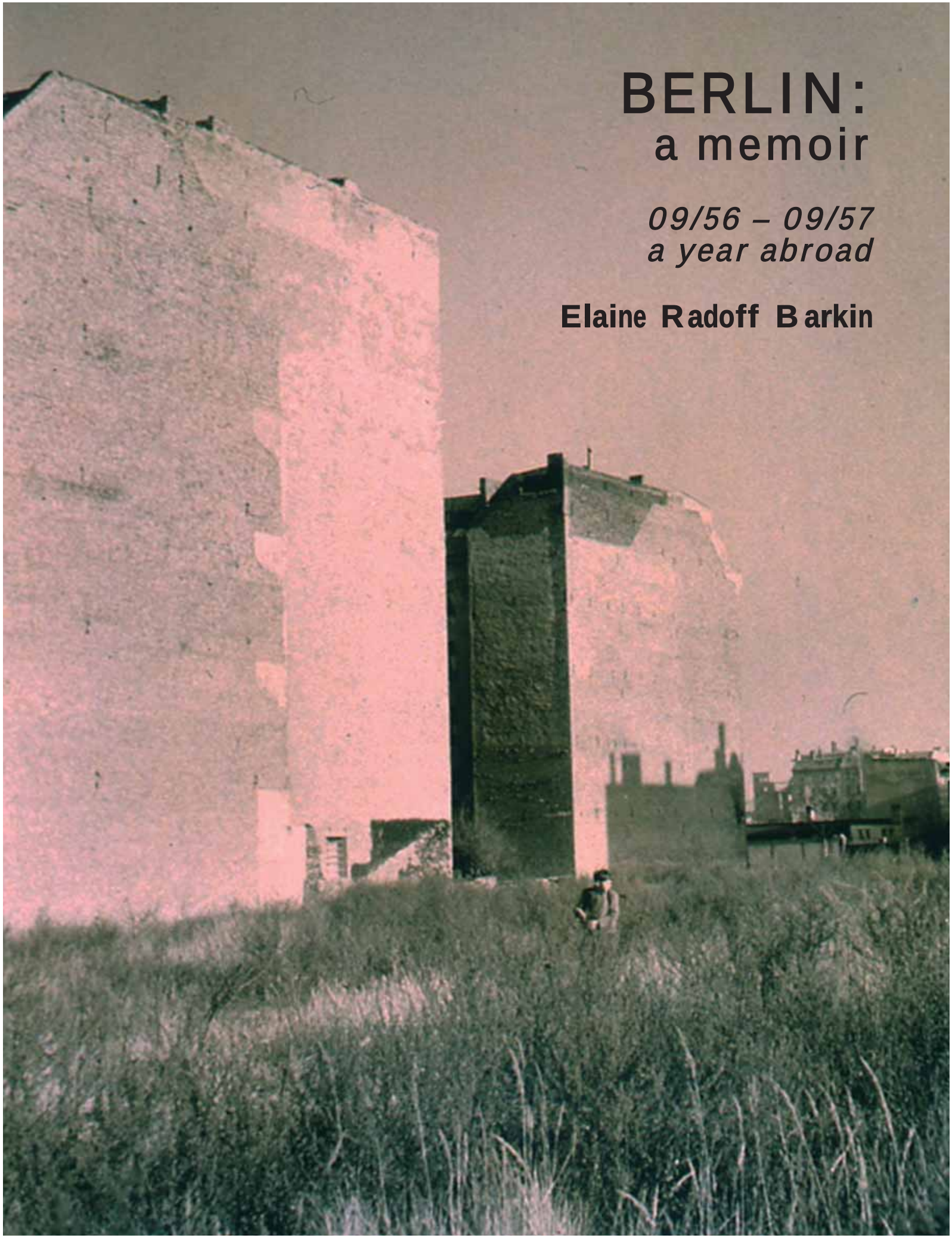


BERLIN:
a memoir

09/56 – 09/57
a year abroad

Elaine Radoff Barkin

BERLIN:

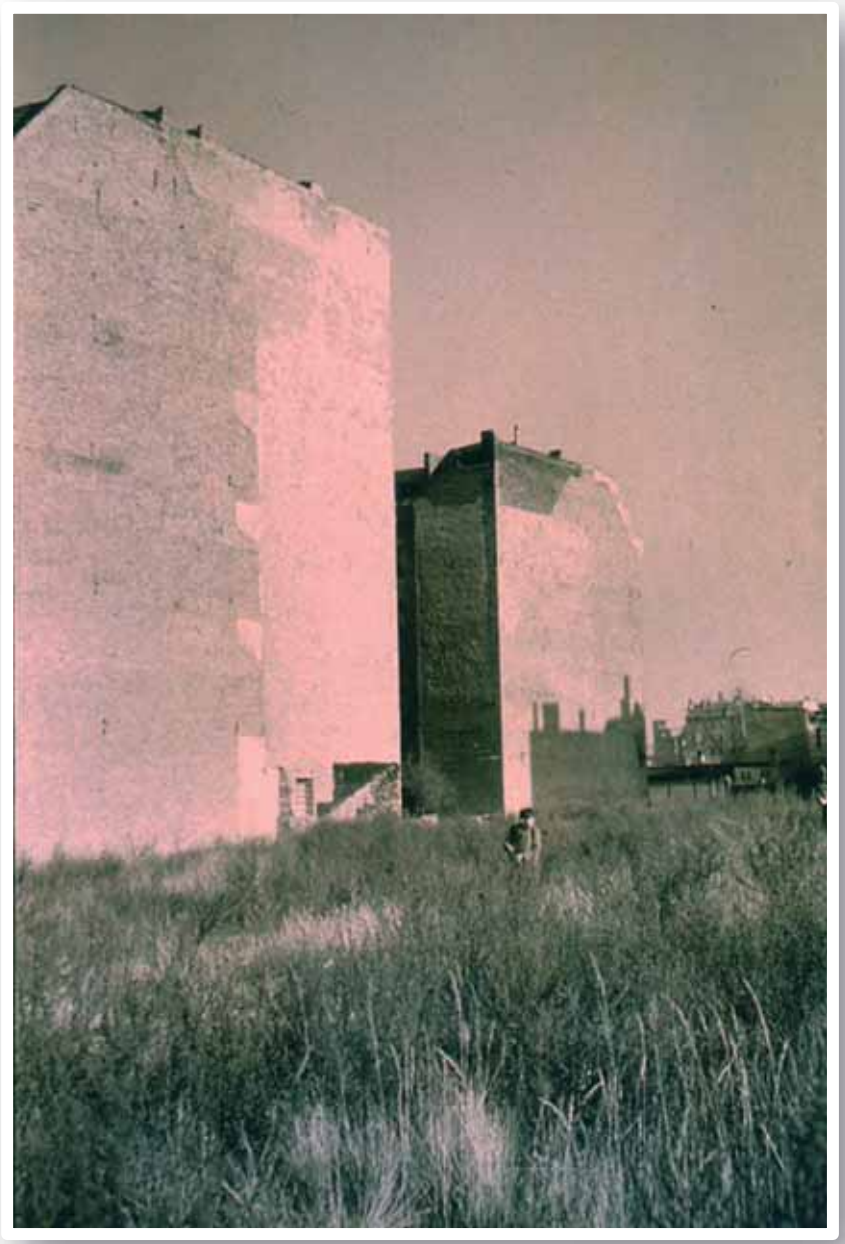
a memoir

09/56 – 09/57
a year abroad

Elaine Radoff Barkin

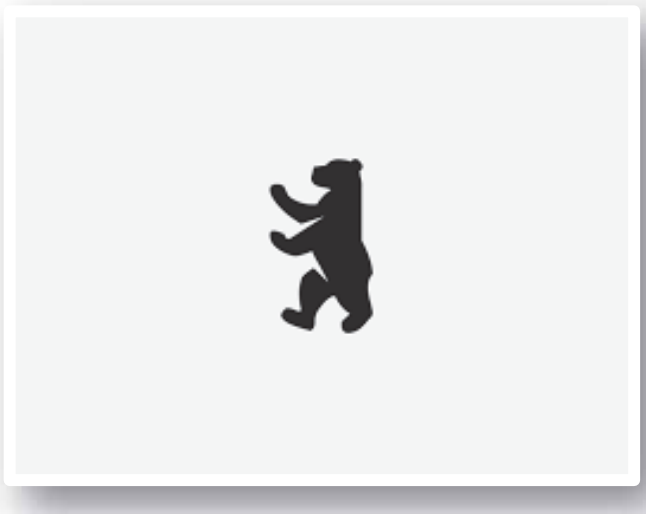
BERLIN:
a memoir
09/56-09/57
a year abroad
© Copyright 2016 by Elaine Radoff Barkin
Cover photos by Ronald C. Binks, Berlin 1957
Cover photos taken just west of Potsdamerplatz not far from Hitler's Bunker,
then 'no man's land' rubble fields.
Copyright 2016 by Ron Binks
ISBN: 978-1-5323-1980-8

Published by ERB & Co. Valley Village, CA 91607
Library of Congress Cataloguing in Data Publication
Printed in the U.S.A., First Edition



BERLIN:
a memoir
09/56 – 09/57
a year abroad

CONTENTS

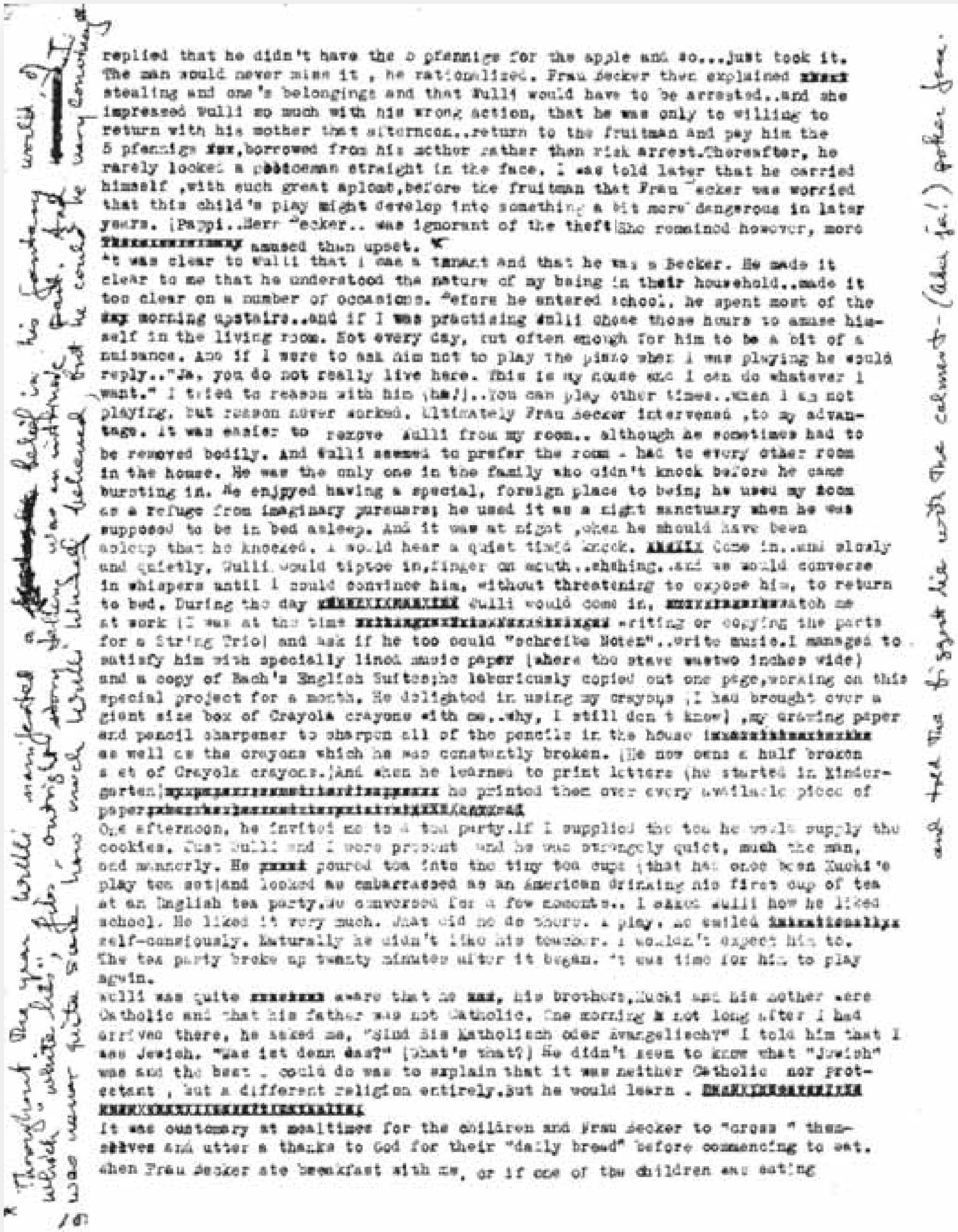


PREFACE

What you are about to read, BERLIN: a memoir, was written, typed on my old Remington, or maybe Royal, in New York, 1958-59, two years after I returned from my Fulbright year in West Berlin. Alternatively the pages might have been written a year earlier! Memory fails totally. Whether I had kept a journal, a diary or a calendar during my time in Berlin is also unremembered. Yet I carried these pages around with me cross country from New York to Ann Arbor to Valley Village, in a folder marked Berlin 1956-57, hidden from sight, for 55 years. How the folder managed to survive frequent downsizings and tossings of correspondence or old documents is amazing. However, photos taken during that year with my Brownie camera were neatly kept in an album. In the fall of 2015 as I was looking through a large box of handwritten drafts, class materials and older texts, some of which had made it into print, some of which hadn't, a folder marked Berlin 1956-57 lay near the bottom of the box. Instant recognition! Inside the folder lay 63 tissue thin pages, single and double spaced, some heavily edited signifying thought for some sort of dissemination. Given my difficulties with the reading of normal print I asked George to read the pages; he did and encouraged me to have it retyped and put into an order that made sense to me.

That year abroad has always been with me, many memories are sharp and clear, many—as I soon discovered—needed resuscitation and many remain part of a past I freely acknowledge yet cannot see in my mind's eye. An Alice trying to remember who she was, where she was all the while believing that what she had written, was reading and having retyped, had actually happened to her 60 years ago. You'll find inconsistencies of tense and punctuation, redundancies, contradictions, changes of attitude and overlong passages, yet I have left them in rather than doing extensive editing; egregious errors have been changed, though probably not all; chronology is circuitous. My preference has been to retain the flavor of my original which must have been typed at fever pitch! The sections were not written chronologically although there is a beginning, an ending and bits and pieces. Information that was not in my original typescript, has been added so as to fill in a few of the blanks although not a single footnote!

My most sincere gratitude first to Rhonda Rockwell who, with the help of Stanley Walden, began the retyping and editing process early in 2016. Stan and I met at Queens College, 1951; coincidently he was in Berlin as a member of the 7th Army Symphony during my Fulbright year. (Later on he and Bobbie spent decades in Germany and Berlin developing a music theater program at Universität der Künste.) Exigencies of a most serious nature made it impossible for Rhonda to continue; as a professional editor and writer her input was fantastic. What to do? My nr. 3 son Gabriel was able to make word docs of pages I scanned in and thus I was able to edit, but not retype, the pages. Weird problems erupted in my efforts to change the font; the page just went bonkers! Fortunately Mark So, LA composer-writer, contributing editor of *The Open Space Magazine* and publisher of ***DEATH--SPIRAL*** recordings and print editions, had the time to retype and make corrections and in less than a week he finished the typescript. Also, he'd visited Berlin in recent years and thus had a handle on the milieu despite a huge disparity between 1956 and nowadays. My deepest thanks to Ron Binks, Fulbright buddy and recently renewed colleague, whose photos and art work are scattered throughout. Ron, aka Ronnie, has been an invaluable source, particularly when my memory faltered, which it often did during the memoir's restoration, and more so since he's been visiting Berlin for decades with students and colleagues. Luckily, Rhonda was able to resume editing and typo finding! And lastly but not leastly, Wanda Bryant's amazingly swift-fingered Word dexterity and Gabe's page smartening skills got us all to the finish line!



replied that he didn't have the 5 pfennige for the apple and so...just took it. The man would never miss it , he rationalized. Frau Becker then explained stealing and one's belongings and that Walli would have to be arrested..and she impressed Walli so much with his wrong action, that he was only to willing to return with his mother that afternoon..return to the fruitman and pay him the 5 pfennige, borrowed from his mother rather than risk arrest.Thereafter, he rarely looked a policeman straight in the face. I was told later that he carried himself ,with such great aplomb,before the fruitman that Frau Becker was worried that this child's play might develop into something a bit more dangerous in later years. (Pappi..Herr Becker.. was ignorant of the theft)She remained however, more amused than upset. *

It was clear to Walli that I was a tenant and that he was a Becker. He made it clear to me that he understood the nature of my being in their household..made it too clear on a number of occasions. Before he entered school, he spent most of the morning upstairs..and if I was practising Walli chose those hours to amuse himself in the living room. Not every day, but often enough for him to be a bit of a nuisance. And if I were to ask him not to play the piano when I was playing he would reply.."Ja, you do not really live here. This is my house and I can do whatever I want." I tried to reason with him (ha!)..You can play other times..when I am not playing, but reason never worked. Ultimately Frau Becker intervened ,to my advantage. It was easier to remove Walli from my room.. although he sometimes had to be removed bodily. And Walli seemed to prefer the room - had to every other room in the house. He was the only one in the family who didn't knock before he came bursting in. He enjoyed having a special, foreign place to being; he used my room as a refuge from imaginary pursuers; he used it as a night sanctuary when he was supposed to be in bed asleep. And it was at night ,when he should have been asleep that he knocked. I would hear a quiet timid knock. Come in..and slowly and quietly, Walli would tiptoe in,finger on mouth..shshing..and we would converse in whispers until I could convince him, without threatening to expose him, to return to bed. During the day Walli would come in, watch me at work (I was at the time writing or copying the parts for a String Trio) and ask if he too could "schreibe Noten"..write music.I managed to satisfy him with specially lined music paper (where the stave was two inches wide) and a copy of Bach's English Suites;he laboriously copied out one page,working on this special project for a month. He delighted in using my crayons (I had brought over a giant size box of Crayola crayons with me..why, I still don't know) ,my drawing paper and pencil sharpener to sharpen all of the pencils in the house as well as the crayons which he was constantly broken. (He now owns a half broken set of Crayola crayons.)And when he learned to print letters (he started in Kindergarten) he printed them over every available piece of paper

One afternoon, he invited me to a tea party.If I supplied the tea he would supply the cookies. Just Walli and I were present and he was strangely quiet, much the man, and mannerly. He poured tea into the tiny tea cups (that had once been Hucki's play tea set)and looked as embarrassed as an American drinking his first cup of tea at an English tea party.We conversed for a few moments.. I asked Walli how he liked school. He liked it very much. What did he do there. I play. he smiled self-consciously. Naturally he didn't like his teacher. I wouldn't expect him to. The tea party broke up twenty minutes after it began. It was time for him to play again.

Walli was quite aware that he, his brothers,Hucki and his mother were Catholic and that his father was not Catholic. One morning not long after I had arrived there, he asked me, "Sind Sie Katholisch oder Evangelisch?" I told him that I was Jewish. "Was ist denn das?" (What's that?) He didn't seem to know what "Jewish" was and the best I could do was to explain that it was neither Catholic nor protestant , but a different religion entirely.But he would learn .

It was customary at mealtimes for the children and Frau Becker to "cross " themselves and utter a thanks to God for their "daily bread" before commencing to eat. When Frau Becker ate breakfast with me, or if one of the children was eating

A page from my original typescript, ca. 1959.

In the fall of 2013 I read that composer Ed Miller had died. Ed and I met at Tanglewood, summer of 1955; we were both studying with Boris Blacher (1903-75) . (Ed was unavailable for the photo below, taken that summer.)

Bob Dennis, BORIS BLACHER, ?, Elaine Radoff, Don Harris,
Dick Wernick, Jack Gottlieb, Paul Glass
George Crumb, George Sicilianos, Toshi Ichiyanagi

Ed and I received Fulbright awards in 1956 to study with Blacher, this time in West Berlin and we happily renewed our friendship. Through a variety of composer networks we stayed in touch; in 1980 my chamber opera "De Amore" was performed at Oberlin where Ed was on the faculty and we spent time together then. Thereafter, not much contact but I heard that after retirement he became ill, moved to Las Cruces, NM, which is where he died in 2013. Out of curiosity, I looked up Andrew Oerke, poet and Fulbright buddy, and was distressed to read that he'd also died in 2013. I then followed up with a search for Inge Breitner Powell and Ronald Binks, my two other close Berlin friends. Almost no information is available about Inge although she too had died. I did track Ron down in San Antonio, TX where he'd recently retired from the University of Texas. He'd devoted himself to photography and I took a chance on contacting him. One of my chief regrets after my return from Berlin in 1957 was that I was totally out of touch with my Fulbright friends. So it was absolutely delightful to hear from Ron after a 56 year hiatus! When I'd read of the deaths of Ed, Andy and Inge I'd felt totally bereft for I had no one with whom to share my sadness. Ever since, Ron and I have remained in touch, most pertinently this past year when my Berlin manuscript surfaced. Ron's memory is fabulous, his recollections of surnames and street names and of our shared experiences inestimably helpful as well as tales of his experiences with others, a confirmation of the uniqueness for us all that year, those years insofar as Ron and Ed had their Fulbrights renewed through 1958. West Berlin was an island yet East Berlin was accessible to us. As Americans we were privileged, yet it was impossible to remain uniformed of or oblivious to politics and situations worldwide; the "Wall" was not built until August 1961 when it literally sprang up overnight, a palpable expression of oppression.

I am glad to be able to share my memories with you all. Enjoy!

PROLOGUE

April 1956, I was living in Boston, 30 Joy Street in the back on the first floor with views on every side of alleys, completing the second and final year of my MFA at Brandeis University in Waltham. My MFA composition "Chaconne Variations" for orchestra was nearing completion and both I and Irving Fine, my thesis advisor, were reasonably satisfied although Irving agonized over every note, every rhythm, every everything. George came over for dinner, as he did often after he finished his cab driving shift and that evening, early in April, I said to him "Guess what I got?" and of course he had no clue. My answer: "I got a Fulbright!" The letter had come that afternoon announcing the award, a year in West Berlin studying composition with Professor Boris Blacher at the Hochschule für Musik. I was ecstatic and confused and I accepted. George and I had no firm plans for our future although we were committed to one another. My parents—Victor and Edith Radoff—though proud of me, were unhappy that I'd be going to Germany. In June, I completed my MFA composition, spent the summer in Boston/Cambridge and returned to my Bronx home end of August. There was much packing to be done, some shopping and early in September, my parents and George took me down to the West Side pier where I boarded the MS Berlin for a ten-day journey across the Atlantic to the North Sea port of Bremerhaven.

Once on board we, Fulbrighters going to Germany, were divided into small groups, each with a group leader, young Germans who helped orient us to their native land. In my group was Andrew Oerke, poet also going to Berlin, Peter and Mary Monkmeyer, to Karlsruhe where Peter was to study engineering, several others whose names I've forgotten and Hermann Pohland, handsome, blond, terrific English speaker who worked for the Fulbright commission and answered our many questions. The Fulbright commission had organized a series of lectures in which historical, political, economic and especially socio-cultural issues were explained especially in light of the division of Germany into two separate states and for those of us going to Berlin, its unique status as a divided city, a microcosm of a divided Germany. We were all told that we were going to be viewed as "representatives of the United States"

wherever we went and should act accordingly." During the evenings we were entertained and I spent many of them dancing with Hermann. How could I be doing this, I wondered? He looked like he might have been a member of the Hitler Jugend and here I was, not far from home, already feeling lightheaded, totally on my own and loving every minute of it! The ship was comfortable, the waters relatively calm, and the crossing without incident. We arrived safely in Bremerhaven mid-end of September.

On board North German Lloyd's MS Berlin, New York to Bremerhaven
Elaine Radoff, Hermann Pohland, Mary Monkmeyer
Andrew Oerke, Peter Monkmeyer, name forgotten

ARRIVAL

The Berlin adventure started months before I ever left the U.S. The implications of "Berlin" started hours before I ever reached the city. Those of us among the Fulbrighters who were going to study in Berlin received special "briefing" during the ten-day orientation program in Bad Honnef, a lovely, quiet resort town not far from Bonn

and the Rhine River and were taken on a Rhine River trip where we saw castle after castle way up high. During the briefing all were warned not to look for "trouble," and for anyone who was seeking precisely that, Berlin offered the greatest opportunities. We were American ambassadors of goodwill, and in Berlin we were out to impress not only West Germans but East Germans as well. I dare say that we, the Berlinees, were the envied of the group. The majority of the Fulbrighters had signed up for the Experiment in International Living program; they were to spend one month living with a family in a city of their choice, before commencing studies. Those of us who were to study at a music or art conservatory (Hochschule is not high school) were not able to participate since our studies started a month earlier than those at the universities.

Five of us were going to Berlin: Ed Miller, who was also studying composition with Boris Blacher (Ed and I had met the year before at Tanglewood where we studied with Blacher who had himself suggested that we apply for a Fulbright); Ronnie Binks, a painter and Andy Oerke, a poet. Although Andy was to study German poetry at the Free University, he chose to take his chances and did not participate in the Experiment. Inge Breitner Powell, a Fulbrighter who was studying sociology and had received a renewal and who had been asked to speak at Bad Honnef, returned with us to Berlin. Also going to Berlin was composer Stefan Wolpe who had received a Fulbright scholar award.

We left Bad Honnef for Frankfurt, October 4. A U.S. military train was to take us to Berlin. We received travel orders in Russian. At that moment, we felt alienated from the West. With our travel orders in our hands, we experienced our first insight into the insularity of Berlin, lying a few hundred miles inside Soviet-occupied territory. We were given sleepers although I doubt any of us got more than five hours sleep that night, if that much. The train traveled very slowly. It stopped at each junction and, at every stop, I awoke and tried to see what I could of East Germany but saw nothing but flatland. At dawn I was up for day. We did not reach Berlin until 8 a.m., but the newly formed daylight enabled me to see more than flatland—occasional signs in the language I would now be speaking; flat, tiled-roofed peasant homes, jagged holes in stone buildings. It was Sunday, which accounted for the absence of the people from the fields. The trip in toto took close to eight hours, twice the time the distance actually calls for. Later in the year, I was told that the trip normally takes six hours (it would take three to four hours here), but the six hours was a vast improvement. Two years before, in 1954, it had taken eight to nine hours; by the time the same distance will take us two hours, it might take the East Germans four hours. Theoretically, the train wasn't supposed to carry passengers. Under East-West military agreements, it was to carry troops, cargo, U. S. Army mail, etc. This trip—our trip—was the last of its kind. Two months after we arrived, the Army had to agree not to permit passenger travel although the year before, Fulbright students were able to use the trains throughout the school year.

We arrived, we disembarked, we were in Berlin and we were famished. A representative of the Foreign Students Commission met us. Fortunately, we were able to get coffee and rolls at a nearby restaurant. The streets were empty and spotless. (In fact, during the entire year, I never once threw a piece of paper or a wrapper in the gutter or on the streets. Partly out of respect for the streets, partly for fear of condemnation by the Germans, I would pocket what refuse I had and look for the nearest trash receptacle. And partly because I rarely did so in the US.) After "breakfast," we were taken to a Studentenheim, a coed dorm for foreign students, where we could remain until we had found our lodgings, or remain permanently, but none of us wished to board in a

dormitory atmosphere. Inge left us to return to her apartment. And because it was Sunday, it was all so unreal, so still, so impossible. We did little that day. We walked through part of the Grunewald, across the street from the "heim," ate dinner, caught up on much-needed sleep, and worried about finding a place to live. We were all fortunate; by Wednesday we were all housed. Before we left the heim we were taken to see a "refugee" camp for those who had fled East Germany looking for asylum in the West.

My first trip to the Kurfurstendamm—later known to us affectionately and Berlinerishly as "the Kudamm"—startled me. I imagined that I was on a huge movie set; the people speaking German were actors. It was impossible to realize that these people lived in a society where German, not English was spoken and the streets were clean. Was I part of some film crew? I couldn't adjust to the reality of the situation for several weeks, and as my own management of the language improved, many of the unreal feelings disappeared. In time, I found it odd to hear English spoken on the streets. In addition, the majority of the people were of an older generation, 50s and over, the women in clunky shoes and the men—had they served in Germany's Military? A further anxiety twist.

Yet as I became more fluent, I found I could understand what language was being spoken by passersby yards away from where I happened to be. The pitch of German is much lower than that of English or French: the pitch of English, even if I could not understand the words, was unmistakable; the hushed tones of French were easy to recognize. During our first days, we had resolved to speak only German among ourselves, but this proved ridiculous. Inge, Viennese-born American, spoke the language perfectly. Andy, who had been in the Army, knew the language fairly well. I had had several years of German at school but had never spoken it. Ronnie had learned it just two months prior to coming over, and Ed was completely ignorant of the language although by the end of his first year, he was able to give an excellent paper-analysis of a piece of Anton Webern's we had been studying in a 12-tone music seminar taught by Josef Rufer. Our intentions were noble, but we were kind of stupid to think that we would stop using our native language among ourselves. We found that we had more than enough opportunity to learn and to use German and found it obligatory to do so.

BEI BECKER

I was among the more fortunate of the Fulbrighters with regard to housing. A room was waiting for me if I wished to take it. The year before, Marvin Tartak, a Fulbright music student and pianist, had lived there and liked it. The family liked him, he recommended the room to the Fulbright Commission, the family appeared willing to rent it to another American music student, so I was set if I wanted to be. I spent the first three nights in Berlin in a Studentenheim—comfortable, with cooking facilities, inexpensive, coeducation, dormitory style. On October 12th (the date remains fixed in my mind, even if the value and singularity of Columbus' great achievement are now in question), which passed unnoticed and uncelebrated in Berlin, I made a phone call, my first German phone call, and I was terrified. Speaking German in person was bad enough, but on the telephone--! Fortunately, the many public telephone booths all over the city had trilingual dialing instructions. (Hitler, in an attempt to Germanize German, tried but failed to replace the word telefon, of French derivation, with the similarly descriptive Fernsprecher—"far-distance-speaker.")

I dialed the number after inserting the proper coin, and heard "Guten Tag. Becker" repeated several times before I realized that I was not being heard. In order to do so, I had to push a button once the connection was made, which button released some sort of mechanism and cleared the line. There were so many times, subsequently, that I didn't get to speak with the party on my first attempt. Luckily, Frau Becker was more patient. I pushed the button and repeated my sentence about "Ich bin eine Amerikanische Musik studentin— "etc. We made an appointment for that afternoon, and she gave me directions. I bought a wonderful pocket map of the city—*Berlin in der Tasche*—with bus, subway, and streetcar routes, and made my first journey to Lichterfelde West. (Actually, it wasn't the first time I had been in Lichterfelde West. The military train that took us to Berlin had its main depot five minutes away from what became my Berlin home.)

Gerichtstrasse is a small tree-lined block in a lovely residential neighborhood barely touched by the bombings, although there were a few vacant lots, a few houses flecked with bullet holes. Gerichtstrasse lies near Holbeinstrasse and Dürerstrasse, which made me feel better about the neighborhood and there was an art museum nearby. Number 12 Gerichtstrasse was 50 years old, three stories, once for three families, now for six, plus one in the basement. I rang the bell marked "Becker, I" and as the ten-foot-tall door opened, I was greeted by an attractive young blond boy, Peter Becker. He called his mother.

I have never quite forgotten my first impression of Frau Christl Becker. She appeared solid. Not a heavy woman. About 5'7" and firmly built. As a young girl, she must have had a good figure. Whitening hair, no makeup, flat rubber-soled shoes, and barely a smile on her face. She was direct and businesslike, asked virtually no questions of me and answered my questions without hesitation. (I had been told to ask all kinds of questions before committing myself to any landlady: questions about heat, kitchen privileges, guests in the room—she answered that question yes, of course, any time, but no overnight guests—and whether and when I might use the Bechstein grand piano I had heard they had.) The apartment consisted of eight rooms: a large kitchen, a small dining–sewing room, a large living room-music room that could be separated by wall-enclosed [pocket?] doors, a sitting room that would be my room, and three bedrooms and a huge, square central foyer.

The apartment was furnished quite comfortably, in good taste: light colors, many Oriental and Persian rugs (I was later to discover that Frau Becker was a fiend for a good rug), several antique "Luther" chairs, and a 200-year-old grandfather clock, which ticked, and rang on the hour. But it rang one chime less on each hour. Old age. It never rang midnight, but rang one o'clock four times in 24 hours. Lots and lots of bookcases and a phonograph lined the living room walls. The room I was to occupy was furnished with a large desk, double bookcase, adequate closet space, side armchair, small table and a single bed that served as a sofa during the day. The rent was 65 marks a month, including heat (the whole house was centrally heated), linens, and water. (They "made" their own hot water, the only family in the house with a heater above the tub. I was able to wash as frequently as I wished but could take only one genuine full-tub bath a week.)

I moved in the next afternoon. The Beckers consisted of Herr und Frau, Christl (16, nicknamed Kucki), Peter Mathias (15), Immo Michael (11), and Wolfgang (6, called Wulli—"Vooly"). Once I had managed to have my things cleared at Customs, my trunks were delivered. Everything that I unpacked was examined curiously by Immo and Wulli: "Look at that!" "What's that?" "What do you do with that?"

I did not meet Herr Dr. Becker until the end of my first week there. (He received his doctorate in psychology and worked as an industrial psychologist, although he had spent a

good many years as a typesetter for Breitkopf und Härtel, music publishers. He was in the Army during the war but I never learned what he did. A framed photo of him in uniform sat on a table in the living room near the piano.) There were many things to learn, many adjustments to make. I could use part of the refrigerator (they were also the only family in the house with an icebox, which was at least 20 years old), was given a few dishes and silverware, which pots to use on which burners of their electric stove, and although Frau Becker made up my bed every night (which generally gave us the opportunity to talk far into the wee hours of the morning, when we heard the clock strike one o'clock for the second time), I learned how to make a bed the "German way," which involved folding the blanket and sheet under, but not tucked in. And more: how to use their can opener, and the sardine can key (used over and over and over again), how to grind and make "filter coffee," how to slice Schwarzbrot so that it was transparent but still nourishing, and how to use very hard-textured toilet paper, frequently newspaper. (I had brought several rolls of toilet paper and offered them to the family. It was declined by Wulli, who stated that it was "too soft.")

I had had four years of German in high school and college but did not really learn it until that year. After five months, I spoke it rather well and after my first dream in German I felt that the language had settled in. I rarely spoke anything but German in the house, my conversations with Frau Becker were long and involved, my Hochdeutsch accent was pretty good. I was often mistaken for someone from the Netherlands or Poland, rarely for an American. For better or for worse it was necessary if I was to get as deep an experience as possible, one that put my antipathy for Germans and Germany in the background.

The Beckers were married in August 1939. In September, as Frau Becker let fall, their marriage was already overcast. It was in September 1939 that Hitler marched into Poland. Before the War, the Beckers were quite comfortable, had a car, a more lavishly furnished apartment, and would never have dreamed of taking in a boarder. Theirs was a mixed marriage, he Protestant, she Catholic, the children brought up as Catholics. They left Berlin in 1943 and lived in Reutlingen, Baden-Württemberg, in southwest Germany. Herr Becker remained in Berlin, visiting the family once or twice a year. Frau Becker would say, "Nine months after one of the longer visits, we had another child."

They returned to Berlin in 1952 or 1953 and were planning to stay put, Russians or no Russians. I believe I became as intimate with Frau Becker as the difference in our years, backgrounds, religious beliefs, and temperaments would allow. We never, however, used du—the familiar—with one another, no duzen, something that would have meant so much to me. In fact, I never understood why so much fuss was made about tu or vous, and du or Sie until I became acquainted with this woman, who would never permit herself to go that one step further in our relationship. Frau Becker was, before all else, a mother. Her relationship with the children was remarkable in its mixture of friendship, confidante, understanding and love; she "got" the meaning of "young" and "youth" even when her own values were being challenged and judged by the children. (Herr Becker was the true authoritarian personality. He was the executioner; he did the yelling and doled out the punishments.) Frau Becker had once studied Kant and Schopenhauer but explained that she could not truly understand them—their words, their positions—juxtaposed with the world of real things, as experienced. She said, "I stand here, on the earth. I see what I see, I know what I know, I might die tomorrow, but today I know I am here."

The War was the most frequent topic of conversation between us. We would talk in the kitchen over a very long cup of coffee, on the balcony when spring came or in the living room on those rare occasions when she sat down to relax. She believed that every German

must take it upon himself to feel responsible for the War: "They are responsible, as deutsche Volk. They must be reeducated and try to avoid inciting a third Holocaust, but," she said, "too many of us are anxious to consider the past as done with. Years 1933-1945 become Hitlerzeit just as the 15th century is the Renaissance. It is not easy to forget, but much more convenient and much less trouble." She believed that if another Hitler personality were to appear, with a similar "program," he would be swooped up and followed by the people as Hitler was followed in 1933. She said "The people are not intelligentes Volk aber sind fleissig (industrious), lebensfreude (love of life), hilfsbereit (ready to help), und sauber (clean)." I wondered about the hilfsbereit but never doubted fleissig-ness or sauber-ness.

We discussed the religious question. She knew that I was Jewish, non-observant but Jewish nonetheless. Her own view of religion (she was a good, practicing Catholic) was intermingled with a vision of mankind and one god whom all men worship. As she explained it, "I see many different men—a Catholic, a Protestant, a Jew, a Moslem, a primitive—climbing up the sides of a mountain over a high fence. They are unaware of each other's existence. But as they climb higher and higher, and the mountain gets slimmer and pointier, they become aware of each other's existence and realize that they've all been trying to attain the same goal after all." (Soon after I moved in with the Beckers I had to register with the local polizei. There were forms to be filled out. When I was asked my religion I wrote Jude and felt double chills running up and down my spine. I got out of there as soon as I could. My Studentin-Ausweis was a very useful document.)

Frau Becker, whose first name was Christl, had never imagined she would have to, one day, wash her own floors. "Fräulein Radoff [never, never anything else but that], I wouldn't have gotten married if I had known that one day, I would have to clean my own apartment." The children compensated a thousand-fold for whatever unhappiness and drudgeries she had experienced as a result of war. She kept a well-balanced household budget and reckoned by the pfennig, not by the groschen (ten pfennigs). Neither was she incapable of laughing at or telling an off-color joke. She rarely smoked but joyfully and guiltily accepted a proffered cigarette and smoked it long and hard. She remembered the days in 1945-46 when a Chesterfield cost five marks, then about $2.00. I honestly believe that many of my happiest hours in Berlin were spent in her company.

The Herr Doktor spent most of his time at work. It wouldn't be fair to say that he ignored his family, but when he came home—rarely before 8 p.m.—he was generally not to be disturbed and spent most of the weekend in the living room with a book or a newspaper, or took a solitary walk. In 1945, he had been taken prisoner, mistaken for another Immanuel Becker, a "wanted" Nazi chemist. The three days he spent in jail were, for him, the cruelest days imaginable. He was irreparably scarred by having had to spend the time in a cell with "vulgar criminals," as he termed them, until he was released. I don't think he ever forgave the French for arresting him.

He sternly disciplined and punished the children, Wulli getting the worst of it. For Kucki, though, there was no punishment. Kucki and her father were in general disagreement about everything, and Frau Becker felt powerless to intervene. A 16-year-old girl, with above-average intelligence, can be devastating to a father who is completely unwilling to accept any of her ideas as possibilities. Herr Doktor Becker refused to budge from whatever opposing position he had chosen at the onset of any conversation. Kucki would refuse to accept the occasional conciliatory gesture he might offer. "Everything I do or say is wrong," she screamed out one night. They were too alike to perceive the other's point of view.

AT THE PIANO

I generally had to tone down my own opinions in Herr Becker's presence but was very thankful to him on one occasion in particular. It was routine for me to practice piano three or four hours every morning. One morning, about six weeks after I had moved in, I heard the bell ring. A woman I had never seen before stood at the door in housecoat and slippers. "I live upstairs. Can't you stop playing? Or play something else? I am already half-crazy from your practicing." I had been playing Bach, had been playing one page over and over for half an hour in order to get the trickier passages well in my fingers and had not even realized the passage of time. "Aren't you feeling well?" I asked. "No, I am always in bed." (I did not know it then, but she was pregnant and her doctor had advised her to remain in bed much of the time.) I said, "I'll find something else to play."

The incident passed, and a week later, the bell rang again. (Frau Becker was usually cleaning the house and out of earshot of the bell.) This time, it was the next-door neighbor, Herr Pfahl. "Can't you stop playing? I can't work! My room is right near the piano. I generally work at home [no one knew what he did] and can't concentrate." Frau Becker came to the door this time and received the complaint calmly. "What would you like?" she asked of him. "Can't you move the piano elsewhere?" "No, I don't think that's possible." And she politely wished him good morning and closed the door. It simply didn't occur to Herr Pfahl that he might move his typewriter with less difficulty, but the whole thing was becoming more and more trying for me.

After the first incident, I arranged my practicing so that I would play Bach or a Chopin etude for 15 minutes at a time, following it with 15 minutes of more melodious music, a Schubert waltz or a Chopin nocturne. I was super cautious about composing at the piano and found it nerve racking, fearing that these strangers were overhearing my compositional struggles. Although the Beckers had very little to do with their neighbors, the situation was becoming uncomfortable for them. Herr Pfahl also mentioned the last year's boarder (who was a piano major and practiced more frequently; I was primarily studying composition with Boris Blacher but had enrolled with Frau Ilse Steffin for piano lessons and Josef Rufer for Theory and Analysis.)

Another week passed. I continued to practice though I felt more and more self-conscious. Each mistake I made, each repetition of phrase, was a double anguish for me. During this week, Herr Pfahl took it upon himself to circulate a petition throughout the house forbidding my practicing and asking the landlord to ask the Beckers to curtail my piano playing or to evict me. The landlord could not accede, primarily because I never played during those hours when playing might have been forbidden—after 10 in the evening, or between 1 and 3 in the afternoon, the latter the time for rest, quiet, a lawfully prescribed siesta.

It was hard enough for me to walk in and out of the house receiving angry glances, but harder still for the Beckers, who by their own actions, were alienating themselves more and more from their neighbors. Herr Becker, from whom the news had been kept as long as possible, was finally told about the petition. He received the news angrily, and that evening sat down at the piano—which he hadn't done in years—and played duets with me for an hour, then improvised by himself for two hours, stopped at the stroke of 10. He did the same thing the next night. The vindictiveness of his action shocked me; afterwards, I was quite thankful. No more complaints, partially because I had been intimidated enough to cut down

on my practicing time. The upstairs lady had her baby, and Herr Pfahl greeted me in the street soon afterwards. And I continued to practice and compose.

THE KEY

I also learned to carry my house keys with me at all times. It is an old and rather objectionable German custom to lock the front (the downstairs) door every night at midnight (at some pensions, 10 p.m.). The week after I was all set in the Becker household, I was given a set of keys. Each key measured no less than four inches. One night late in the spring, I came home after midnight, somewhat inebriated. I had my keys with me but was completely unable to open the front door. At first, I assumed it was due to unsteady limbs, but after five minutes of unfruitful struggle, I realized that it wasn't me or the key, but the door: the lock was jammed and for some reason my key didn't work.

Thinking that if I approached the door anew, it might open, I turned around and walked up the walk again, tried the key again, but had no more luck this time. The lights were out. I remembered that the Beckers had taken Kucki out to celebrate her birthday. If they had not yet arrived home, I was only to wait for them. But it was a cool night, and I was not warmly dressed. I waited by the door for a few moments, hoping that they or someone else might arrive. After about 15 minutes, I decided to go to the nearest bar and make a phone call.

I ran all the way, three blocks down the deserted cobblestone streets, and phoned. The phone must have rung about 20 times, and no one answered. Since Frau Becker was a light sleeper, I was reassured that they hadn't come home yet. It was impossible to rouse either Peter, Immo, or Wolf from sleep. I ran back to the house and waited again. No one came. Back to the bar and back home again. Three times. Out of desperation, I called friends I had left at the party, not too far from Gerichtstrasse. Could they pick me up? I would spend the night elsewhere. Yes, they would be there in 15 minutes. I walked back this time somewhat relieved. All this while, I had visions of myself sleeping on the front steps until 6 a.m., when the door automatically unlocked itself.

This time, though, I was pleasantly surprised to see a taxi round the corner. The Beckers had returned. Kucki most aptly described me as looking like a poor little lost dog standing by a tree, waiting for her master. Herr Becker had luck with his key, but I had to remain downstairs until Inge and Fabian arrived, to thank them and send them home. I went upstairs and spent a pleasant half hour with the Beckers over a glass of sekt and some kuchen. And so, hours after I had arrived home, I crawled into bed. The lock was adjusted the next day although after that night I never was able to arrive home after midnight without feeling somewhat apprehensive.

THE BECKER CHILDREN: Kucki, Peter, Immo & Wulli

Kucki was a lovely and remarkably gifted teenager. One forgot that she was only 16. She was intelligent, capable of understanding theater, opera, and literature and sharply criticized critics who could not see any value in a work because they did not like it or could not understand it. "You have to be objective to be a critic," she felt. She read and understood "Of Mice and Men" in English; her greatest difficulties were with slang and jargon. She also baked, sewed, and cooked, was frequently left in charge of the three boys (die Buben) and administered her charges with ease. She and I went to theater and opera as frequently as her

monthly allowance would permit. She had few friends, so unlike the average American teenager; her father thought she was too young to date alone though she had a "boyfriend." His parents were divorced, his father a big film magnate of whom no one approved. Kucki arranged clandestine meetings with her friend, once leaving the house with her bicycle at 9 p.m., returning near midnight. There was hell to pay when she came home. I have no doubt, however, that she and her friend did nothing more than talk, interspersed with a bit of necking.

Kucki and her contemporaries adored all things, people, clothes, ways "American" including jazz—hence, the greater degree of disparity between their parents and themselves. Any teenager finds life and parents difficult, but in Germany the struggle is intensified, for the struggle is not only a struggle to be recognized as independent individuals, but recognized as independent individuals who are drawn to a culture other than their own, other than their parents' culture of the "Victor," drawn to the sloppy, irresponsible, jazzy, disobedient, automaton culture of America so picturesquely described by Herr Becker, who liked me well enough but not the culture from which I had emerged. When I left Berlin for good in the summer I gave Kucki my Levi dungarees. She was ecstatic!

Peter, aged 15, blond, well built, not an exceptionally good student but a fanatic philatelist, and at an age in his development where he withdrew from female company, was difficult for me to get to know. Even on the numerous shopping trips we made to East Berlin together, he preferred silence to exposure.

Immo, aged 11, red-haired, small and thin, did poorly in school though his IQ would have been the highest in the family. He was of the introspective type who had to think things over long and hard before answering. At the time, Frau Becker was contemplating giving him the equivalent of Carter's Little Liver Pills or Geritol to stimulate his apparently tired blood. Immo was kept ignorant of many things and remained naïve and innocent. If Frau Becker took him to East Berlin for an afternoon, she told him that they were on the far side of the Kurfürstendamm—the poorer section, Immo believed. It was far simpler, she explained, since Immo, though quiet at home, had a big mouth with his friends and had to impress them with stories true and untrue in order to maintain their friendship. Frau Becker was not anxious for her neighbors to know that she traveled to the East. Hence, the big deception, and Immo always believed. Immo, though more serious than Wulli, was just as curious about my belongings, their origin, their operation, as he would permit himself to be. One afternoon, he espied a small lock and key I had brought with me. "Where did you buy this? Did you bring it with you?" "Yes," I told him, "I bought it in Woolworth's." There are about three or four Woolworth's in Berlin. "In Voolvert's? They have Voolvert's in America?" "Oh yes, Immo, many more stores. In New York City alone, there must be at least fifty." This absolutely astonished Immo. He ran to tell his mother that there are Voolvert's in America. He couldn't believe that a Berlin institution like Woolworth's could possibly exist elsewhere.

And now to Wulli, the six-year-old devil of the Becker household. From the first, it seemed destined for Wulli and me to become close to one another. He seemed to have an astounding vocabulary although it got to be less astounding as my German improved. Nonetheless, he knew how everything in the house worked, and what I should or shouldn't do. (I shouldn't, for example, let the water from my wet clothes, hung over the radiator, drip onto the floor because it would stain the woodwork.) He found everything "komisch" (funny): Scotch tape, Band-Aids, my assortment of ink bottles, a plastic squeeze jar. He couldn't understand why my German was so bad. He would come into the room, point to

something, and say, “Wissen Sie das?” (“Do you know what that is?”) and then explain it to me carefully. I was in the habit of eating an orange for breakfast, and after each shopping trip, Wulli would come into my room, look over my purchases, smile at the oranges, and say, “Oranges, I knew you’d buy them,” and count them. The Beckers rarely ate oranges.

During one of his inspection sprees, Wulli discovered several packages of chewing gum I had brought with me. He looked at the gum, took it out of the drawer, and said, “Mutti [Mother] never buys gum.” “Would you like a piece?” He ran to ask his mother if it was all right, and later, after he had left the room, I put the package back and noticed that half the package was already gone. I had just opened it, I thought. The next day, I looked again. There were just a few pieces left. It didn’t take more than a moment to know where the gum was: at the pit of Wulli’s stomach. Rather than let it pass, I mentioned it to him that day. He smiled guiltily and then affected a pained look, the look of the falsely accused, and vociferously denied the charge. Thereafter, I put the gum elsewhere. I don’t chew gum, but had brought some with me, why I don’t know.

A week passed. Wulli said, “I bet you’ve eaten all the gum up yourself.” The scamp had probably searched my desk drawer every day to find no gum. “No, Wulli, I have some more. All you need do is ask for it when you’d like some.” He asked, and as I opened the closet door—I had put it on a clothes shelf—he said, “Oh, that’s where it is now. You’ve moved it.” He was cheeky enough to let slip that he couldn’t find it without admitting that he’d looked for it.

Wulli did, however, get himself into a spot of trouble with his harmless appropriation of other people’s things. In January, Wulli entered kindergarten (a German word!). He had to walk three blocks to school, which he did accompanied by his little 5-year-old girlfriend from downstairs. One noon, Wulli came home with an apple, a big shiny red apple, in his hand. “Where did you get that beautiful apple?” asked Frau Becker. “The fruit man gave it to me,” was his innocent reply. “Gave it to you?” “Well,” and here Wulli hesitated, and gave both of us his infamous sly grin. “He didn’t exactly give it to me, but he didn’t say anything when I took it.” “He didn’t say anything?” his mother asked incredulously. “No, he wasn’t there.” (The fruits are generally displayed outside in front of the stores.) Aha. Wulli had committed his first real misdemeanor: he had stolen an apple. When asked why he took the apple, Wulli replied that he didn’t have the five pfennigs and so he just took it. The man would never miss it, he rationalized. Frau Becker then explained stealing, and one’s belongings, and that Wulli would have to be arrested. She impressed Wulli with his wrong action so much that he was only too willing to return with his mother that afternoon, return to the fruit man and pay him the five pfennigs, borrowed from his mother, rather than risk arrest. Thereafter, he rarely looked a policeman straight in the face.

Peter, Immo, Herr, Frau, Wulli, Kucki

Immo, Wulli, Kucki, Peter

I was told later that he carried himself with such great aplomb before the fruit man that Frau Becker was worried that this child's play might develop into something a bit more dangerous in later years. Pappi—Herr Becker—remained ignorant of the theft. She remained, however, more amused than upset. Throughout the year Wulli appeared to believe in his own fantasy world, of which white lies, fibs, outright storytelling were an intrinsic part, and I was never quite sure how much Wulli himself believed, but he could be very convincing and told the biggest lies with the calmest (aber ja!) poker face.

Herr Wulli & Kucki

Two Christls: Frau Becker & Kucki

It was clear to Wulli that I was a tenant, and that he was a Becker. He made it clear to me that he understood the nature of my being in their household. Made it too clear on a number of occasions. Before he entered school, he spent most of his morning upstairs, and if I was practicing, Wulli chose those hours to amuse himself in the living room. Not every day, but often enough for him to be a bit of a nuisance. And if I were to ask him not to play the piano when I was playing, he would reply, "Ja, you do not really live here. This is my house, and I can do whatever I want." I tried to reason with him. (Ha!) "You can play at other times when I am not playing," but reasoning never worked. Ultimately, Frau Becker intervened, to my advantage.

It was much easier to remove Wulli from my room although he sometimes had to be removed bodily. Wulli seemed to prefer the room I had to every other room in the house. He was the only one in the family who didn't knock before he came bursting in. He enjoyed having a special, foreign place to be in; he used my room as a refuge from imaginary pursuers; he used it as a night sanctuary when he was supposed to be in bed asleep. And it was at night, when he should have been asleep, that he knocked. I would hear a quiet, timid knock. "Come in." Slowly and quietly, Wulli would tiptoe in, finger on mouth, shushing,

and we would converse in whispers until I could convince him, without threatening to expose him, to return to bed.

During the day, Wulli would come in, watch me at work (I was at the time writing or copying the parts for a string trio) and ask if he too could "schreibe Noten"—write music. I managed to satisfy him with specially lined music paper, where the stave was two inches wide, and a copy of Bach's English Suites; he laboriously copied out one page, working on this special project for a month. He delighted in using my crayons (I had brought over a giant-sized box of Crayola crayons), my drawing paper and pencil sharpener to sharpen all the pencils in the house as well as the crayons, which he was constantly breaking. (When I left the Beckers, Wulli owned a complete set of half-broken Crayola crayons.)

When Wulli learned to print letters—he started in kindergarten—he printed them over every available piece of paper. One afternoon, he invited me to a tea party. If I supplied the tea, he would supply the cookies. Just Wulli and I were present, and he was strangely quiet, much the man, and mannerly. He poured tea into the tiny teacups (that had once been Kucki's play tea set) and looked as embarrassed as an American drinking his first cup of tea at an English tea party. We conversed for a few moments. I asked Wulli how he liked school. He liked it very much. What did he do there? "I play." He smiled self-consciously. Naturally, he didn't like his teacher. I wouldn't expect him to. The tea party broke up 20 minutes after it began. It was time for him to play again.

Wulli was quite aware that he, his brothers, Kucki and his mother were Catholic, and that his father was not Catholic. One morning, not long after I had arrived there, he asked me, "Sind Sie Katholisch oder Evangelisch?" I told him that I was Jewish. "Was ist denn das?" ("What's that?") He didn't seem to know what "Jewish" was, and the best I could do was to explain that it was neither Catholic nor Protestant, a different religion entirely, but he would learn. It was customary at mealtimes for the children and Frau Becker to cross themselves and utter a thanks to God for their daily bread before commencing to eat. When Frau Becker ate breakfast with me, or if one of the children was eating alone, the custom was temporarily abandoned. Wulli, having eaten with us on numerous occasions, knew that I, like his father, did not ever make the sign of the cross but might be uttering my own special prayer (so Frau Becker explained to him). It would have been infinitely more horrifying for Wulli to believe that I didn't pray than for Frau Becker, who knew that I didn't. One morning, Frau Becker and I, breakfasting on the balcony, were joined by Wulli. We had just started to eat. Without provocation or precedent, Wulli poked his mother, put his two palms together, glanced slyly at me and said, "We must pray first." Frau Becker was at once delighted and embarrassed, but more of the former. And while Wulli prayed, he glanced up at me, raising his eyelashes ever so slightly, to see what I was doing in the meanwhile. I was looking at Wulli; he hastily returned his glance to his lap. I never doubted for a moment that he did this to intimidate me.

One stormy Sunday evening (the children generally attended early mass and Sunday evening 6 p.m. mass with their mother), Kucki, Peter and Immo abed with colds, I asked Wulli if they—he and his mother—were going out to church. The weather was dreadful. Wulli looked up at me, assumed a most serious air, and said in as clipped a tone as possible, "Ja, wir müssen!"

It was common knowledge to the adults on the block that the woman across the street had married a Jewish man after the War. Somehow, through someone's parents, the Becker children found out about this. One morning, Wulli came running upstairs, quite out of breath, found me and Frau Becker on the balcony, and shouted, "Herr _____ was there when

they killed Christ!" Frau Becker's response was, "Wulli, that happened two thousand years ago. He couldn't have been there." "But he is a Jew, and the Jews killed Christ!" "Ja, some of the Jewish people were there, but they weren't the only ones present at the Crucifixion. There were many Roman soldiers; and Fräulein Radoff, who is a Jew, wasn't there." "Ja, aber—" ("Yes, but—") He looked at me, considered his mother's explanation, threw up his hands, apparently couldn't understand, and left us to an unavoidable discussion about the Jews in Germany. She was always simpatico; I was never fully at ease. But never on the offense. Any chip that might have been on my shoulder was subdued, sublimated.

Wulli was able to count well and quickly in English, with an occasional skip from 39 to 70, or 49 to 60, etc. "Vun, too, sree, forr, fife, sex," it went. He also knew "good day," "good evening," and "good night," and greeted me with these phrases often. One afternoon, I went to a nearby American army library, which I had permission to use, and I took Wulli with me. Although he was truly a little brat, a German brat to boot, I enjoyed having him around; he was generally well behaved on outings with me, and Frau Becker was able to spend a quiet afternoon. As we approached the library, guarded by a soldier, Wulli held back for a moment and quickly grasped my hand. He was afraid of the soldier. It was even more complicated for Wulli since the guard was Negro, and Wulli rarely saw American soldiers, and more rarely saw any Negroes. We came up to the soldier, who greeted us, inspected my passport, and waved us inside. Wulli overcame his momentary fright, let go of my hand, turned to the soldier, saluted him, and said "Good day" in that special clipped manner of his reserved for things serious and full of import.

Wulli manifested his most monstrous, sadistic, and childish guiltlessness with "Mookie," the month-old all-white kitty cat given to him by a friend. Wulli insisted on torturing that poor cat from the day it entered the house until the day it was removed from his hands. He never fully understood that it wasn't a stuffed Stieff toy and managed to make a nervous wreck out of the animal in three short weeks. "Play" consisted of dancing the cat on its hind legs. When the poor thing was hardly able to walk and scamper; he placed it in glass bowls on top of which he then placed a cover; he literally dragged Mookie everywhere he went, and when she scratched him, he laughed (but never scratched back). One evening, I heard Wulli's voice. "Ja, come with me, take a bath with me." I ran into the bathroom and found Wulli just about to throw the cat into the bathtub. I told him that the cat couldn't swim and would probably drown if he threw her into the tub. That seemed to do it, but it didn't stop Wulli from dreaming up other tortures. Mookie would jump on and off the couch, occasionally landing behind the cushion, where she found it difficult to extricate herself. Wulli made a "game" of this—he would place Mookie between the two cushions and ever so sweetly push the cushions together. Since it was generally my couch Mookie chose to jump on, I was able to watch Wulli, and one afternoon lifted him up, placed him between the two cushions and ever so gently pushed them together. Wulli wasn't too happy about that and stopped the cushion game, but he was inventive and found many others.

The last trick was the last time any of us saw Mookie. A new house was being built across the street. There were, consequently, many sand piles near the curb. Wulli took Mookie out one afternoon; he dug a hole in one of the sand piles, put Mookie in it, and covered the hole with sand until the little white cat-face was the only thing visible. If Mookie climbed out, Wulli caught her quickly and made the hole deeper. (God knows what he might have done to a younger brother! Was it something in his German blood?)

The neighbors had seen Wulli at “play” and were screaming things through their windows: “Look at that child, that spoiled brat, his mother, her high pretenses—such ill-mannered children, call the SPCA, if she won’t punish him, I will,” and so on until the original owner of the cat was called and removed Mookie from Wulli’s possession. He had been warned by Frau and Herr Becker although neither of them carried out any of their threats. But Wulli had to give up the cat. After a day of tears—he was completely inconsolable—he forgot the cat and returned to his former catless self. (I doubt that he experienced any genuine repentance or any sense of guilt.) Despite his appallingly dreadful behavior, Wulli was nevertheless an endearing child (with Charles Addams overtones). He loved to be read to, and was delighted to have me read to him, probably because I was the only person in the household whose German pronunciation could be corrected. And when he was read to, he was as quiet as any six-year-old is when he is quiet.

In mid July, I left Berlin, bound for a Seminar at Darmstadt, thinking it was to be my final leave-taking. My last glimpse of Wulli at that time was a Wulli in tears. He had not been allowed to hold my valise and ride a bicycle at the same time, and accompanied me, with his mother, to the streetcar, hysterically. He insisted on taking his bicycle, refused to walk with the valise, and simply was not physically capable of maneuvering his bike with the valise in one hand. And so he cried.

In August I returned to Berlin (Evelyn was with me) although I had originally planned to visit other parts of Germany. Berlin was a magnet for me; I did go elsewhere in Germany, but during most of my travel time I preferred leaving Germany. This time, leave-taking was easier for me; Wulli, seeing that I had returned, couldn’t understand why I wouldn’t return again and celebrate his seventh birthday in October. Neither could he understand that I had a mother and father (for some unfathomable reason, Wulli was convinced that I was parentless), both of whom were awaiting my return eagerly. I suppose Wulli began to take my presence in the household very much for granted and was too young to understand where I had come from and why I was returning there.

The evening before my final departure from Berlin, Frau Becker presented me with a set of linens for tea: a small table cloth and four napkins, hand embroidered with large blue flowers. For my future life she said.

Es war einmal ...

Elaine Radoff

Ed Miller

Ron Binks, Inge Breitner Powell, Andy Oerke

Andy & Elaine

Elaine: Foto Studio Radocay, East Berlin

Ron Binks with Graflex camera

MARKETING AND "EATING IN"

I was quite fortunate to have kitchen privileges in the Becker household, so long as I did not interfere with Frau Becker. It was easy enough to plan my mealtimes, during those times when supper was not being prepared. But, as I soon discovered, there were things to learn about shopping for food. Not only the vocabulary itself, but also the procedures involved. One of the first things I purchased was a large plaid bag, which I carried with me constantly. Also, a shopping "net," which could hold an extraordinary amount of food without ripping. Paper bags are scarce in Berlin. All of Europe, for that matter. Hence, the necessity for a permanent shopping receptacle. It was also rare for fresh vegetables to be packed; the net held them in.

Most of my daily food shopping was done at a nearby grocery store (groceries= "Lebensmittel"). The grocery stores carried dairy foods (Milcherei), wursts (although a more varied assortment could be obtained at the meat market), canned foods, fresh fruits and vegetables, and condiments. By the time I discovered the equivalent of a supermarket, 10 blocks away, I had become too accustomed to the personal attention and services of the grocer, the baker, and the butcher, and preferred the experience of a real relationship between myself and the "clerk" even if it involved shopping in three or four different stores. It took me awhile to realize that no one ever entered a store without muttering "Guten Tag." The newcomer was answered by everyone else in the store-clerks, other shoppers–but no one looked at the newcomer. It was habit, tradition, custom, and no longer fraught with the friendly greeting it might once have been. Rather, a hangover of politeness, the necessary "Höfflichkeit." But if you didn't say "Guten Tag" or "'n Tag" or just "Tag," you were singled out either as a foreigner or a boor. It just wasn't cricket to walk into a store without muttering some greeting, a kind of second nature.

As the foot crossed the threshold, the mouth opened. Nonetheless, it did afford the shopper the advantage of an immediate communication with the clerk and owner of the store. There were times when I walked into the grocery, greeted a lone clerk and heard three or four Guten Tags in response. I looked behind the counter and found two other clerks on their knees, looking for some article of food. They too had responded. It became, in time, an involuntary reflex action.

The manner in which food was bought and sold was somewhat different than the general procedure in the U.S. In the smaller stores, everything was sold by its weight; eggs were sold singly. Canned goods were, naturally, an exception. Because of this, it was possible to buy one carrot, or two onions if you so desired, and I frequently did so desire. Eggs were expensive, ranging from 20 to 30 pfennigs per egg, depending on the size of the egg and the prolificness of the hens that season. (Twenty pfennigs is roughly the equivalent of a nickel, but twenty pfennigs was also subway carfare.)

a Lichterfelde-West street of shops

Potatoes, regardless of month, were phenomenally cheap, sometimes three to five pfennigs per pound, and potatoes were the staple of every family. Frau Becker was astonished that I didn't buy potatoes more frequently. She couldn't live without them, she said. It was too much trouble for me to prepare potatoes for myself; besides, when I ate in restaurants, I ate my share of them. So, unlike the Berliner Hausfrau who bought them by the ten pound, I bought them by the one pound. I ought to mention that the European pound is the equivalent of 500 grams; our pound, the rough equivalent of 450; the liter, their liquid measure, is slightly more than a quart; hence, you got somewhat more in the pound and in the liter than in their American equivalents. And unlike the American markets, where practically all vegetables can be purchased year-round, fresh or frozen, the selection of

vegetables and fruit was primarily contingent upon the season and the particular crop, and in Berlin the situation was made more interesting by political and geographic factors. Namely, West Berlin received the large majority of goods by trucks that rolled the Autobahn every day and night from West Germany. Very little was obtained from East Germany, although I was told that some goods in large quantities were obtained by bartering with the East Germans. (This due to the difference between the East mark, supposedly based on the ruble, and the West mark, based on the dollar.)

I learned to eat all sorts of vegetables I wouldn't have dared touch in the U.S.; celery root became one of my favorites there. It is not very popular here. I shocked the Beckers by eating the jacket of the potato; unless baked by campfire, the potato jackets are discarded and not eaten. Similarly with a good deal of the corn, which is primarily pig food in Germany. I don't recollect ever seeing corn for popular consumption. And because they were expensive, eggs were considered a luxury food item in a family with many children. I, however, I was accustomed to eating eggs at least once a day, although within a few months I meagered down to three or four a week. (The eggs were packaged, fortunately, in a little cone of paper that could hold up to half a dozen.) Whenever I fried an egg for myself for breakfast, I felt so terribly American. Not that fried eggs were a rarity in Germany, but families rarely ate them for breakfast, with the exception of the "peasants," whose Bauernfrühstück (peasant breakfast) was a meal in itself: scrambled eggs with potatoes and bacon or other wurst.

It didn't take me long to comply with and enjoy the breakfasts eaten by the Beckers. (I didn't eat with them until my last Sunday in Berlin, when I was invited to a gala farewell breakfast with the entire family.) I gave up my egg for a breakfast consisting of dark bread, wurst, cheese, jam, and coffee, and I loved it. Frau Becker used to say, "Frühstück wie ein Bauer, Mittagessen wie ein König und Abendessen wie ein Prinz!"—"Breakfast like a peasant or farmer [they apparently need the most nourishment], lunch like a king, and supper like a prince." And on Sundays, when the Becker family ate breakfast together, there was a great deal of commotion in the kitchen, slicing the bread, the cheese, the wursts, an occasional radish, and a special treat of half a hardboiled egg for the children. (Punishment sometimes consisted of deprivation of this delicacy. Wulli generally suffered the most, and probably for good reason.)

Bacon was sold by the piece, by the pound. The thin-sliced bacon we know had yet to make its appearance in Germany and although chunk bacon is sold here, and it is much cheaper, it is not as popular. And so I bought these chunks by the half-pound, sliced thick, and ate it frequently. The children ate bacon raw and seemed to have no ill effects from it. I tried it, too, and for three days afterwards looked for the first sign of something resembling trichinosis but never found any.

The grocers were scrupulous about weighing food and charging an extra pfennig or not charging an extra pfennig. I learned, in time, to despise their fastidious weight calculations. But I was never overcharged. Cucumbers, when they were in season, and they were grown in Berlin, were anywhere from six inches to a foot in length; and when something was in season, it was so very cheap. At the height of their season, cucumbers flooding the markets were sold for three pfennigs apiece, and I learned to eat and relish cucumber salad, sliced transparently and sweetly seasoned. (I haven't eaten a cucumber since I returned, nor did I eat them before going. They don't look as appealing in the States.)

Fruits were gotten from all over. Spanish blood oranges; Jaffa oranges; and when the berries and cherries were in season, they were extra extra special. I ate all sorts of wursts and have not really enjoyed liverwurst since, half as well as the "echt Deutsch Leberwurst." Since wurst is a meat staple, it has been experimented with and the wursts, the Jagdwursts, bockwursts, knockwursts, and salamiwursts, are best "made in Germany." If I wished to treat myself to a home-cooked meat dinner, chopped meat, rump steak, all sorts of lamb and pork cuts were available but comparatively expensive. And to buy milk, it was cheaper to have a tin can, which could be purchased at any hardware store in one-half or one-liter size. The milk, also brought to Berlin via the Autobahn, was pumped into the can; for those who didn't invest in a can—and I didn't—the milk was pumped into the same bottle. I bought a liter, was instructed by the grocer to wash it out and bring it back for refill, and it was subsequently five pfennigs cheaper than if I had kept the bottle and bought a new one.

And since there was no room in the Becker refrigerator for a milk bottle, I had to drink it out on the same day, or throw it out. Once, Kucki noticed me pouring half a liter of soured milk down the drain. She was horrified that I didn't keep it. "Why?" I asked. She loved soured milk, a form of yogurt, I suppose, and tried to interest me in keeping the soured milk for a day or two, and then eat it with a spoon. One of the few foods I didn't experiment with. However, after that, I would save the milk I hadn't used for Kucki.

Once all the purchases were made, and I normally bought for the week a supply of cheeses, wursts, butter, a few eggs, oranges, some vegetables and fruit, and the money was doled out, it was impossible to leave the store without the farewell "Aufwiedersehen!" And one again, as with the Guten Tag, everyone present mumbled "'wiedersehen." Sometimes it got confusing, especially if someone happened to be coming in at the same moment that someone was going out. Everyone was very busy Guten Tagging and Aufwiedersehening, or Aufwiederschauen (definitely in where sehen was out).

The bakeries were a source of endless delight, the bread all freshly baked, the rolls, Schwartzbrot, a particular favorite of mine, full of health. But the pastries! This is something American bakeries ought to investigate. There are a few pastry shops around New York, but they are all much too expensive; they are unique here. They are wonderfully commonplace in all of Europe. The cheapest of the Kuchen was Apfelkuchen and a Mohrkuchen (poppyseed), generally 40 to 50 pfennigs. I think I must have sampled about 40 different kinds of pastry, and they are sold by the piece. Cakes are available but not as popular for that 4 p.m. Kaffee Klatsch, and it is at about 3 or 4 p.m. that the cafes are most crowded. Not only were kuchen and torte sold, but whipped cream (Schlagsahne) as well. Strauss (Richard) wrote a short piece entitled "Schlagsahne" commemorating the hundreds of overweight Viennese women who indulge in their 4 p.m. coffee, kuchen, and Schlagsahne, the latter on a special plate. There seemed to be no end of kuchen varieties, and toward the end of the year, I had settled on a few favorites, one of them an unequalled rum kuchen where rum had been used unsparingly.

Since I had been quite successful in smuggling a pound of instant Maxwell House into Germany, I didn't have to buy coffee for a month. When my supply ran out, I treated myself to another indispensible item of the German household, a coffee mill (a grinder) and paper filters. The procedure was similar to that when making drip coffee. After the coffee was ground very fine, it was placed in the filter, a cone-shaped piece of "wet strength" paper; boiling water was poured over and into the filter, seeping through into the porcelain receptacle underneath the filter. Voila. I learned that if I poured the water in too hastily, it ran

over the filter. If I poured the water near the sides of the filter, it didn't seep through uniformly, and so on. All of this took about 10 minutes and the coffee was quite good. But coffee was more than four times more expensive in Germany, the equivalent of $1.00 to $2.50 a pound more, depending on the grade. A few brands of American-label German-made coffee were sold, but they were even more expensive. So I managed until I went to Vienna during Christmas and smuggled in another pound. Coffee was cheaper in Vienna. And then after my Italian sojourn during the spring, I smuggled in another pound. Unfortunately, the German coffee beans are not as dark, as rich roasted as the coffee I had been accustomed to drinking in the States, so that the Italian coffee (similar to Medaglia d'Oro) was almost a delicacy for me and a rarity for Frau Becker, for whose taste it was too strong. When I returned to the States, I brought my coffee mill with me as well as several hundred paper filters. They have traveled with me and still are traveling with me, unused and gathering dust in the upper reaches of the closet.

SHOPPING FOR CLOTHES, SHOES & SUNDRIES

Since there were a number of Woolworth's around Berlin, as well as the Berlin equivalent, I felt comfortable shopping there, the first few months, until my vocabulary improved. It was not necessary to greet the clerk in a W.W. Woolworth's; she seemed, in fact, to be the blood sister of the Woolworth's clerk in the States. Impersonal, uninterested, not highly educated, but distractedly helpful. For a few weeks, a few phrases in German sufficed, a few phrases in which I did not have to name the article wanted but could point at it through the glass and say, "Ich hätte dieser" or "Ich hätte jener ..."—"I'd like this, I'd like that . . . no, not that, this. Yes, thank you." In time, I learned sufficient German to be more specific, which helped both me and the salesgirl. The Woolworth's shops were outfitted as ours are, cheaper brands, cheaper prices of known brands.

However, I couldn't buy clothing or shoes in Woolworth's, and armed with dictionary, I entered the department stores, hoping to leave with something that fit and that I wouldn't have to return. The salesgirls in the German department stores are much different than their American counterparts; the salesgirls in the more exclusive specialty shops are exactly the same as their American counterparts. In the larger stores, "just trying it on" is barely tolerated. I remember looking for a raincoat; as is my wont, refusing the help of a salesgirl, at first. I had barely touched a coat I wanted to try on, when I was attacked by three salesgirls, all wishing to help, all outraged when I refused their help. And so I took to skulking around the stores for fear of antagonizing them too much.

JUNO ✓ bitte!

Bunker

Kau-gummi

I did buy a navy blue raincoat, but it took much more out of me than it would have in the U.S. I tried on a few, watched and scorned by the salesgirls, who perhaps had already had previous experience with Americans, and was very careful to return the coat, or whatever article of clothing I happened to be looking at, to its proper rack, proper hanger, in the same condition of hanging as it was when I took it off the hanger. Initially, I had difficulty because of the difference in size, the difference in size number. I normally take a 10 or 12 or 34; in Germany, my dress/coat size was 38 or 40, depending on the style. The first time I tried on a size 34 dress, I was absolutely horrified. Had I gained that much weight? Fortunately, the salesgirl was able to explain the problem to me, and assured me that size 38 is a perfectly decent size for "eine junge Dame." The largest shopping district, similar to 34th Street in New York, was on the Tauenzienstrasse. There, a large department store, akin in popularity to B. Altman's, was located; the KaDeWe! The Germans have a fantastic propensity for abbreviating names of stores, concerns, etc. KaDeWe stands for Kaufhaus des Westens (Department Store of the West). Another was named DeFaKa (Deutsches Familien Kaufhaus)—like Macy's. Along the Kurfürstendamm, the higher-priced shops were found. Like Horn's, which carried beautiful, modish, expensive styles, with a 100% markup, I was told by a salesgirl I met.

Shopping for shoes was another problem entirely. The first time I looked into a shoe store's windows, I noticed the shoes on display were not the small, petite sizes the American shoe stores display. On the contrary, the shoes seemed to be large sizes. The shoes, in fact, were the first thing that could give a German away in a foreign country. Because of the weather (hardly a day passed without a drizzle, if not real rain), the cobblestone streets, the most practical daytime shoe was a heavily constructed rubber-bottomed laced-up affair in strange shades of brown and blue. The colors looked faded, unreal. And that was the year that the pointed shoe was making its initial appearance, so that after I returned from Italy with four pairs of shoes in my knapsack, I was even more horrified at the German shoes than I had been six months earlier. I did, of course, buy a pair of sturdy walking shoes there, but had great difficulty finding a shoe to fit my narrow, 7 ½ AA foot. The majority of the cheaper stores, the chain store shoes, are made in one width—medium. Half sizes are unheard of in the less expensive stores. Only with shoes, I wore a size 5 in Germany—small compensation for a dress size 38. Eventually, I had to go into one of the more expensive stores, where a more diverse assortment of shoe sizes and styles could be found. And where the shoes were imported from either Italy or Switzerland, so I managed to satisfy my taste as well as my feet. Cobblestones are very hard to walk on in thin-soled flats.

THE U.S. ARMY: MISTAKEN IDENTITY

My encounters with the U. S. Army in Berlin were mostly insignificant and completely unforgettable. I lived in that section of the city (Lichterfelde West) which the Army had chosen to house its soldiers. Gerichtstrasse was a five-minute walk from the Andrews Barracks, and a ten-minute walk from McNair Barracks (once Hitler's Kasernes), both of which "housed" the lower echelons of the Berlin Command. The "higher-ups" and their families lived in a postwar community along the edge of the Grunewald, off the postwar-named Clayallee. The PX,

American Express, American Mission and a library were located here, Bus #11 took me to Clayallee. It might have been simpler to explain that I lived in the "American sector" of the city.

The proximity of the barracks offered me an opportunity to observe the soldiers on the streetcars, going to and from the center of the city on their evenings off and on weekends. I observed and understood them only too well. And rarely felt happy to see them or to be one of their fellow countrymen. I could sympathize with their feelings of isolation, loneliness, but not with their general unwillingness to learn about the German, nor with the occasional violence (nor would I condone it at home), nor with the unceasing stream of Anglo-Saxonisms which not only colored their speech but was their speech. And everything that they did that might have occasioned a nasty glance in the States was severely censured, misunderstood, criticized, and considered typical of "the American" by the Germans. I, too, at times agreed with the German and felt ashamed, guilty at feeling ashamed, and definitely unwilling to have anything to do with a member of the armed forces in Germany. It is probable that I would not traffic with the majority of soldiers in the U.S.: different interests, different backgrounds, etc., in or out of uniform. But in uniform, they represented something to me and to the German, and in uniform, any breach of behavior seemed inexcusable and most unfortunately was considered representative and typical of Americans in general, and not in particular. Young men occasionally rape young girls. A sad fact. If a young American soldier raped a young German girl, his action became an "incident" with international overtones. Not only a breach of good behavior, but also a breach of international relations. And if perchance the young soldier was Negro, then the incident remained indelible in the minds of the Germans. I have no doubt that, had their been a Negro population in prewar Germany, it would have received the same treatment as the Jewish population received. But I am straying, as I often do.

I had been in Berlin but a week. It was late, and I was returning home via the U-Bahn (Underground). I had been in Berlin but a week but already I had bought a big red plaid shopping bag, a folding umbrella, and a raincoat, all of which I had with me that night. Even before coming to Berlin, I had worn my long dirty-blond hair in a bun, combed straight back and never more makeup than lipstick; occasionally, no lipstick. I mention this because I believe it was easy for me to remain anonymous, to pass, whenever it was to my advantage. If not completely anonymous, then at least not American. I preferred not to be stared at, pointed out as a foreigner, and the Berliners, living their island existence, pointed at, stared at the foreign, the strange, the new.

The train, the U-Bahn, was nearly empty. Across the aisle were three soldiers in slacks and sport jackets. About three or four German men and women other than me completed the car. Two of the soldiers were drunk, one badly. He stood up, waved his arms around, pointed and jeered at the others in the car. "I hate the Germans, I hate Germany, you're all motherfuckers." His friend attempted to stop him. A minor scuffle. Then he looked at me, bent over, and said, "You want to get raped, girlie?" He wheeled around and sat, then fell down. I sort of struggled within myself. To answer him in English, in American, would have served no purpose at all other than to involve myself in his problems. I wished to have no part of it or him, and I remained silent, feeling both ashamed for him and for myself, and guilty, always guilty. (As a Jew, I felt, all year, that I should hate these people, the Germans. I could not.) The third soldier, not at all potted, intervened and succeeded in calming the first, and then we arrived at our station. It is difficult for most Germans to accept these young men as their "conquerors." It is true that I met many soldiers during the year who were nice, who did not get drunk every night, and who did not make me feel ashamed of their uniform. And what's wrong with drinking? But the uncomfortable encounters are more vivid in my mind.

One night, in the month of May, two soldiers entered the streetcar in which I was already sitting, returning to their billets after what had been a wild (and "unsuccessful") night out. I estimated their age at about 19. They were drunk. (After I had been in Berlin a few months, I began to wonder why the soldiers who were not drunk, weren't. Beer, hard liquor, are cheap if you have the dollars to spend.) One of the soldiers was eating an ice cream pop, the other a bockwurst. (It is not uncommon to eat on public transportation in Berlin.) The drunker of the two entered the car and screeched, "Yeeeaaaaaahhhh! Wie geht's?" holding onto the doorway for support. His next action was most unfortunate. He approached the man sitting closest to him, and snapped his fingers in the man's face. The man was blind. No reaction from the soldier. Both soldiers were dressed in "typische, Amerikanische Sport" clothes. One in a grey suit, longish jacket, pink and grey tie; the other wore a blue, short-waisted zipper-up jacket, light grey slacks. They espied seats. The drunker one ran and screamed, "Yippee, seats!" and sat (lay) down, feet on one seat across the way, body on the other seat. His companion, much more subdued, sat down and ate his bockwurst. The streetcar was filled with buzzing mutterings in German: "Their lack of education and breeding." "Here, they'd never allow such behavior in the Army." An elderly woman mumbled something to me about their behavior. Their German contemporaries looked on contemptuously. (I not only wore a German raincoat but had on German shoes, carried my ever-present shopping bag and umbrella, and a German newspaper, all of which contributed to a sort of incognito. Other foreigners didn't think I was American, Germans thought I was Polish, French, Dutch, possibly Czech.)

The soldier sat up straight, became suddenly serious, a prelude to the flow, the torrent of every conceivable four-six-eight-twelve-letter curse word, "son of a bitch, shit, fuck, m-f," etc., etc., etc. "We got gypped." (Some clever Berlin Fräulein had deceived them, I thought.) And on and on without cessation. The Berliner, who is genuinely thankful to the Americans for the airlift and for their continued protective presence in the city, resents the individual soldier. They don't like to be reminded daily that they are a defeated nation. They looked on at these soldiers with expressions of scorn, disgust and hatred of the sort that made me feel nervous. I experienced a sense of alienation from both the Germans and the two Americans. And yet I recognized them, the soldiers, and myself as Americans.

The curse words continued to flow, and frankly, it was too much. Too much for me, and I, on numerous occasions, do curse. Then I did something that has puzzled me ever since. Instead of being dignified, instead of trying to use reason, I stood up, went over to the soldiers, and said, "Why don't you keep your big mouth shut?" My big, heroic attempt to restore decency and dignity failed because I had brought myself down to the soldier's level instead of rising above it. It is like biting a child who bites you, in order to show him that biting hurts. That never works. We had reached my stop, and I suspect that I wouldn't have said anything at all, had I not been so close to leaving the streetcar as I was at that moment. He answered, "Why the fuck don't you try to shut it for me?" I think he was too drunk to realize that I spoke American-English, although that might not have made any difference. It might not make any difference were the incident to take place here. I got off the car, quite shaken up, on the verge of tears, my hands and feet shaking slightly. It had taken so much effort to speak (I used to dread being called upon in high school, and this was much worse) and to be rebuffed in such a way—not that I expected that my words would have any effect at all. Perhaps I just wanted him to know that he had been understood. But so what?—it just made me feel sick. I would not like him or his ilk any better in the U.S., and I was never able to sympathize enough with him, the lonely soldier away from home, just looking for a good time, to try to understand him. I am too much of a snob for that (I blamed them for not making any attempt to learn the language

though there were many soldiers who did learn German, and learned it well, but the vocabulary of the large majority was limited to Fräulein, zwei Bier, bitte, wie geht's, and scheisse.

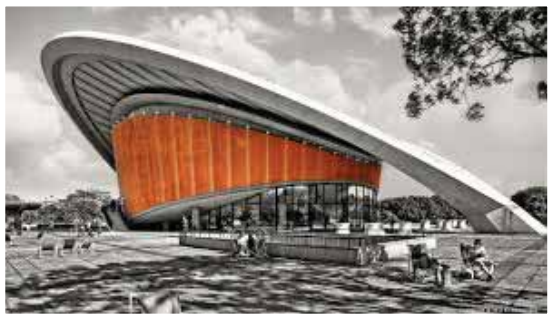
There were several encounters which breathed of the comic spirit, which were inherently humorous rather than inherently unsavory. And in each of them, my identity was mistaken. How could it not be? Homeward bound again after a concert or a night out with friends on Strassenbahn nummer 77 or 78. Midway, three soldiers boarded the car. (None of them was drunk this time, or many other times.} They found seats near and across the aisle from me. They were talking about nothing in particular. (Usually I felt like the world's biggest sneak, understanding their conversations perfectly. Like the way I now feel overhearing and understanding a conversation between two Germans in the NY subway.) The conversation, having nowhere to go, turned itself toward me and after 30 seconds close scrutiny toward the Queens College ring I was wearing (and had been wearing since my graduation in 1954). "I wonder where she got it." "Yeah, d'ya suppose someone gave it to her?" "Maybe she took it from someone." They were so surprised when I answered "No, it's mine." "Yeah?" Amazed and ever so slightly embarrassed. "When were you in the United States?" "Where djuh learn to speak English so well?" "I'm a New Yorker. I graduated from Queens College in 1954." Disbelief, incredulity, enlightenment. "Where are you from?" I asked. One of them said "We graduated from City College." And so we compared Berlin amongst ourselves. Then, "Say, I hope you won't think too bad of us. We didn't know you were American when we said all those things before." They were actually apologizing for having spoken about me, they said, the way they speak about all German girls. Neither flattering nor unflattering but with an undertone of distrust.

Funkturm

Fernsprecher – Telefon

They were not happy in Berlin although they would rather be in Berlin than in any other German city; they missed New York and were eagerly awaiting the termination of "their contract" with the Armed Forces. I felt, as I felt whenever I conversed with a soldier (an undrunk soldier), that it was almost necessary for me to apologize for being "happy" in and with the Berlin to which I had been exposed and to which I had willingly but not totally exposed myself. But I felt more at ease with these guys—I have, I now realize, forgotten to mention that they were Negroes for it didn't seem to matter—than with any of the other soldiers I met on Strassenbahn nummer 77 or 78. And we were all New Yorkers. Far away from home.

View from Ron's window Photo by Binks



Congress Hall, 1957 aka the "pregnant oyster" by West Berliners

MUSIC STUDY

I was in West Berlin on a Fulbright grant to study composition with Boris Blacher at the Hochschule für Musik. The summer before, at Tanglewood, I studied with him—as did Ed Miller who was also in Berlin—and Blacher had suggested that I apply for a Fulbright to

continue my studies with him. My knowledge of German helped as did recommendations from Blacher, Arthur Berger and Irving Fine. The Hochschule was located on Fasanenstrasse off the Kurfurstendamm in what you might call downtown West Berlin. The school was down the street from one of Berlin's largest synagogues, once a beautiful building, now boarded up because it had been heavily damaged during Kristallnacht in 1938, and I passed by it whenever I went to school which was about a 30 minute ride by U-Bahn or streetcar from my room with the Becker family in Lichterfelde West. I also studied piano with Frau Ilse Steffin and 12-tone analysis with Josef Rufer. Several days a week I went to the Hochschule for class or private lesson. Professor Blacher and I spoke in English and German; the other classes were in German. Blacher was not committed to any style; his first assignment to me, after we decided that I would compose a string trio, was for me, once I had written an opening section, to write three different development sections which turned out to be rather challenging. Lessons with him were pleasant; he was a practical man and would ask me direct questions or point to an instrument and tell me that it would not be heard where I had placed it. He never told me what or how to compose but gently steered me either away or toward the direction in which I seemed to be going, always non-judgmentally. Moreover, composers of many different stripes came to Berlin to study with him.

At home I had quiet mornings during weekdays since all of the Becker children were at school and I could compose or practice piano then. Frau Steffin knew that I was not a "pianist" but she was very helpful and friendly and I played a lot of Schumann, Chopin, and Bach's French Suites tolerably well. In the analysis class, we studied Webern and Schoenberg and all was new to me having come from a Stravinsky-neo-classic oriented environment at Brandeis. Also, the class was held in German and so Ed—who knew almost no German at the start of the year—and I went slowly although the concepts were not terribly difficult. The class was small and we rarely met with one another; Eino Rautavaara from Finland, and Oscar Bachet from France, were in the class. I finished the String Trio in December but I was too shy to ask string players to play it. Then Blacher suggested that I compose a work for full orchestra which I did and that occupied me until June. The work, which I call Essay for Orchestra, is chromatic, non-tonal, in no particular form, and someday I'd like to hear it. Because composition students had private lessons and no class, we rarely spoke with one another and had little idea what each of us was working on, unlike my experiences at Queens College and Brandeis. Ed, a jazz trumpeter, and I hung out; he was working on a chamber work that incorporated jazz elements. And neither of us heard our music performed at the Hochschule. Many evenings I devoured music at concerts and at the opera, West and East.

Boris Blacher, around 50, told me that he had been born in Manchuria and moved to Germany in the 1920s; he said that his maternal Grandmother was Jewish, that the Nazis had accused him of writing degenerate music and thus his career was disrupted and he was able to lay low until the end of WW II. To me his music seemed rather tame. His operas were performed all over Germany and he had a beautiful home to which he invited Ed and me for dinner; his wife was a painter. They lived in Schoeneberg—or maybe Charlottenburg—in a lovely area with much greenery. Ed and I were very impressed with the apparent luxury that had been paid for by his music!

Stefan Wolpe, composer, was also in Berlin that year; we had traveled to Berlin on the train together; he had received a Fulbright award, not a student award but one of the professional awards. Stefan had been born in Berlin; he was probably in his 50s, he was Jewish and left Berlin in the 1930s and arrived in NY after a stay in Palestine/Israel. I had heard some of his music in New York. He was an odd man; he twitched involuntarily, was not especially sociable, and I had to wonder what it was like for him to return to what had

once been home, a place he had been forced to leave. There was an incident on one of the streetcars that revealed some of his feelings. We were on it together, quite coincidentally; I sat across the aisle from him and we began chatting; he knew who I was. The conductor came up the aisle asking for tickets, speaking in German of course. Stefan spoke back to the conductor protesting that he only spoke English and knew no German, this in his German-accented English. The conductor didn't know English and was confused; I intervened and spoke in German to the conductor while Stefan kept on protesting excitedly in English. It was a very odd scene and at the next stop Stefan got up and left the streetcar without giving the conductor a ticket or money. Stefan's distress and ambivalence was evident and sad to see. After that incident I saw him now and then at concerts but we didn't speak.

Kurfurstendamm with a view of the bombed Gedächtniskirche

EAST BERLIN

I hadn't been in Berlin for a week when I decided to make my first trip into the Eastern sector. I studiously studied the subway maps so that I might not appear too conspicuous getting on and off trains. Getting into East Berlin is not an involved procedure. One merely boards the subway and gets off the same subway, 10 or 20 minutes later. But first I had to have some East money. Wechselstuben (exchange booths) are located in practically every large subway station in West Berlin. At the time, the going rate was 4 East to 1 West. This rate fluctuated with the world political situation. In time (I made frequent book and ticket buying sprees in the East) I learned when to get the most for the West mark. The only speculating I'd ever permitted myself and at these times I would buy 10 marks worth of East marks—equivalent to about $2.50, which would be enough to purchase 5

excellent orchestra seats at the opera or several well-produced art books or several volumes of poetry or drama. Books and theater tickets were available to all without showing identification.

On that first day I exchanged only a few marks since I was convinced I would be "caught" by a security guard in the East with illegal money in my possession. The sale of marks was considered illegal in the Eastern sector, and with good enough reason, since it promotes a sort of infatuation with lots of worthless currency in circulation. The East Germans recognize a 1:1 exchange – which is sheer nonsense. I bought my money and got on the train at the Zoo Station in the West. It was foolish of me but I was convinced that everyone on the train knew I was an American going into the East. Those first few trips filled me with all sorts of fears. I regarded the East German as a strange, hostile animal and I thought that everyone on the train going toward the Eastern sector was an East Berliner but that isn't the case at all since the train, on a certain line, crosses from W into E and up into W again and many of these people were merely returning home or going shopping in another section of the city or visiting or whatever people do that necessitates train travel.

In order to understand the problem of Berlin, in terms of its split, we might imagine that, using the island of Manhattan for an example, the middle of Central Park represents a line dividing E and W; everything south of 23rd St belongs to the West as well as north of 110th; the line from the park cuts through midtown in such a way that everything east of 5th h Ave is East territory from 23rdd to 110thh; everything west of 6th Ave is West territory. Using the NY subway system as it now is, it is easy to see how, if one worked in the Village and lived on W 96th (or vice versa, more likely) one would have to occasionally pass through, via subway, the East. Of course walking through the park would be an entirely different story. The Tavern on the Green would be accessible to a Westerner; an identity card would be required to enjoy the Carousel and a casual walk to the Zoo would not be so casual. In Berlin, to complicate things even further, one set of trains is run by the East (the so-called S-Bahn); the other, the U-Bahn, is run by the West. When in the West we use West pfennigs; in the East we use East pfennigs, although the East is delighted to accept West money. Not so, in the West where East money is considered worthless.

Three stops past the Zoo Station the train slowed for a moment. We had entered East Berlin and I seemed to be the only person on the train who noticed (a month later I was almost casual and unconcerned about this transition). But there were obvious changes in the scenery. The first difference was the appearance of the lady flag-waver, who waves the train on; and then the red banners which appeared so suddenly. Red banners plastered on the sides of buildings with huge white lettering: Freiheit, Fortschritt und Frieden durch Sozialismus (Freedom, Progress and Peace through Socialism). And loads of WW II-caused rubble.

(It is worrisome, for even as I write this now, just two years later, I hear that East Berlin is being transformed into an armed camp; borders are being sealed by Russian and German tanks; the East Berlin citizenry is not being permitted to travel to West Berlin with as much ease as was usual in previous years; persons working in the West are being forcibly discouraged from maintaining their jobs in the West. I would never have been able to travel back and forth as freely as I did and more East Berliners are trying to leave.)

Other signs extolling the road to peace, solidarity of the working class fight against "Capitalismus, Monopolismus, Imperialismus," etc. What astonished me most about the profusion of these signs, banners, flags is their permanence as the décor of the city; not that billboards and advertising placards are any prettier, but selling a product and selling a way of life are not quite the same thing. Or maybe they are. I learned that the East Berliner paid

little heed to the signs but in fact, he didn't have to. They were there; they were "osmosed." They served as ever-present reminders and it was never possible to forget that you were in East Berlin. Hardly a street or a horizon lacked a flag, a banner, a poster, a cartoon. The air seemed grayer, the ruins more apparent; during those first trips to the East I felt as oppressed as I imagined I ought to feel. Not merely oppressed but fearful of who knows what. I was firmly convinced that some uniformed person was going to interrogate me; every person on the street was my enemy. The paranoia dissipated in time, but I never wished to do or say anything that might attract attention to my person, consequently I wore dull colored clothing on the first few trips. Later on I felt confident in "passing" what with my satchel, new blue raincoat and clunky walking shoes. I did not feel that I was a tourist; I did not want to gape. I wanted to observe and absorb inconspicuously. And so I walked slower and spoke softly and more slowly.

I left the train at Friedrichstrasse, at one time a much busier thoroughfare than it is now. Three blocks away from Unter den Linden, the stop for the Opera House, Humboldt University, the Museums. My observation was that East Berliners live in different sorts of milieus: East rentals are phenomenally cheap, East vacations are cheaper and frequently free as is most medical care; the coffee in East Berlin tasted like distilled mud with a dash of chicory; and much more, but the wit, the famous Berliner wit is much the same in both sectors of the city. I was most disturbed not so much by the lack of variety in the clothing of the East Berliners (the average German doesn't dress what we would call fashionably, and why should he/she? A conquered nation is not as concerned with fashion when so much else is still in turmoil), but by a certain something which seemed to indicate that they really didn't care how they looked, how they dressed. They weren't slobs. They just didn't seem to care; why bother. It was a mixture of resignation, futility, drabness and I found it unpleasant and stagnating. I would never deny that schools and housing are far more important than new clothing, but in their way of thinking, everything was either black or white or red as the case may be. No compromise, no shading … a real entweder/oder. No room for wishy-washiness. Constant reminders about your duty to your state, reminders about the enemy lurking about (mostly true. The West sought out possible East defectors to serve as agents). Reminders, reminders and more reminders and the most disconcerting factor was that occasionally the criticisms of West Germany (ex-Nazis in the Cabinet) were true, though no mention is made of Nazis still functioning in East Germany; fewer, perhaps, some for sure.

But, as is more than apparent, what was being offered to the East Germans as a substitute for the way of life prevalent in the West has proved insufficient and unacceptable. I don't know the precise figure, but a few million people have chosen to flee the East, leaving homes, business and, in some cases, family, behind them. The shoes were certainly uglier. I contrasted everything with anything I had ever. known. Later I became a bit more judicious and made comparison with West Berlin only and not with New York and then the contrast wasn't quite as stark.

Pink is East: Russian; Orange, Green and Purple are West: American, British, French, respectively.
Friedrichstrasse is smack in the middle; I lived in Orange;
Inge, Ed, Ron and Andy lived in Green.

I reached the street and walked toward Unter den Linden. On the way I stopped into a bookstore and browsed but didn't buy then. Something disturbed me about those streets and the further I walked the more disturbing it was. The absence of traffic on those wonderful broad streets, not heavy traffic, just traffic. Who needs NY traffic? One need imagine any street in Manhattan with but a dozen cars moving along a 4 (or was it 6?) lane street, divided by a narrow park lane, lined with benches, once lined by Linden trees, in order to sense the emptiness. The sidewalks too are very wide, ample for about 8-10 people walking abreast; they too were comparatively deserted. I heeded the traffic signals very carefully. Jay walking is a serious offense in Germany, a fine on the spot—and I was in no mood to be apprehended. (I had already been yelled at in West Berlin on the Kudamm by a traffic cop wearing a long belted black leather coat: "Du, da!" he bellowed at me as I stepped off the curb on a red light.) So now for a moment I looked toward the Brandenburg Gate, four blocks to the West and through it and wished I was back on the other side.

I must have spent less than an hour walking about. I bought nothing for I didn't feel secure enough to buy anything yet. The streets were clean, as they are all over Germany, East and West, but again, I felt ashy, not sooty as I do in New York, but covered with the ash and powder of broken ruined buildings, Trummer. There are many spots in the West which were still in ruin, London especially, but those awful ruins seemed cleaner. I knew even as I experienced all of this that it was nonsense. The air is the same air, the clouds the same clouds but it was impossible, during that first trip, to be rational. I turned back toward Friedrichstrasse, carefully took out 20 Ost pfennigs for the train. I was so certain that I was going to be asked for an Ausweis—the identity card required for every East Berliner,

BERLINERS ala George Grosz by Ron Binks

though an Ausweis is not as necessary in other parts of East Germany, for there is only one West Berlin and if you live in Leipzig or Dresden it is obvious that you are an East German —and I calmly walked up to the station platform. There are various trains, express trains that leave Friedrichstrasse, pass through West Berlin without stopping, and enter East Germany, Potsdam. I had heard several stories about people who accidentally boarded one of these

expresses and found themselves in jail for having crossed into East Germany without a proper visa. Many were interrogated, accused of spying, eventually released. It had happened to a friend, Arlene Weiss, two years earlier. It took her 8 hours to explain, in very bad German, that she was an American Fulbrighter and had made an error and finally the American mission was contacted. And so I made certain to get on the right train and five minutes later I stopped feeling ill at ease and once again felt secure, untouchable, inviolate.

Prior to this first experience I had pooh-poohed the possibility of any sort of fear-sensation. Americans by the 1s and 2s are well-liked pretty much all over Europe, even in East Berlin as I was later to discover. It is the picture of the big-mouthed American that is disliked but if an American is basically a pretty nice sort, he or she will be liked all over. Americans are also well taken care of by the American consulates and the Berlin mission. I do know that on subsequent trips to the East, which often numbered at least twice a week, as I began exploring the city, buying tickets and books, I felt no fear. I began to get a better perspective on the East-West Berlin scene, I was in many respects less circumspect, but always polite and respectful in my actions.

Brandenburg Gate – border crossing

Rubble

Stalinallee

Alexander Platz

I did in time get to know much of East Berlin and although I rarely felt fear, I always felt gray. Berlin is not only a divided city; it is two cities; it is a contradiction by definition. Berliners eat, dress differently, get different news reports (in order to arrive at something nearest the truth one should read both East-West papers, the NY Times, lump it all together, brew it and after straining it, the result might be approximately what was happening.) I made it my business to go to the East on days of "crisis" and on days when there were parades and festivities honoring visiting dignitaries, like Ho Chi Minh, Gomulka, Kruschtschew, May Day, Election Day and the day after the onset of the Hungarian uprising, October 24. Why I went over on the latter day, I still don't really know. Perhaps it was merely to buy a newspaper; perhaps I was hoping to see action. There was no mention of the incident in the East papers for two days. The day following the Russian invasion in Budapest and elsewhere in Hungary, November 4, flags were flown at half-mast in West Berlin, there was a blackout commemorating the victims of Russian tanks for two minutes all over the city, special church Masses, demonstrations and a feeling of great unrest. The whole business coincided with the Egyptian "invasion-nationalization" of the Suez Canal. The West German press severely chastised Britain's Eden and France's Mollet for their actions; Israel was cautiously defended. England and France were blamed for the massacre by Soviet tanks of the Hungarians. "You have opened the door to the murderers!" On the other hand, the East German papers made practically no mention of the Hungarian uprising until the Russians started shooting and when it was all over the headlines screeched about the great defeat of the "Horthy-Fascist-Imperialists" and the great victory of the "workers and peasants regime." Two different worlds. It was a good week to buy East marks.

When I had the time—I was, after all, studying, playing piano and composing—I would take the train to the East, get off anywhere and walk around. The stores displayed an astonishing lack of variety. Every bookstore had the same books on display the same week; every food store had the same food 'specials'; every everything looked like everything else. If the woolen mitten factory had just finished making woolen mittens and it was May, they were displayed (and bought rapidly, for the chances were good that there would be no more woolen mittens that year). One of the large shopping sections of the city is near Alexanderplatz which is generally an extremely busy area. A large dept. store, HO, is the big attraction. I was not permitted to buy anything there but I wasn't stopped from walking around. It was large, but drab, dull, ugly and always crowded. I would have loved to have bought some Chinese brocade, though the prices were prohibitive. Wives of political officials, however, were often outfitted in lovely dresses made of brocade. Other items, such as Czech cloths, Bulgarian linen, lace work, Russian peasant blouses attracted me but these too were inaccessible and very expensive. (I had no Ost-Ausweis, naturally.)

Later in the year I "discovered" a little shopping area in the northern section of the city, Schönhauserallee where shopkeepers were more willing to sell to persons without identity cards and it was apparent to them that you certainly didn't belong there. I frequented a stationery store, and was never questioned by the shopkeeper; a bakery which made rather good pig's ears, though most of the pastry in East Berlin was awful, and I had photos taken by a very good photographer, at Foto Studio Radocay, who seemed to have many non-Germans as customers. (On my recommendation, Frau Becker took all of the children and had them photographed there.)

Around Christmas time, Ed, Inge, Ron and I attended a little carnival held on Karl Marx Platz. It was full of great charm and seemed to have a 19th-century quality about it. More like an old "fair" than a carnival. The people sparkled, the booths were makeshift and

it was great fun for us. Foodstuffs, clothing, gimcracks were sold to all; jellied apples, something resembling cotton candy and a small rickety roller coaster which Ed and I went on. There was music, gaiety, children and yet it was an odd affair. Perhaps I say odd because it was primarily a real 'German' fair and not an East German fair, a lower-class German fair where inhibitions were temporarily lost, anxieties and politics cast aside—or so it seemed to us—and red flags delightfully not present.

Potsdamer Platz was, at one time, a heavily trafficked, heavily populated area. It is now one of the border points between East and West. It is a particularly striking border. For one thing the streetcar from the West no longer continues to travel down the rest of its former route. It stops at the border, the conductor and the driver exchange places and it returns westward. There are several border guards across the street, members of the Vopo. One side of the street, the Western side, has many people on it, the other side, the East side, has few. As you cross the street, your credentials are checked. The few times I went to Potsdamer Platz, I made sure I had my passport with me since I generally preferred to leave it home rather than risk losing it. Cars were stopped, the trunks looked into, people on bicycles stopped, their bags examined. It is one of the few places in the world where crossing the street can mean, in some instances, possible imprisonment or a fine. A large sign across the street welcomes you to the Demokratische sector (presuming that British sector is undemocratic). And it is here that the West has installed a huge illuminated news flasher, similar to the band of writing that encircles the NY Times building at Times Square. The news that is flashed is simply the news as it is reported in the West. (There is a similar news flasher in the Eastern sector at Friedrichstrasse that does everything but flash news. It tells of new communes in China, which factory has fulfilled its five-year-plan quota and other newsworthy gossip items interspersed with talk about the Western war-mongers.) The Western news flasher is quite large, and quite high and it can be seen by East Berliners several blocks away, across the border. It has infuriated Eastern officials but there is little they can do. It was, in fact, at Potsdamer Strasse that bloodshed occurred in June 1953 and there are several buildings whose ruinous condition is due not to the war, but to the events on that day. The streets are neatly cobbled on one side; much of the rubble taken away. The streets on the Eastern side are unsightly. I had been in Berlin several months before coming to Potsdamer Platz, where the exchange rate was better than elsewhere in the city and I had been in East Berlin many many times, but never had I been so struck with the incongruity, the almost lack of reality of the entire situation. Everything that existed elsewhere in the world existed on these two streets … a miniature version, and it shocked me for it seemed like a child's game but it was real.

THE RUSSIAN CONSULATE

In order for Americans, the English, the French etc. to leave Berlin via rail, air or the Autobahn, a visa from the Russians had to first be procured. This is no easy task, but neither is it impossible. The Russian Consulate, to be distinguished from the Russian Embassy , lies several yards away from the Brandenburger Tor inside the Eastern sector of Berlin. To be certain of obtaining a visa for Prague and Vienna for Christmas, I applied for my visa in October. Inge and I were planning to go together. It was terribly involved. I had to get a Czech visa which could not be obtained unless the Russian visa was a sure thing and the Russian visa,

needed for travel through East Germany, was not granted unless the Czech visa was a near certainty. And so, my first trip to the Russian Consulate.

The nummer 5 Bahn, operated by the East Berliners, took me to Friedrichstrasse and Unter den Linden, once the cultural, café, and hotel center of Berlin. Although it was not the first time I had entered East Berlin, it was the first time I had done so alone, and by train. (A week before I had been taken hastily through the sector by car.) My German at the time was adequate enough for me to ask someone where the Russian Consulate could be found. A woman answered that she did not know. This I did not believe. She must know must chose not to tell me. (However, months later, reflecting on this scene it occurred to me that perhaps she didn't know after all. There were so many new things and offices in East Berlin, enough to confuse even a long time resident of the city.) I asked a man and he glanced at me, hostilely I thought. He directed me to a large, white, 19th century Baroque building and I queried a guard at the door. Where might I obtain a visa for travel through East Germany and he answered something in Russian. I had been misdirected to the Russian Embassy instead. However, the words "transit visa" had been understood and the Russian guard signaled to a German policeman (one of the VoPo, VolksPolizei) who, unlike the Russian recognized a foreign accent and foreign attitude (no German would dare walk right up to the Russian Embassy) and after a ritual of heel clicking and a quick hand salute, directed me across the street, across the untrafficked Unter den Linden, to the Russian Consulate.

A Russian soldier was "guarding" the building. He paid no attention to me and so I quickly entered the building, a small three story (once a private house) structure. I was immediately confronted by "Was wollen Sie?"; the voice came from a little room to the left of the entrance. By this time, my prepared sentence was uttered flawlessly. He directed me to Zimmer nummer Eins (Room. No. 1), the waiting room. I was not alone but no one chose to speak. The room was pleasantly decorated—maroon velvet curtains and three comfortable sofas, a large table and a desk, and an old Grandfather's clock which ticked and ticked and ticked and rang bells on the quarter hour. (There was a time when I heard those bells chime six times while waiting.) Magazines were on the table—Russian and Chinese magazines filled with smiling faces, of children, laborers and other non-identifiable citizens. After I'd been waiting merely 15 minutes a young man entered the room. Blond, pleasant face, brown suit, dark shirt. (He was affectionately called "the dirty blond" by most of the American students who had had traffic with him.) Again, "Was wollen Sie, gnädige Frau" which he changed to Fräulein after seeing my passport. For the fourth time that afternoon I asked about a transit visa. He ushered me into his office. My only recollection of this room was a picture of Stalin behind the desk. He told me that it would be best to return in an hour. Herr Krivasche handled most of the visas for the Americans; however, he would take my name and the number of my passport and other "pertinent" information. As he wrote my last name down (which at the time was Radoff) he seemed to be making a mistake. It looked as though he was writing RAG and not RAD and so I ventured to correct him. Yes, he said, he had understood, however it was, he said, easier to write it in his native language. And then—a revelation! It had simply not occurred to me that, of course, all of these officials were Russian (and probably Communists at that!). I felt pretty awkward, left the room as quickly and as politely as possible and spent a lonely hour walking about the streets. It was 3 PM. There were very few people in the streets, virtually no auto traffic (whose absence is accentuated by the wide streets Bismarck had built), the ruins of the Reichstag building, and its symbolic role in WW II, in the immediate vicinity. The signs heralding Sozialismus, and the workers' struggle for Freiheit und Fortschritt (freedom and progress) seemed unavoidable. I spent a better part of the hour in a bookstore where I

purchased a wonderful history of music, that sells for $10 in the US, for $1.75, since I had changed some West money for East marks in West Berlin before coming "across".

At 4 PM I reentered the Consulate and was taken up to the second story to Herr Krivasche's room. (Lenin was on his wall.) Herr Krivasche was about 35, attractive, fair complexion, "strawberry" blond. He addressed me in English: why don't you Americans study Russian? I found it rather difficult to defend my position—I had just discovered that I had a position to take. Yes, I knew German, a smattering of both French and Italian but didn't expect that I'd ever have much opportunity to do very much with Russian. He hated to speak German he explained and looked for the opportunity to practice his English (which was quite fluent). He then handed me the transit visa application. As I answered the questions, all of which were of a rather routine nature, my name, nationality, passport number, where I was going and why I was going there. He commented on my handwriting, "So neat." (I was struggling to make everything legible and unquestionable.) "You will be a secretary working for the US Government one day." I answered that I didn't think so. I was in Berlin studying music. "Wunderbar" he said. "Do you like cool jazz (jezz) or progressive jazz?" I replied that I was rather ignorant of the distinctions in jazz. "Ah, you see, then I am more American than you?" And rattled off a list of his favorite jazz performers. Then he offered me a cigarette. "These Russian cigarettes are awful. (They are brown and 2/3rd filter.) Perhaps you would like a Polish or an American Pall Mall." Since I had just finished one of my Chesterfields (one of the 200 I had been allowed to take in) I declined the offer. The form was soon completed. I had been sniffling throughout most of the interview. "Do you have a cold?" he asked. "Yes." "Do you drink vodka?" "On occasion." "If your cold gets much worse you should return and we will drink a bottle of Vodka together. Real Russian Vodka." "Fine." (I returned for other visas but never for the vodka.)

As I prepared to leave Herr Krivasche helped me on with my coat so that I wouldn't "go back to America thinking that the Russian is impolite." I assured him that I wouldn't. Finally as a parting gesture he offered me a large coin, as a souvenir. A Russian penny he said. I thanked him and hastily deposited it in my pocked without even scrutinizing it and left. "Bye bye" he said. I felt like running all the way "home". Not hopping or skipping but racing back. When I did arrive "at home" I told Frau Becker the whole story—she was always worried when I went to the Eastern sector—and then for the first time I took the penny out of my pocket. It was an English ha'penny!!

A month after this initial interview I was told, by fellow Fulbrighters, that the Russians weren't granting travel visas. They suggested the East German Travel Commission. Apparently the Russian Consulate was being flooded with applicants for travel during the Xmas season. The "dirty blond" attempted to intimidate applicants by making them wait two and three hours and then he would suggest that they try the East Germans. A few did get East German visas but the majority of the Americans filed a complaint at the Traffic Control Board in West Berlin and after a few weeks of red tape, interviews, and papers which shuttled back and forth across the sector border, visas were issued. This happened again at Easter time. None of us had signed up for this! We could be somewhat sympathetic to their problem; an overcrowded room with people from all over waiting for visas. "Westerners" were not the only ones who applied for visas there. There were Russians, East Germans, Vietnamese, Chinese and "their own" people who had to be taken care of and any opportunity to coerce the Americans to recognize DDR/East Germany via travel visas was not to be missed. It would have been simpler to fly but more expensive.

I had not heard from either the Czechs or the Russians about my visa and Christmas and the date of our departure was just three weeks off. Inge and I could not purchase railway tickets until the visas were obtained. By chance, I met Herr Krivasche on the Tauenzienstrasse

in West Berlin. I met him in the men's wear department of one of the smaller fancy stores. He blushed (I think) and explained that he was looking for ties. He couldn't find any decent ones in East Berlin. They were all too expensive or not to his liking. I felt, curiously enough, that I had a sort of upper hand here. After all, what was an official of the Russian consulate doing in West Berlin? Not that it was inaccessible or "off limits" but he was clearly embarrassed at being "caught". Without hesitation, I asked him about our visas, saying that friends of mine had been having difficulties at the Consulate. He assured me that the visas were in order and we could pick them up that week. I thanked him and he hurried off. We picked up the visas two days after that chance encounter, and both Inge (who had had an interesting interview with Krivasche) and I felt somewhat smug and self-satisfied, but mostly relieved. All of our experiences in Prague were well worth some of the anxieties we had suffered concerning the visas. We stayed at a once luxury hotel and dined well and prices were, for us, cheap. Most Czechs claimed not to have heard of Kafka and we were taken, on the sly, to the old Jewish cemetery which had headstones from the middle ages. We found Rabbi Löwe's headstone which was on its side; the entire cemetery was a mess. Headstones piled up and strewn about.

Our time in Vienna was just as, if not more, extraorddinary: after the defeat of the Hungarian uprising in early November by Russian tanks, which made those of us in West Berlin feel vulnerable and afraid—after all, we were living on a landlocked island—many Hungarians made it to Vienna where they filled the streets, coffee houses and a refugee camp at the Austro-Hungarian border which we visited by bus. Inge had been born in Vienna and her family fled to the US in the mid 1930s; a few relatives survived the Holocaust and we stayed with one of her aunts. Gardens were snow-filled, beautifully white. On New Year's eve we listened, over the radio, to the Vienna Philharmonic playing waltzes by Johann Strauss.

The next and last time I saw Herr Krivasche, he was sitting in the new Universität der Kunst concert hall on Hardenburgstrasse. The event was a chamber music concert. We looked for him during the intermission. After intermission his seat was empty. When next at the consulate, we inquired after Herr Krivasche. The "dirty blond," who by this time probably hated all American students (it was early April and I was planning on a trip to Italy) told us that he had been replaced. No reason given. Period.

TRAVEL & SPRING BREAK

Once I learned the ropes in getting a visa for train travel through East Germany, it was easy, as long as the international situation wasn't shaky. Early November I went to Paris to spend a few days with Sandy Lakoff, on a Harvard fellowship, and Evelyn Schleifer who had joined him for the year. Sandy had found a Jewish restaurant and we went there for a meal of matzoh ball soup, roast chicken and brisket. For my over-extended spring break Evie and I spent 5+ glorious art & people-filled weeks in Italy. We met at the Venice train station, stayed several days, then down to Assisi where we overnighted at the home of the police chief because no rooms were available; Siena where we met Hannah's friend, the local Rabbi; then Florence where I spent a day in the hills with David Burge who was studying piano and composition on a Fulbright, and then Rome, our "Roman Holiday", 3 weeks, riding around Rome on Lambrettas with Franco Picchini and Sandro Berardi, pre-med students, whom we met on our first day. We stayed with Franco's aunt who had a room to rent near the Piramida Metro. They all were Communists, Resistance fighters in WW II and how, they asked me, could I, an ebreo, live in Germany? The question of the year. Every day in Rome was extraordinary, overwhelming; a past we'd studied that was revealed to us daily, under and above ground, still so vibrant, vital and delicious. Also, if a day passed in Italy, without being

goosed in a crowded bus or an attempt made to pick us up, we were surprised. The most hilarious goosing experience was on Easter Sunday, listening to a Palestrina Mass inside St. Peter's Basilica, the Vatican, Pope Pius XII intoning at the altar (who, when he spoke English to the crowd outside, sounded like my shoemaker on Jerome Ave. in The Bronx). All of a sudden Evie and I looked at one another, we were being goosed simultaneously, we giggled and ran out to join the crowd in St. Peter's Square and into Bernini's embrace.

Rome: Franco, Elaine, Sandro

Me & Evie on Franco's Lambretta

DIE HALBSTARKEN

Superficially, the adolescent population of West Berlin resembles its American counterpart. Dress fads, jazz, rock n roll idols, motorcycles. Just as in America a certain number of teenagers are either referred to as "juvenile delinquents" or followers of James Dean ("Crime in the Streets" type), so in Berlin, and in Berlin they are called "die Halbstarken": the half-strong. They enjoy practically anything American, anything transferrable, transformable, and adaptable and ultimately incorporated it into something definitively Teutonic. At first I was shocked to find so many of the teenagers dressed in jeans, many in black leather jeans and jackets (the more foppish in black velvet jeans), long hair (as it happens long hair is more common in Germany than in the US and is not necessarily regarded as "Bohemian") ala Elvis Presley. When they walked, the streets became crowded. When they talked and sang, the streets became noisier, and they sang American pop-tunes in English. I happened to be in Berlin when Elvis Presley and a song called "Tutti Frutti" (which I thought I had left behind, 3500 miles away) were definitely "it." It's difficult to reproduce phonetically "Tutti Frutti" sung by a young German. It is quite a unique rendition. The girls wore and loved to wear pony tails, tight black slacks, black socks, black shoes, turtle necked sweaters; little lipstick or eye makeup. Since most of them had been born near or at the end of the war, it is safe to assume that they knew little about the war. They adore Louis Armstrong. In fact, at a showing of "High Society" (which was most amusing. The Germans do not use subtitles, but synchronize German voices to the film. Imagine Louis Armstrong in German.) the audience demanded a reshow of a jazz sequence in

the film. And so, at the end of each performance, the sequence was shown and just as enthusiastically received as it had been during the scheduled running of the film.

Partly out of curiosity, partly out of interest, Inge and I went to hear Sidney Bechet and his group at the Sportpalast on Potsdamer Strasse. We entered the hall, similar to Madison Square Garden and found ourselves completely surrounded by these Halbstarken. They were a rather orderly crowd and we felt somewhat out-of-place; they were very blond, very eager for the evening to begin. It was about a minute before 8:30. (Everything starts promptly in Germany.) There were a few hundred seats up front, the more expensive seats, which apparently had not been sold. At what seemed to be a pre-arranged signal, hundreds of boys leaped from their seats, leaping over seats in a scramble to sit up front. There was no tumult. It was done so quickly and so presentably. The police, accustomed to this occurrence, did not intervene and at 8:30, with all of the better seats inhabited, Sidney Bechet and entourage appeared onstage. The floor shook with the vibration of stamping feet. Bechet played his silver horn and sang and they loved him and sang "Saints" with him and clapped and stamped furiously, and shouted Geh, geh mann, geh. Und er ging. (And now, as I write this in NY in 1959, he is dead.) There was a large James Dean cult in Berlin that year. Perhaps it has dwindled somewhat now. Newsstands carried 3 or 4 James Dean magazines. Even Kucki, who was not really a Halbstarke, dressed in black, all black, on the anniversary of James Dean's death.

Late that year, 1956, a film, simply entitled "Die Halbstarken," with Horst Buchholz (known to American audiences as Henry Bookholt and the star of "Montpi") played to full houses. The "halbstarkers" in the film were juvenile delinquent types. But at the end of the film, the leader of the gang weakens, chickens out, is really halbstark and we are to suppose that he reforms and returns to mother, on probation of course. There was one incident in which the teenagers participated semi-politically. I say semi because I do not really believe that their actions were motivated by pure political instincts, but rather by a spirit of adventure and excitement sparked by the Hungarian uprising.

Two nights after the beginning of the revolt, there was a large gathering in front of the West Berlin Rathaus. A very large crowd. There were speeches, people brought clothing for the refugees and the crowd, after an hour or two, turned into a mob, seeking violence of some sort to pacify their enraged mood. Someone suggested a march to Brandenburger Tor. The majority of the marchers were youths. They marched and accomplished very little other than to rip down the red flag that flies over the Gate (it is inside the Eastern sector of the city; at least once a year someone tears that flag down) and beat up two innocent British soldiers. The soldiers were in "civvies" and were not badly beaten. The West German police came to their aid and the crowd, under a torrent of water from the hoses of the West Berlin Fire Dept., dispersed quickly. Why the youths chose to attack the British soldiers no one could say. They certainly didn't know that they had attacked two of their "allies." But the mood of the crowd was violent. Perhaps someone thought that they were attacking two Russians in disguise, or two East Germans. It makes no difference who they thought they were "getting." And what a scandal (pronounced skahndoll). The following morning the press, both East and West, was full of conflicting reports about the incident. Nowhere were the youths condoned for their act. Apologies were relayed to the British. Future gatherings were under more severe police scrutiny. The Suez crisis had little interest for the young and I doubt whether anti-Red-Chinese mini-rebellions in Tibet could induce similar action.

Certainly, for the past two years, the entire teenage population in West Germany has been near the border of ecstasy; Elvis has been there, and perhaps the crew cut has been in fashion. In East Berlin, the situation is markedly different. Rock 'n roll is not tolerated by the State. (There are times when I find myself in agreement with the dicta of Communist rule.) But

West Berlin is accessible to East Berliners, and with much saving, a juke box can be listened to, a record of rock 'n roll can be bought, a photo of the "stars" can be purchased. In fact, there was an inspection of some of the dormitory rooms affiliated with East Berlin (Humboldt) University. Karl Marx and Elvis Presley were tacked up on the walls in many rooms, side by side. The discovered pictures of Presley were, we heard, confiscated, their owners censured.

BOOKS

There is probably no other city in the world in which book buying can be as adventuresome as in Berlin. To be more explicit, East Berlin. There is no dearth of book stores in the Eastern sector of the city. And for a student of literature it is as near Paradise as the use of the word in describing anything that East Berlin might permit. For the music student, however, there were several insurmountable problems. It was easy to buy books in East Berlin, with the exception of certain works which were not permitted to be sold to West Germans or any other Westerner for that matter. This prohibitive rule applied to certain works of Hesse, Tucholsky, Mann< Brecht and other more or less contemporary German authors. Under a State subsidy, books could be published and sold more cheaply in East Berlin than in the West and, with some justification, the West Berliner was denied the privilege of buying these books at a price considerably lower than the comparable price in West Berlin. For example, Herman Hesse's "Narcissus und Goldmund" sold for 10 marks in East Berlin, 2 marks in West Berlin. A 2 mark savings to begin with. Add to that the exchange value between East mark and West mark which at the time, in West Berlin, was 4 East marks to 1 West mark and it is quite clear that the West Berliner could purchase the book paying the equivalent of 2½ West marks. Anything bought in East Berlin had to be bought with East marks.

Once, an able-to-be-bought book was bought another problem presented itself. Westerners are not supposed to enter East Berlin with East marks. Neither are they to return to West Berlin, via the subway, with East Berlin goods purchased with the East marks they weren't supposed to have bought at the "black market" rate in the first place. Occasionally the trains stopped for a few minutes at a "border station" and occasionally special policemen inspected the trains looking for possible "refugees" or West Berliners with big East Berlin packages. The wrapping paper differed from sector to sector, so it was no problem to detect an East Berlin bought article. I was never "caught" although there were many times when I had to hide packages, stuffed in my big plain West Berlin shopping bag, under the seat and look unconcerned and un-nervous, staring out the window. A West Berliner was generally fined an exorbitant amount, to be paid in West marks, if detected. On one of those rare instances when an American was found out, she had to give up her books and was given a warning to be heeded for the future.

The bookstores were filled with wonderful editions of all German and Russian (in German) literature. I bought collections of Heine, Schiller and Goethe; a few volumes of Brecht, poems and plays. Kafka was not terribly popular in East German bookshops. And every bookshop advertised in its windows the same books as in every other bookshop and at the same price. A discount on books was not only unheard of, but actually unnecessary. After making a careful "study" of about a dozen of the bookstores, I chose 2 or 3 to which I returned weekly. Several of the stores required an East German visa. The majority of the bookshop personnel, however, accepted the money without question, although they knew I was no East Berliner. The largest bookstore in East Berlin is the Karl Marx Buchhandlung, on Stalinallee. Two floors, the top floor devoted entirely to Art books, reproductions, and lovely Chinese wall scrolls. In order to purchase a book of Chinese (Red Chinese) watercolors, I had to present a travel visa, issued by the Russians which served in lieu of a genuine East German visa. The ground floor of the Karl Marx BH had the complete works of Lenin, Stalin, Marx (all in German, a few pamphlets in English) and other pertinent "propaganda" literature, books in Slavic languages, a

very large section devoted to scientific and technical books and of course adult and children's literature. I mention children's literature because I bought a book, entitled "Das Paradies" (The Paradise) written for young children, about 6 to 11 years of age, exemplifying propaganda literature for the young. Fairy tales, The Three Bears, etc. naturally are also popular in East Berlin.

"Das Paradies": Once upon a time there was a beautiful land, the kind of land we imagine in our dreams, all kinds of fruit, animals, vegetables, etc. grew there surrounded by mountains, in a valley, through which a river flowed but the "big Boss" worked the poor people to death; he lived in a magnificent palace, had everything good to eat, drink and wear and stored most of the produce in his secret vault. The poor worked in a paradise that was a Hell for them and then the flood came and the people stormed the palace and they were led to the mountains by a returned prisoner called Malik until the flood subsided. The book doesn't say, but I suppose they lived in the mountains for 40 years, and then Malik, being old, died and the young men led the people back into their rightful homeland, the water had been absorbed into the earth, the revolution had been accomplished and everyone worked at his place, the one to which he was best suited because their lives had become more meaningful and what they did, they did for all as well as for themselves. And they lived happily because they had 'conquered' the Paradise that the earth will become, if the people want it. Das Ende.

As for Western authors, it was possible to find almost any good English, American or French author in translation in West Berlin. In the East the available material was more limited. The following authors were very popular in East Berlin bookstores: Dickens, Thackeray, Jack London, Howard Fast (the situation might have changed since he renounced the communists), Frank Norris, Jane Austen, Hawthorne, Zola, Flaubert to mention the ones which remain fast in my memory. Ah, I had almost forgotten to mention Dreiser, Sinclair and Steinbeck. It is quite obvious that the Ministry of Culture made it a point to have published those authors who were concerned with problems stemming from an inequality of social status. The above mentioned authors were chosen primarily for messages that could be culled from their works, not because they had written a great work of literature.

Late in the spring, I "discovered" a bookstore owned and run by a man and his wife with no outside employees. They sold their books to anyone who climbed the two flights of stairs in a once prominent structure along Unter den Linden. And it was here that I was able to purchase several volumes which were not intended for sale to West Germans. I experienced a greater feeling of calm and security in this bookstore than in any other. The proprietor never questioned me, as though he would rather not know but indicated that he was aware of my origin. He owned one of the few remaining "private enterprise" bookstores and sold only art books or literature in addition to a large collection of pre-war and first editions. Most of the bookstores received a certain shipment per week, they were told which books to "push" and after a book had been sold-out it was virtually impossible to order the title, simply because there was none being printed until perhaps the next season. This man had no outside display window; he ordered those books he wanted and probably maintained his old remaining pre-war clientele ... and, since he was not a state employee, a clerk selling books, it was evident that he was one of the few remaining book sellers who was selling books because he had always loved books. He helped me out of an embarrassing situation once which, in a way, typifies so much about East Berlin.

I had gone to the East to purchase tickets for the Staatsoper. Before going across, I exchanged my money and received a 20 EM bill for 5 WM. I noticed about 30 East pfennigs in my wallet, sufficient for return fare should I spend the whole 20 marks. (When you board a subway in East Berlin you pay in East pfennigs; conversely in the West.) I arrived at the box office only to see an Ausverkauft (sold out) poster pasted over the name of the opera I had wished to see. Rather than return immediately I walked over to the Bookstore described above and bought a second-hand 4 volume copy of Schiller's Dramas for 20 EM (then equivalent to $1.25). Once in the street I fished around for the 30 pfennigs I'd found before and was horrified to find just 16 East pfennigs and a few worthless Czech coins. (I had kept those coins in my wallet since my Christmas trip south.) A minor dilemma, I needed

4 more East pfennigs for carfare. Of course I could have spent 20 West pfennigs for carfare, West money is accepted quite cheerfully in East Berlin, but to be honest, it simply didn't occur to me. I could have walked under the Brandenburger Tor and then picked up a subway in West Berlin but didn't want to risk being inspected by both East and West police and losing the books. I walked up the two flights of stairs again and asked the proprietor if I might speak with him alone for a moment. I explained and he said, do you want to return to the West ... of course! He said, you want to return? Yes, I said. How much do you want (not need)? 20, 50?? He held out a handful of change. I took the 5 pfennig piece and thanked him, promising to return it Monday (which I did). I thanked him so much, I'm afraid, as though he were instrumental in saving me from a truly horrible something. During those moments when I had noticed the 5 (actually 4) pfennig deficiency, I had felt trapped, panicky even though the situation didn't warrant such feelings of desperation.

Any discussion of East Berlin bookstores would be incomplete without mentioning the big Russian bookstore, near Alexanderplatz. The employees were all women and all were Russian. They sold books printed in Russia, recordings made in Russia (Oistrakh, Gilels, the Leningrad Phil etc. and folk records, men's choruses), scores printed in Russia and in Russian, art books printed in Red China (I bought one with watercolors and a brocade cover). My purchases here consisted mainly of scores (a beautiful piano score of Boris Goudonov, although I don't understand one word of the libretto), and recordings of Russian folk music. Whenever I asked for one of the saleswomen to play a part of the record, she did so willingly and it was quite pleasant to have the store filled with this music as well as with the voices of the saleswomen, who were familiar with most of the songs. I recognized much of the music from childhood Jewish camp days. The women were exceptionally courteous, their German heavily accented but fluent. Although I bought a number of scores and volumes of Chopin's piano music edited by Paderewski and printed in Poland, in that store, I was unable to buy music anywhere else in East Berlin, which was unfortunate and ultimately costly. The music stores were beautifully stocked with all of the classic music literature and the new Bach and Mozart Gesellschaft editions. I was thoroughly unsuccessful in buying any music in East Berlin for much the same reasons that several books of literature were "off limits" to anyone without either an East German "ausweis" or East German visa. The Russian travel visa was not sufficient to enable me to buy music. A directive had been issued prohibiting the sale of any music to anyone without the proper papers; I could have bought the music with West marks at a 1:1 ratio of exchange instead of the 4:1 and even that would have been a bit cheaper, but I chose to spend my West marks in the West. After being refused by about five stores in the more crowded areas, I decided to explore other shops, thinking perhaps I might find someone who would sell music without requiring identification. I had no luck. The year before, this situation did not exist. Several American students took advantage of their good fortune and bought hundreds of marks worth of music in East Berlin. To discourage this from happening again the prohibition was put into effect. The year after I left, I was told, it was easier to buy music, particularly if you told the owner of the store that you were quite willing to spend 100 marks at a time. After all, why not make the exception?? An East mark in the till is an East mark and who, but the salesman, would know whose hand had help the mark last?? I suppose there is an ethical issue here in all of this somewhere. I was in some way contributing to the economy of a Socialist State ... buying propaganda material weekly (every book sold in the East has a potential propaganda value), exposing this and that bookseller to possible and sudden unemployment or interrogation. But as far as books were concerned, I never got involved enough in whatever ethical issue there might have been to stop making those weekly treks to East Berlin carrying my biggest shopping bag, full on the return trip.

One of my treasured purchases in West Berlin is a set of twelve prints, first or second strike, by Kathe Kollwitz. Several of them are self-portraits, a Mother and Child, one called "Der Weberzug" and another "Hamburger Kneipe".

The old Synagogue on Fasanenstrasse

SYNAGOGUE

One Friday evening, late fall, I attended services at a Conservative Shul in West Berlin. The rabbi of the congregation, a Rabbi Klein, had, for some unknown reason, at least unknown to me, been able to remain in Berlin during the war. Possibly, he was hidden by Gentile friends. I don't know. The large main Berlin synagogue, a beautiful building about the size of Temple Emmanuel in NY, was pillaged, sacked, burned in 1938 during Kristallnacht. Its congregation was middle of the road, not orthodox. The outside stone structure still remains, although access to the interior is impossible. It stood two blocks off the Kurfürstendamm and whenever I went to the Musik Hochschule I passed by it. The "synagogue" I went to, now the only one in West Berlin, is in a less fashionable neighborhood on Pestalozzistrasse, it's a converted Jewish Center; the Shul itself is one small room.

The services were well attended, although far from representative, considering the number of Jews who have returned to Berlin. I had never attended Friday evening services before, even in the US, and so must assume that the general procedure was in no way different from conservative services anywhere else, although the sermon was in German. It was curious to note an almost complete absence of the blond-haired children so everywhere in Germany. These children, these German-Jewish children looked different to me. Their complexions seemed darker; their hair darker; their eyes darker; I suppose I had transplanted them to Eastern Europe, but I don't think it was all part of my imagination. They were Ashkenazi Jews. I was, I suppose, fortunate to have attended services that particular Friday evening since the Shul was filled not only with its regulars but visitors as well. A group of Protestant youths, maybe Boy Scouts, had been invited, I assumed by the Rabbi, to attend the services to enlighten their cultural, historical and religious horizons.

They stood along the sides of the room. After the regular part of the services were over, which included much ritual that I hadn't ever before participated in, standing up, sitting down, turning to the back when the Ark was exposed, all of which I did somewhat slower than everyone else present. I followed the movements of my neighbors. Then the sermon commenced. Rabbi Klein chose his topic in honor of his guests: "All Western religions have their roots in the Old Testament. You [he turned to the boys] say the New Testament. But there is only one Bible and one father of all religions: Abraham [his voice grew more and more hysterical] and one law-giver: Moses and the Ten Commandments are the same for all, and we must all believe this" and so on. "We Jews don't want and have never wanted war. We want to live in peace as people, as Jews, as Germans. What happened before should never happen again. You [the boys] must read the history of the Jewish people, must understand the religion, must prevent recurrence of the past…" And more. The sermon ended and I couldn't help but have the feeling that if the boys had not been a bit anti-Semitic before they entered the Synagogue, they might have been afterwards. Or perhaps I do them and myself an injustice.

As I left the room I was stopped by a little man, whom I had noticed during the service. He smiled at me once, and I, thinking "he knows I am a foreigner" smiled back, and thought nothing of the smile. He had, he said, been observing me. At first he thought I belonged with the boys. (No one in Germany believed I was Jewish. You don't look Jewish, I was told. You look Dutch, Polish, Scandinavian and a long list of other nationalities excluding American and absolutely excluding the remote possibility of my being Jewish.) The little man didn't believe I was American because, he said, "your German is so good." (I had barely said anything to him.) I told him I was both American and Jewish and was studying in Berlin. "Have you ever been at services before? I don't believe I noticed you." No, my first time (and my last). I didn't trust his "friendliness" but asked him about the Jewish community in Berlin, which at the time numbered 4,000 (I believe there had been at least 150,000 before the war). I didn't ask why he or they had returned. He was not interested in discussing the Jewish community. Where did I live, could we meet again, etc. I made up the existence of "meiner Freund" who didn't like me to go out with other men, shook his hand and walked away as quickly and discreetly as possible. An evening of disparities.

Later in the year I went to the site of another Jewish synagogue, this one in East Berlin, on Oranienburgerstrasse. Here too, the original temple was a mess, in a condition of ruin, probably never to be repaired. Here too there was a small shul but I felt uncomfortable and could not bring myself to attend services. I felt, as a Jew, as an American, twice removed from these people and stayed near the site long enough to read the bulletin board which asked, begged the Jews, the congregation, to please patronize their Kosher butcher.

EATING OUT

Berlin—despite the East-West separation, the Holocaust—still remains a cosmopolitan city. French, Danish, Chinese, Polynesian, Spanish, Italian food available in those restaurants that cater to the Gourmet. On occasion, if we had an ample supply of money, Inge, Ed, Ronnie and I tried these restaurants, although we always felt a bit out of place, just as we might feel out of place in a higher-priced restaurant in New York. For the most part, we chose a few places, which we frequented because they were inexpensive, comfortable and gave enough food to satisfy. After three days in Berlin, Ronnie "discovered" Aschinger's. Aschinger's was located three blocks down from Kurfurtstendamm. Unlike every other German restaurant, they served rolls which did not have to be paid for. We had to pay for every slice of bread which we might order in a restaurant. Those rolls which we did not eat, were generally stuffed into someone's handbag. Aschinger's served a giant bowl of Erbsensuppe (split pea soup) for 40 pfennigs (a dime) and for 20 pfennigs extra, a wurst was thrown in. Ronnie managed to make a diet of this for a week; that was quite sufficient. We ate there as we might eat in Horn and Hardart's. It was always crowded. There were two rooms. In one of these rooms a number of stand-up tables were provided for those who could not afford to pay a tip and the tables were often filled with standees eating their erbensuppe and all the rolls they wanted. It was generally annoying to have to tell a waiter, in any of the restaurants, just how many rolls we had consumed. More often than not it wasn't necessary to tell the waiter. He knew. And so it was Aschinger's for a cheap, filling meal, generally consisting of a breaded pork chop, potatoes, vegetables, dessert and a beverage. We also frequently ate at another stand-up place, this in the Zoo Station whose menu resembled Aschinger's though the train ambiance made it all feel quite different, always bustling like a cross between Grand Central and Penn Stations, inter-East-West sectors, international and near the Tiergarten, in the middle of which was an actual Zoo with a diminished animal population, bears of course, wild cats and monkeys but most oddly many varieties of dogs in cages, a reminder of West Berlin's island status: Berliners were intensely curious about anything new and different. After all, they couldn't leave home very easily.

Then there was the Paris Bar. We ate there frequently enough so that after six months, the waiters actually smiled at us when we entered. A small place, with low, uncomfortable, Parisian-café-like wicker chairs, round tables, scenes of Paris on the walls, good and inexpensive French wine. The crowd was interesting. I believe that the Paris Bar, because of its name, lured the majority of the expatriate crew who chose Berlin; those who would be rightfully considered "Bohemian" inhabited the place; and the service was slow. But in European restaurants, I learned to eat slowly, to enjoy my after dinner coffee leisurely. Although a place might become crowded, we never felt that we had to leave; we never felt pressured into giving up our table to waiting customers. I enjoyed walking into a restaurant, being greeted Guten Tag, Guten Abend, having my coat removed and hung up by the waiter, with no extra charge, and after finishing, having my coat put on, paying my check, and Auf Wiedersehen-ing. Aschinger's was perhaps the only restaurant which didn't observe these amenities, but then who went to Aschinger's for the service? In the Paris Bar, we found ourselves surrounded by other foreign students, even a few French ones. It was rare to see a German student eating out unless it was a special evening. They couldn't afford to eat out.

And the Mensas … The Mensa is a student-priced eating place. A mess hall and the mensa tradition is found everywhere in Europe; in Italy anyone could eat in a Mensa; in France and Germany, it was restricted to students. I signed up for the Berlin Technische Hochschule Mensa, across the street from the Musik Hochschule the first week and I paid

practically nothing. I believe it was 30 pfennigs a meal; I ate one meal and never returned. I could afford to be choosy. The average German student couldn't. The Mensa at the Freie Uni. was better, but – it was on the other side of the city. Schnell Imbiss stand, something like a hot-dog stand. There were Schnell Imbisses all over. Schnell means quick; Imbiss, bite into. The German equivalent of an eat 'n run joint, with no service, no tables. Just wursts, rolls and soda. I think it was probably closest to Nedick's. I didn't consider a wurst a meal, a lone wurst, 5 or 10 pfennigs, extra for the roll, but it generally tided me over for a few hours if, after class, I was staying around for a concert or opera or theater event.

And the bockwurst were long, a foot-long, skinny, tasty thing. In addition to bockwurst, I developed a passion for the Shaslik: a mixture of onion, pork liver served with very hot sauce, a miniature Shish Kebab. This cost anywhere from 70 pf. to a mark; 5 pfennigs extra for a much-needed roll. There were a number of things I learned that year under the heading of good German restaurant behavior. Waiters did not like to bring water. Water was not, as it is here, served with the meal as a matter of course. And so rather than antagonize the waiter, I developed a lasting taste for Beer … ein Bier, bitte … and now I miss the good German beer I drank so much of it then. It's too damned expensive here. I returned with good European fork-in-left-hand-habit acquired as an affectation and I have retained it as a means to eat more efficiently and believe in its practicality. I did learn that certain foods could be eaten with the fork in the right hand; like potatoes, which for some reason are generally not cut with a knife, but solely with the fork; peas can be successfully shoveled onto the left-hand fork with the right-hand knife and eaten as successfully. I also came home slashing the numeral seven to distinguish it from the numeral one.

It was not unusual to sit at a table, if the restaurant was already quite full, that had another customer or two at it. However, first we had to "ask permission." Always some sort of ritual preceding action. When I ate alone I rather enjoyed sharing a table because I always winded up in a conversation. If I was out with someone, we found that we had a double advantage of not being understood most of the time, and consequently ignored by the other table occupants, whereas we were able to eavesdrop. Once however, in Aschinger's Andy, Mike Metzger, who was studying History in Göttingen, and I had been sitting at a table with a German gentleman. Andy and I were trying to convince Mike to get drunk, it would relieve his tensions which had gotten bad. Even at our orientation in Bad Honnef, Mike was struggling with Germany and the Jews and being in Germany. We indulged in expletives and ten minutes after, were mortified to hear the man address us in English. Fortunately, he was sympathetic to us. Thereafter we were a bit more careful whenever we shared a table. It was unusual, after requesting "permission" to sit down, to be refused, although there were times when we sensed an unwilling occupant. We had to say, Erlauben Sie?—do you permit? Bitte, bitte and we sat. Bitte, bitte could mean, under certain circumstances, please, please, yes, yes, yeah, yeah, take it, take it, etc—thank you, thank you, of course, of course, naturally, naturally…a wonderful phrase…don't mention it … and if someone should stamp on your toe and has excused himself properly, sure, sure.

One evening, after having consulted with Frau Becker about the "better" restaurants in Berlin, we decided to go to the Ritz. I must explain, for two unsuccessful weeks before our dinner at the restaurant, we looked and looked for a place called the Reets. I kept asking Frau Becker and she was certain about the name or perhaps it had been bombed. No, no, the Reets and then she wrote it out for me: the Ritz and it was really the Ritz according to anyone's standards. There were seven of us: Inge, Ronnie, Andy, me and three Fulbrighters from Paris, friends of Ronnie's who were in Berlin for the beginning of Fasching and their Spring vacation which they took a month before it actually began, they were theater students. Generally a

meal for four of us came to something like 15 or 20 marks when we were eating well, and when we weren't at the Paris or Aschinger's where it could be less. The bill that evening for the seven of us came to over 80 marks, and we were hungry when we left. I knew as soon as we walked in the door that we had done the wrong thing. Guten Abend, we said. Inge had reserved a table for us. Good evening they answered and we knew, for certain, that we were lost, sold out, no more pretense possible. We checked our coats and knew that it would be impossible to retrieve them without leaving a tip in order to maintain whatever dignity we might have left by the end of the meal. In the US I never had qualms about leaving a tip; but here we'd miscalculated.

A large table, replete with candles had been set for us as well as a sea of silverware, half of which would go unused. Fortunately no one blamed me too much. We had been just too unprepared for the expense to come. Our waiter addressed us in English and not only English but American. He sounded like a Texan and we believed that it was probably his special chore to serve and entertain American tourists. It was March and, with the exception of the Paris-people, we felt quite put out whenever we were treated like visitors to Berlin, and not the Inhabitants, which we had more or less already become. I suspect it took 0 seconds for the waiter to hate us and recognize us for what we inescapably were. He handed us a menu, playing the game, nonetheless. We just couldn't restrain our gasps, although the selections seemed delectable and Gourmetish: Polynesian, Indian, Arabic dishes all ala carte. We had to order and the food was excellent, high quality, insufficient in quantity to satisfy the male stomachs. Throughout the meal, the waiter hovered about and we knew that our conversation, in whatever language we chose to speak, was understood which made us feel even more ill at ease.

After we finished licking our platters which had been full of curries and the like, the waiter abruptly turned out the lights, went into the kitchen and returned with a flaming Alaska. This, we knew, was probably the high point of an American Tourist's meal, and perhaps, if we had been tourists, we would have been delighted. As it was, we were undoubtedly the most unappreciative audience the Ritz had ever had the occasion to serve. No, we don't want any dessert. The waiter put the lights on, smiled scornfully, disdainfully, with a waiter's contempt for a party he has served well and from whom he knows he is not going to get a big tip. The time was approaching for our climax: the bill … and when it arrived, on a platter, we could restrain ourselves no longer. We laughed, all of us really self-consciously, figured it up, dividing by 7, counted our pfennigs, included a tip, the best we could afford and left as hurriedly as possible. We retrieved our coats, left a tip and ran out of the restaurant with the coats in our hands despite the cold. We wanted to get out of there as quickly as we could … I suppose we should have known better. On the outside of the restaurant were signs: We speak English, On parle ici Français, Si parla Italiano. For us, generally, a warning to avoid the place. But we had, upon entering, made the commitment and saw it through, never to be repeated. In fact, whenever we passed the Ritz on future occasions, we crossed the street, in case we should be recognized and hence risk a look of contempt from the head waiter, our waiter or the hatcheck girl.

There were many other restaurants which we "investigated" and although German cuisine is not the best in Europe, we were generally satisfied. It didn't take us too long to discover that we were able to eat in East Berlin restaurants without showing our identity – and with the exception of one restaurant, the Warsaw on Stalinallee, either no identity or an American passport was sufficient. Needless to say, we ate in East Berlin often enough to become familiar with a few of the restaurants there. Andy, Ronnie, Inge and I especially liked one place which had an "old world" feel to it, the waiters with napkins draped on their arms.

The average restaurant served food that was as good as the average restaurant in West Berlin. The advantage for us, at the then exchange rate of 4 East marks to 1 West mark, was that the meal was infinitely cheaper and we tipped freely to waiters who, since they were working at state-controlled restaurants were unaccustomed to receiving high tips and who were, since they knew we were foreigners, possibly risking their jobs by serving us. I asked Frau Becker if she remembered any particularly good pre-war restaurants in the East sector and she recommended me to two which served wonderful food, delicacies, and drinks, where an 80 mark bill for 7 would not have disturbed us in the least. (That would be the equivalent of $5.)

However, I have never had such miserable tasting coffee as I had in East Berlin restaurants. I don't know whether they used real coffee beans or chicory or whether they stored the beans improperly but it always tasted and looked like mud and I had to pay 5 pfennigs extra for cream and sugar. But nothing would have helped the taste. Oddly enough neither did the pastries in East Berlin come up to the pastries in West Berlin. Possibly the bakeries did not get enough supplies to make the sorts of things that were commonplace in all bakeries in the West. And if the pastries did look as tasty, they generally were disappointing. Nor was it always possible to buy food in East Berlin without showing a pass and often there weren't as many choices or lines were long. So I stayed with my Lichterfelde-West shops.

FREIE DEUTSCHE JUGEND

The FDJ, Freie Deutsche Jugend, is the Communist Youth Organization of East Germany. Membership is not compulsory; however it is easier for members to receive "favors" from the State and to obtain better positions upon completion of their University studies. I remember a conversation I had with Magda, a defector from East Berlin, whose mother had remained there. Magda did not join the FDJ; she was frequently interrogated, watched, accused of being a collaborator with the Capitalist-Monopolists and after too much harassment she took the train, found a friend and received West Berlin papers. Then I also remember a conversation I had later with Fräulein Pauer, a medical student, who had to join in order to assure herself of getting a good "placement" after she was through with Medical School. The members of the FDJ range in age from 18-30. When they parade, they wear blue tee shirts with FDJ appliqued in red on a front pocket. It would not be fair to say that every member has joined unwillingly. There are many Socialists in East Germany, many who were Communists before the war; many who have educated their children accordingly. Unsurprisingly, many of the districts in what is now East Berlin were "workers districts" before the war where Socialism had already been entrenched.

Once a month, the adult leaders of the FDJ, assisted by teachers, delegates of the Volkskammer (legislature), representatives of the Armed Forces hold a "Forum" at which the student members are encouraged, asked, expected to publicly ask questions of the panel. Since identity cards are not examined at the door several of us decided to attend one of these Forums. Inge, Bill Ziegler, me and two West Berlin student friends made ourselves as inconspicuous as possible and found a table. The Forum was held inside of a large hall; there were long tables and chairs set up. Beer and bockwurst was available on the dais. Amongst the other panelists sat Gerhart Eisler, (ex?) Soviet spy, and above the dais the motto: Auf jeder Frage eine Antwort. (For every question an answer.) Just a week before this Forum, the Central Committee in the East passed a resolution

forbidding students of University age access to any of the NATO countries, Germany included (unless a serious family matter was offered as a good reason to travel to West Germany or, unless, having been carefully screened, a student in Medicine or Engineering showed valid reason to attend one of the schools in West Germany). The reasons offered, and I quote from an East Berlin newspaper, "to protect our youth against undermining agents of the West and other espionage organizations who are inducing, persuading students of the East to return from the West and act as spies, against their homeland, the Deutsche Demokratische Republik."

As a student stood up, after having been recognized from the dais, a photographer rushed over to snap his picture. The questions about the travel directive were asked simply and answered vaguely. "We want to protect you from the lurking dangers in the West, the insidious tactics of Western spies. Z went to Bonn and returned a traitor. X went to Köln and returned a traitor." Gerhart Eisler was the most hysterical of the panelists throughout the entire evening. The students appeared somewhat dissatisfied at the answers they had been given, undoubtedly true enough, but not reason enough to forbid them to travel and learn about the Western half of their "Deutsche Heimat." Adenauer was proclaimed an enemy of the true interests of the German people, opposed to reunification no matter what the terms. After an hour, a bold young man stood up, covered his face before the photographer, proclaimed that he was dissatisfied with the answers they had been given. He was not answered by the panel but by a hot-blooded FDJ enthusiast, who gave his story. He had been in West Germany, he had been approached, asked to become a turncoat etc etc. It seemed that the answers were given illogically. I couldn't quite accept whatever "logic" had been used in answering the questions. If one were to accept their first premise, namely that there are spies, then one had no choice but to accept the other premises, the consequences of the first. A dialectic which my own mind, my kind of thinking could neither understand nor accept.

The evening wore on. There was discussion about the "Hansa-Viertel" (a West Berlin middle income housing quarter, choice of architects based on an international architectural competition). One of the East Berlin journals had recently criticized the "lack of unity" throughout the project and they deplored the fact that rents are high (which they are but not exclusive) and only 5,600 dwellings are being constructed, when there was space for 20,000 (badly needed in the West as in the East). A student challenged the article. It was unfair, he said, to expect absolute unity from an international competition. No matter. The entire undertaking was labeled as "modenschau" (fashion show) and was definitely not "zukunftstreben" (striving for the future). Throughout the entire evening the West was criticized, the East was lauded. There was no in between (there would be no in between if the Forum was held under Western auspices either). Someone got up to shout: "Es lebe hoch der FDJ!" Long live the FDJ! Others joined him.

A young socialist from West Berlin identified himself. Why, he asked, was a group of West Berlin socialist youths denied permission from the DDR to visit Yugoslavia? He was told to take the matter up with the Yugoslavians, although the visas were refused by the East Germans. He was then asked questions from the dais and from the floor as well. Why doesn't the Socialist Youth Movement in West Germany join hands with the FDJ in the struggle against Capitalismus-Monopolismus? His position, I discovered, was a curious one. Inge knew him. He was a Politics student at the Freie Universität. He was violently anti-American but neither did he sympathize with the rule in East Germany. He

simply couldn't answer any of the questions he was asked without incurring further antagonism. Probably the only genuine Socialist there. Also present was a member of the Communist Youth Party of West Berlin, an organization whose existence I hadn't known of. Communism is outlawed in West Germany, but not in Berlin, although it operates in an "underground" fashion. Under some arrangement, the SED (Sozialistische Einheitspartei Deutschlands, the Communist Party of East Germany) is allowed representation in West Berlin. The young West Communist added a few hostile statements of his own directed toward the socialists of West Germany. His position was even more curious since he prefers to remain in the West where he enjoys those benefits the West has to offer and where he is undoubtedly a rabble-rouser. And then the Forum came to a close. Auf jeder Frage eine Antwort. Yeah, sure.

Despite the many things that are wrong in the "West," I could not help but come to my own inevitable conclusion, that it is possible to come nearer to the truth in the West than in the East, where half-truths are developed. It is unfortunate, however, that Western youth is not as politically oriented as Eastern youth. These half-truths are ultimately accepted. It occurred to all of us there, that if the East Germans were more convinced in their own efforts, they would encourage travel to NATO countries where their representatives would be able to disseminate propaganda, make Socialist missionaries out of the students. By imposing restrictions they make their own positions more untenable and more suspect. The student in the East does, however, receive many unqualified State benefits such as scholarships, travel to Eastern Satellite countries, Russia included, for practically nothing, free summer camps (after the compulsory month of factory or farm labor has been completed) and good placement upon completion of specialized training schools. All of which does not compensate for stupid answers to meaningful questions.

FASCHING
SCHRÄGE ZINNOBER

Fasching is celebrated throughout West Germany. It is a festival, a revel with frequent debauchery occurring the weekend before Ash Wednesday which was March 6 the year we were there. It is celebrated differently, the nature of the difference being contingent upon the religious population of the area. Where there are more Catholics, Fasching (which means Carnival) participants, after three days of wildness, end up in a long confession. Frau Becker told me that much adultery was committed during Fasching in Köln, before the war. But a Carnival spirit knows no religious bounds and so everyone participates. It is like our Mardi Gras; it was once like the Fasching scenes depicted by Breughel or Bosch. The struggles between Carnival and Lent. The Devil and temptation to lust are subdued by the time Ash Wednesday comes round, time for the Devil and temptation to have had their turn.

In Berlin, before the war, Fasching was exciting, colorful, gay, wicked. Prof. Blacher decried the change that had taken place in Fasching. Then, he said, students, intellectuals, artists were the protagonists. Now anyone can come and it has become a four day binge. And so it was. We had obtained our tickets, which were sold at a discount to students (no more than 2 per student) weeks beforehand to make sure that we would not be left out of things. Costumes were essential. I had bought some cheap material, red and black at Woolworth's

and fashioned a rather crude but convincing Flapper outfit from the material. A black top, bordered in red, low scooped out neck, a long string of fake pearls, short skirt with three tiers of fringes, pink, purple and red, long earrings, red net stockings, eye makeup and a beauty spot. Inge had an old leotard to which she attached a tail, made a mask and emerged as a black cat. Andy found an old Greek-tunic affair which had coca-cola printed on it, a pair of sandals, his blond curls (his family is Norwegian and he was the most Aryan of us all) completed the outfit. Ed had made arrangements to "blow" trumpet for the four days. At 8:30 we assembled at Andy's and Ronnie's apartments at Sesenerstrasse 18 in Halensee at the edge of the Ku'damm. Ed and Inge had high-cceilinged rooms in a renovated building on Bleibtreustrasse off the Ku'damm. In order to be in the proper mood, we thought it best to be a little high before we arrived. And so we drank homemade "punch" for an hour and a half. At 10 PM we arrived at the Hochschule für Bildende Künste (Fine Arts). The entire school had been decorated by art students, pictures, chairs, easels, desks had been removed and stored elsewhere. It was hard to believe that this was a place of learning and would be so again in three days hence. A phantasmagoria of noise, smell, color and sound was omnipresent. We checked our coats and started to look for Ed, who was playing with the "American" band. We knew we would have some difficulty finding him. But first we had to plow through room after room of sweaty, dancing, noisy people. There were five bands playing in five different rooms.

Each room was separated by another that had been designated as bars, refreshment counters, where liquor and bockwurst was sold at high prices, the money going to a scholarship fund of some sort. It would be near impossible to describe the costumes. Lots of other flappers, girls in varying states of undress, Arabs, Turks, Chinese, all sorts of animal costumes, nobody in a G-string but many nearly bare-bosomed. Many costumes were just clever without resembling anything or anyone at all. It was a half hour before we found Ed and the Americans (all soldiers, who if caught, would be in serious trouble). The room was the most crowded of the five. The guys were playing jazz and more people listened than danced. It wasn't easy to dance as I soon discovered. Nevertheless I danced and danced dances I didn't know I knew. It was difficult to avoid dancing the Charleston, dressed as I was. Anyway, by that time dancing became an excuse either to help hold your partner up or neck, standing up, to music. Girls/bottoms were under constant and frequent attack. I didn't escape the experience but you can't be prudish about it, you know. And besides, I would have felt left out had I not been pinched. It was easier to avoid the lips, which seemed to be puckering up almost as frequently as the fingers were pinching. There were hallways decorated with fantastic sorts of mobiles, the largest of these a monster bug, whose eyes were lit up and whose jaws seemed to open and close. The lights in every room were of a different color, somber tones of reds, browns, blues and greens. The hallways were lined with people lying on the floor, getting drunker and drunker. The girls were completely without reserve. Few people went home to bed alone that night. Few of them couldn't wait, or so it appeared, couples sprawled over one another. Andy and I were frequently separated, we danced together quite a bit and quite closely, and during one separation I was approached by an uncostumed guy who asked me to dance. While we were dancing he asked me my name. I told him. That didn't sound like a German name, he said. No. I am an American. He found that hard to believe. Either he was too drunk to be aware of the imperfections in my speech, or my German had really improved. (It was March and I had been in Berlin since late September. My German had definitely improved; I had also picked up those speech expressions peculiar to Berliners.) What are you

doing here? I told him. And then, for some reason, he mentioned something about Ed and something about Ed "looking Jewish." I told him I was Jewish too. He didn't believe me. I didn't look it. Impossible. If it were true why had I come to Germany? Why should I want to come to Germany. (He was old enough to have experienced and understand the war.) He embarrassed me. He had read Wouk's "Marjorie Morningstar" and insisted on calling me Marjorie Morningstar (which I resented and would still resent). He was a student of Theology, or had been a student of Theology. I don't remember which. You people are still not liked here he said. Why did you come? My answers were a mixture of guilt, self-justification and anger but I was on defense. We left the dance floor and I lost him somewhere in the hall.

It was after 2 AM by this time. I rediscovered my friends and we went to one of the bars where someone was singing German folk songs, accompanying himself with a guitar. The smell of sweat was stronger but it did not seem as strange as it had been three hours before. My costume was minus a fringe, the skirt above the knees, my half slip more apparent than it had been when I arrived. The time just went and went, Ed got drunker and drunker and his lip was beginning to go, but he had to play until 6. The crowd thinned out and by 4:00 it was possible to find people more easily. A German friend of Andy's, a medical student, was having difficulty finding his coat in the checkroom. We offered to help him and searched the racks. It was nowhere to be found. Apparently someone had made a mistake and in Berlin such a mistake can be more than unfortunate. Andy's friend had left his identification cards in the coat pocket as well as a fair sum of money. He never found his coat or his ID papers and although he was supposed to leave Berlin the week after, it took him a month before he was able to receive new papers. We left at 5:30. It was light. The birds were out. The busses were running. Everyone knew where we had been. Red net stockings and sandals are not the fashion of the day at 6 AM in March. Or any day.

O yes, what does Schräge Zinnober mean? Schräge means oblique, slanting. Zinnober, in slang, a mess of some sort. I didn't go the next night. I had had enough. Ed's trumpet lips were out of commission for a week by the end of the fourth night. The year after, Zinnober disappeared from the Berlin student life. The Berlin legislature ruled it verboten, forbidden.

A RISQUÉ NIGHT OUT

There was, we were told, 'sin' in Berlin and we spent an evening looking for it. Andy, Ed, Inge and I. The big red-light district of Berlin is near Augsburgerstrasse. That area is filled with bars, girlie joints which open up and close down again three or four times a week and which have Off-Limits to soldier signs plastered all over them in French and English. Since Inge and I were not especially interested in the Follies, we stuck to the bars. Neither Ed nor Andy seemed to have any objections. The neighborhood was bleak, scarred by war, smacked of sinisterism, the latter due in part to my imagination. We went in and out of a few bars, drinking beer in each, until we settled on one for about an hour. Most of the tables were filled with women and women, men and women drinking. The women were no longer "Fräuleins" but worn-out Fraus. Several of the women had bleached, and badly bleached, their hair. This amused me, probably because at one time, I expected to find every German woman a real blonde, or just because the bleach was so bad and because it didn't make the woman any more attractive. Heavy lipstick, sloppy clothing. These prostitutes were the cheapest in the city, we

were told. They merely asked a few marks for a night's work. The more fashionable prostitute, who would never frequent a bar, asked for and received several hundred marks. I remember being a bit too inebriated to feel embarrassed before these women and their men. This helped to make the evening more expensive but more tolerable for us. But the women were so unattractive that I wondered how they managed to eke out a living at all.

They had started working at the end of the war and were among the group who were not fortunate enough to find one soldier to support them but had to work "piecemeal." They were friendly and several women, in several bars, joined us. One woman came over to our table, having overheard us talking and told us the following story. She spoke partly in English, partly in German: Allo . . . . I am going to tell you a story. May I? It eez a story (she affected a French accent when speaking English) about a leetle girl and she fell in love wiz an Amerikan and oo, eet eez so hard for me to tell zuh story een English, maybe I should tell it in German (she was quite potted). You see, I heard you speaking English and since I love everything English and Amerikan I have come over to join you and I hope you do not mind that I am how you call it tipsy. O yes, I was sitting there alone and I heard English sounds and zey sound so beautiful to me and I sink I must speak English wiz zem since I have not spoken it for four years since my sister marry an Amerikan and she go to live in the US and she live now in Texas (she was around 33, 34 and rarely gave us a chance to answer questions she rhetorically asked of us) and are you all English or Amerikan and you (me) are you too English? Oh, I do not believe zat you are and Ich habe Angst nach Hause zu gehen wenn Ich zu viel getrunken habe and have spent 5 marks and how can I go home? (she was afraid to go home because she had spent too much money on drink). You see, I went to look for a job this morning and I had 26 marks and some men from a beer brewery ask me to have a drink and then I had to pay for it all and now – don't have the money, the 5 marks and can't go home Beissen! and here—her left—and here and here and I CAN'T go home. What can I do? Tell me in English, I wish I could have study English—I speak only a kwatsch (pidgin) English ... Ich bin nur ein armes Mädchen ... she heard a sentimental Heimat song on the jukebox, leaned low and sang... I shall play you a song: yes, she played one, there was a piano at the bar, she sang, returned to us, you Amerikans, your shirts are always sticking out (she tried to fix Andy's shirt), tell me, where are you from? (we told her) why are you in Berlin? (we told her) what shall I do —at which point we decided to leave her with her 'problem.'

Our next stop was a homosexual (male) bar! We took a table in an empty back room, which had a jukebox that was constantly playing. At the bar counter was an odd assortment of young and older men. We felt quite uncomfortable here, primarily because we were most definitely playing the role of "tourists," a role which I would never have permitted myself in Greenwich Village. I can even say that "some of my closest friends" male and female, are gay—to paraphrase those Germans who say that about Jews—and I always had an abhorrence of those people who go to gay bars as voyeurs. But there was an odd fascination for all of us in this bar. The odd lisp, frequently associated with the gay man, sounded so peculiar in German. I suppose we didn't quite know what to expect regarding clothing, manners and speech amongst the German Homosexuellen. The young men were in their late teens, early twenties, the older men in their 40s-50s. The latter were undoubtedly businessmen, the young men, boys were students, workers and were dressed, for the most part, in tight pants, their hair longer than is the wont amongst German men. They made us feel even more uncomfortable than we were to begin with; we felt like the outsiders that we were.

Conversation did not cease but, for the first few moments, became more subdued. After we had been there for about five minutes, two young men came into the back room and started to dance. It was obvious that they were putting on a "show" for us, so that we might not leave disappointed. It became all too overwhelming for us and we left rather hastily, embarrassed that we had come, for although we were "voyeurs," none of us felt negatively toward gays. By the time we left it was after 2 AM and we were all potted. The streets were deserted and we made our way toward the Kudamm and home. We passed the Kempinski Hotel-Café, one of the largest in Berlin. The outdoor café was deserted. Inside, women were cleaning. We then committed a joint theft. Who knows what might have happened to us had we been caught. Ed was badly in need of a chair for his apartment. The outdoor café chairs were within reach. Egged on by the three of us, none of whom would have been quite as willing to risk the consequences, ed picked up one of the chairs and off we went. We darted in and out of store arcades, along side streets, shuddered whenever we thought someone had seen us, tried to imagine what would happen if we were caught by a passing police car—four American Fulbright students, drunken thieves, etc. There would have been no excuse and we would have been sent home, dishonorably discharged. We ran as fast as our wobbly legs could take us and breathed freely when we reached Bleibtreustrasse 40 where Ed and Inge (and also Fabian) had private rooms. The chair fit very nicely with Ed's eclectic décor. Most unfortunately, the chair seat had fallen off somewhere along the way. In the morning, sobered up, Ed decided to keep the chair. It would have been too risky to bring it back. Funny thing about beer. We could never know whether we were acting rationally or not. The entire evening had been irrational to begin with. This was, though not fatal, the coup de grâce.

Photos by Binks. Inge on stairs

Entrance hallway at Bleibtreustrasse

POST OFFICE FRAUD

Before I left Berlin for my spring vacation I wanted to contact friends in Crailsheim in Bavaria, via telegram, Joan and Bill Robbins; he was an Army dentist, she was a friend of George's from Brandeis. When I did visit them in mid May, we drove to Dinkelsbühl and Rothenburg ob der Tauber, two walled medieval towns largely spared by the Allies in WW II. Back to wanting to contact them. It was late Fall. I went to the nearby post office and composed a short telegram, and in so doing I combined a few short words thinking how easy it would be to save a few pfennigs, cheat the post office and have it sent undetected. I don't remember the exact wording now, but I think I tried to combine "wait" and "until" into something like "waitill" and I handed the message to the telegram woman. She looked at me, shut her little window and disappeared for a few minutes.

When she returned she said, in German, "Isn't 'till' a separate word in English? You had better make out the telegram again." I was too embarrassed to speak, to apologize, to do anything but rewrite the telegram, hand it to her, my eyes somewhat lowered and leave as soon as I had paid for it. This particular post office is near the Army barracks and I suspected that some of the soldiers had also been as guilty as me and had tried to send fraudulent telegrams, so she was naturally suspicious of any telegram in a foreign language, especially English. As I discovered, later she had both English and French dictionaries behind the counter which she consulted. When I wanted to send a telegram again I worded it very carefully, sparingly, cryptically but honestly. One of the words I included was "paean" and when the woman returned, having recognized me this second time (it was three months later), she said, "I can't find this word in the dictionary, what does it mean?" She seemed puzzled but satisfied when I explained that it was a Greek word and meant a hymn of praise. I was sending this to Hannah. (How lucky are Germans who do similarly and get away with it in the US. Since German is a combining language, it is possible to combine two or three words as one and anyone with a slight knowledge of German would accept this as fact.) But I had humiliated and outsmarted myself to save 20 pfennigs, a nickel!

MAY DAY

On April 30 I arrived home, having spent close to six weeks in Italy on spring vacation. The very next afternoon Italy was all but a memory (one of the pleasantest ever) and there I was, thrust back in Berlin, this time East Berlin. It was May Day. West Berlin Socialists marched but the demonstrations were rather dull. Ronnie, Ed and I took the train over to Friedrichstrasse, walked to Unter den Linden and watched. Multitudes of bored, uninterested looking people marched and marched by. People from the various VEB, unions, schools, FDJ, each group with an identifying sign, each sign proclaiming over-fulfillment of the assigned production quota, for ex. X union, 200% of our quota fulfilled. Very orderly crowds; East Berliners were required to participate. Flags, flags. I had never imagined there were so many red flags in all the world, intermingled with the black-yellow-red of the German DDR flag. The loudspeaker was blaring the "Marseillaisse," a curious choice we thought, and "Freiheit," one of the Lincoln Brigade songs. Ed and I were standing in one of the ruins watching, humming the tunes and I suddenly found myself singing "Freiheit!", sung by members of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade during the Spanish Civil War, and felt a bit odd about it. No one

else was singing, no one else was speaking, there was hardly another sound but the voice over the loudspeaker and the quiet tread of rubber soled shoes marching marching, all marching toward Karl Marx Platz where, later in the day, Walter Ulbricht, DDR President, was to speak. The People's Army marched by in their blue, overall-like uniforms. Pictures of Marx and Lenin were posted everywhere and an unusual profusion of propaganda cartoons, particularly nasty today, we thought. Luckily there was bockwurst and beer available; the demonstrations were not sufficient sustenance. We watched for well over an hour what seemed to be double the population of East Berlin march by, but it wasn't. It was a shock, to see for the first time so many people walking on these streets, crowding those streets which originally had been designed to accommodate marchers, but which, since the end of the war, had been more or less deserted, except, apparently, on May Days. Soldiers were posted on every street corner, on rooftops, standing nearly inconspicuously amongst the ruins to be sure that nothing untoward occurred. We walked toward Karl Marx Platz plowing our way through side streets, for the main thoroughfares were impassable.

And Ronnie had a fairly new acquisition—a beard. We had our cameras and were snapping pictures of the marchers, the crowds, the soldiers and we were left undisturbed to do so. However at one point a marcher shook his finger at Ronnie, mumbled something about a goat, bleated a bit, called Ronnie, I think, a French nanny goat. The dull, tired crowd of people sparkled with laughter for a few seconds, derided Ronnie and his dirty western beard and passed on. Ronnie did little, acquitted himself beautifully and continued to take pictures although the temptation to stick out his tongue was a strong one, he said. Or did he do it? And so on to Karl Marx Platz occasionally running into happy little children all waving happy little red flags. Those blonde, red-cheeked little girls all over again. Like the ones at the 1930s Nuremberg rallies.

The signs in Karl Marx Platz said things like "Strengthen our Volksmacht" and "Crush Militarismus." "Fight Imperialism." "Fight Monopolismus" and "Cast your ballot for the National Front." Elections were coming up, and so on. The loudspeakers hadn't let up for a second, the square was getting more and more crowded and it was suddenly apparent to us all that we couldn't take it any longer. There was just no need to stay. That the people were coerced into marching was their problem and not ours. No spirit, just those endless marchers and as the square filled up we left. The mere sight of marchers and flags, loudspeakers blaring band music and the inevitable speech and crowd response filled me with a sort of horror. I am afraid of large crowds; mobs and a large German crowd made me want to run. The talk of peace and the constant proclaiming that everyone else wants war and we must fight them all in order to attain peace was just too much and as I had discovered that I was thinking about scenes from 1930s rallies, happy marching singing crowds, I shuddered and we agreed to leave the scene. In fact it was distressing to see the utter lack of enthusiasm on the faces of all of those hundreds of thousands of people. But perhaps that's what will make a big difference in the future. And we walked back on Unter den Linden, through the Brandenburg Gate to our little island of security, familiarity and I wished I was back in Italy again. The May Day that year in Rome, I was told, was a wild scene—a bit of rioting, screaming, happy Italian marchers, undisciplined and genuine.

Ed & Elaine on Unter den Linden

Ronnie with flowers and beard


Die NATO-

HERR JAEGER & CO.
EAST BERLIN STUDENTS

Fulbright friends with whom I had become warmly acquainted on the MS Berlin, came to Berlin to attend a week-long meeting sponsored by the Protestant Student Council of both East and West Germany. Peter and Mary Monkmeyer were living in Karlsruhe, where Peter was studying Engineering. I was always delighted to receive visitors, and act as a special guide and show the "visitors" the city. They were staying at a large mansion, which had been turned over to the Council for that week. I visited them there, swam in the Wannsee, and was introduced to a few East Berlin students who were attending the Council. Religion is not "outlawed" in East Germany, but neither is it encouraged. Students who follow the faith of their parents are rarities, and they conduct their own private services "underground." The few East Berliners who attended the meetings of the Council did so at their own risk, as they put it.

Herr Jaeger, a student of Engineering, a very short young man of about 26, 27 years. Two female medical students, both quite attractive, 23 years or so and another young man, a student of Theology, although I never did find out where he was studying. They invited Peter, Mary, me and an Argentine friend of Peter's to spend an afternoon and evening with them in East Berlin. We met them after lunch near Stalinallee, near the great Karl-Marx-Buchhandlung. Peter wanted to buy some technical books which were off limits to him and Herr Jaeger gladly purchased them. We booked a taxi (a pre-war taxi) to a small religious bookstore which sold organ music (Mary played the organ), Bibles and religious articles to a very limited clientele. At about 5 PM we arrived at Herr Jaeger's room. (His family lives in Lower Saxony.) The building lies three blocks west of Stalinallee – old houses, partially renovated, strongly contrasting with the Stalinist architecture of Stalinallee. Herr Jaeger's room was neatly furnished, books lined the walls, a nice record collection, and he had a small kitchen, his own bathroom. It was apparent to all of us that evening, and subsequent evenings similarly spent in that company, that our hosts were placing themselves in danger if they were found out. Communication between East and West was reprimandable; theoretically even West Berlin was off limits to East Berliners.

The table was set with pre-prepared food (HO tea cream – East Berlin stores are under State auspices; Handels Organization, trade organization), a secret cache of Nescafe, which is costly enough if you have to buy it with West Marks, West Berlin cigarettes; everything reeked of secrecy. Even my own West German address book, their East German address books with West German addresses shared in the conspiracy. Before the meal started, Herr Jaeger, host, led the table in prayers. The fact is, I was there under a "false pretense" and exploded the bombshell about my own religion, weeks later. Nonetheless, the prayers too shared in the unreality, the secrecy, the vicariousness of the entire situation. After the meal the conversation began, the questions and answers East and West had to ask of one another, recognizing throughout that each of us was but a single individual, with a single opinion, nonetheless considering, the individual opinion somewhat representative of a particular group.

We discussed the elections, which were scheduled to take place at the end of the week. "Elections" for officials of the DDR. Those present seemed to feel that they had little choice but to vote yes to all of the candidates and resolutions that they would find on the slate. Herr Jaeger pointed out that the only possible way for the population of East Germany to register dissatisfaction with their government would be for them to either not cast a ballot at all or at best write "ungültig" (not valid) across the entire ballot. The entire voting procedure is to me a strange one. Voting is compulsory, under law. The constitution of the DDR, which Herr Jaeger read to us, speaks of secret ballot, free elections, and under a separate heading, the justifications

for arrest: in addition to criminal acts, racial persecution, the rebirth of National Socialism (Nazism), war-mongering and alles anderes – everything else which the court may see fit, in accordance to the structure of the government, to condemn as punishable; as well as a Communists' version of a Smith Act.

As Herr Jaeger explained the voting procedure, the East German arises early, since there is a premium placed on an early turn-out (in many districts, the people are awakened by a specially appointed voters committee), and goes to his local election place, a school, a store. Once inside, he registers and receives a piece of paper, occasionally an envelope is given; however we were told that voters are discouraged from using these envelopes. Sometimes the voters are told that the paper scarcity prevents the use of envelopes. Sometimes when envelopes are given, the piece of paper is a dark color, so that if the voter wishes to return an empty envelope as a protest vote, he is unable to do so without being detected since he must return the paper to the person who gave it to him. The paper has a list of names. Theoretically every voter is entitled to use a booth, a secret ballot. Many of the election places do not provide booths; most of the voters are discouraged from using the booths, but not forcibly. There is no real way to cast a negative ballot. There is no actual choice of candidates since the candidates were chosen months before, and disapproval should have been registered then. Should the voter wish to vote affirmatively he need only return the paper, no mark necessary. Any mark or X on the paper is liable to be interpreted as an affirmative ballot even if the intent was negative. Crossing out the names serves no real purpose. Hence, Herr Jaeger's suggestion of writing 'invalid' across the ballot. However, in order to write 'invalid,' the voter will want to have a booth, if one is available and we were told that the individual who uses a booth is frequently marked down or possibly interrogated. The majority of the people who enter the election places with the intention of casting their ballots invalid enter alone, and in most cases, he loses his nerve and proceeds to cast a ballot which will be accepted as a yes. It was easy to predict the papers the day after the election, the day before the election took place. A majority, a victory for the SED and the workers united front. Over 95% of eligible voters accounted for. (And so it was.) According to the opinion of Herr Jaeger and his friends, if elections were "free," in the sense in which we understand free and secret ballot, more than 80% of the voters would vote against the candidates, the party, the rule.

We asked the students their opinion concerning either a repetition of June 17, 1953—People's Uprising against the DDR which was violently suppressed—or a "Hungary" of December 1956, also violently suppressed—in current East Germany and they seemed to believe that it was out of the question, too risky. They would rather find solace in their present situation, wherever solace could be found, than take a chance in violent action and lose whatever good they have. Concerted action is virtually impossible and most of the East Germans who are genuinely miserable prefer to flee the East entirely. There are even more, however, who simply regard East Berlin, Leipzig, Dresden, Karl-Marx-Stadt (once Chemnitz), etc. as their homes and thus will not leave. We discussed questions concerning disarmament, reunification, even advertising, which they seem to feel is representative of the US; their opinions, their views lacked hope, although they admitted that they were living on "hope." Since they have access to newspapers in West Berlin, they were not at all ignorant of conditions around them and were able to make a sensible adjustment to the propaganda, the truths, the promises, the scandals which appear on both sides and therefore, in a curious way not feel sympathetic with either East or West. While they hated Ulbricht, they mistrusted Adenauer. They preferred not to think too much about the future, about their individual futures. Herr Jaeger was most emphatic when he said that whatever negotiations have to be made, must be

made and instigated by West Germany, by the people in West Germany. The East German, in effect, is powerless. The June 17th 1953 episode was a failure, although some of the workers' demands for better working conditions were met by the Government the day following the strike, the latter what it was initially. It was never meant to be an uprising. Fräulein Pauer, speaking about the future politically, said she has nothing but hope and she and her friends will remain. Why run away! she said. I love Berlin, it is my home. As long as I am not bothered, as long as my activities are not hampered, I shall remain. Besides, I would not be able to get a good "deal" in West Germany, as a doctor, as I shall get here. Rents are cheap. (They are fantastically cheap in East Berlin, at any rate of exchange.) And I am not blind to the world about me, she said.

And what about religious persecution, we asked. Notwithstanding intolerance in West Germany, in the US, what was the case in East Germany? There had been a number of anti-Semitic incidents in the East, which always caused a curious sort of unreal embarrassment of the Government. Herr Jaeger was particularly violent about any form of religious, racial persecution and said, "We, as Germans, have no right to even dare persecute these people (the Jews). They, in turn, ought to persecute us." That would have been the ideal moment, I thought, to tell them that I was Jewish, but I couldn't say a thing. Peter and Mary understood my discomfort at that moment but were understanding enough and said nothing. We were asked questions, in turn, about the then-pending Arthur Miller passport case, about the Negro situation. Since we, the Americans, neither condoned any aspects of discrimination, nor the absurdities regarding the withholding of Arthur Miller's passport, we offered no apologies and found the situations as intolerable as they were made out to be in the East German newspapers. And the conversation continued and after midnight the evening came to its end. We would have stayed longer but were reminded by Herr Jaeger that the trains do not run too frequently after midnight and cab drivers are not willing to risk taking passengers from East Berlin into West Berlin, so we left.

During the week we saw Herr Jaeger several times, enjoyed "Modern Times" together, bought a few more inaccessible books in the East with his help. Peter and Mary left Berlin to return to Karlsruhe but I kept in touch with Herr Jaeger and was invited to spend an evening with him and his friends, this time at the home of Fräulein Pauer. I asked Bill Ziegler to come with me since I figured that he, as a politics student at the Freie Uni., would be interested in meeting the East Berliners. I decided to bring coffee with me. This was a bad choice. Not only did they refuse to use the coffee, but in their refusal, discomfited me for, as they explained, and as all East Berlin students would explain to their West German friends, they were not poverty-stricken, they were not beggars and they had fairly adequate resources and did not like to be treated like refugees if they weren't refugees. (Though I thought that they should just accept my gift.) Fräulein Pauer lived in a residential area in the district of Schöneweide, far out in the Southeastern section of the city. In addition to Bill, myself, Herr Jaeger, the two female medical students, was a cousin of Herr Jaeger's, a defector from Leipzig, living and studying in West Berlin. As we approached the small two-family private home, we were greeted by two small children, the sisters of Fräulein Pauer, who had never seen Americans before (they didn't, it was explained to us, consider soldiers as real people, rather profound and politically sound, I thought) and just wanted to get one good look before they were put to bed with their secret, which they must not repeat at school. We had another supper, as graciously prepared and served as the one I had had two weeks previously at Herr Jaeger's, and then we were shown one of the history books Fräulein Pauer had had to use at school. I was absolutely astonished! Everything I had ever studied in history, in the social and political sciences bore no resemblance

to the manner in which the material was presented from a strictly Marxist viewpoint. I scanned through the book, reading through the headings, a few of the shorter explanations. The book started with the communal living of the cave man and treated every period of history as some sort of Volk's revolution. In the chapter devoted to the period of history we learn as the "Protestant Revolution" practically no mention of religion is made at all. I didn't read enough of the chapter to find out how the author managed to do what he did, but was told that he was successful in discussing the entire period as another of the omnipresent manifestations of man's desire to attain 'sozialismus.' For those students whose parents either couldn't or wouldn't fill them in on history as it had been taught before the war, for them, a Western text would seem as fallacious as this text appeared to me. Documentation in Frl. Pauer's text was rare; opinions were profuse. I read enough of the chapter on capitalism to satisfy me, not that much of it wasn't true, but it was presented so one-sidedly. There was of course a chapter devoted exclusively to discrimination, how all of the Negro wage earners earn less than half of what their white counterparts earn, the unskilled laborers, that is. This is true in certain sections of the US and untrue in others, where the unions protect the workers equally, but the text, the system, the entire philosophy as it is taught makes no allowance for the possibility of there being anything good about a capitalist country. Of course, I know that our own textbooks are filled with their own brand of one-sidedness, their own capitalist propaganda and flag-waving; but I've never read a text which seeks to make a capitalist enterprise out of the Reformation. Religion is not discussed sympathetically and I was more amazed, and had more respect for the Herr Jaegers than I might for a Catholic in Rome. Not that I'm religious!

The topic of anti-Semitism was brought up by one of the girls and I decided that my time had come. On the one hand, I argued with myself, there is no reason to mention my religion; on the other hand, why should I deny it? It was never fear that made me hesitate to tell people that I was Jewish, but rather an awkwardness, not so much on my part, but on the part of the person with whom I had been engaged in conversation and the reactions were generally either "I never had anything against the Jews, personally. Some of my best friends were Jews" or "Funny, you don't look Jewish. I thought all Jews had long noses and black hair. That's what we were taught … " I didn't go to Germany to rake up the "Final Solution," the unspeakable recent past, at every available moment but there were times when I experienced a mean pleasure watching my somewhat mortified conversation partner, though it often backfired on me. Yet It, me being a Jew in Germany, was present in my head for the entire year. Students never squirmed and it was with students, my teachers and the Beckers that I was able to discuss the problem and my being in Germany, sensibly even if with discomfort. And so, I told my newly found friends that I was … Jewish, and had hesitated this long, simply because there seemed to be no reason to just say that I was Jewish. There was a momentary stillness, because, after all, we had been introduced to one another through the Monkmeyers and they had all met at a Protestant Students Council, and then the stillness ended and I was asked the familiar questions and Herr Jaeger's cousin, a math major at the Freie Uni., who had left Leipzig because his church activities were not tolerated by the officials and had been granted sanction in West Berlin and could not understand, himself, why his cousin and any other student chose to remain in the East, he asked me the questions: Why had I chosen to come to Germany? Had I personally encountered any anti-Semitism? And more. And so on; they were genuinely interested. No matter where I went, the Jewish Question came with me the entire year.

That evening was the last time I saw them. It was already June and they were going to spend their summers away from Berlin, two weeks of their "vacation" on farms or in factories as prescribed by the East German government. They did, after all, more or less in return, have free college and university tuition, cheap rentals, as well as possibilities of good jobs in the civil service or medical professions.

AT THE BEACH

In the summertime the beaches and pools are crowded to over-capacity. This situation is due, in part, to normal conditions, in part to abnormal conditions. By the latter, I mean the insularity of the city, of the Western sector, which makes a simple weekend trip to the seashore, to the country impossible. The countryside is East Germany and it is too complicated to get there. In addition to which, I doubt that the East Berlin officials would consider vacationing a valid reason to issue a visa to a West Berliner, who might wish to take a drive into the "country." A drive into the country from West Berlin has been unheard of since 1948. For those who wish to visit the Ostsee or Nordsee, train is the safest mode of travel. That summer, that June, we were plagued with a heatwave. The newspapers, especially the tabloids, carried front-page temperature readings in large block headlines: Hitzewelle (heatwave) —near 33 degrees Celsius, above 90 degrees Fahrenheit!

I went to the Wannsee, a large lake in Zehlendorf, quite frequently during the heatwave and also the Grunewaldsee in Charlottenburg, a smaller lake. Both were gotten to easily by S- or U-Bahn. In the middle of the Wannsee lies an imaginary border between West Berlin and East Germany. Should I swim too far across, I would be in danger of being picked up by an East German police rowboat. There seemed to be no escaping international politics, even while swimming. Also, I was struck by a number of things odd to me but common on German beaches. For one thing the bathing suits worn by both men and women are scanty. The Bikini is more acceptable in Germany (certainly in France and Italy) than in the US. Men's suits were hardly suits at all. For the most part, they were glorified loin cloths. Every girl, above 13 years of age, wore a brief bathing suit and I was far more surprised to see older women in Bikinis even when their figures no longer fit properly in these suits. Although locker space is provided, it seemed more commonplace to do most of the dressing and undressing on the beach, and not merely pulling down pants or skirts. The reserved Germans unclothed and reclothed themselves fully on the beaches (not the upper classes, I was told by Frau Becker) and no one seemed to care or look or remark (except the Americans). Naturally while undressing, a towel was used, but it was hardly sufficient to hide the entire body. I didn't spend my afternoons at the beach watching people dress and undress, but each time they did I was stunned anew. I believe that the American heritage is far more inclined toward prudery and Puritanism, even us non-Puritans, than the Germans with all of their so-called reserve. Or maybe it's a class thing. The furthest I ever managed to go while undressing at the Grunewaldsee, was to slip my bathing suit off underneath my skirt. How I managed to put underwear on, I no longer remember. I must have darted behind a tree, all of which was unnecessary, because, as I 've already said, no one seemed to care. Except me. Refreshments were available – beer, soda, ice cream, wursts. Beer was the most refreshing and immediately

thirst quenching, but I had one experience where I had to prove that I was over 18 in order to be sold a bottle of beer. Fortunately I had my passport with me and though I was flattered – I was well over 18! —it all seemed so ridiculous.

I took Wulli to the beach several times. Before leaving the house the first time, I was told by Frau Becker that he didn't swim, and was, in fact, afraid of the water. We reached the Grunewaldsee, Wulli went up to the water's edge but didn't step any closer. Rather than push him in any further, I asked him to stay close to the blanket when I went into the water. When he thought I wasn't looking he stepped into the water, toe-deep, and quickly ran out again. Suddenly he saw a little girl, she couldn't have been more than three, four at the most, floundering about in the water on her stomach, splashing and kicking and laughing. This must have done something to Wulli's masculine vanity. He threw himself, at first, on the sand and kicked about. Then he edged closer, all the while looking to make sure that no one was watching him, that I wasn't there to push him further in. Within five minutes he was in the water, splashing about on his stomach, several feet behind the little girl, whom he watched and imitated closely. Delighted with himself, he ran over to the blanket and asked me to watch him "swim." Wulli would go no further, but he had managed to overcome his initial fear and couldn't wait to get home and tell his mother about it.

We met Ronnie on the beach one time. He had brought his sketch pad with him. Here was a golden opportunity to sketch the human figure, many kinds and shapes. By this time, Ronnie had had, a beard for a few months. So, he must be an artist after all, people seemed to say. He created, without meaning to, quite a spectacle and art critics were everywhere. In fact, the tumult his presence and his sketching created was astounding to us both. After just a few minutes of sketching it became impossible for him to continue. The crowd of curious Berliners was too large, Ronnie felt like a freak rather than an art student and we suspect he was regarded as the former. So we all headed for home.

Each time that I went to one of the suburb western beaches, like the Wannsee or the Grunewaldsee, I was unable to forget that I couldn't wander any further through the woods. Warning signs, several miles from the East German border, were scattered throughout the woods. Occasionally I stumbled across rusted barbed wire. The Grunewald is used for US Army maneuvers now. Tanks were not an unfamiliar sight in those woods on a day of maneuvers, signs are posted to warn the unwary to keep away. I am certain that Berliners were already accustomed to the restrictions under which their lives must move. The signs, the barbed wire were all commonplace to them. Not for me, even after almost a year. I had never known nor seen war but had, and just barely, glimpsed a token of it, had felt a teeny impact of it that year, even at the beach.

KRUSCHTSCHEW

I saw Nikita K. in East Berlin. It was early August. I had returned to Berlin with Evelyn after a two-week New Music Seminar at Darmstadt, then a week visiting Heidelberg, hitchhiking on trucks, and feeling safe with the truckers, up the Autobahn to Hannover and then we flew to Berlin. K. was due to arrive at Ost-Bahnhof (once called Schlesischer Bahnhof) on a Wednesday morning at 11 AM. I remember

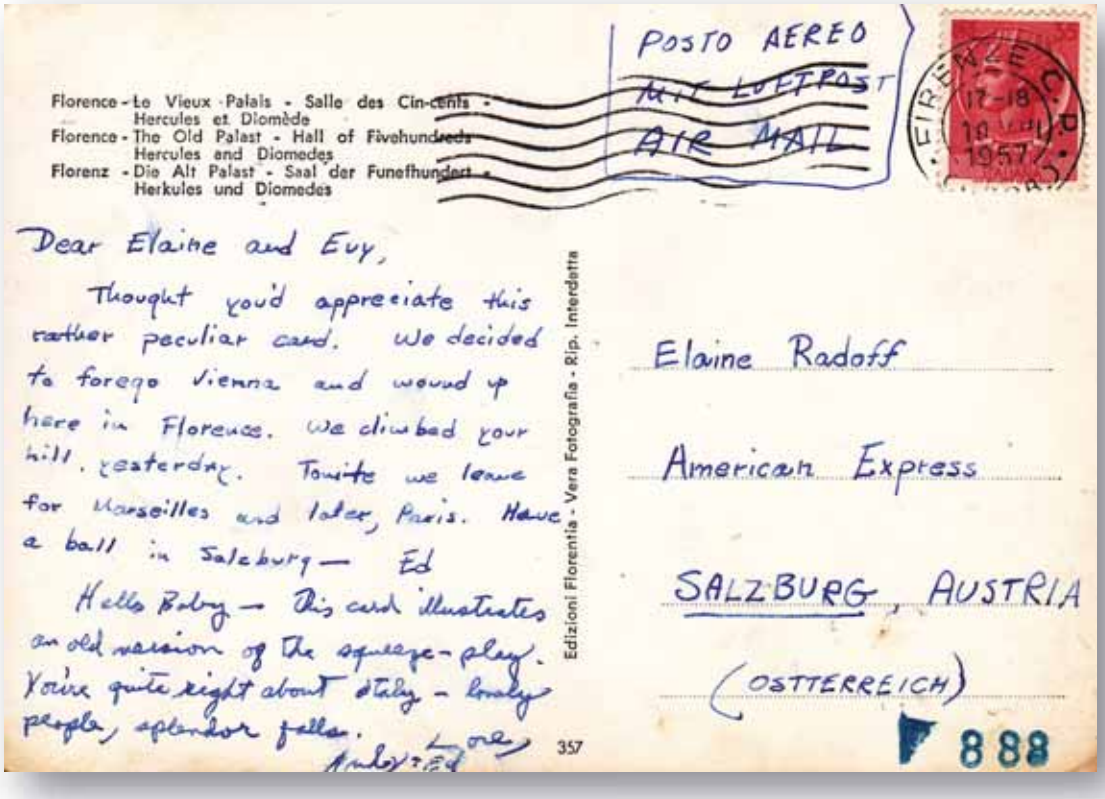
glancing at Frau Becker before we left the house that morning and saying, Do you know where we are going now? Natürlich, she replied. She knew that I wouldn't miss a golden opportunity, such as this one, to catch a glimpse of the big man. (The Beckers had a spare room, the boys were in camp, and they let Evie stay in it for two weeks.) We arrived at about 10:30. The square near the station was crowded, but not too badly. It was a hot day and there was no shade where we chose to stand. Because of the heat, I suppose, the crowd was irritable. Once we had gotten our two-foot square piece of concrete, we didn't date budge from it, nor attempt to move our position. Everyone was accusing everyone else of pushing. Evelyn, whose German was good enough to understand, not good enough to get enraged without getting tongue-tied, found herself arguing with a woman who had accused her of pushing into her place, which was nonsense. Everyone was merely trying to get comfortable in their self-appointed standing places, shifting feet back and forth, but to have accused Evelyn or myself of pushing in order to get a better place to see the big man was just too insulting. Behind us was a group of men. They engaged Evelyn in conversation; she referred them to me. Was I American too? Yes. Why were we there. Curiosity, we answered. It was at that moment that I noticed SED buttons (the Communist party in East Germany) in their lapels and rather than get involved in a political conversation, which we might have done at any moment, we politely excused ourselves, said no, we did not want to have a beer with them after the parade, and they left us alone.

Flags were high, Russian-German banners with the usual slogans painted on them, beautiful little children, fair haired, waving flags (again, all too reminiscent of pictures of the same little children, a generation ago, innocently waving swastika banners) and holding flowers; the People's Army dressed in uniform with Prussian-type, black light metal helmets, polished black high boots all standing very much at attention. The heat was too much for two of them, who quietly fainted. The Red Cross came to their rescue and they were carried away. A teenage youth was also overcome by the heat. He too was carried off. The train was already 11 minutes late but suddenly the band started to play the "Internationale" and the huzzahs started. K. appeared five minutes after the band had started. He looked much like an ex-prize fighter, balding and with a large pudgy build. He had just returned from a meeting with Tito and was tanned, his skin color complementing a smartly tailored, double-breasted tan suit. He smiled and looked benign. His welcome speech was translated, and as with every other speech offered by a visiting diplomat, he stressed the importance of the then 7 (or 8) year old German Democratic Republic and the importance of German-Russian relations.

I was always amused by the speeches, particularly since the Germans were never friendly either with the Russians, the Poles (Gomulka's speech was similar upon his arrival), the Vietnamese (Ho Chi Minh had visited in the spring), etc. etc. K. was greeted by Ulbricht, taken in a big black car and for a tour of the city, down Stalinallee. When last we saw him, K. was standing up, near bald bare-headed, waving and smiling. The next day, the East Berlin papers had a report of his arrival, plus an admonition to those citizens who had failed to appear at Ost-Bahnhof. They had been given a half-day off in honor of the event and only a few hundred had

shown up. Naturally, the West Berlin newspapers lambasted the 'fiasco.' It had been, for Evelyn and me, a bit frightening, particularly because the faces of the soldiers and of the children displayed the same sort of glow and enthusiasm we remembered seeing in "Triumph of the Will,", a film made by Leni Riefenstahl in 1935 for the Nazis. (Ironically, I guess, I had seen it at Brandeis the year before.) Yet, most of those present were not as full of fervor and zeal as their forerunners had been 20 years ago; mostly they were tired and hot. Evie and I were nonetheless glad we had come but even more glad to leave. Later that week, we spent time with Ed and Andy seeing Berlin. Shortly thereafter I left Berlin and the Beckers for good.

Evie and I went to Salzburg for a week, went to many concerts and visited the highlights. Evie a diehard Mozart enthusiast; she then rejoined Sandy Lakoff in Paris and I headed for the Belgian ferry port of Ostende to cross the English Channel for England and shortly thereafter the United States.



From Ed and Andy in Florence to me and Evie in Salzburg

Hercules & Diomedes
Vincenzo de' Rossi (1525-1587), 1550

EPILOGUE

At the port of Ostende, Belgium I ate lunch before boarding the ferry. That was a mistake. The crossing was dreadful, most of my time spent in a toilet stall regurgitating my lunch and when I ventured out on deck I tried to inhale fresh air but when I opened my mouth … yuck. It's possible that folks on the deck below me were hit, so I returned below and was lucky to find a vacant toilet stall. In London I was going to spend time with Georgina Dobrée whom I'd met in July at Darmstadt. She was a clarinetist in Darmstadt's New Music Orchestra and had graciously invited me to visit with her. Georgina met me at the dock, where I don't remember now, and took me in her Isetta to her home in Blackheath. Its large flower garden was tended by her father, Professor Bonamy Dobrée, author of books on Restoration comedy and tragedy. As I walked around London, I was shocked at its condition, still very much in need of rebuilding due to bombing by the Germans in the 1940s. West Germany had received much more money for rebuilding than had the UK. I toured the city, we went to theater—Agatha Christie's *And Then There Were None* had been playing for a decade +. I bought a tweedy wool suit—deep burnt sienna with aqua and orange flecks, jacket and skirt—in Dickins and Jones, was overwhelmed by the British Museum, the Tate, walking along the streets I'd imagined Dickens writing about in *Oliver Twist* and strolling through numerous parks and gardens. Also I traveled to Stratford-upon-Avon and visited with Edith and Dick Jeffrey in Oxford—Dick was a Fulbright scholar in philosophy, 1957-58; we took the train up to Cambridge and went punting on the Cam!

Then I crossed the Irish Sea, a short calm uneventful journey, and landed in Dublin which I loved walking about having read *Ulysses* the year before, met a young woman whose name I can't remember at a youth hostel and we hitch-hiked across Ireland to Galway on the West coast, stopping at castles, a lace factory, a Guinness Beer Brewery, seeing much greenery,

many sheep, rock strewn hills and one small town after another. Everyone I met had a relative in New York or Boston! Poverty was evident everywhere, women dressed in black holding infants and begging, huddled on street corners and in church doorways a part of the backdrop. A very different Catholicism than what I had had the flavor of in Italy. We returned to Dublin, I re-crossed to London for a few more days and then down to Southampton sometime in late September where I boarded Holland America's ms Ryndam. Many of the passengers were from The Netherlands and I committed a great indiscretion by telling them that I was able to understand Dutch because I knew German. I learned quickly not to say that. Before dawn on the morning of October 4 we arrived in New York Harbor; I went out on deck and wept when I saw the Statue of Liberty, a totally unanticipated reaction; I was literally moved to tears and glad to be back home. Once all was cleared through customs—about which I was concerned because I had bought then-contraband art books printed in China and the Soviet Union—, I was greeted by my parents and George and on that very same day, October 4, 1957, Sputnick 1, the first artificial Earth satellite, was launched into orbit by the USSR, traversing the globe miles overhead, initiating the Space Race and compelling the United States to invest in scientific, technological and military developments {in which we are still engaged 60 years later).

Postscript to an epilogue:

Whenever I re-view this memoir, I recall something else, like those middle-aged men with dueling scars on their cheeks, souvenirs of an earlier era; die Trümmerfrauen, literally rubble women, who cleared away the wartime debris; a visit to a Podiatrist and being told that I had Plattfüsse; the daily sense of disbelief at being where I was at that time in world history; those Schmuck signs on shops selling Jewelry; speaking Yiddish to Frau Becker which she couldn't understand easily; flowers on window balconies; our (Inge, Andy, Ed, me) disappointing visit to the Resi telephone-tables dance bar; losing all of my American Express Travelers Checks in London, having to testify and swear in court to get check replacements, asking for an Old Testament Bible and being assured that it was part of what I had been given; etc. usw …

PPS: In 1958, or maybe it was 1959, my mother brought me a letter that had been addressed to my old-time Bronx abode—at the time George and I were living on the Lower East Side. The letter was from the Becker family, the edges of the envelope black, an announcement of the death of Frau Christl Becker. I wrote back but never heard from them. To Frau Becker I 'sent' my private, mournful *Requiescat in pace*.

NOVEMBER 2016

SEPTEMBER 1956-JUNE 1957 BERLIN, WEST AND EAST: CONCERT, BALLET, FILM, THEATER, OPERA

Several times a week I went to music-dance-theater events in West and East Berlin. Student rates were extremely low, events were always well attended or sold out. My list may not be complete but it will suffice, nor is it in any order. It was compiled from memory soon after I returned home, although I kept many of the programs until a few years back.

West Berlin Philharmonic conducted by Herbert Van Karajan, Eugen Jochum, Wolfgang Sawallisch, Hermann Scherchen. Friedrich Gulda solo concert, Sidney Bechet concert in the sports stadium and Amerika Haus concerts; RIAS with Elizabeth Schwartzkopf.

Ballet
Orpheus
Petrushka [E]

Film
Don Giovanni
Threepenny Opera
Modern Times
High Society [in German]
Der Hauptmann von Köpenick and other German Heimat films
The Trapp Family
Die Halbstarken
Stresemann

Brecht Berliner Ensemble Theater
with Helena Weigel, director, actress [Brecht's widow], SchiffbauerDamm East Berlin, composers Hanns Eisler and Paul Dessau

Mutter Courage und Ihre Kinder
Galileo Galilei
Furcht und Elend des Dritten Reiches
Der Kaukasische Kreide Kreise

Other Theater
Torquato Tasso [Goethe]
Die Letzte Station [Remarque]
Minna von Barnheim [Lessing]
The Bear [Chekhov]
The Marriage
Anne Frank
Peer Gynt

Komische Oper [E = East Berlin]
Der Freschütz [E]
Schlaue Füchslein [E]
Magic Flute [E]

Opera
Tristan und Isolde [W]
Die Walküre
La Traviata [E]
Tristan und Isolde [E]
Arabella [E]
La Clemenza di Tito
Tosca [E]
Graf Ory
Il Trovatore [E]
Tales of Hoffman
Frau ohne Schatten
Eugen Onegin [E]
Abduction from the Seraglio
Orpheus in the Underworld
Marriage of Figaro
Cosi fan Tutti [E]
Masked Ball
Aida [E]
Tannhäuser
Jenufa
Capriccio
Don Pasquale
Salome
Othello
König Hirsch [Henze]
Siegfried
Abstrackte Oper [Blacher]

Venice: Parsifal
Rome: La Fanciulla del West
Zurich: Moses und Aron

Zurich, ISCM, June 1957
Moses und Aron [Schoenberg, conductor Hans Rosbaud]
Concert music by Maderna, Pousseur, Berio, Webern, Clementi, Matsudaira, Haubenstock-Ramati, Billy Jim Layton, Hindemith, Hartmann, Frank Martin, Honegger, Bartók, Bo Nilsson, Maurice Jarre, Leon Kirchner and many others

Darmstadt Ferienkurse, July 1957
Music and seminars by Stockhausen [Zeitmasse; Klavierstück XI, Paul Jacobs, pianist], Berg, Webern, Boulez, Maderna, Nono, Pousseur, Evangelisti, Berio and a solo concert featuring Ravi Shankar. Classes with Stockhausen were mesmerizing and unintelligible.

Despite a hiatus of 60 years, opera, ballet and theater productions I saw in East Berlin remain firmly fixed in my mind's eye and ear. The Brecht Berliner Ensemble Theater was always a learning experience. Newspaper photos, posters decrying the evils of capitalism filled the walls of the lobby, most were appropriate to the particular work that was playing that evening, some were a general exhortation to the public to be watchful, some were graphs comparing the amount of money spent by the US on atom bomb versus the amount spent by the DDR on schools; photos of the victims of Hiroshima and Nagasaki were plastered on the walls when *Mutter Courage* was performed—the lead played by Helene Weigel, Brecht's partner-widow, as she shlepped her wagon over and around about a revolving circular turntable-stage; articles about the House Un-American Activities Committee filled the lobby during the presentation of *Galileo Galilei*. The messages were unmistakable, clear, powerful and hypocritical. The music ensembles of composers Dessau and Eisler sat on the stage in the Japanese Noh theater tradition. They were conceived as part of the proceedings, not ancillary to it.

In every opera performance I saw in East Berlin, at both the Komische Oper and the East Berlin Staatsoper, characterizations, costuming, overall direction and socio-political message-making were fully integrated and unambiguous. In *The Magic Flute*, Sarastro wore a Vietnamese peasant's hat, a long belted smock coat, any Masonic symbolism erased; Sarastro was a Volk's Hero, the Queen of the Night was explicitly wicked and untrustworthy, all in sharp contrast to every other production of *The Magic Flute* I'd seen in West Berlin and at the Met in New York. Aida was dark skinned and a slave to Amneris, her Queen, who physically mistreated Aida. In *Tosca*, Baron Scarpia was unmistakably an American mobster oozing nastiness at every utterance and movement. All of these productions were guided directly and indirectly by Walter Felsenstein, known for his integration of character, movement, voice and socio-political significance. Felsenstein felt free to re-invent, augment or subvert the intention of the composer and librettist as do today's feminist and gender studies critical theorists.

A performance of Stravinsky's ballet Petrushka—maybe newly choreographed, maybe some of Diahilev intact—was a total surprise and let-down: onstage, at the opening with festive wood- and brass-winds playing were Russian peasants costumed in black and gray, swirling about but looking oh so drab at a non-Shrovetide Fair! A floppy Petrushka himself was more cheerily dressed, and scariest of all was the Magician.

In prior years I'd seen much opera at the 39th Street Metropolitan Opera in New York and at the New York City Opera on 55th street, yet not one production was as palpably political despite inferences any of us might make. The focus was not on message, rather on flawless vocal performance, staging and *mise en scène*.

Other opera experiences during that year: in Venice, with Evie, a performance of Parsifal in which many soloists sang in their own language, hence a mix of German and Italian! In Rome we heard Ferruccio Tagliavini sing lead bandit—"Whiskey per tutti! —in La Fanciulla del West. Most extraordinary was Rome's balcony audience among whom we sat; they'd brought food, sang along and shmoozed as if on a picnic. It was <u>their</u> music, Puccini and Verdi were <u>their</u> guys. Then in June I went to the I.S.C.M. festival in Zurich and saw the first staged performance of Schoenberg's Moses und Aron conducted by Hans Rosbaud, I know it was a major event, Professors Blacher and Rufer had urged me to attend, but I recall little of it except for the magical opening voice from the burning bush and a Golden Calf spectacle. However strawberries and gurken were in season and available everywhere in the city. I went to the Zoo, took a boat ride and a ride on the funicular railway. Yet despite my ability to speak and understand Hochdeutsch, I had great difficulty with Schweitzerdeutsch!

OUR WORK: ED, INGE, ANDY, RON, ELAINE

As a Coda, I want to include work of my Fulbright colleagues or the closest I can get to it. Ed Miller composed a wide variety of chamber, tape and solo music, taught at U Conn and Oberlin, and two websites are included on which, after you copy them into your browser, you can listen to a complete work and 3 excerpts. Inge Breitner Powell, with whom I spent much time in Berlin, organized a chapter of C.O.R.E. at UC Berkeley, taught sociology at Pitzer College until 1982 and went by the name Inge Bell toward the end of her life. What I will include is the opening of a book published in 1985; her earlier 1958 PhD was about the Congress of Racial Equality and non-violence on which she was working while she was in Berlin. Much of Andy Oerke's poetry has been published and I have retrieved three poems from the archives of *The New Yorker*, dated 1956, 1957 and 1973—the last written in Africa—and one from a series about writers found on a Jazz site. Andy spent much of his life doing development work for the Peace Corps in sub-Saharan African countries, finding ways to help impoverished and disrupted villagers; he wrote fourteen books of poetry. The work of Ron Binks has been scattered throughout this memoir and included below are two red paintings of 1957 as well as several recent photographs. Ron has had numerous gallery shows of his photography, nationwide and in Germany during a long career of teaching painting, film and photography at the Rhode Island School of Design and the University of Texas, San Antonio. I will include several pages from my Essay for Orchestra, a ca. 12 minute work that continually perplexed me all during its composition yet I kept at it constantly during my study with Boris Blacher, always self-conscious about working on it at the Becker's piano yet despite Blacher's encouragement, always uncertain, an uncertainty that transferred to my sense of myself as a composer. At the ISCM events and Darmstadt that feeling of insecurity and identity plagued me although I continued to want to compose for many decades more.

Edward Jay Miller (1930-2013)

After Ed left Berlin, he joined the faculty at Hartt School of Music in Connecticut and then Oberlin College in Ohio. He was a prolific composer and versatile jazz trumpeter. I have no access to his scores but I'm including a few websites where his music can be heard.

A recording of Ed's Piece for Clarinet and Tae (1967)

http://composers.com/composition/piece-clarinet-tape

The first three, below from a concert at Oberlin College, are excerpts of works of Ed's.

http://www.allmusic.com/album/new-music-from-oberlin-edward-j-miller-and-michael-daugherty-mw0000902587

Ingeborg Breitner Powell Bell (1930 – 1996)
Preface to *This Book Is Not Required: An Emotional Survival Manual for Students*, 1985

This is a book that invites you to look at your college education: what it could be, and what, alas, it often is. It is a book which suggests to you what you can make of this opportunity, given the resources at your disposal. If you want to become truly educated, you will have to educate yourself, and at times you will have to do it in spite of the academy. Perhaps this is good, because knowledge which comes too easily doesn't train one to be an independent thinker, and only an independent thinker is ever truly intelligent.

We will not look at these four years merely in terms of the formal world of classes and professors. We want to look at the larger experience: at your whole environment and your whole life during these four years, because some of the most important learning is always done outside the classroom. I have tried to make this a survival manual for undergraduates: emotional survival and intellectual survival. I will even say that it speaks to the issues of spiritual survival, if by "spiritual" we mean the capacity to live in harmony with oneself and with the universe.

You will undoubtedly disagree with parts of this book. It is only one person's view. But if it connects with your life at any important point, I shall feel that it has served its purpose for you. I have tried to give you the broadest possible picture of your position as a student in the academic world and in the larger society of which you are a part. To do this, I have had to use a large brush, and I have undoubtedly made mistakes. But I have always considered this broad perspective more important than the fine attention to detail given by the academic specialists. This is not an academic or scholarly work. It is a very critical look at academia by one who has been through it from freshman to full professor. Occasionally, I will suggest a book which I think you might like. But you will not find an ibid. or an op.cit. littering these pages.

In my years as a college teacher, I succeeded in what was ever the chief ambition of my career: to keep my students awake. Of course, there were always a comatose few who hadn't gotten to bed until four in the morning, or had mononucleosis, or where merely in love. But on the whole, I succeeded because I discovered that students always came awake when I laid aside academic sociology and talked to them about their lives as students -- about the academic institutions in which they labored, and the how and why of how those institutions functioned; about the competition and anxiety created by grades; about their ambitions and difficult choices of major and career; about the travail of those who came from minority or working-class families; yes, even about their love affairs and loneliness. We talked about how you find out what you want to do in life and about how you can keep your integrity and your sanity in this very difficult society.

Eventually, drawing on sociology and Eastern philosophy, I developed a course devoted solely to these questions. I shall describe that to you in the chapter "Adventures in Desocializatioin" and give you some of the exercises and "walking meditations" which I used to help students gain insight into their own functioning. As I discussed life in the academy with my students, I also listened, and learned a lot. It is therefore to all my former students that I dedicate this little book, because much of what I have written here I learned from them.

It is, perhaps, ironic that after writing a chapter called "Everyone Hates to Write," I found myself hugely enjoying the process of writing this book. After the writing I had done in the usual, stilted language of social science, it was a huge relief to talk good English. I always love to write, and I think I did pretty well at it until I got to graduate school and had all the style knocked out of me by the demands of academic sociologese. I always resisted a little. I remember my dissertation chairman asking me sadly whether I had "turned against sociology" because I used too much plain English. In writing this book, I felt that I had regained my writing voice after 30 years.

Andrew Oerke (1932-2013)

HARVEST

Even after sunshine rang the crop
Of harvest bells so that the seeds like little
Clappers chimed the bins and barns and carts,
The licit gleaning wove the ground to make
A fourth season, and the year a measure.

The barley eyes dissolve to gold perception,
The sun stares back as night observes the blind,
And, in the liquefaction of the glass,
Where, grain by grain, decays the hour, one
By one, the reapers row across the chaff.

The New Yorker, October 13, 1956

I GATHERED

I gathered wild strawberries
In a paper drinking cup
While you slept in the nifty
white cabin by the road
And dawn came loping up,
Roan, riderless, reins
Trailing, over the cliff
Into the valley.

Seen from a distance (and I
Could see myself from where
You slept), I was barely
An athletic dot on a hill.
The distance left me there.
As I turned up the shy,
Green leaves, each berry
Beat like a little heart.

Now the dawning is done
And the paper cup is full.
What did you dream as I
Was picking them for you?
No thought is safe in the sun
This morning, but they seem,
The berries, to be a lovely
Dream covered with dew.

The New Yorker, July 13, 1957

IN THE VILLAGE (Africa)

In the village in the village in the village
life repeats itself; life repeats itself.
There is sunlight, there is darkness. The dark
repeats itself, the light repeats itself,
planting repeats itself, harvest repeats
itself. Yet life is never dull. It pats
the drum-hide of night and is satisfied.
It listens for footfalls when the dogs bark
in the village in the village in the village.

In the village in the village in the village
life repeats itself, life undoes itself
And then does itself up in the same guise.
We are careful not to fail to repeat
the same salutations, the same farewells
our parents and our parents' parents use.
They are wise; we are small and the day long.
Death comes but once but when it comes to life
no one would be willing to repeat
in the village in the village in the village.

The New Yorker, March 31, 1973

ELEGY FOR HART, IN THE KEY OF CRANE

The pipe-organ sea on-drones a dirge
for you as it will for the last whale's final soundings.
Deep in the ocean's heart, Hart has found a home.

Before his final voyage, from the shore he watched
the breakers as they slipped each blow,
master counterpunchers with kayoes in each fist.
Those knuckles blanch to foam
they punch so hard the jaws of jetties,
the ribs of rivers' repose,
there where Gravity levels the sea-surge
in estuaries' bracken.
There where our lungs emerged.
The bottom of the sea is cruel.
So is Time's piracy should kids grow old too fast,
their mechanical wind-up toys too lame for catching up,
and Hart could hear the fathoms calling out his name.

Waves tat a rhythm; whitecaps thump the ruffled shore.
Your Brooklyn buttresses span not just the land,
but vault in a great leap forward to the Muse-God,
who redeems a savage and prosaic world.
Dear Hart, a ghostly dolphin stitches your immaculate
cords of imagery to the waves breaking for you in my heart.

Jerry Jazz Musician.com, 2008

Ron Binks: Red Studio 1957

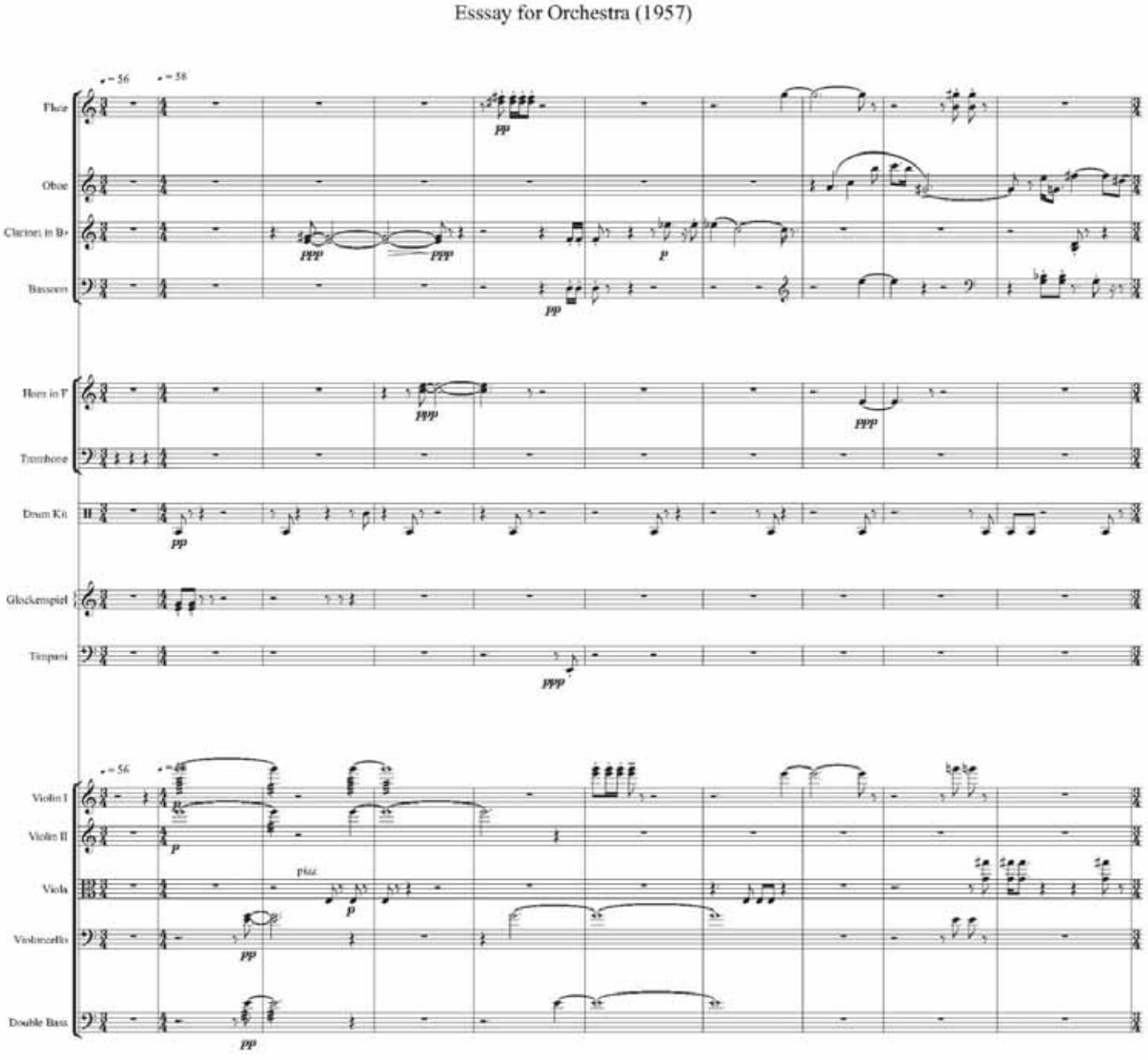
Ron Binks: Beckmann Redux 1957

San Antonio, Texas 2003

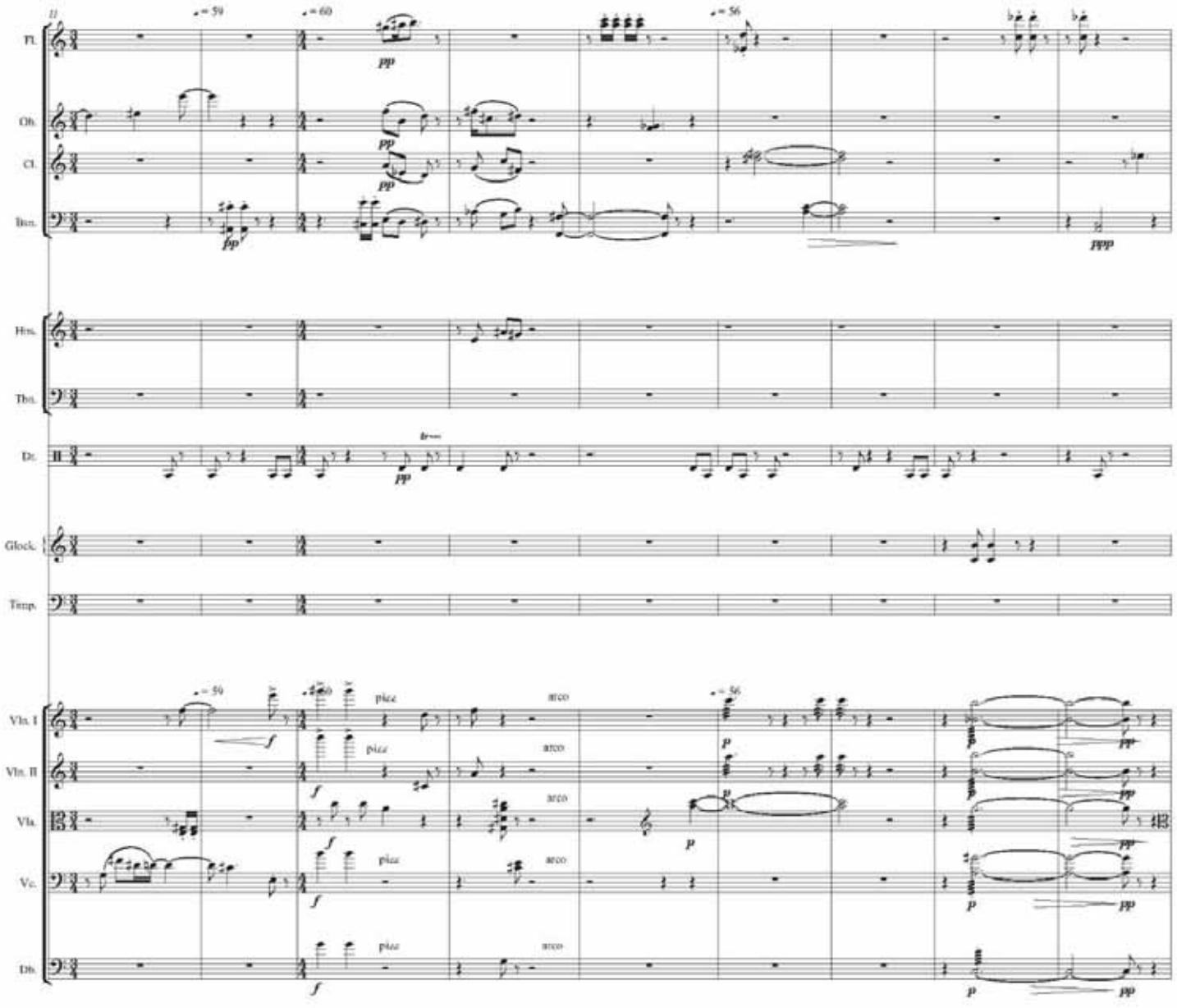
Potsdamer Platz, Berlin 2005

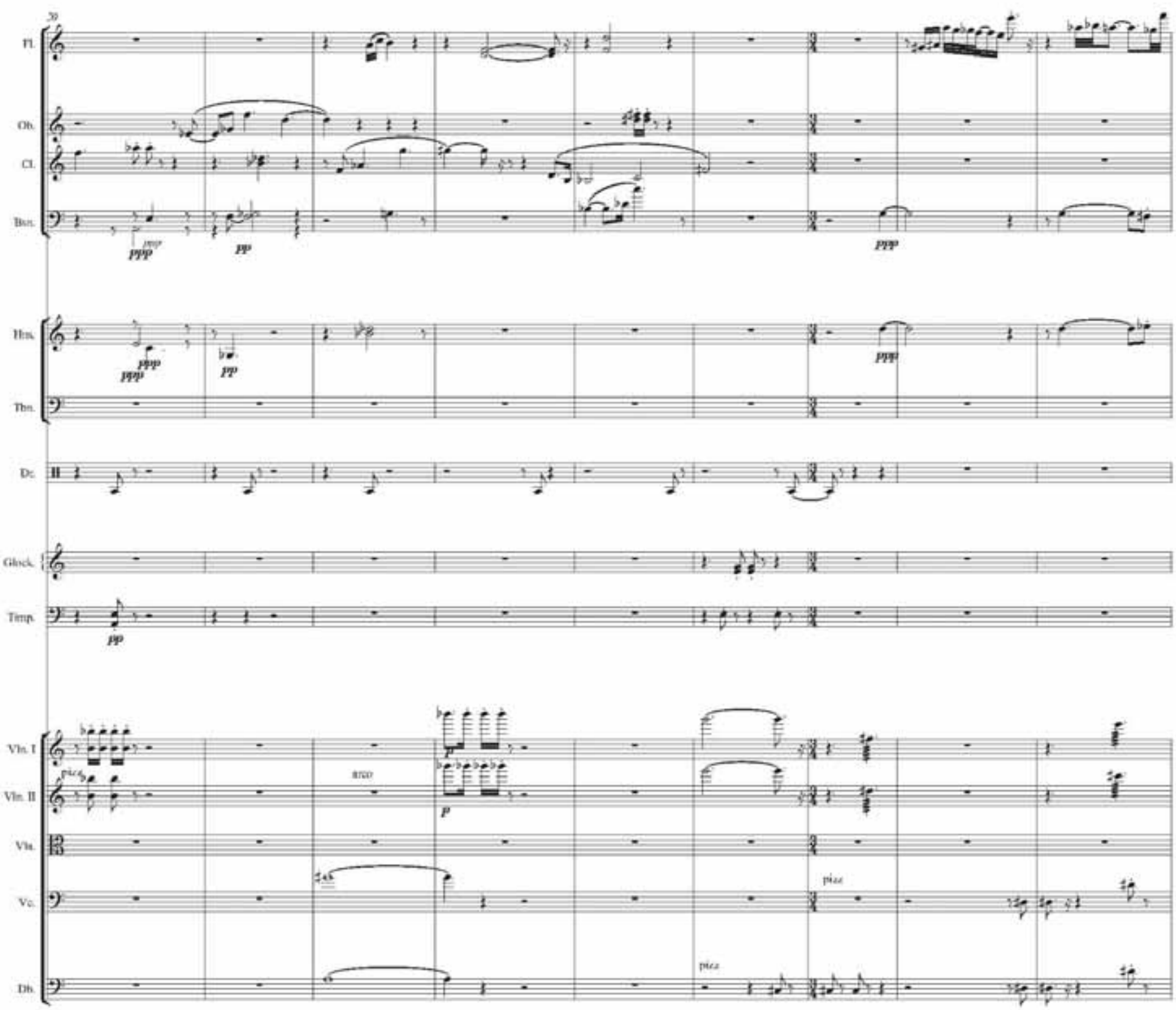
Bathroom sinks, Berlin 2007

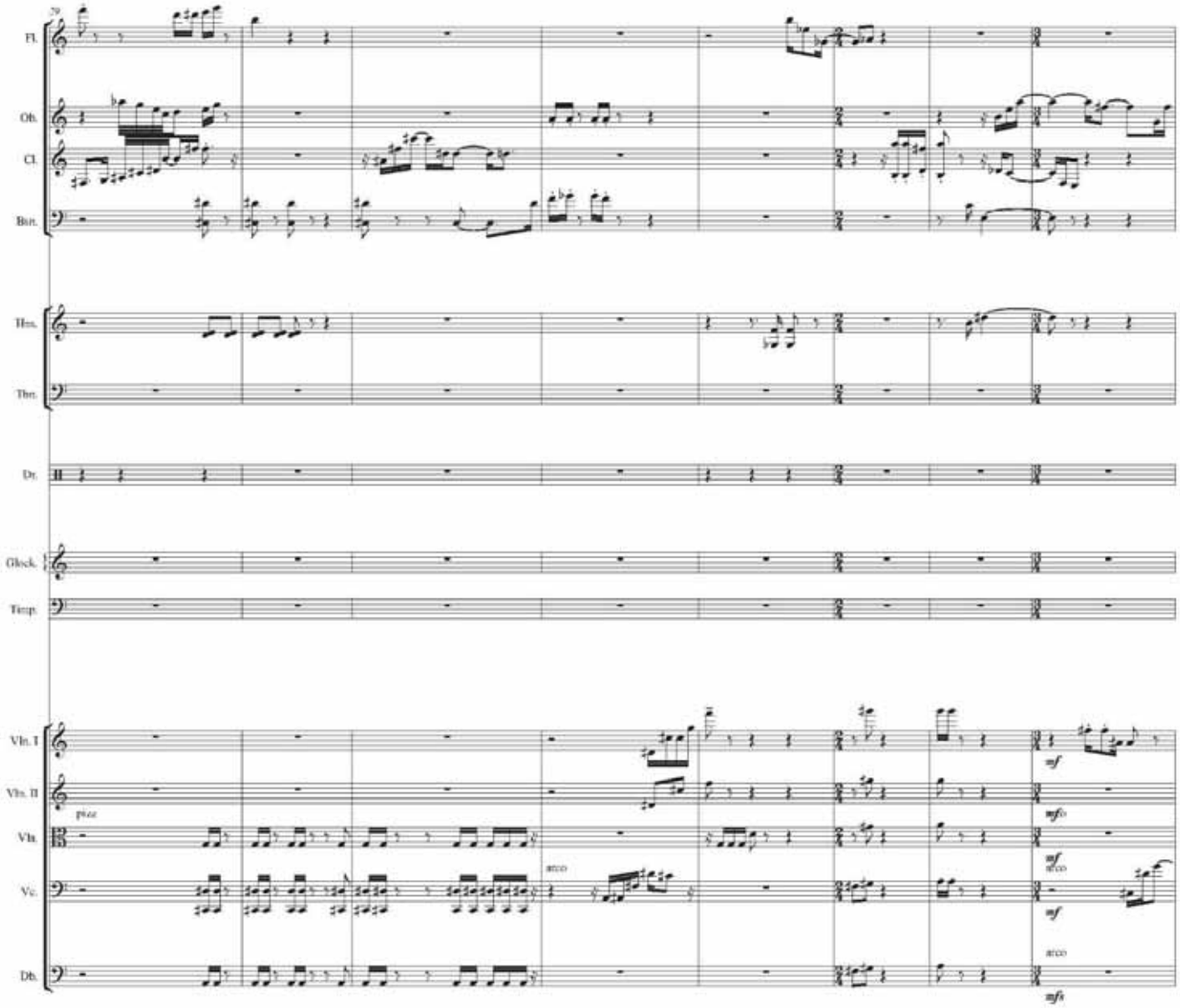
Ron Binks

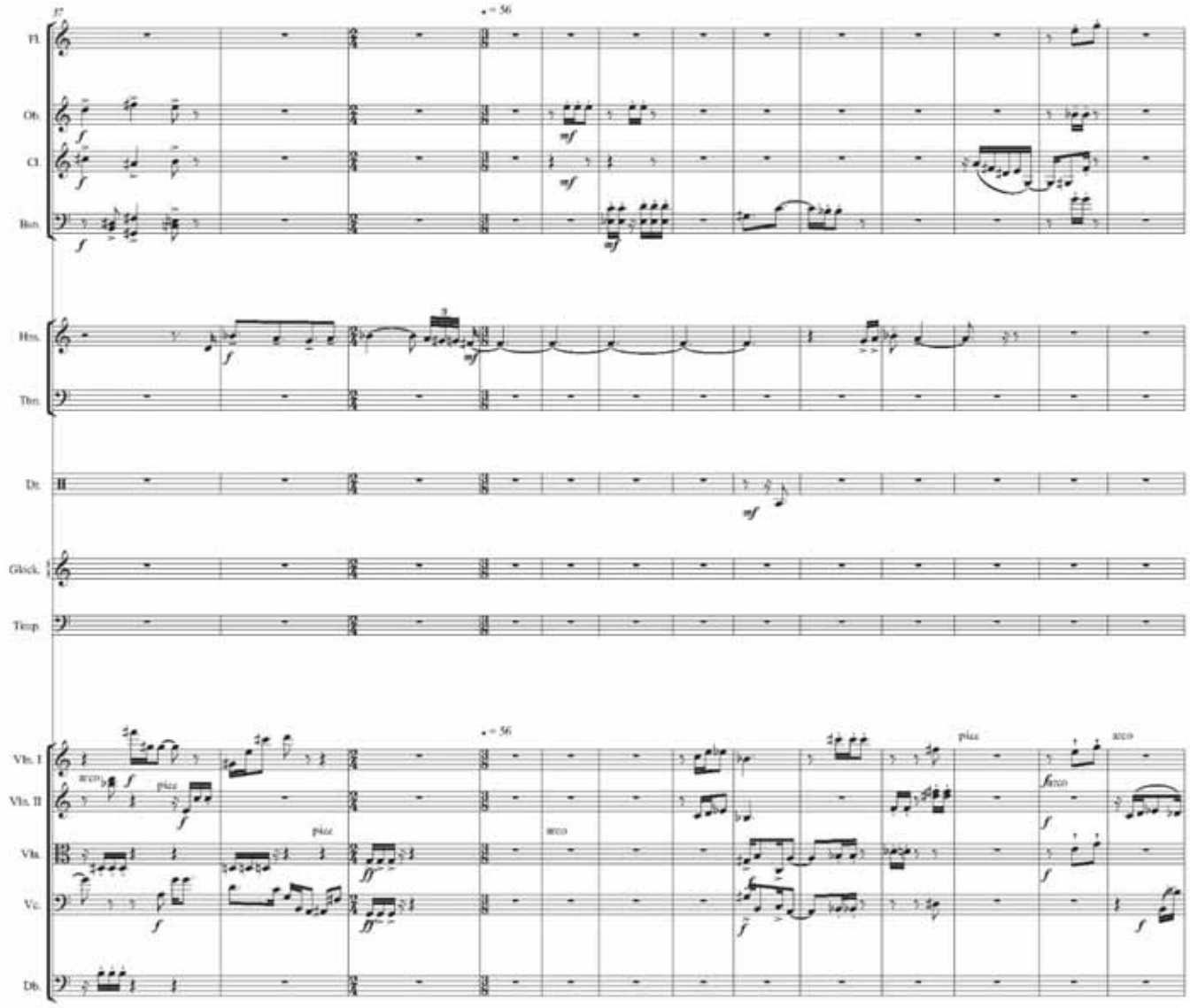


ESSAY for ORCHESTRA, mm. 1-49 (1957) by Elaine Radoff


Fl.
Ob.
Cl.
Bsn.
Hns.
Tbn.
Dr.
Glock.
Timp.
Vln. I
Vln. II
Vla.
Vc.
Db.
pizz.
arco


Fl.
Ob.
Cl.
Bsn.
Hns.
Tbn.
Dr.
Glock.
Timp.
Vln. I
Vln. II
Vla.
Vc.
Db.
ppp
pp
p
pizz
arco


79
Fl.
Ob.
Cl.
Bsn.
Hns.
Tbn.
Dr.
Glock.
Timp.
Vln. I
Vln. II
Vla.
Vc.
Db.
pizz
arco
mf
mfp
arco
mf
arco
mfp


F
♩ = 56
Fl.
Ob.
Cl.
Bsn.
Hns.
Tbn.
Dr.
Glock.
Timp.
♩ = 56
Vln. I
Vln. II
Vla.
Vc.
Db.
arco
pizz.
arco
pizz.
arco

ADD-ON: TRAVEL PHOTOS

November 1956 Paris: Alleyway

November 6 1956 Paris Communist Party Headquarters, two days after the Russians invaded and suppressed the Hungarian Uprising.

December 1956 Salzburg

December 1956 Vienna: Schönbrunn Gardens

April 1957 Photos taken by Evelyn Schleifer:

Rome: Baths of Caracalla with cat

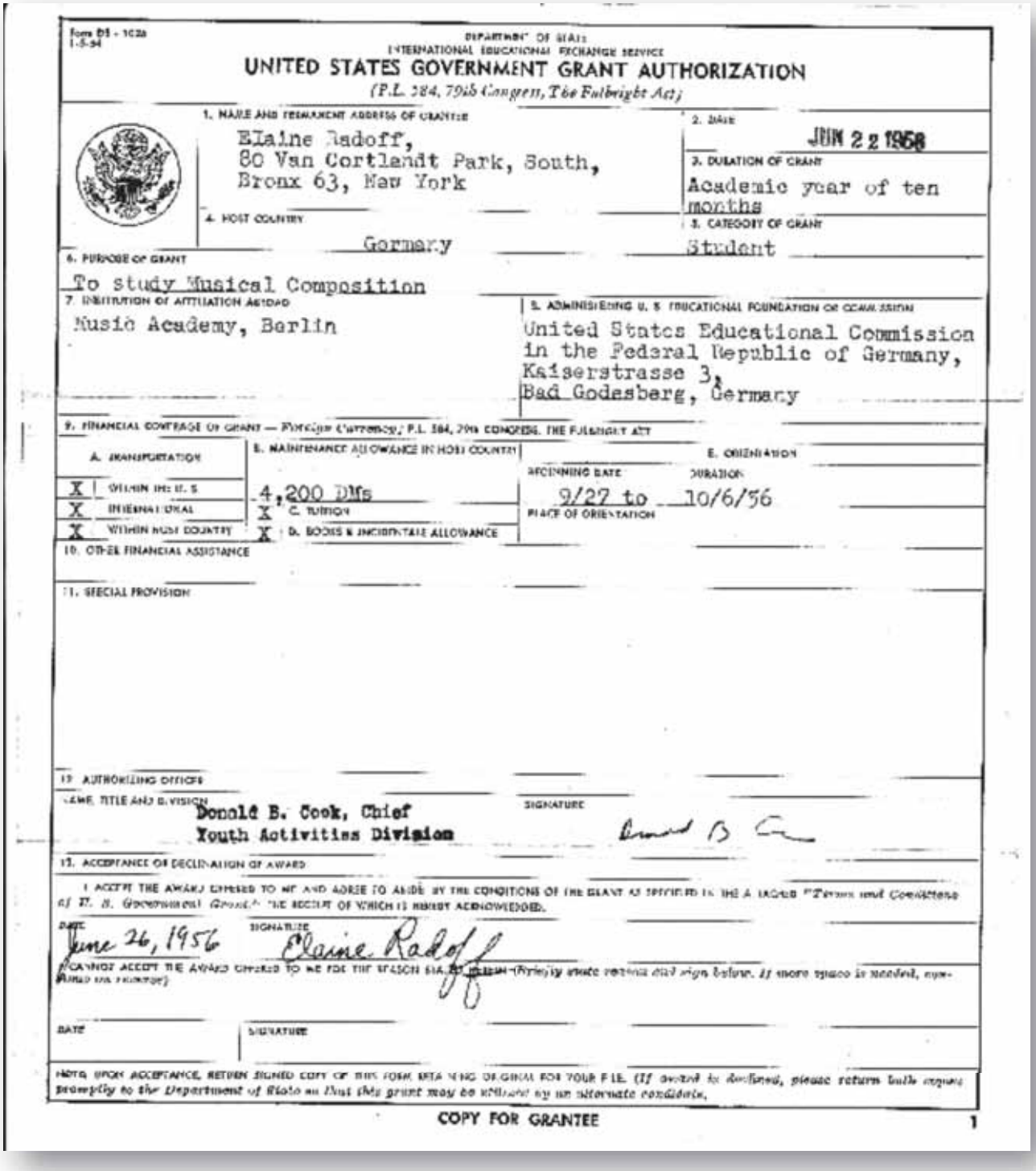
Rome: Trevi Fountain

Elaine Radoff Barkin (b. 1932 in the Bronx), educated at Bronx HS of Science, Third Street Music School Settlement (Hedda Ballon, Rebecca Davidson), Queens College (Karol Rathaus), Brandeis University (Arthur Berger, Irving Fine, Harold Shapero) and Berlin Hochschule für Musik (Boris Blacher), has composed 90 works for a wide diversity of media, has had 80 texts published in many New Music magazines, and has taught composition and theory at Sarah Lawrence College, University of Michigan, Victoria University in Wellington NZ, Semester at Sea (teaching World Music and gamelan angklung) and University of California, Los Angeles [Prof. Emerita in 1997]. I was a co-editor of *Perspectives of New Music*, recipient of numerous grants and residencies, co-founder with Ben Boretz and Jim Randall of Open Space Music in 1987, and have performed in and composed for Balinese gamelan ensembles at UCLA, Cal Arts and Loyola Marymount University. My music has been recorded on Composers Recordings Inc., New World Records and Open Space {CDs nos. 3, 12, 16, 24, 29 & 34].

Go to; www.the-open-space.org , see CDs and Magazine/Web Magazine.
Also see: http://www.gdbarkin.com/#!moms-page/c1gq for my metal canvases, hub-cap masks.

I am mother [3 sons], grandmother [4 grandsons, 1 granddaughter], and great grandmother [2 great granddaughters and 1 great grandson] and moved to So Cal in 1974 where I still live with husband George J. Barkin, author of *Sea of Cortez*, a detective-mystery novel.

FULBRIGHT DOCUMENTS



Form DS - 1028
1-5-54

DEPARTMENT OF STATE
INTERNATIONAL EDUCATIONAL EXCHANGE SERVICE

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT GRANT AUTHORIZATION

(P.L. 584, 79th Congress, The Fulbright Act)

1. NAME AND PERMANENT ADDRESS OF GRANTEE
Elaine Radoff,
80 Van Cortlandt Park, South,
Bronx 63, New York

2. DATE
JUN 2 2 1956

3. DURATION OF GRANT
Academic year of ten months

4. HOST COUNTRY
Germany

5. CATEGORY OF GRANT
Student

6. PURPOSE OF GRANT
To study Musical Composition

7. INSTITUTION OR AFFILIATION ABROAD
Music Academy, Berlin

8. ADMINISTERING U. S. EDUCATIONAL FOUNDATION OR COMMISSION
United States Educational Commission in the Federal Republic of Germany,
Kaiserstrasse 3,
Bad Godesberg, Germany

9. FINANCIAL COVERAGE OF GRANT — *Foreign Currency*, P.L. 584, 79th CONGRESS, THE FULBRIGHT ACT

A. TRANSPORTATION	B. MAINTENANCE ALLOWANCE IN HOST COUNTRY	E. ORIENTATION
X WITHIN THE U. S.	4,200 DMs	BEGINNING DATE: 9/27 to DURATION: 10/6/56
X INTERNATIONAL	X C. TUITION	PLACE OF ORIENTATION
X WITHIN HOST COUNTRY	X D. BOOKS & INCIDENTALS ALLOWANCE	

10. OTHER FINANCIAL ASSISTANCE

11. SPECIAL PROVISION

12. AUTHORIZING OFFICER
NAME, TITLE AND DIVISION: Donald B. Cook, Chief
Youth Activities Division
SIGNATURE: Donald B Cook

13. ACCEPTANCE OR DECLINATION OF AWARD

I ACCEPT THE AWARD OFFERED TO ME AND AGREE TO ABIDE BY THE CONDITIONS OF THE GRANT AS SPECIFIED IN THE APPLICABLE "Terms and Conditions of U. S. Government Grants," THE RECEIPT OF WHICH IS HEREBY ACKNOWLEDGED.

DATE: June 26, 1956 SIGNATURE: Elaine Radoff

I CANNOT ACCEPT THE AWARD OFFERED TO ME FOR THE REASON STATED BELOW. (Briefly state reasons and sign below. If more space is needed, continue on reverse.)

DATE SIGNATURE

NOTE: UPON ACCEPTANCE, RETURN SIGNED COPY OF THIS FORM, RETAINING ORIGINAL FOR YOUR FILE. (If award is declined, please return both copies promptly to the Department of State so that this grant may be offered to an alternate candidate.

COPY FOR GRANTEE

1

EMBASSY OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
OFFICE OF ADMINISTRATION
APO 80

October 4, 1956

B-7-0919

SUBJECT: Invitational Travel Orders

TO : Individuals listed below

Below listed individuals of American nationality will proceed on/or about October 5, 1956, from Frankfurt to Berlin.

NAME		PASSPORT NO.	
Ronald Binks		127 399	
Marjorie Jane Poor		164 260	
Andrew W. Oerke		105 891	
Edward Miller		166 734	
Elaine Radoff		151 036	
Stefan Wolpe		859 305	
Hilda Wolpe		861 597	
H. Bowman Hawkes		610 736	
Ruth W. Hawkes		146 917	
Michael B. Hawkes	}	146 916	(13 years)
Janice Hawkes	{ children	146 916	(11 years)
James Hawkes	}	146 916	(8 years)
Inge Powell		743 243	

1. Purpose: To lecture and/or study at Universities Berlin
2. Per diem not authorized
3. Clearance No. 10-11, Liaison Office Berlin.
4. Transportation at no cost to USIA.
5. Military rail and sleeper transportation authorized.

MILITARY TRANSPORTATION SERVICE OFFICIAL BUSINESS

Travel Requested by: USIS:EX

Authorizing Officer:

Robert Miller, Dep.General Manager

ВЕЛО ПОСЛА СОЕДИНЕННЫХ ШТАТОВ АМЕРИКИ
БОНН, ГЕРМАНИЯ
OFFICE OF THE AMBASSADOR OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
BONN, GERMANY

ПОЛЕВАЯ ПОЧТА №
APO 00

04 October 1956

/Дата/
(Date)

КАСАЕТСЯ: Приказ на поездку в Берлин/Германия/ и обратно.
SUBJECT : Orders for travel to Berlin, Germany and return

АДРЕСАТ : [redacted], U.S. Civ., USNATO, PPS 151036
/Имя, чин, отделение, номер паспорта/
TO : (Name, rank, branch of service, passport number)

Вышеуказанное лицо АМЕРИКАНЕЦ
The person named above (Nationality)

национальности, уполномочено отправиться в Берлин/Германия/
is authorized to proceed to Berlin, Germany and return

и обратно 05 October - 05 November 1956
/Срок командировки/ (Inclusive dates)

Поездка соб. автомаш. марки " [redacted] " № [redacted] разрешена.
Trip by automobile. Modal" "License No. authorized.

ПО ПРИКАЗУ ПОСЛА СОЕДИНЕННЫХ ШТАТОВ АМЕРИКИ:
BY ORDER OF THE AMBASSADOR OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA:

[redacted]
Начальник
Отдела Приема и Обслуживания
Путешественников
Chief
Travel & Reception Section

Hochschule für Musik Berlin

Berlin-Charlottenburg, den 12. Juli 1957
Fasanenstraße 1

Dem Fräulein Elaine Radoff

geboren am 15. Dezember 1932 in New York

wird hiermit amtlich bescheinigt, daß sie die Hochschule für Musik Berlin von

Oktober 1956 bis Juli 1957

besucht hat.

Hauptfach: Komposition.

Pflichtfächer: Klavier.

HOCHSCHULE FÜR MUSIK · BERLIN

(Professor Boris Blacher)

UNITED STATES EDUCATIONAL COMMISSION
IN THE
FEDERAL REPUBLIC OF GERMANY
(FULBRIGHT-COMMISSION)

THIS IS TO CERTIFY THAT

ELAINE ZADOFF

WAS A GRANTEE ON THE FULBRIGHT PROGRAM IN GERMANY

FROM October 1956 **TO** July 1957

DURING THIS PERIOD HE WAS AFFILIATED

AS A Student

WITH Hochschule fuer Musik Berlin

E. WILDER SPAULDING, Ph. D.
CHAIRMAN

The End of **BERLIN: a memoir**