

--as all mention when we're all set to start.

I wouldn't say I had a fascination with Karl May. He wrote about the United States, and he wrote about other countries, the Balkans. He wrote about Middle Eastern countries, Algeria, and so on and so forth. He invented all these crazy names for his characters.

And for example, for the German who had to be the principal character who became-- but I don't know what might have been called a cowboy. They call it Westman, man of the West, in this. He had all these ridiculous English phrases that he had, like zounds. Now, who says zounds in this country? Who ever said zounds?

But that was May's idea, who spent most of his life in prison because he was a kleptomaniac, as to how these people would talk. And the Indians would say [? oof, ?] whatever that may or may not mean. So he wrote about all of these things, and I read them. And then I think I may have said this. In this country, I was given six of these books when I was sick early-- a month or so after I came to the United States I was put in a hospital.

And these books stayed with me until the fire, but they were burned in that. And this was the mentality of the Germans, and if you can believe it or not, they have a Karl May Society over there now. And they put on what might be best called a rodeo or something like that, chasing buffaloes, or riding horses, or roping steers, or whatnot. And this is how they imagined Karl May to have depicted the United States, and they had to get all of this out of newspapers, magazines, and whatnot.

And so this was actually as strong an influence on the German children as-- a stronger influence than James Fenimore Cooper might have been some 60 years ago or-- let's see who else-- Zane Gray, and Jack London. And this generation had a much stronger influence-- May had a stronger influence on the Germans than the literature of the US did on American children.

So this was something that was just an aside. Of course, it turned out to be interesting when I came to the United States and found that indeed there were a few similarities. But the differences were far greater than the similarities.

The thing I recall-- going to school on a bicycle, and being very quiet, and essentially not trying to get anybody to notice me. When we were let out for lunch or whatnot, I was always by myself. Nobody would spend time with me. As I say, I was the only Jew in-- I went back home afterwards and no participation in any kind of group sports or group activities, of which there weren't as many anyway.

When I came to the United States, I found out there were far more so-called "play periods" after the actual school hours than there were in Germany and many more activities. It wasn't just sports. There were things like chess. There were things like foreign affairs, newspaper, whatever. These things didn't exist over there.

My relationship to other non-Jews-- I think I can recall only one person-- I don't even remember his name-- who lived in one place across the street from me with whom I had some sort of a regular dialogue. He wasn't Jewish. I think he was the son of a janitor-- that's the best I can remember there-- or whoever took care of the house. Maybe it wasn't a janitor. Maybe it was a manager.

But anyway, for the rest they were just my friends from the Jewish community. And other than preparing for bar mitzvah, I did not go to a Jewish shul. But the bar mitzvah, of course, I was instructed by the rabbi or maybe the cantor so that I was able to read the passage from the Torah at the time. This was required.

And when I went back to Jerusalem sometime-- when was it, '67, '74? I forget-- they bound my arms. They asked me if I'd been bar mitzvah. And then they bound my arms at the wall. And they told me that this reaffirmed my faith in the Jewish religion, even though I had not said so. And this is just an indication of how two disparate events happen to you at very different times of your thinking and of your philosophical outlook.

The other things that I can remember about my early life in Dusseldorf-- I used to go to the zoo a lot because, in one of

our residences-- it was right across the street from us that was very accessible to me. The place is still there, but the animals are gone. When I was over there the last time, I went by all three locations where I remembered living to try to take a photograph of the house. None of them-- one of them does exist the way it is now, but the other two are rebuilt. But those were lost, too, in the fire.

I did, however, salvage a map of Dusseldorf. I bought it when I was there. And the fact that it survived is very strange. I went to England from Dusseldorf, and in Cambridge, where I gave a lecture, I have a friend. I asked him to mail all my maps that I had acquired on this one trip, the road maps, not the old maps that I had bought, to mail them to me here so I wouldn't have to lug them on the airplane.

Well, they were just late enough, so they missed the fire. And that's why I have the map of Dusseldorf here where I can indicate where I used to live. Well, one place was right across from the zoo. Then another place was such very near the zoo as well. But halfway in between there was an ice rink, and that ice rink is still there. It's been rebuilt and operating.

Now, I used to go ice skating as a small child there. I used to go roller skating. And these were small pleasures that were still permitted to someone my age, even if they were Jewish.

I did swim a few times in the Rhine, but the Rhine was a lot cleaner then than it is now. I wouldn't recommend anybody to go in there at this point. But mostly they had swimming pools, covered swimming pools, big ones that we used to go to with the school. Occasionally I'd go myself but not too often.

It's very difficult for me to remember what happened prior to Hitler. True, I was seven years old at the time and should have recalled some other things. Well, some impressions-- even as a small child, I was always, always scared of thunder. And when there was a thunder storm I'd hide my face in the furthest corner of the house with my face against the wall, and I did outgrow that sort of thing.

I think I mentioned that I drew maps and made timetables of the trains, and so on that I took. I carried a backpack with my schoolbooks in it. I would do that when I walked, which was early, or when I took the bicycle, which was later. I don't think I had a rack. I had a backpack.

Shopping-- I have a picture in here. There's one shopping street called the Konigsallee, which is famous all over Europe as the most prestigious shopping area in the city, maybe in the country. And I have a picture here when I couldn't have been more than one and a half years old, my mother and I walking down the street, so it must have been fairly prestigious at the time.

I recall that there were some department stores, and the department store-- both of the ones that I remember were owned by Jews, and of course they were expropriated. And they're still in existence, but they're known under other names.

A few of the store names I recognized going back but very, very few. The railroad station took a major hit, and I did bring with me a book of this, although, again, I can leave this here and pick it up some other time. The area around the central part of the city and in the west-- the eastern portion was very hard-hit. The old city was practically untouched.

I understand that they were very deliberate about bombing this because they wanted to use the city as a headquarters for an American army, so they didn't want to destroy too much. The same thing, I believe, was true for Frankfurt, but it was not true for places like Dresden, not true for Cologne.

In Cologne, the only thing they did was to save the cathedral. It only got the very peripheral explosions, but everything around that was just flattened. And that's very surprising because the main railroad station was no more than 100 yards from the cathedral.

And when I first went back to Germany in 1953, I still found a tremendous amount of war damage that had not been repaired, even eight years after the end of the war. When I went back, when I've gone back in '70, '74, '81, you can't find any places anymore that are still-- go back to the war in terms-- everything has been repaired.

And at this stage of the game I'm more familiar with Freiburg in Germany than I am actually in Dusseldorf. I know a lot of people in Freiburg. I don't know anybody in Dusseldorf. Well, that's not quite true. This woman who's running this project for the history of the Jews that were killed I know now, but it didn't then.

And I met the deputy mayor, who's in charge of cultural affairs, and he's just retired. So really and truly I only know one family there. But it's-- I go back there with terribly mixed feelings. It's not a direct and unique liking or disliking, and it makes me think about the horror of the death of my family on one hand.

You asked, I think, one time as to whether or not there was anything good that came out of the Holocaust, which I have reflected upon. And I told you earlier that I don't think that I would consider it because of the enormity of the crimes that were committed against the Jews. Well, if you're saying that there were mitigating circumstances, they were vanishingly small. The existence of Israel is a positive thing, maybe. It's a positive thing if it can survive, as we talked about.

The consciousness of the Jews-- I don't think I have touched upon that enough. I don't think that they either want to separate themselves further from the non-Jews or try to integrate more than they have. I think in this country, from what I have seen, there's no question in my mind that integration is a part of natural development.

Take me, for example. I married twice. . I married two Jews. I have two children who are fully Jewish. And the third time I married a Christian, and my daughter, my younger daughter, by definition, is not Jewish unless she converts. So this type of integration, I think, is quite natural.

I have a very strongly Jewish colleague who is married to a non-Jew, and it just happens that you fall in love and you don't ask about religion. And in fact, in my case, with my present wife, we never even talked about whether we would have a child or not. I assumed I was so old that I would not want another child, but yet we did. I was-- let's see-- 49 when I got married and we got married.

But a child we did have. And there's a personal matter which I don't know whether I should bring in here, but I wanted to have a second child. And a problem arose. And then there won't be any-- couldn't be any more children.

But the reflection of my older youth-- I'm trying to recall what it is-- what habits I had then that I carried over intensely to my present time. Studiousness, yes, there's no question. I remember from day one I was working, reading, writing schoolwork. Over a period of time, both while still in Germany and immediately afterwards I was a voracious reader of historical novels, Northwest Passage in this country, for example, and books of that nature.

When I started college, that was practically wiped out simply because my time was so taken into use that I just didn't have time for recreational reading between working, having a full-time job, working part time in the co-op where I lived, six, eight, 10 hours a week, and taking a full-time load.

And then when the war came on, from the normal 15 or 16 units and 17 units that an engineer took, we were asked to take 20 and 23 units to try to get through faster so that we could become professional engineers and help with the war effort if that was still going on. So there just simply wasn't any time for this.

And my present reading habits are still strictly fiction, and it takes me a year, practically, to read a book because I go into bed, and I read three pages, and I'm so tired I fall asleep. And then I'm so occupied with what I'm doing the rest of the time. I don't take a day off to do something recreational in terms of reading.

I may take the day off to go to a stamp show. I may take a day off to go to a store in San Francisco to buy maps. But I won't take it to read some fiction. But I did read as a child. I read a great deal. And what other recreations did I have? Not much.

The opportunities for "playing," quote, unquote, were much more limited then. I remember I was very, very interested in soccer. A very famous club which competes at the International level called Fortuna had its practice field right behind the house where we lived. But I never went to any of the games I just looked through the knothole in the fence to see

what was going on. But I did have an interest in that.

And in fact, when I was in any kind of soccer game I was always the goalie, and as a result, I had my hand broken several times from some kicks that shouldn't have been directed but were. And you're not supposed to touch the goal. It was strictly accidents.

So this happened again in terms of my coming to the United States. I told you last time about the illness of osteomyelitis that struck me while I was in camp. But very shortly thereafter I had a tonsillectomy, which was relatively frightening. It was the second time in the hospital within a year.

And I had generally-- still to this day I have problems with the back of my throat. It gets partly infected, even though the tonsils aren't there. Other than that, I didn't have any medical problems. I didn't have any medical problems in Germany of any major sort, the usual children's vaccine.

I have a huge vaccination mark over here-- this was the custom-- about the size of a silver dollar. And I recall distinctly going to dentists that used the old laughing gas when they started to extract teeth and things of that general sort.

I don't remember anything about an internist or any other doctor other than the dentist that I had. What other recollections of my early life?

Can you describe the Jewish community, the name of the rabbi, and the cantor, [INAUDIBLE] anybody [INAUDIBLE]?

Yes. The rabbi was written up in a book that I have that is, in fact, a book of his-- it's a biography of him. And strangely enough, I just ran into this, and I think I have it with me. He signed-- his name is Eshel [INAUDIBLE], and his daughter wrote this biography. And he signed the prayer book that somehow or other I rescued out of that house which my father had from World War I. And it's dated, and it's still with me, which may be something that I want to show.

He was the chief rabbi. There was another rabbi by the name of Klein. I regret I cannot recall the name of the cantor. He's probably in one of these histories that I can give. The synagogue was beautiful and large. It's destroyed now. They built a much, much smaller one because the community is much smaller.

And it had stained-glass windows, lead, and I can picture still the altar and the-- I guess it's not called an altar, but the pulpit from which you pray and where I read the Torah. And we went there on holidays, Rosh Hashanah.

Now, as far as the community is concerned--

What street was it on, by the way?

I'm sorry?

What street was it on?

I would have to look. I do know the-- if you're trying to draw this out of me, I can't, at the moment, remember it. But it is in there, and it's documented. And I can find it in the street plan of Dusseldorf, which I have here with me.

How long did it take you to prepare for your bar mitzvah? Was it a long-- weeks or [INAUDIBLE]?

No, it was months, I would guess. It's vague now, but I would think three months was a very small time that I recall I would have prepared for it. Remember, I never even knew a Jewish-- a Hebrew letter. So I had to be indoctrinated in the complete language, not that I ever learned Hebrew. I just learned to read the Torah at that place, and I learned to recognize which letter was which.

So you could actually read it?

I read it out of the Torah, yes, and in Hebrew. And I think I knew at the time what it meant, but I know I can't do it anymore. My knowledge of Hebrew is canon law and shalom, and that's it-- and l'chaim. That's the most important.

Do you remember your portion-- your Torah portion?

No, no, I don't. And I remember vaguely carrying it. I also remember from the synagogue-- and this is still true in Israel-- there was segregation between men and women. I remember the women were upstairs and the men were below, very similar to what they do in the mosques.

And this is also true at the wall in Jerusalem. You've got a fence right, and never the twain shall meet. And so I recall, apropos of that being in Jerusalem, go into the eastern side. And there's a Jewish cemetery in what was Arab-occupied country but now was liberated.

And I went through there, and I saw this very Hasidic Jew bowing to the grave of his [? ancestor ?] or whoever it was, and reading her the Bible. And I stood there and looked at him, and apparently it was very disconcerting because he looked up, and looked up, and looked up to see what I was doing. I was just watching him.

And I decided I better get out of there. And so I didn't mean to disturb him in the services, but I was just fascinated because I don't see this over here. Maybe if I were to live in New York, in Brooklyn, this would occur.

So I'm trying to-- this was the sort of thing, precisely, that I didn't see in Germany. We all went to school, the synagogue, in our business suits and women's dresses. We had to pray in shuls for high occasions but not for ordinary occasions.

And I would go three times a year, something like that. The Jewish community was very loose. Many of my mother's friends were Jewish women. I think I told you about this colleague in Manchester whose mother was one of my mother's friends.

We had no direct relatives living in Dusseldorf at the time that I lived there. That's not quite true. My aunts, my mother's sister, lived in Dusseldorf until she died. My maternal grandmother lived in Dusseldorf. My paternal grandmother was in a home, and I don't even know whether that was in Dusseldorf or far away. I recall that she died when I was four.

And my uncle lived there, so I'm quite wrong when I say no immediate family lived there. We did have that. But there was a far greater number of, quote, unquote, relatives with whom I was actually much closer. They lived in Holland and lived in Rahden in Westphalia. And then there were some more distant relatives that lived in another place in Westphalia that I don't remember the name at the moment. Antwerp [INAUDIBLE]. Until some of these people just packed up and left.

But I left earlier than they did, and so I did have frequent contact with all members of my family. And so I guess since I was an only child that was important.

Were you close with them?

I was very close with some of them. For a long, long time I was very close with my second cousin in Rahden who was here when I came. And we shared this room, and we used to fight over whether or not the window would be open or not.

And we were close for many, many years after that. We had a falling out, and then we patched it up again the last couple of years. I'm now much, much closer to his brother, who also lives down there.

I was very close with my uncle. I was not close with my maternal aunts. I was quite close with my paternal aunt and her husband. Her children were quite a bit older than I was, so there was no community there, and one of them has a child whom I mentioned that I visited in Amsterdam. And as far as I know, that is the entire remains of the family.

I have with me several judicial papers that indicate the distribution of poverty of which I am a very small part, and I have no idea whether the other members that are listed in these documents are related to me or not. Some I know are, and some might be. But I don't recognize the name.

There was some very distant relative in Munich, I remember, but then the most important relative I had turned out to be the second cousin of my grandfathers who brought me to the United States, who was this big-shot politician in New York.

So I was close in the sense of seeing them often, but if you're talking about something like a best friend or an intimacy, I can only say that my closest friend was my mother. I mean, it was significantly so, not that I wasn't close to my father either, but I had more to do with my mother. There's more interaction.

With my father basically I went on these walks. We talked once in a while. But I saw my mother all the time. She took care of me, made my lunch, saw me after school and whatever, took me to the movies, gave me pocket money, this kind of thing.

I don't know if I mentioned this, the year or so before I left-- '36 I think it was-- I saw a movie that played longer in Dusseldorf than any other. It was San Francisco, Spencer Tracy, and Clark Gable, and Jeanette MacDonald. I saw it three times.

And I've seen it a few times since, too, on the reruns, but that made a tremendous impression on the people over there because it was very well-done, the impression of the earthquake. I don't think there was that much of an image of the fire, although it was alluded to, the fact is that the fire did far more damage than the earthquake did.

But I remember seeing that. I remember seeing a number of movies with Tom Mix in them over there, and I used to do that. I used to go alone and sit for four hours of movies for, essentially, very little money.

I did go to the opera once or twice. I remember when I was very young-- I was maybe six or seven-- I stood up on the top balcony and peered over the railing and watched Cavalleria Rusticana and Pagliacci, the two that are usually combined, being performed in the Dusseldorf opera house.

I have vague memories of going to the city departmental offices to get my passport documents, and I didn't have a passport. I had a permit, a child permit, to emigrate, of which I have a copy. And I have a copy of-- I think I have a copy of my birth certificate, although I'm not sure.

And I do remember my own bar mitzvah, and I have with me two invitations that were returned to me to people showing the menu for that time. And I recall that the rabbi came over afterwards, and shook my hand, and said he wished me well, all the success in life.

I have some vague, vague, vague memories of being a very small child and stepping into a cushion of needles. And they had to take me to the hospital to get them extracted. But I don't know whether that's fantasy, or real, or whether it's-- how old I was or anything of that sort.

So there are other impressions I have, and one of the places I lived at the end of the block was an empty lot, and the empty lot went down very steeply. And there was water at the bottom like there is likely to be. And we used to sit out there with some of the neighborhood boys. That's where this person I have alluded to earlier, the son of the manager of the apartment house, and I used to sit and talk.

Once in a while, one of the Hitler Youth would come over, and join us, and he'd show off his revolver. I was scared stiff of the damn thing. I was 22, and I [INAUDIBLE] I didn't know, for example, as to whether he'd point it at me and just fire. That's certainly something that crossed my mind.

But I recall that. I recall walking all the way around the zoo alone. That wasn't a small task because it was pretty big. And I used to go up into the woods by myself as well, right-- the last place we lived was very close to a small hill, and

there were the woods there, and a race track, and other things.

And I used to go and take walks in there often by myself, occasionally with my mother. With my father I used to go further than that. We used to take the train. And other than this bicycle trip, which was so disastrous, I don't recall going by bicycle anywhere else. I remember, as a young child, now going with my uncle on kayak trips, and we went on the Ruhr. And we were through the locks of the Ruhr with a kayak. And I used to paddle as an assistant paddle, I guess.

And I remember those-- those are impressions that occasionally come back, and it's talking with you people like this that these are refreshed and brought out. I might not ever think of them, but I now have the image of this-- well, it wasn't a canoe. It was a kayak which was covered with canvas so that you sit in the center.

And so the canoe has a single paddle on one side, and the kayak has a double paddle. So I remember that. And I remember once or twice taking a boat along the Rhine south from Dusseldorf because the beautiful part of the Rhine begins south of Bonn and the south of Cologne, where my mother was born. Cologne is South of Dusseldorf.

Between Dusseldorf and Cologne is big, big, heavy industry. And so we used to go down there once or twice, that I remember, on such a boat. And then also I remember walking in these fairy tale hills, the seven mountains of the seven hills and then, as I did after the war, visiting the ruined castles. I remember going to one of the castles with my first wife.

In fact, there were two opposite. One was one of the Hohenzollern castles, where they actually lived in the 1800s, and the guy who was taking care of it was absolutely furious at the Americans because they were shooting from there across the Rhine. And the Germans were shooting back, and they had to destroy the castle of the emperor. War or no war, they were horrible people.

Well, across the Rhine from this place was a place called the Marksburg, the most imposing fortress ruin that's still pretty well-intact. We were taken around in the middle of the winter. This was 1953. So I knew no-- my wife and I did go to Germany.

And they showed us this chastity belt, and the woman was extremely reluctant to even mention the name of this thing because my wife was there with me. And, well, so when we went in those days and in the middle of the winter, there were no tourists. Believe me. And in most of the hotels the bathroom was one to a floor and at the end of the corridor.

But if I remember correctly, in my own apartment in-- our own apartment in Dusseldorf, when I lived there, we had all the plumbing and everything else. My father was allergic to fruit. Again, I may have mentioned this, but as a result, everything we had was without fruit that was communal, such as ice cream. My mother made the ice cream, and we only could make vanilla and chocolate.

And we had a little garden in the back of the last apartment, and there were some chairs, lawn chairs. Both my mother, and my father, and I, and my grandfather sat there, and I have some pictures of this. And we used to go to the shore in Holland, a place called Scheveningen.

And even though now when I try to go back there I find the water just impossibly cold. When I was young I found it was quite bearable, and we could go out there. I guess as you get older you get more used to the comforts and can't stand the rough weather anymore.

So those were places for vacation in the summertime, Holland and Rahden for me. We used to go there by train. And then the last time that I went with my mother to Holland we went to buy clothes for me to go to the United States. We were stopped at the border.

I had with me a small book of stamps which were duplicates and which I wanted to trade, and they seized upon this. The thing might have been worth all of 1 mark, all, a hundred stamps, [? something like-- ?] so they seized upon that. They took us off the train and subjected us to the most grueling cross-examination. as to-- that I was trying to smuggle monetary things out of Germany.

And I was frightened to death. These were the customs officers or whatever, together with the SS. They were all one and the same. We missed-- four hours we spent there, and we finally were allowed to go on to Holland, came back. It was pretty frightening. I was 13 at the time. So we brought our clothes because my mother said you can't get decent clothes in Germany because of all the effort to spend money for war equipment and not for consumer goods. But in Holland it was different.

So I remember that. I remember while I was in Dordrecht that I saw a number of Charlie Chaplin films, including Modern Times. And I don't think I saw The Great Dictator. That would have been nice to see, but I didn't. And I also recall that of my Dutch family, my uncle had a brother, and he was married. And his-- he died. He was killed in the war, as were my own uncle, and my aunt, and the children, and their husbands.

But my uncle's brother's wife survived somehow, and we went to see her after the war. But "we" I mean my first wife and I. And she was just the matriarch of the family, just wonderful to see her. And she's in the pictures I have.

And she has two children. One lives here in Southern Illinois-- what's-- where's Caterpillar Peoria, that famous town of Nixon fame. And the other one still lives in Holland. There's quite a disparity in age between them. But I visited both of them.

Their son died. He had a terrible experience in Holland during the war. He was quite dark-complexioned, and so he was trying to tell the Nazis that he was not Jewish. He was telling them he was an Indonesian. And so they had a trick question, asking him to say something in Indonesian, and he knew that. And he said it right, so they let him go.

But I think that guilt feeling, that he escaped death because he faked his identity, I think, stayed with him. And he died, oh, maybe 15 years ago. His wife is still alive. They had no children. So these are things that touch you because in some of the pictures that I have here with me he and I are on the same picture. I remember him. And these are things that the Nazis did in Holland.

In Germany, again, if you draw me out, I'm sure I can recall other things that, by myself, I would not be able to remember.

Discussions about what was happening with the Nazis among your family, and the Jewish community, and your cousins-- do you recall being part of those?

Yes, I recall being part of them. I recall that the constant worry was how the income potential would be forcibly reduced by the Nazi laws as to what they would and would not be allowed to do. I think I mentioned-- I know I mentioned in my last session that my grandfather was a very, very clever man. He found a way during the middle of the depression of trading grain by using coupons.

And as a result, he built up a fairly modest business. But then he was reduced, and reduced, and reduced in being able to make deals, first not only by the laws, which certainly prohibited him, but also by people who were afraid to be dealing with a Jew. And they thought that this might reflect on them, they might get hurt by the Nazis and whatnot.

So I was involved in some of these discussions concerning the restriction. I was also indirectly given a code of conduct to try to minimize the potential for problems with other children. This had to do with discussions with my mother.

I know I mentioned the fact that when I took a bus or streetcar at the corner there were these newspapers depicting Jews as criminals, and, well, faggots, and whatever else you have. And so it was almost impossible not to look at them. It's fine for somebody to say, ignore it all, but you can't always do it. There's something inside of you, a horrible fascination or whatever.

And as far as the Nazis are concerned, I think my parents had far, far more greater worries than they would let on to me, and I think, in a way, they were trying to protect me from the worst of this or all of it by not voicing the major concerns for both their physical, mental, and financial safety. So while I was part of it, I think much of the discussion of this sort



happened after I was put to bed.

What was that code of conduct you mentioned?

Well, the code of conduct involved trying not to antagonize anybody, trying to not stand out in any way, just to fall into the background, to withdraw when provoked, never to give cause for provocation. I violated that once, but--

[INAUDIBLE]

Sorry?

[INAUDIBLE]

I think I may have mentioned this. I pushed somebody in a pool in a playful way, and I never had the end of it. Everybody put me under water to the point where I thought I would definitely drown. The teacher finally rescued me. But it was a serious lesson in terms of just staying away from everybody.

Trying to be neat, trying to be clean, being on time. They never pushed me to work hard-- I did that on my own-- but I think it was implied. And our home life-- it was comfortable. We had a baby grand piano. We had good linen, good China. My mother did all of the cooking. Eating out in those days was reserved for real festive occasions. When a friend came to town maybe then we'd go out.

Well, we wouldn't go out for dinner. We'd go out for coffee or possibly for a beer sometime. But going out for dinner was something unusual, at least in our family. We'd have our meals at home. And my mother was a good cook. I recall distinctly the sort of thing that she cooked and I liked very much which I haven't had, which is pureed spinach with a hard-boiled egg on top. That was my favorite.

And I don't remember too much. The sort of meats we ate were quite different from standard American fare, no such thing as New York or filet mignon steak. We had tongue, or leg of lamb, or some kind of lamb portion, shanks sort of thing. Some of the vegetables I remember detesting. I still can't eat sauerkraut to this day, and that's perhaps because of a plethora.

Some of the vegetables I just don't like either. Turnips is another. But we didn't have the whole sequence of [? okras ?] that you have in this country. That just didn't exist over there. The things I loved were peas, and cauliflower, and beans, but that said there was no broccoli. And many of the things that you take for granted here like avocado didn't exist.

And pineapple was an unusual delicacy. It was available, but it was unusual. And so most of the time the dessert consisted of a homemade ice cream. And you had to make it with the old salt and then ice around the bucket. And when you cool down the liquid-- and that ice machine-- refrigerators we didn't have. They brought in the ice with tongs, and you kept it there for a day or two. And then you got new ones.

So in terms of today's conveniences, we had a radio. It was a truly old-fashioned radio, but it was a radio. We had a gramophone, a turntable and a speaker, but the old-fashioned time, 78, manual lifting, 78 disks.

We had a telephone. We had a typewriter, manual typewriter. Electric ones didn't exist. And the typewriter was used for the business. I don't think I ever did anything on that. We had nice oriental carpets. We had--

What kind of radio programs did you listen to?

Frankly, I don't remember listening to very much. I guess some news programs before Hitler came. There was a lot of agitation concerning the political situation in Germany. We had 64 and a half parties or something like that. And each party had maybe one quarter of a deputy in the governing body, and so there's a lot of politics.

There was operetta, a lot of operetta, more so than opera, and there was the schmaltzy music, the brass band. But most

of the music that my mother liked is what they call Schlager. These are the popular tunes maybe of the swing era, only in the German setting and earlier. And they were very pleasant to listen to them.

I don't think we had any programs like they had the Lone Ranger or anything of that sort. That just didn't exist. I don't recall too much about it, except I don't think we listened to it all that much. It was primarily there for emergencies, number one, and, number two, for really urgent news like elections.

But then the music was most of the time of a very, very light nature. Operettas-- my mother liked operettas. My grandfather liked operettas, and to this day I am sure that my love for classical music was instilled in me when I listened to Beethoven, Mozart, Brahms, et cetera in my home.

I have managed to transfer this to my older daughter but not my younger one. Well, there's still, hopefully, time. My wife is not-- she doesn't object to classical music, but she is not that comfortable with it. So it doesn't get put on that often, and now what's on much too often is the TV rather than the CD. But we had a record collection and--

What kind of records?

Classical, Beethoven, Brahms, Schumann, Schubert, a few operettas maybe. I took with me from Germany two books of the piano music of Wagner's operas. They got lost in the fire. But as you well know, Wagner was an extreme antisemite and it took quite a bit of soul-searching to see whether or not you wanted to listen to him after the Holocaust started.

And in fact, I wasn't aware of the fact that he was an antisemite until I came to the United States. My parents never told me, and I didn't find it anywhere. But even without knowing that, I found that most of his stuff was not to my taste. There are only two operas that I liked at all, The Mastersingers of Nuremberg was one, and The Flying Dutchman was the other. I didn't like any of the Nibelungen, even though one of the operas was named after my father or my father was named after it, Young Siegfried.

I have this horrible, well, history. My grandfather's name was Adolf, so not a name that I like to hear too often. But you have to separate these items.

We sat in the garden and read often when we had the garden. We only had a garden in the last place we lived. In other places there was no place to sit outside. In one place there wasn't even a balcony. In the other one there was. But balconies are not too suited for sitting outside.

I've gone back on a number of occasions, as I mentioned, but I should mention something concerning my professional career, which I didn't mention, namely my sabbatical years. Now, each opportunity that I had, except for one year, I took the sabbatical, and originally I took semester sabbaticals because, after working, teaching six years, if you take a semester, you get full pay. If you took the year, you got 2/3 pay, which is a better deal. But I simply couldn't afford it.

So the first semester I managed to get a Guggenheim Fellowship, and my first wife and I went to a lovely place called Aberystwyth, Wales. This is on the Irish Sea coast, and it's a town where the then-head of the campus, who subsequently became president and subsequently was fired and became very famous, [INAUDIBLE], said-- when he read my report on my sabbatical, he said, you really must have had science at heart.

Because when I went there, I found the beach was full of stones, and the food was impossible to digest, and the weather was lousy. So all three things were true, and my science didn't progress very well either. I made the mistake of writing my proposal for this fellowship to be around a certain individual that'd done some very good work in the field. And when I knew about this, he was at Cambridge, England, which is a very nice place to be to do research.

Well, when I got the fellowship, I found he had just moved from Cambridge to take a chair in Aberystwyth. Well, professional, shall we say, integrity prevented me from saying, no, I want to go somewhere else. So I stayed, and went with this guy, and then spent one month in Cambridge.

And then, after that, my first wife and I toured four or five countries in Europe, and I found out some very interesting

things. For example, in Zurich-- not Zurich, in Lucerne-- I was sitting at a table, and my wife and I were talking. And there was only one other couple. It was at Christmas time.

And the man heard me speaking English, and he came over to me. And he said, look, I'm the mayor of Lucerne. I see you're here alone. Let me introduce myself. Come to my office tomorrow, and I'll give you something.

And he gave me all kinds of material, and then he delegated one of his people to show us around the city. On the same trip, however, a week later, we were in the place called Interlaken, and this was New Year's Eve. And we had been sent there by Thomas Cook as part of a travel itinerary.

And there was another couple there who were nouveau riche Americans, not Jewish. That's nothing to do with this. And we were having food and drink, and we ordered. And we waited, and waited, and waited. And I finally called the waitress over and spoke to her, and she said, I'm sorry. I said, I'll talk to the proprietress.

So she went there, and they spoke in German. But, of course, I understood German. And she said, you take care of everybody in this room first before you take care of them, the Americans. Well, I make it a habit when I go to Germany or to France to speak English, and I listen to what other people have to say about me or us.

And so when that came back, I told the waitress, I said, look, this is not your fault. And I spoke to her in German at this point to indicate that I was aware of what was going on. I said, you tell your boss that this incident will be transmitted verbatim to Thomas Cook with a request that they refer no one else to this hotel.

Well, we got our drinks fairly fast, but still, this is the sort of thing that happened in terms of how Americans were regarded. We're still regarded as fools when we go abroad. And in Germany, when I went there right after the war on the same trip, I'd go to a bakery to buy a couple of rolls or something like that, and people would come in, men, in their 40s, sometimes even 50s, and beg, and say, look, I'm out of work, and I'm hungry. And the baker would give them a roll or something like that to tide them over.

So then you felt-- I said, was all of this necessary? And then you think of one little man out of Braunau, Austria who caused all of this. And you're talking about the effect, the blip on history and all of this. I don't think what happened in Germany will prevent a repetition of this, and maybe some different name, some different country, some different target. But I think it'll happen, and it'll happen to this degree.

As I look back on history, we've had this "cleansing," so-called, this ethnic unity all the way along. It happened politically in Russia in the '30s. How many people died in the gulags, sent there by Stalin? And in the 1800s, it happened with the invasion of Africa, and people didn't want to be subjugated and died. History is a very strange mistress.

Do you believe in a higher power or god and there's justice in the world?

Well, I've pondered that question a very large number of times. I've spent a great deal of time thinking about it. To me, objectively, I could say that there is no discerning higher power because if they were, why would they permit something like the misery that happened in the Holocaust?

But not only that, in all the other situations of a similar nature, like Bosnia, like Somalia, like Zimbabwe in a lesser extent. Why did we have this happen if there was individual power that could intervene and stop this injustice? As far as I'm concerned, injustice.

And I know the religions say that he will not interfere. You have your own destiny. But you must accept what is the fate that you are presented with. But I don't believe that you have to accept the faith that you are presented with. Look at me. I'm here. If I had accepted the faith I have been presented with I would have been dead since 54 years. And God knows I probably would have been burned in a chimney.

So there is the power of self-determination and the fact that you have the ability to change your fate, independent of a

higher power. Now, I do not believe in organized religion. I don't believe in the Jewish religion except as a cultural influence. But I do have a code of ethics, and to me my code of ethics is far, far stronger than the official principals that are promulgated by any religion.

I think the Jewish religion is probably the most sane, the least, shall we say, doctrinaire and the least looking down on other groups, in spite of what it says, that we're the chosen people. I don't-- I look at that as an alliteration, not as a scripture.

So I think the Jewish religion is a very good religion if you have to have a religion. I think, conversely, any religion that invites fanaticism is bad. And I think, if one is left alone, many of the standard religions of the world, even Mohammedism, Confucianism, are perfectly reasonable. But when they say, well, if this happens to me, then we have to go and slaughter everybody else.

And Mohammedism does this. They have a Jihad. I don't know enough about Confucianism to do this. I don't think that the Jews say that. They say we will defend ourselves. That's the most important thing in the world. But we won't-- it doesn't say that we will slaughter everybody else because they don't agree with us, or because they don't like us, or we don't like them, or because they've done us dirt. The only time that we will kill is when we are in dire danger of being killed ourselves.

And so I think that's an acceptable-- that gets us back to God. There is nature. There's a universal force. We experience it. We don't understand it. We're nowhere near understanding it.

But every year we find out new things, especially right now in astronomy. We have all of those telescopes out there. We have our radio astronomy devices. So there is a rule that exists. It's so complex I don't think anybody will ever understand it, but it exists. If that rule is a God, a natural law, I'll accept this as a definition.

And it is a higher power in that sense. But if there is-- if I'm asked to accept that there is a person, an object, an entity or whatever, a deity that can differentiate between what you do and what I do and direct you in a path according to how you think, act, do, et cetera, the answer is no. We are all on this Earth with a limited amount of power ourselves. We have some. We should exercise that to the best possible extent.

My code of ethics is directed towards helping others trying to uncover knowledge, doing well by my family, doing well by my friends, not hating my enemies too much, although I do have some doozies there. But I think I can live with it, and I don't need a rabbi, a preacher, a mullah, or whatever to tell me how I should live, what I should do, what I shouldn't do.

I don't know if I made myself clear as to my picture of the universe. And to me, I would be very happy to have my children be instructed in Jewish religion, but I would do it as a cultural and historical event, not with the idea that they need to get a code of ethics or a form of conduct out of this or that they should routinely and ritually practice a certain kind of formalism that has little meaning.

We still have the so-called "kosher laws" that some people observe. The kosher laws probably had a very good reason in history back when they were invented in that food wasn't treated the way it is now. But from a health point of view, that's surely way outdated. And from a religious point of view, I don't see the significance. To deliberately deny yourself of something that is normal just to show that you have respect for something-- this is antithetical.

To deny yourself of something to help somebody else-- that's a different story. So as a result we-- my wife should write the checks-- we will write some checks for the American Red Cross, for the Florida disaster, and also, because of our personal history, for the Fountain Fire up in Shasta County. So people helped us greatly. Organizations helped us greatly. We're deeply indebted to the American Red Cross, psychologically more than anything else, although there's no question that they helped us physically.

They helped us with money, with coupons to buy clothes, which we didn't have, bedding, which we didn't have, et cetera. But the fact that we knew somebody cared and somebody was there was perhaps more important than anything

else when you're at the lowest ebb of your psychological being. And so I feel that way. I feel very strongly. I want to do something positive for Jews because I am a Jew. And I'm the more Jew the less it is popular to be one.

But in my personal relationship-- and this has been true ever since I left Germany-- it couldn't be true in Germany because I had no choice with whom I could associate there and with whom I couldn't. But since then, I certainly never ask what religion somebody has before I entertain the possibility of a close friendship.

To me, it's a matter of common interests, common intelligence, common respect for each other. That's the critical thing. So these things all bear on the religious background, and on the concept of a God, and my broader philosophy, if you like, of how my life has been spent and will continue to be spent until it's over, which is to try to do what I can for humanity.

And that doesn't mean that I want to become a model. I don't intend to go that far. I think I've done my share for the state of California, giving them 800 hours of my professional time for free. And that was another case, a legal case involving a child murder case.

When I testified for the district attorney in Los Angeles, I did bill them, but I sort of reduced the number of hours that I actually spent by a substantial amount. So they got off easy. But all of these things lead to my concept of life, of existence, how I'd like to see my children live without interference in terms of their personal life. I told my son, with whom I have problems at the moment.

But it is certainly possible and hopefully will be so that at some future date we'll have a reconciliation. But I told him-- I said, as far as I'm concerned, you can do whatever you want as long as it's legal.

And that's the conscription that I would place on it. So I'm a Jew, and yet I'm not a Jew. I'm not a Jew if it comes to the purely religious aspect of it. And as far as believing in God is concerned, maybe as my time to go draws nearer I'll feel differently. It's certainly possible that I start believing in the hereafter and that I should get into the good graces with whoever it is that controls that.

A lot of people have deathbed conversions. But I think that if there is somebody who does discern in spite of the evidence that I've cited, which, to me, points to the contrary, it seems to me that when you are judged, if you are judged, you're judged on how you lived your life, not in accordance with what formalism you entertained while you did this, and how you treated other people, both under normal and abnormal circumstances.

And part of this must have been indoctrinated into me by my experiences in Germany, which led to the conclusion that so many innocent people were killed, people who had never hurt a fly. And they were killed for no reason other than to satisfy the egomania-- megalomania, rather-- of an absolute [? charlatan ?] who turned out to be a dictator that could control the people.

And this I carry with me as an indelible memory. Why did my parents have to die? There was no cause. They were Jewish. That's it. That's why they died.

I'm sorry, but that is where justice that we talked about a little bit earlier comes in. That wasn't just. Now, justice is not an absolute concept. It's very, very subjective. But I think you will get a majority of people to agree on whether or not-- in fact, not just a majority but a substantial majority do agree whether the vast majority of acts are justified or not.

And if I have a rabid tiger jumping at me, then I think I'm justified in killing that tiger. I was reflecting on just this point last week-- I don't know. I'm sure you're aware of what happened in Berkeley to the Chancellor's house. You're not? OK.

Well, a woman, either 19 or 20-- they're not sure-- carrying, actually, an assumed name, had always been a revolutionary and also psychiatrically disturbed, broke into the Chancellor's house and tripped a silent alarm. And the police came. They saw her there and ordered her out, and she ran up the stairs. And they called the Chancellor, told him to lock the door.

And it so happens that the chancellor is a personal close friend of mine. He's a member of my department. I remember voting on him as to whether he should get tenure or not. He's one of the most gifted people I've ever known in my life. So this thing affected me personally in a very significant way.

Well, anyway, they waited for the K-9 units, and the officer having the K-9 unit tried to open the door. And she pushed him back, and he fell into the bathtub. And she came at him with a machete. And he fired three shots and killed her, and the campus has been in an uproar since.

And not only that, but my concept of what this has done to Chang-- Lin Tien is his name. He's Chinese. The idea that somebody gets killed in your home is, in Chinese philosophy-- it's just something you almost cannot live with.

So I'm talking about justification of acts. I wasn't there. I'm not saying whether it was justified to kill the person or just to try to disarm or whatever. But if I'd been there and if the officer's story is true, then, yes, it is justified. Just if somebody points a pistol at you, says, if you don't jump into the river I'm going to kill you or whatever and you have a way of getting back, these are things that are justifiable homicide.

And there are others. But I don't have to talk about homicide. We can talk about other acts, theft. What is it during the war, for example, that one of the most famous professors in Holland had to go out in the middle of the night and steal potatoes from a field so he could feed his family. Now, that's theft. Is that justified, or isn't it?

We're talking about things that came to me through thinking about justice. These are not easy questions to answer. Injustices-- as I say, it's not absolute. It's [INAUDIBLE].

Do you think we live in a just world in light of your Holocaust experience and the loss of your parents?

I would have to have you define what you mean by "just," and then also you'd have to define "world," unfortunately. These are not easy--

[INAUDIBLE]

--terms to diagnose.

Do you think there was justice, for example, to the perpetrators, the SS who killed people? Do you think [INAUDIBLE]?

No, there was no justice in terms of the people who perpetrated this, except the most thin layer at the very top. And of course, the argument goes, well, I was ordered to do this, that, and the other thing. But that argument was supposedly demolished at Nuremberg, at the trials, but it may come back to haunt this country and some other countries in the future.

There's no question in my mind that I hold nothing against the Germans who followed Hitler, even perhaps not enthusiastically but sort of willingly, because they felt that if they didn't they would end up in the concentration camps and the gas chambers. I cannot demand of anyone to put their life at substantial risk in order to save somebody that they don't know, that they have no community of interest with, or whatever. You can't demand this.

Can demand, perhaps, that they not be enthusiastic about it. You can demand that those who feel that they must oppose should show such a sign, give you a recognition. But when it comes to the SS and the SA, who shot and gassed the Jews, I am sure that the people who executed the orders were not tried. The commanders of the camps, yes, maybe.

Were they given justice? Probably not. But this is subjective. It's not an objective answer. How can you make up for it? In fact, what kind of punishments can you impose to make up for the murder of six million people?

I think Hitler probably wiped out something close to 50% of the existing Jewry, so all of Europe, where most of the

jurors were, didn't get to the US and Britain and anywhere else.

So this is my feeling about justice. The perpetrators no, the people who ordered it in some cases. And I am not so sure that-- I wasn't at Nuremberg. I listened to the trial tapes, but I'm not sure how intensively they digested the accusations and the evidence.

You see things like Klaus Barbie in Lyon, the Butcher of Lyon. I happen to have also been in Lyon last year and all the things that they ascribe to him. And now he's old, and sick, and there's no point in punishing him is the argument.

If punishment is a function of your current physical state, we can all go and incur leprosy or something like that when we're about to be caught. And this is not a rational way of looking at justice, as far as I am concerned.

I have a great deal to do with the legal system in at least the state of California because I'm an expert witness, and I know that the system doesn't provide for justice. It provides for a hearing eventually, maybe. But it doesn't necessarily provide for justice.

Virtually all of the cases that I'm involved in-- they never come to court. People can't afford to take them to court. It's too expensive, even cases involving hundreds of thousands of dollars in payments to somebody who claims to be injured. And I think what it has done-- it is done on the basis of expediency. Cases are settled when it is felt that they've extracted the maximum in terms of what the lawyers can do to enrich themselves.

There's no question in my mind. Some of my best friends are lawyers. And there are lawyers, and there are lawyers. I had lunch with a lawyer today. And if you wanted to look into this question, go read something called Galileo's Revenge by someone by the name of Peter Huber, Junk Science in the Courtroom. It's fascinating, although not necessarily totally true.

Anyhow, it is clear that what we're doing in our current torts trial system is to extract the maximum amount of money for those with deep pockets. You want to quit?

Apparently, we've gotten close to running out of time, so I want to thank you very much for this portion of the interview. We'll meet again, and we'll go through your photographs. And we'll hear some more from you. Thank you very much again.

If you want to say one final thing, go ahead.

Let me just say that each time that I come and you draw something out of me, I remember more and more. I don't know whether this asymptotically comes to a level or not, but it is interesting to me to see how this operation works, particularly when you have the skill of drawing things out of me. And I do want to thank all of you for this opportunity, which I think is wonderful for my family.

Thank you. It's our pleasure.

And thank you, John Grant, for being so wonderful behind the camera.