Berkeley. He was 72 when he died.

He was also a social democrat. He had no education whatsoever. I don't think he went ever to school. All he did was reading himself. But he read a lot of books. He even started to read Freud, I remember, when he was 70 years old. I would see him sitting in the room close to the window fixing watches, or clocks-- he fixed everything himself. He made the soles on my shoes. He made suits for me.

The first suit that I got new was when I graduated-- I bought it myself-- when I graduated as a PhD in economics. Up to then, I only always wore suits of my elder brothers or uncles who gave it to us-- shirts my father made. I can't remember anything that we bought.

Your father sewed the suit?

Hmm?

Did he sew the suit? He made the suit for you?

I think that was a bit tough for him. But he tried to buy a piece of leathers and to do it. I think he made some for himself. He made the icebox. At that time in Vienna, I knew nobody who had a refrigerator, I knew nobody who had a telephone. I knew nobody who had a car.

I remember when the first radio came up, the husband of my sister, Estie-- they married pretty early-- they were married, but he died last week here in Berkeley. They were married 68 years. But when they married, they were young, 23 or 24-- and he built the first radio with a little spool and a yellow mineral which was called-- I've forgotten the name.

Yellow crystal with a little pin when you carefully try to reach that touch it, you could hear some voices and noises. I knew nobody who had had the radio. And we were still better off than others. We were still better off than the family of my friend, Fred Weingarten. They had the smaller apartment, two rooms, with five people there in them.

And his father also went from house to house trying to sell shirts, or shoes, or ties in installment payments to poor people who paid \$0.10 every visit to him or \$0.50 in monthly payments. And those people encountered a lot of anti-Semitism. He was often thrown out and told to never come back. When he tried to collect money, he was called the dirty Jew.

So you were friends with Fred? You were friends with Fred?

Friends of--

Fred. With Fred Weingarten? He was a school buddy?

He went to school with me. We were three-- Fred Weingarten, Max Diamont, and I. He also started to make crossword puzzles. We were always staying together. He was the only one in my whole class, Max Diamont, who still spoke Yiddish.

His family had come later than me from Poland. He spoke Yiddish. He was the brightest boy in the whole class. He became a Freudian psychologist. We fought all the time-- I tried to convert him to Adlerian psychology, and he considered it stupid and foolish. He survived and came to St. Louis.

He, Fred Weingarten, and I studied the same economics and became PhD in economics. Max Diamont was the only one who made use of it and became very wealthy in St. Louis. He died about three years ago. Fred Weingarten died about eight years ago.

I have still one schoolmate living in Vienna, Fritz Pince, who is half Jewish. When Hitler came, he was one of our socialist students in our school group. When Hitler came, he had a Jewish girlfriend, and the Nazis said to him-- he was half Jewish-- if you declare yourself as Aryan, as Christian-- he was an engineer-- nothing will happen to you, but you have to separate yourself from your girlfriend. So he said, no, I will stay with her.

And so he was declared to be Jewish. And he fled to Hungary with his girlfriend, was married to. They were both sent to Auschwitz, then his wife died there. He went through all the camps. As an engineer, somehow he was not so badly treated as the others, and came back in 1945 to Vienna searching for his father who he thought had survived in France in Nice, but he had died there, I think.

And he started as a small position in the street or streetcar organization in Vienna as an engineer, and became a leading man there, and organized change into the subways there-- really responsible for the underground subways in Vienna now, still a good friend of mine-- fine boy. All the others died.

Did he share with you his camp experiences?

He doesn't like to talk much about it. He only told me that when he came back and got this job there in the Viennese municipal streetcar department, every day somebody came to him and said, that other fellow, what he did during the Nazi time, he was the worst of them. Next, that man would come and tell him, that fellow, he was the worst of it.

And he said to me that's surprising-- only three or four good Catholics who were supporting the Catholic government remained all during Hitler's time decent people, never did something against Jews, were honest people. But the others, former social democrats and former Nazis, each one accusing the other of his moral deeds against Jews.

He could have gotten easily very important positions in the government, because former colleagues of his were already a member of the parliament. When the war ended and they had survived the war, there was a shortage of non-Nazis, and one became minister of justice-- Chaldick-- I remember him well. One became minister of industry, Wildinger.

They offered him big jobs. And they said, I don't want to have anything to do with you. I don't trust any of you. If the situation changes, you would become again all Nazis again.

I came back to Vienna only after I had married my second wife. Her mother and father still lived there. Her father had become in Vienna in 1945, and he had come back. He was an engineer and architect. There were a few Jews there, but they started to form a new congregation.

And he didn't want to stay in Vienna, he wanted only to stay until relatives of his in Israel, or in Argentina, or Brazil, where he had relatives, would obtain visas for them. But they asked him to stay and to look after the properties that were still existing and were formerly in the hand of the Jewish community, to repair them or to save them.

His main task was to look after the cemeteries and of the burnt or bombed or few synagogues that existed, especially the one in the center of Vienna, the [NON-ENGLISH] temple, and in the big cemetery. That cemetery is a few 100,000 Jews buried during the centuries of Jews in Vienna-- all that died. Huge cemetery, and whatever could be still saved of it, he was doing.

He rebuilt the ceremony hall there. He was responsible for a large monument that was built there for the victims of the Hitler time. He stayed in Vienna worked for the Jewish communities until he died about eight years ago. And during that time, I went back with my wife to visit her parents there, met with some of my former socialist friends who had come back-- had survived in countries and had gotten back.

When I was in Sweden, I was one of the first one, because I had come even before Hitler had come to Vienna. But soon

after Hitler took over Vienna, a few more came there. One of them was Bruno Kreisky, who then became, after the war, the Austrian chancellor. He retired three years ago and died last year. I knew him very well and I sent him one of my books.

I never agreed with his policies of compromises, and opportunism, and pretty strongly anti-Israel position. Those who had gone back had become important people in Austria. Some became presidents of banks, became university professors, one became education minister-- Jewish people.

What was your impression of the city when you went back? What was your impression of the city when you went back?

The first thing when I came back, I went to the house where I lived to show off with it to my wife, because I considered it-- it was a very large and beautiful house. And I was ashamed how shabby it was and how small, really. But as a child, you always remember those things big and beautiful, and the street wide. The street was narrow.

And the next street where a streetcar moved through, there was not room for a car to pass that streetcar. Most of the houses were still shops, still signs of war damage. Even the first time I came back was '65, that was already 17 years after the war, still many streets showed signs of the war damage. I had a very unpleasant feeling. I didn't like to have any contact with Austrians that were over 60 years of age, because I was afraid any of them could have been involved in killing my family members, or friends, or Jews altogether.

But I had good feelings to young people. The young people, students, people over the age of 18 to 30, 35, they're all searching for what happened, all had great guilt feelings. They are accusing their parents who couldn't explain to them what happened and that, in the eyes of the children, perhaps somehow participated in that thing. I saw the same 1953 already in Germany when I came to Munich and went to the university-- meetings there where they spoke out against the lack of anti-Nazi legislation and the lack of propagating to form working groups to send to Israel to help Israel to build it up.

I still have the same feeling I've been back many times now. I still have the same feeling. But now it's changing. Now the young people too are becoming again to some degree anti-Semitic and not interested, or not interested in politics, or anti-foreigners. I'm not sure what the future of democracy in Austria or in Germany will be. I'm pretty certain it will be quite strong for 10, 20, 30 years-- perhaps not 30. Let's stick to 20. But if the general situation changes, anything can happen again.

This may be a good time to take a break. I need to change tapes.