

Give it about 10 seconds.

OK. Was your family a family of observant Jews?

I would say semi-observant. We observed the major holidays up to a point. I'll tell you why I say that in a minute. Certainly, Yom Kippur and Rosh Hashanah and, you know? In fact, my mother fasted on Yom Kippur until two years ago when I laid down the law. And she was 88 then, or over 88.

I fast on Yom Kippur for a very strange reason, namely, to prove to myself that I am not-- that the reason that I'm irreligious is not because it's inconvenient. That's why I fast. You know, the engineer's explanation.

My father did an interesting thing on Yom Kippur. I always remember that, because it's indicative of one's approach to religious life. The rest of the family fasted. And he always went to visit my uncle, the one who had the candy com whatever store-- or it was really-- it was really part of the house they lived in, in the Prater-- on Yom Kippur. And it wasn't until I was maybe 10 years old that I went along one day and I found out what he was doing.

He had my uncle ate ham sandwiches and drank cognac on Yom Kippur. See? [CHUCKLES] When you say observant, it ranged all the way from having a grandfather that I don't remember, who died before I was born, who was a member of the council and the temple, to, I guess, my father with ham sandwiches on Yom Kippur.

So it's-- as I say, I had one uncle-- the opera singer who was converted, obviously for professional reasons. I guess the answer is no. We certainly were acknowledged as Jews. We acknowledged ourselves as being Jews. We observed, in some fashion, all the major holidays. I was bar mitzvahed, and that's about it, yeah.

I think it's fairly typical of sort of an assimilated Jewish family in Austria and Germany. Some were even less religious and others maybe a little bit more. But we were sort of--

German was the language spoken at home?

Oh, yes. Didn't speak a word of Yiddish until I came to the United States.

Back to the night of Kristallnacht. Did you recognize any of the looters?

Not that I remember. I think there were people from the neighborhood there, but I really don't recall specifically, no, that there were-- I mean, they came from all over. Some were in stormtrooper uniform. Some were just civilians, just came in and helped themselves.

In fact, I allude to that. I told you I have this 20/20 tape which dealt with the stolen art treasures. And I have a little recollection of Kristallnacht there, because one of the paintings that was stolen was later recovered, and it was stolen that day.

So I think it's something that-- I suspect that I was-- I don't remember specifically, but I suspect I was pretty quickly drawn into one of the back rooms where my mother and grandmother were sort of hiding to stay out of the way, I think. So we weren't there watching the people.

Do you know how they were directed to your apartment?

I think they were doing it generally. And, of course, people knew who we were. Everybody in the neighborhood knew. I mean, the apartment house belonged to my grandmother. I think, essentially, everybody in the neighborhood knew we were Jewish. That wasn't any secret.

People in the neighborhood knew.

Oh, sure. It may have been the authorities knew it, too. Whether there was a concerted effort to send people out to loot, I don't know. You were registered, so it's--

And how did it end that day?

How did it end that day? I really don't have any specific recollection. I think my mother, being a good housekeeper, was trying to clean up the mess. I mean, it was that kind of thing. Then my father did eventually come home. I don't remember exactly when.

There were a number of occasions where my father barely escaped things like that. I guess I spoke earlier about the Civil War, I guess, in Austria in the early part of '34, when the fascist government and the socialist party and workers were carrying on a civil war of some weeks. And I remember that there was a machine gun posted at our street corner. And I remember my father crawling home on his stomach to stay out of the way of the bullets.

But he was very lucky that day, because, A, he could have been beaten up, or he-- he was a person with a bad temper. And he might well have tried to keep people from taking his things away, probably would have been very outraged. And I think that he was prevailed on to stay in the office, which is probably a damn good thing.

And the following year when you-- when the family packed up possessions, there were obviously things left from that night that you kept.

Oh, yeah. Well, furniture, household goods. We brought some very strange things along, things that really weren't terribly useful. In fact, my mother when she moved to the nursing home in November, and I helped-- and she had already moved stuff to the retirement home two years ago-- there were doilies and strange things that she brought along. These vans, they got packed up. And whatever they could stuff in them, I guess they stuffed in there.

Some things didn't survive. I mean, there were things put in there that must have been robbed by the movers, because they didn't show up when we got to the States and opened the crates. They were these crates that-- I mean, my mother even shipped furniture. We came on a boat, and on a boat, you could ship lots of things, not like traveling by plane. Carpets, all kinds of things-- tapestries.

So as I say, even in early '40, you could still do that, surprisingly. That's why I say, I think things really didn't become critical until shortly after that. They became critical for individuals, of course, because people got hauled off and stuff. But sort of as a general rule, you could still emigrate in a reasonably organized way, which is surprising.

I remember that-- I have the, I guess, the export permission, which was registered with the American consulate in Vienna and stamped by all the appropriate authorities, Nazi authorities. And it lists so many pieces of underwear and the fur coat and-- very strange. The Germans were sticklers for legalities, even if they had an evil purpose behind it. But they want everything to look legal.

In that regard, do you know what became of the equity in the building that your grandmother owned--

Very interesting.

--and the business that your father had?

Sure. Well, the business was Aryanized. And again, I think the legalities as I-- I don't remember the exact numbers, but I remember the discussions and later on looking at the figures involved, because my mother brought all kinds of documents along. There was always a legal transaction.

For example, when the-- there was a chemical firm that had a store on the ground floor of that apartment house on one of the-- there was a corner house, and then on one of the streets-- people by the name of Zalud, Z-A-L-U-D. See, certain names I remember. And they've always wanted that house, and here was their opportunity.

Well, they paid a nominal sum, like \$0.01 on the dollar kind of thing. But as far as the papers were concerned, they owned it. And they paid for it. It was a forced sale, of course. But nonetheless, there was a legal transaction. And as I remember, some of that money was used to buy our fare, our tickets on the Eternia.

In fact, my father even paid for his brother-in-law and my mother's sister the year before when they came to the States, bought their tickets I think from this forced sale of his business. And so there was always a legal transaction with some money changing hands and that kind of thing. Yeah.

And the Aryanization of his-- was it electrical components?

Yeah, electrical supplies and radios and stuff like that.

The same kind of thing?

The same kind of thing happened, yeah.

Somebody was designated as the buyer? Or--

Well, first, there was a kommissar who was put in to Aryanize the business. And then I think he found somebody who took it over. But there was a legal document and some quid pro quo.

Except for the house in the country. Now, the mayor of Vienna took that, and I know that was not sold. That was just expropriated. But the business and the apartment house, they were sold. Yeah. For very little money, but nonetheless, there was a legal sale.

So, for example, it'd would be very difficult-- not that one would want to do it-- but to go back now and say, we want this back, other than if one could prove that-- that it was-- it was certainly a forced sale. But on the other hand, these things are hard to prove and probably not worth the effort.

With some of the art stuff, the paintings, I did go back and eventually claim things that-- there was a long article in the-- in ARTnews in the early '80s. I was interviewed for a whole year, and ARTnews did a very large article, a major article-- 30, 40 pages-- called "The Legacy of Shame," dealing with stolen art treasures. And then the 20/20 program.

And as I say, I did get some watches out of that safe in Zurich. A very strange dichotomy between complete illegality and just a little bit of legality or whatever. And I think it's typical. I'm sure you've heard that story before, where there was a certain amount of attention paid to looking legal.

You mentioned that some things didn't survive the trip. What was packed?

Well, there were a couple of paintings that didn't make it, obviously the better ones. The sort of decorative kind of painting, I don't know why we even bothered to ship them, but they made it. But as soon as there was a name attached to the painting, they didn't make it.

The coin collection, none of it-- none of it made it. That was probably one of the more valuable things my father had going back to Roman coins and gold ducats and all kinds of things. None of that made it. That kommissar was going to deposit it for us in Switzerland. That was just too tempting, I guess. But then the Etruscan artifacts made it, because I guess nobody really paid much attention to all the axes and stuff like that.

It's very strange. These things are really-- you don't have a particularly rational way of explaining why people act or why they take some things and leave others. But in a sense, all that's really secondary. I mean, it's too bad to be robbed. But, yeah, that's the way it is. People get robbed all the time. So I don't feel particularly bad about that. Even if it isn't replaceable, it's just stuff.

What happened to the grand piano?

The grand piano stayed. That didn't get shipped. That stayed, I think, with the people that took over the apartment house. The big, heavy furniture all stayed. Mattresses-- now, my mother brought her horsehair mattresses, on which she slept until two years ago.

The same mattress?

Well, it'd been reworked and stuff. But, I mean, horsehair, really tough stuff. That got shipped. Kitchen utensils. Mortar and pestle, I remember, one of those brass mortar and pestles. My mother loved to bake, so that got shipped.

Just stuff that you could buy in a hardware store here. I mean, I'm sure it cost a lot more to ship it than it was worth. So it's very strange. But you're attached to those things. I can understand it, too. That's what you lived with all these years, and so you wanted them with you.

Did you take music lessons?

I took piano lessons. Hated every minute of it. Don't play the piano. It's called an anti-talent, I guess. But I took piano lessons for seven years on that grand piano.

At what age did you start?

Oh, probably at five or something like that. Yeah, yeah. One way not to teach your-- I love music. I mean, I'm not a fanatic, but I like classical music, starting with Gregorian chants. But I certainly never made any music.

Later on, my wife and I made a second attempt, because she took piano lessons, too. And she still plays it, but only for herself. We have a baby grand in Berkeley, and she plays it. But as soon as she hears me come up the steps, she stops. So I know she does it for herself. That's fine.

We tried to learn the-- the recorder one summer. We had a place up at Donner Lake in the Sierra. And we figured it'd be a good thing to do around the fireplace. So we started-- I think we had the-- some learn-it-yourself, teach yourself kind of book. And we did fine for a couple of months, and then suddenly the fingering became very difficult.

And then I should have, as an engineer, caught this much earlier. I looked again, and we'd used the wrong hand. We taught ourself the left hand when it should have been the right hand and vice versa. And then after a while, the fingering becomes impossible when you do that. So that's the kind of musicians we are.

And my wife, as I say, as a Welsh extraction, loves the theater and abominates chamber music and opera-- cannot stand opera. She likes a cappella singing. I guess maybe that comes from her Welsh background. And she likes simple chamber music, very few instruments. Loves the Haydn Trumpet Concerto, that kind of thing, very-- everything very clear. But as soon as it gets complicated, she doesn't like it.

So I like music more than she does. I play it more often than she does. And I have a radio and tape recorder in my car. She doesn't.

And then we did it to our son. We made him play the piano. And he's a wonderful learner. And he learned all the technical part very quickly. And he practiced every morning from 6:00 to 7:00 to punish us, because he would play scales from 6:00 to 7:00 to wake us up every morning.

And it's too bad, because he wanted to play the oboe. And his piano teacher, who was Sarah Nell's older sister, said, no, one instrument at a time. And he actually was pretty good on the oboe, so that was a mistake. He should have stuck to the oboe.

And our daughter wanted to play the drums. And we said, no, not the drums. She said, well, in that case, the trumpet. So we got her a trumpet. So she played the trumpet for a while. But she's turned to country music.

And our son, who, of course, is in esoteric places most of the time, is constantly playing either Calypso or reggae or African Bush music or something. In fact, you enter his car, and the tape recorder-- or the radio is on automatically at a very high volume. And it's always African music or Caribbean music or something like that. That's OK. That's fine. Whatever turns you on.

What music did you play in Vienna?

Clemente. I think it was mostly scales, [CHUCKLES] seems to me. I don't think I really ever played. I think I was a perpetual student. I had lessons twice a week, I remember. And I was really made to practice. And I really hated it.

Did the teacher come to the house?

Yeah, yeah. It's that big piano in the formal dining room.

Who was your teacher? Male? Female?

It was a female. It was a female. But I really don't remember a thing about her.

How long were the lessons?

They were an hour.

So you had two hours of lessons.

Two hours a week, and then a lot of practicing in between.

Who oversaw your practicing?

My mother. Yeah. No, my father didn't really partake of that part of my education. He took me fishing.

Did you play anything classical?

Oh, yeah, but minor things. Maybe a little Bach, sort of little, simple fugues and stuff like that. But nothing, no, nothing that you would want to put on the stage.

When our son took piano lessons, as I say, it was Sarah Nell's older sister. See, I remember that, but I do not remember her name. She was a piano teacher in Berkeley. She had yearly recitals. He took lessons for about five years.

And we went to one of these recitals. He played, and then a little-- another little boy played. And our daughter, who was then maybe four and who was always very outspoken-- and still is, she's just a very honest person-- this little kid stopped playing, and she said in a very loud voice, boy, that sure was lousy. And, you know, so--

Did you ever have to give a recital?

No, at least I don't remember it. If I did, I've wiped it out of my mind. My only public appearance was as the second citizen in Faust, I remember that, because I can still smell the glue from my mustache and beard. That's funny. It's certain things that stick with you. I can smell that.

Can you smell your mother's cooking?

Yeah, but she cooked and baked on occasion for me, even until she was in her 80's.

But back in Vienna?

Oh, yeah. Yeah, we had a-- well, of course, we had a maid and the cook, so my mother supervised that. But there were certain things she insisted on doing herself, of course. She helped my father in the office. And after he had his own company, did some of the bookkeeping. But she did all the baking herself and--

What did she bake?

Well, everything, including challah. Because even though we didn't have a formal Sabbath service, we did have, of course, a special meal. That's the time I learned to hate chicken. To this day, can't look a chicken in the eye because that was always, I guess, the meal to eat was chicken.

[INAUDIBLE]

Yeah, on special occasions. The Friday evening meal, I think, was usually chicken. And my mother had to cook fish, although she wouldn't eat it. So we had fish on occasion, then she would have something else.

She had had a bad experience as a child. Her family used to go, when she was a child, very often, to Italy on vacation. And they had a maid they took along. And the maid had taken her to the fish market and brought the fish home.

And then I guess to cleanse it and make sure that everything that was in it came out, they poured vinegar on the fish and a bunch of worms came out. My mother, to this day, remembers that. And it must be 85 years ago. And she's never eaten a piece of fish since then.

So these things stick with you, all these childhood experiences. But my father fished and loved to eat fish. And she made it for him. A good wife is--

What other things would she bake?

Well, she baked all kinds of pies and cakes. She made what's called, in Vienna, called gugelhupf, which is-- it's a coffee cake. I guess, it's a yeast dough. She made that for me even five or six years ago.

She baked things. She made sachertorte, that kind of stuff, chocolate cakes and stuff. All kinds of local desserts. They're, I guess, typically Viennese desserts-- custards and zabaglione, the Austrian version of zabaglione, I remember, which is called [NON-ENGLISH], "hot water." I guess it's because it's done on a-- on a double-boiler.

Meals were always very important, but usually on the weekend. Because, typically, we would have just supper at night during the week. And the main meal is-- my father ate his main meal at noon.

In fact, I remember that they used to go out and always had very small breakfasts here, European-type breakfast, just a roll and coffee. But then at 10 o'clock, they would go out and they'd have a small meal-- hot dogs or-- but not just in a bun, you know, the whole bit. And then a regular meal maybe around 1 o'clock, a full meal. And the ladies used to have coffee and cake in the afternoon about 4 o'clock.

A hot dog at 10?

Yeah, hot dog at 10:00. A full meal at 1:00. Coffee and cake at 4 o'clock. And then maybe at 7 o'clock in the evening have just maybe cold cuts or something, a light supper. So five meals a day, yeah, but some of them very small. Breakfast really was a small continental breakfast.

So the important meals you had on the weekend, you said.

Yeah, then, of course, on the weekend, when the family was home, then we would have regular dinners. There would be a Friday night dinner, and then Saturday and Sunday, there'd be regular dinners.

What would you have Saturday and Sunday?

Well, I want to say roast beef-- I mean the brisket kind of stuff. And they used to make stuff I hated-- calf's liver, calf's liver and onions I really hated. And I went through this whole period of moving spinach from one cheek to the other, until they discovered that I liked creamed spinach, and particularly if you put an egg on it. And so then I got my spinach creamed with an egg on it, and I ate my spinach.

But I remember that I wasn't allowed to leave the table until I swallowed my spinach. You read these things, and you say it's all made up, but it really isn't. I remember it'd be in this cheek, and then in that cheek, and back and forth. And I just couldn't swallow it.

Well, how did you finally get it down?

Well, I guess I finally took a big slug of milk or something and swallowed it. But just-- spinach was good for you. You had to have spinach. But at least they learned somehow. I don't know whether it's trial and error or something. Some day, somebody gave me creamed spinach, I loved it, and I still do. Now I like it souffled, but-- [CHUCKLES]

Did you have a Passover Seder?

Yes, yes, we did have a Seder. I don't know how complete it was, but we did go through it.

And did you go through Haggadah.

We read the Haggadah. Yes, yes, we did. And I had learned Hebrew, of course, when I took my bar mitzvah. So I did read parts in Hebrew. With a lot of effort, I can still do that, with a little faking. And as I say, when-- at the end of Yom Kippur, there was always a good meal, I remember. Break the fast, that was always an important meal.

What can you remember about that meal? What did you have?

Oh, I really don't. My mother was very good in making-- I loved her meatloaf. I'm sure that wasn't served then, but I-- meatloaf is something that she always made for me. My wife's a wonderful cook, but meatloaf-- I don't eat meat anymore, but when I ate meat, my wife's meatloaf was not as good as my mother's.

And she baked apple pies. When she lived in New York and I used to go to meetings in New York, I'd bring colleagues along and eat her apple pie. That was always a big hit. So she was a good cook and a good baker. And she enjoyed doing it, obviously.

Then in the country, in the summertime, when we-- particularly after we had the house at the lake, my father was-- being in that kind of technical business-- well, all the latest gadgets, he had to have all the latest gadgets.

We had an automatic electric stove, I guess, whatever you'd call it. It was one of these things about this high, and it had about four layers. And you could put the different dishes for the evening in there, and they would go on at different times. He loved gadgets like that.

The only thing is it was clearly dangerous, because I remember that you had to stand on a rubber mat in the kitchen when you used it, so as not to electrocute yourself. [CHUCKLES] There's certain things I remember.

So in the country, cooking was more of a thing because, of course, they had all day to do it. And we grew our own vegetables and tomatoes. And we had an orchard with pears and apples and stuff. And then they used to can stuff and put it down for the winter, and also take the fruit and put it in, I guess, the newspaper or something. Let it ripen in the wintertime. We had huge pears-- incredible. And that went on for a couple of months-- two, three months every summer we were out there.

Who grew the vegetables?

Both parents. My father was a fairly good gardener, actually. He particularly liked the orchard. But I have pictures of him watering. And it wasn't a huge place. I think it was maybe, like, half an acre or something like that. But that was enough to grow a lot of vegetables.

There was also a more formal garden with a lawn. We had a little swimming pool. It wouldn't be considered much of a swimming pool these days, but it was pretty good in those days. And a little pond with goldfish and stuff like that, until the snake-- and we had a snake. It ate the goldfish, I remember.

Sounds elegant.

No, it was very nice. And, of course, it was just a couple of blocks off the lake. And so my father was in seventh heaven. He could go fishing. We had a boat that I rowed.

He came across the lake every evening on a boat, on a rowboat. Somebody rowed him across the lake on a rowboat every evening, because the-- actually, the streetcar went all the way out to the end of the line at one end of the lake, and then he'd take the boat across to our end.

Every day after work.

Every day after the work, yeah, except weekends. Yeah, so I spent a lot of time in the water. I learned swimming at a very early age. In fact, when I was still a baby, I guess maybe a year old or so, I almost drowned. Because I sat at the edge of the swimming pool, and my mother was talking to some lady in the pool. And I slipped off the edge of the swimming pool. And the only reason they found me was I had red bathing trunks on, and they saw me at the bottom of the-- of the pool. But then I learned they immediately gave me swimming lessons, so I still swim every day.

Where do you swim?

On campus. Yeah, I swam this morning.

How much?

I do a kilometer, just that's my-- but I get a little fanatical about things. Well, I get guilt feelings very easily. And so I just don't feel right, I don't feel good, if I don't do it. So I do it seven days a week.

What was the size of your summer home?

Oh, let's see. It was a two-story. The main level had two bedrooms, a living room, a porch, a kitchen, and a bathroom. It was a wooden-- a modern wooden place. It was square.

My father liked the Bauhaus type. It was sort of a bow house type thing. And then it had a roof deck with another room and bathroom on top. And that's where my two grandmothers lived in the summertime. I'm not sure where the maid lived. Good question. There must have been another room for the maid.

By the way, that maid got fired when I was-- it must have been 1936 or '37, so I was either 11 or almost 12. She was caught taking liberties with me, as my grandmother put it, which I thought was very nice. But in those days, that's how you learn about sex is from your maids. And that maid was all about 16 or 17 years old.

And the reason I remember her so well is obviously that, but also because she was born in the same town as Hitler, Braunau on the Inn. And I remember her name, see? Her name was [Personal name] But she was caught in flagrante, and my grandmother fired her on the spot to my chagrin. So that must have been 1937. It was the last year we had the place.

Did you get another maid?

We got another maid who was very old and ugly. She must have been 40. And only lasted a few months, because Jews weren't allowed to have maid-- weren't allowed to have Christian maids. So right after the Anschluss, maybe for another couple of months, and then we had to let her go, because Jews weren't allowed to have Christian servants. And we wouldn't have known what to do with a maid after that.

Did you have a good time at your summer home?

Oh, yeah. It was great.

What kinds of things would you do during a day?

Well, I spent a lot of time on the lake, of course. I loved swimming and just boating, as long as I didn't have to fish. And just wandering around the neighborhood. There were lots of other kids. We played war a lot, I remember. We had big slingshots and used to bombard each other.

I had cousins who stayed with us occasionally, who live back east now, two girls. They were the daughters of my father's sister, the one that lived in the amusement park. Also had a younger brother, Kurt, who is a statistician in Michigan. And they used to come and see us.

And particularly the younger one, Martha, was a tomboy. And we had a great time. We used to stand on this roof deck and blind the motorists up on the highway a few blocks away with mirrors. That was very fun-- a lot of fun.

And then one day, she gave me an inverted mohawk. She ran the clippers through the middle of my head. And so I didn't have any hair for that summer, just these two pieces. That wasn't thought of too highly, I remember. So we had a lot of fun.

And I ran away with the army one day. The army unit came through there on maneuvers. I think it was a signal corps unit. They were laying wires with telephones. It was all very exciting. And when they left in the evening, I went with them. They just adopted me as a mascot. My parents were frantic. It took two days to find me.

Where did you go? Where did they go?

Oh, they were somewhere around. They're not too far, you know? But they'd broken camp and just put up their camp a few miles away. And I was with them. I was a mascot, helped them string the wires and stuff. I think I got spanked that time.

How old were you?

Aw, how old was I? Probably about 10. So sort of the normal kind of childhood, I think. I wasn't--

How did your parents find you?

I think they called the police. Police figured it out, because I guess I wasn't the first one who ran away with the army. I mean, that was probably the first thing that occurred to them.

[CHUCKLES]

Where did you sleep?

Oh, in one of the tents. They put up little pup tents, and I slept in one of the pup tents. A lot of fun. It was great. Yeah, but no, there was lots to do there. I mean, first of all, there was the maid. No, but, it was-- it was a good time. It was very nice.

Were there other friends from Vienna there?

Oh, yeah, we had-- there were. And then my uncle, the cavalry officer, the one whose daughter had been the actress in Hollywood, they rented the place nearby in the summertime. So we used to go see them, because my uncle was already retired, or maybe he was unemployed. I don't remember. But anyway, he didn't work.

He was quite a bit older than his wife, Uncle Max. And they had-- they always had a dog. We had a dog, too. We had a wirehaired terrier. So there was lots to do.

What was the dog's name?

Jancsi. He was Hungarian, a Hungarian wirehaired terrier. He was crazy. He used to bite everybody. But, very nervous.

What happened to the dog?

He died. He died. But that was before the Anschluss. And didn't have another dog until I adopted or took over my daughter's dog when she went off to Davis. And he and I became very good friends. One of the few individuals I can communicate with without talking. My wife thinks I'm crazy, but that's all right. He died just a couple years ago. Got to be 16. Go ahead.

What did your place in Vienna look like?

The apartment?

Yes, the apartment.

Oh, let's see. We lived on the first floor. Well, what we call the first floor. It was called the second floor there. It was a double apartment. It was in a very old house. Well, very old by our standards. It was probably early 19th century.

It had a big, double gate. And then in the courtyard, I guess in those days, the coaches used to go through and park in the courtyard, so the entrance was big enough so that horses and coaches could go through. And it had a big, marble staircase that went up.

But I think that except for our apartment, the toilets were in the hallway. In our place, there was a toilet in the hallway, but we had a humongous bathroom. And I guess that must have been remodeled when two compartments were put together to one. So we had two entry halls-- one going off to the dining room on the right, and one going, in fact, into the kitchen. Strange arrangement.

Large kitchen, and then a small living room off the kitchen, which was really more like a family room. That's really where we spent most of our time. Then off that was my parents' bedroom, which was very large. It had two big beds, and, again, a fireplace in the corner, one of those ceramic fireplaces, and a big wardrobe, one of these massive, double-doored wardrobes, and a couch and a table and two chairs.

And on the other side, there were two bay windows with balconies. And between them was a chest of drawers with-- with a phonograph, I remember, that used cactus needles. You remember those? Really? No, you're not old enough. Had a little sharpener to sharpen the cactus needles.

What's a cactus needle?

Well, they're actually needles from cactus for the phonographs, what they used as a pick-up. They had wooden ones, too. But then the cactus ones were the more advanced ones for some reason. And the horn. And, of course, night tables on each side, with little doors for the chamber pots.

And then my bedroom was right off my parents' bedroom, with a double door that went into it. And that had been my

mother's room when she was a girl. And it had Art Nouveau, Art Deco blonde furniture. I remember that. Really light blonde furniture, all round, you know, so 1920s. That was my room.

And then that went directly into the formal dining room with double doors. This was clearly a cobbled up kind of apartment. That's where the grand piano was and this long table that sat, I don't know, 20 people, with high-backed chairs, red plush. And all the curtains were those heavy, plush curtains, with big rings like that. And that also had two bay windows with balconies. That was just one window in my room, but then this had the two windows.

And then my grandmother's room was off that formal dining room. And it was more like my room, that size room. Then there was-- off in between the two entry halls was this big bathroom, sort of the size of today's living room, with a tub and a sink.

And my father was an amateur photographer, so there was all his equipment. He used to develop his own films and plates. All his underwear had these burn spots, because he developed all the stuff in his underwear, and he splashed the developer on his underwear. My mother was always getting him new underwear, I remember.

But it was all tailor made. In those days, we had somebody who sewed all that stuff. You hardly ever bought anything in a department store. Although, there were department stores, but the normal thing was to have your shirts made and your underwear made to fit the shirts, all of the same material and all that stuff.

My father had those detachable collars, you know? I guess he kept the shirt on, but got new collars kind of thing. [CHUCKLES] So it was considered a fairly substantial apartment for those days. It was sort of middle-class apartment.

What was the address?

The address was number 17 Rueppgasse-- see, I remember that-- R-U-E-P-P-G-A-S-S-E, number 17. And the apartment number was 6/7. See, it was two apartments. So those things. And maybe those things come back as you grow older, these sort of trivia.

And that place actually existed until the middle '60s. Because when I-- second or third trip I took back to Vienna, not counting the one right after the war, I took my wife along and took her there. And it still existed. And then the next trip we took a couple years later, it'd been knocked down.

There was a very large farmer's market on the next block, a whole square block, a plaza, with huts where the farmers brought their produce, and also there were butchers and bakers and stuff in addition to the stores around the place. And my mother did most of her shopping, every day shopping, there. Of course, everybody knew everybody else.

There were a couple of bakeries and candy-- bake shops with all kinds of fancy desserts on the block. My favorite dessert was meringue, meringues stuffed with whipped cream and chocolate sauce over it. That was my favorite dessert.

What was it called?

They were called [FRENCH]. You know, kisses, French kisses. And then also I loved these stuffed-- I don't know what they're called, but they're rolls stuffed with cream. I like those. And then Napoleons, that kind of thing. We used to eat a lot of that stuff. It wasn't good for us, but we used to eat a lot of that stuff.

And it showed after all, because I have pictures, as you will see tomorrow, of my father when he was a young man, then in the army, and even when he got married, he was as thin as a rail. I mean, really-- I mean, he was emaciated. By the time I remember him, he was never fat, but he got to be pretty chunky. So I think I've inherited my body type from him. And he had a mustache. He used to wear a hair net and a mustache net.

What's a mustache net?

Well, keep the mustache-- because he trimmed it, and then you don't want it to get discombobulated at night. So he had

a little thing that you put around like this, keep the mustache all nice and flat. But he had a hair net. I remember that.

Was that for the night?

For the night, yeah, a hair net. Right. Right.

His hair must've been very thick.

Yeah, our family had good hair. My Uncle Max was bald, but my part of the family had good hair. And my mother spent a fair amount of time, I remember, at lady's who made hats. I remember, to me, it seemed like an inordinate amount of time was spent on going to fittings for hats with veils and with feathers, and it seemed to be very important in those days. And all that stuff was made. You wouldn't think of going to these cheap department stores to buy that stuff. And all the suits were all made and all that stuff.

My mother had favorite ladies, hatmakers, that made her hats. I remember that. I have to bring some pictures. There's some great pictures of me with her in the Prater, looking very haughty. And particularly in the '20s, when they had the cloche hats. We used to wear those. You look at it now, and it's-- it's like looking at the Civil War. It seems so far away. But it's interesting.

Were your clothes made as well?

Yes, yes, I went to a-- to a tailor and had-- I was much better dressed then than I'm now, much better.

What can you remember of the way you were dressed?

Well, I mean, they made suits for me. When I was a little kid, they had suits made for me. Had to go to a tailor and got measured and all that stuff. Spent a lot of-- four or five fittings. And I remember always with the little stitches, and then they rip them off and try it again. So a lot of time was spent on that kind of stuff.

There was a certain smell to the stuffing in the stiffening in the jackets. It was some kind of white cottony material, stiff material, they put in between. All that stuff is amazing.

So would you get a new-- a couple of new suits a year? One for summer? One for winter?

Oh, yeah, sure, because I grew, so they had to go and get me new stuff every year. Sure. Sure.

Was your bar mitzvah suit special? Any different?

I don't remember it, but I know I had a suit made for that. Sure. And then I-- my father gave me a watch, and then an uncle gave me a gold chain. I still have that gold chain for my watch.

There was a party at the temple.

There was a party. Well, there was a party at the temple, and also at home. I think there was a bigger party at the temple, and then I think just family at home. At the temple, it was more like a coffee reception kind of thing. Then at home, there was a meal with relatives.

But there was already a certain amount of gloom by that time because the handwriting was certainly on the wall. But it was before Kristallnacht. And there were still all the possibilities. I'm not even sure that there was even-- that early, like a month or two after the Anschluss, whether people were really sure that we had to leave. Maybe it would blow over, or maybe we'd have to get resettled in another part of Austria. People had all kinds of weird stories.

I think by the time the fall came around and Kristallnacht, it was pretty sure that everybody had to leave.

What was your rabbi's name?

I don't remember.

Can you remember anything about him?

I don't remember a thing about him. It's sort of tragic, since he burned up. But, no, I don't even have a picture in front of my face.

Were most of the people in your life family?

Well, a lot of them. But, no, there were a lot of friends. And as I say, my oldest, and certainly chronologically my oldest friend, is this retired postal inspector in Florida, Kurt Similes. And he came-- his mother, at least, came from Hungary originally. She was born in Hungary. And she and my mother used to push the baby carriages in the park together. And we went to school together.

He was never a great scholar. I guess that's why he became a postal inspector. That's a nasty thing to say. He always wanted to be an official. And so when he grew up in the States, he became a postal inspector. Carried a gun, you know, and raided pornographic picture rings and all that stuff.

And he's not-- in fact, he's the president of the Postal Inspector's Union-- or not union, but the organization of retired postal inspectors in the United States. So, I mean, he certainly found his niche and liked what he was doing, which is great.

Did you go to-- or did your parents go to the opera, to the theater, to restaurants?

Yes, yes. In fact, one of the few single experiences I remember happened on a night my parents went to the opera. I was left alone with the maid, and I had just been given a chemistry set. So I must have been either 10 or 11.

May I interrupt to ask which maid?

Not that one. No, it was-- it was just a normal maid in Vienna, not in the country. And anyway, that's a good point. Anyways, the chemistry set that made it singular, not the maid. And I began to mix things. My parents were at the opera. And it was after dinner, after supper. And I was playing with my chemistry set.

And I still remember exactly what I was mixing. I was mixing sulfuric acid and sodium permanganate. And it was wonderful. I dropped these crystals in the sulfuric acid, and all this smoke curled out, sort of reddish smoke. And then suddenly it went [MIMICS EXPLOSION] and all blew up. And it made a big hole in the ceiling. And some of it splattered on my face.

And I had enough presence of mind to run into the bathroom, that big bathroom, and stand under the shower and washed my eyes out. And the maid panicked. But the two things I did is I heaved the whole thing out the window, first of all, into the yard. And then ran into the bathroom to stand under the shower.

And when my parents got home that night, the maid hadn't called the doctor. I was in bed. I couldn't see a thing. And then, of course, my parents called the doctor. And I was in bed for a few days. And they washed my eyes out.

But I saved my eyesight by standing under the shower. So chemistry sets are dangerous. So that was my parents' opera experience anyway. You asked me if they went to the opera, so I know they went to the opera, because at least that night they went to the opera.

My father slept a lot at the opera. I think that wives usually are the ones who-- well, at least the musical-- more musical part of the family drags the other part to the opera. But they weren't opera buffs, but they went to the opera. And they went to the theater. My father took me to the circus a lot.

There was a very famous European circus-- still exists-- called Circus Busch. They came from Germany, actually. And I think they came every year. In fact, they had their own building in Vienna, not too far from where we lived, where they performed.

And the thing that I remember with the greatest fondness in the circus, other than the clowns, was that sometime during the evening, they flooded-- they were one-ring circuses, there were no three-ring circuses-- they flooded the big ring. And they had little boats that they had on this little lake they made in the middle of the ring. And that was a lot of fun. And I liked the high-wire act. And they shot a man out of cannon, I remember.

But we went every year, Circus Busch. That was fun. We went to the zoo quite a bit. Vienna had a good zoo. It was at Schonbrunn, which is the big castle outside of Vienna, the imperial castle. The zoo was out there. We'd go out there by streetcar.

We never had an automobile. But my father's firm had a few trucks-- two, I think. And so before we had the house and the-- at the lake, where we went up to Upper Austria on vacation, we would move for the whole summer. And the trucks would take us up there. They'd move some furniture and a lot of trunks and stuff.

We'd usually rent a place, some farmer's house or something. And including my brass bed. I had a brass bed, which is famous also for another episode. And I was allowed to sleep during this trip, which took all day. I was allowed to sleep in my bed in the back of the truck. And that was wonderful, looking out the back of the truck, lying in bed.

But when I was smaller, I stuck my head through two of the bars in the brass bed and had to get some workmen to come with tools and pry those things apart, because they couldn't get my head back. [LAUGHS] So I did all the things kids do. Nothing unusual. I wasn't the model child.

I was nasty on occasion. I had a little girl friend, I remember, that was out there in the country where we-- in Upper Austria at a river, who adored me, I think, because she didn't leave me alone. Must have been about three or four years old, maybe five. Five probably, between five and six, I think, because it must have been the early '30s.

And I think she was a little retarded, at least she seemed to be that way. And I, one day, arranged her in such a way that she had her back to the river. And we were playing, tugging a rope. And at a strategic moment, I let go, and she fell backwards into the river. I found that pretty funny. Fortunately, her mother was close by and pulled her out. And then she didn't bug me so much after that. So, you know, I did all the normal things.

When were you aware of anti-Semitism coming up? Or was it there all the time?

No, as a matter of fact, I cannot recall being either personally exposed to it or being particularly aware of-- made aware of it until close to the real end. I mean, in other words, it wasn't probably until maybe a year or so before the Anschluss, when there was already a lot of talk about Nazis and stuff that I became aware. And, of course, I became old enough to just become aware of things.

But I was certainly never exposed to it, not that I recall. One has to be very careful, because I've done a lot of reading since then. And one has to be careful not to remember things that you really read about later, because I-- in trying to sort this out, I really don't think that I was ever exposed to it personally.

I went to school with a lot of kids. I think occasionally there might have been something in the sense that-- of course, in Austria, and I think this is true in most of the Central European countries, it was really the Catholic church that provided whatever anti-Semitism there was rather than the political parties. Although, obviously, that's not true reading history now. But that's the way it seemed. When there was mention of some anti-Semitic remark or something like that, it was really more in connection with the church.

And then until 1934 or thereabouts, the-- at least the major part of the government was Social Democratic. And a lot of Jews were involved in the Social Democratic movement, and they were also in the government. And given my family's

background, the fact that my grandfather had been in the military and so on, there was really no feeling of being different.

Now, there was an occasional twinge, I'm sure. But it was really a very occasional gentle reminder rather than something that was brazen and that would really hit you.

You would hear Hitler speak on the radio.

Yeah, but much later. I mean, this wasn't until maybe 1937 or something like that. Sure. Yeah, well, I knew by that time, of course, it was clearer. Because by that time, I read the newspaper. And so I think by that time, you know, I was 11, 12 years old. But again, it wasn't personalized. It was really more in the abstract.

You were aware of who was Jewish and who was not [INAUDIBLE].

Oh, yeah, sure, but much more from a religious point of view. Yeah, sure. Sure, because there were people who-- first of all, there was religious instruction, and we were excused from saying the paternoster, which they still did, before classes. We didn't have to do that.

And whatever religious instruction we had was supposed to be our religious instruction. We weren't in any way forced or even invited. And that was normal here where there were Jews. There were Catholics. I mean, there wasn't really any other people. There were Jews and Catholics. I mean, the other religions were really minimal in Austria.

When you were young, what did Vienna look like?

Not too different from what it looks like today. It's changed very little. There's a subway now and all that. But if you look at the buildings, if you look at the neighborhoods. Vienna is a very interesting city, because it consists of 24 districts. And the inner city is really the glory of the city. The farther out you get, the more yuck it gets, except once you get out into the woods.

There are workers' quarters. Vienna had probably one of the first successful public housing projects in the world. So the socialist government in the '20s built very large public housing projects, which became very important during the Civil War and in early '34 because they became strongholds. I mean, the government actually brought artillery in to pound them.

There was one place called the Karl Marx-Hof. I still remember that. There was a Lassalle-Hof. And they still exist. They were big, multi-block complexes. Within the courtyards, there were gardens and parks and quite far-sighted. Not too high-- three or four stories. But they were meant to be fortresses. I mean, it was later on admitted that they were really built to be essentially defensive points, because there was always the notion that something had to be defended.

The inner city, of course, is beautiful-- Baroque buildings and that whole Ringstrasse which surrounds the inner cities, all full of imposing buildings, churches, theaters, museums. But it's a city of contrast. Then you have some very poor neighborhoods. And Leopoldstadt, which was District 2, is where most of the Jews lived. Even Freud lived there for a while before he moved to District 1.

And it was a poorer neighborhood. But again, it had a middle-class and the poor section. One of the things which I now analyze and remember with some discomfort is the fact that there was a fair amount of-- I suppose you could call it anti-Semitism on the part of the Jews. Because there was a distinction made between the Eastern Jews and the Austrian Jews. And a fair amount of, I don't know, disdain or whatever heaped on the Eastern Jews, because there was a fair influx of particularly Polish Jews-- Poland being essentially part of Austria at that part of Poland, and Romanian Jews, because part of Romania belonged to Austria-- into Vienna during the 19th-- particularly, the second part of the 19th century, after the emancipation in 1848.

And the old Jews, the Austrian Jews, the assimilated Jews, really didn't feel comfortable with the Jews with the side locks and-- a little bit more like the Hasidic Jews, I guess, in Brooklyn, like a lot of them were essentially that came

from little towns in Poland and were usually poor, very often tailors or artisans of one kind or another, or peddlers. And they were an embarrassment.

In analyzing it now, rationally, I think that's what it was-- they were an embarrassment to the assimilated Jews. I think that sort of thing still goes on. I mean, you have it in this country on a more sophisticated level, but--

Did they live in a different area?

Well, they lived in an economically different area. They weren't segregated. There was no ghetto or anything like that. But they lived on-- in the poorer part of town. Even the poorer part of District 2, all the houses were dilapidated houses.

You didn't see them at the skating rink. I was an ice skater when I was a child. And ice skating rink was only about two or three blocks from where I lived. And the people you saw skating there-- I got to be a pretty good dancer on ice-- they were of your class.

So even though my parents were Social Democrats, they certainly belonged to a higher level in this hierarchical structure than many of the immigrant Jews from Poland.

Did any of them go to school with you?

Not that I remember. Not that I remember. Those kids I remember-- even though I don't remember their names-- their fathers were dentists or lawyers or that kind of thing.

Jews rose very high in the professions, of course, in Vienna, particularly in the medical profession and in law, in the arts. Some of the most prominent people, particularly in the arts and architecture, were Jews-- Mahler, Gustav Mahler was Jewish. And of course, in the medical profession, lots of the famous doctors were Jewish, not to speak of psychiatrists.

And so there was always something to be proud of. People did-- I mean, did identify with being Jewish. I mean, they were proud of the fact that so-and-so was Jewish. And there were nobles, people who were noble. There were people that had a von in front of them and were Jewish. The emperor, particularly, made a lot of Jews nobility. They gave a lot of money, of course-- that helped.

What is interesting is that-- and that's something that I only learned about seven, eight years ago-- the technical university in Vienna-- there is the university on the Ringstrasse and a technical university on Karlsplatz, and they have other, which is near the big Charles Church, the one with the round domes and the two columns that you see in a lot of paintings-- it was actually endowed by the Rothschilds.

The then emperor-- I forget his name-- predecessor to Franz Joseph, was a sort of a dodo. And when he was approached in the early 1900s-- early 19th century, 1825 or something like that-- and told that there ought to be an engineering school, not just the regular university, like the École Polytechnique or something-- the French were, of course, the model for engineering schools-- he couldn't see that. He couldn't.

And so the Rothschilds actually provided the first endowment to form the technical university, which was, I think, started in maybe around 1830, 1825. And in 1848, during the revolution-- I guess it was all over Europe-- again, Jews were very prominent. And the leaders of the student contingent of the revolution were almost all Jews.

There was a very interesting exhibit in Vienna a couple of years ago on the whole Biedermeier period. And they have one wonderful city museum that had a very large exhibit on the Biedermeier period. And that's really where I learned how many of both the leaders of the overall uprising, as well as particularly among the academics, were Jews.

And that's also, I guess, really only those few years ago that I found out that the Rothschilds were the ones who essentially founded Technical University.

In 1940, when you were still in Vienna, there were few Jews left there, believe it or not.

Well, let's see. I really don't know how many Jews were left by the time I left. I think there were very few by the time we left. But Vienna, which, let's see, was a city of about 2 million people, more than 10% of the population was Jewish. There were over 200,000 Jews in Vienna.

And Vienna itself, during the Republic and now, made up almost a third of the country as a whole. The whole population of Austria was about between 6 and 7 million people, a very small part of the empire left. And a third of that was Vienna. And 10% of that or more were Jews.

But I imagine probably 98% of the Jews lived in Vienna, or at least the metropolitan area. Probably 2% somewhere in the other larger cities and a few in the country. Graz and Innsbruck probably had a couple of Jews and that kind of thing. But on the whole, they were concentrated in Vienna, again, because they were primarily-- at least the assimilated Jews were primarily in the professions or in commerce. And the poor Jews were in the trades-- tailors, shoemakers, that kind of thing. And that was mostly concentrated in the big city, in the capital.

But they were very prominent. They were very prominent, which is, of course, probably one of the excuses, that they were too prominent. You always hear that, you know?

We should stop for today. Oh, yeah, no, but that's right. Yeah, right, that's great.

[INAUDIBLE]

Thank you very much.

Thank you. very much. what we're going to do is rewind what we have now. to give you the tape from today.

Oh, OK.

I figure that takes a few minutes.

Oh, that's fine. That's fine. As long as I get there about by quarter after. I think from here, over to Sutter, it --

[INAUDIBLE]

Yeah, but to Sutter doesn't take that long. Of course, it depends on the traffic. Yeah.

[COUGHS] Excuse me.

Now the question is, I wonder if I ought to drive over tomorrow? Because I was going to bring some of the material, but it's pretty heavy. And that's eight blocks to BART, so I wasn't going to drag that over. So maybe I ought to do that.