

THE EDINBURGH

STAR

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Debbie Sinclair

And Yet the Light Shines

Ingrid Sischy

From my Window

Freda Riffkin

My Grandfathers Legacy

Robin Spark

The Ben Uri Exhibition



THE MAGAZINE FOR THE EDINBURGH JEWISH COMMUNITY



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The Edinburgh Star

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Cover Picture: ‘Head’ by **Mosheh Oved** Ben Uri Gallery, London

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The Board would also like to thank **Mr & Mrs Harold Mendelssohn** for kindly defraying the cost of sending **The Edinburgh Star** overseas.

Editorial

The hot and sometimes uncomfortable handle of the Editor's baton was passed to me in September of last year. Some time before that, I was approached by John Cosgrove, Chairman of the Editorial Board with the surprise invitation to take over as resident of the 'hot seat' for the next issue. I was somewhat taken aback by the request as I had not been involved with the Star at all and indeed had no experience of editing such a publication. At first I was reluctant, but eventually decided that it was too easy to decline and in a small community such as ours, there is a degree of responsibility to make a contribution. My acceptance was hedged with a caveat which was my view that the Star had to change. The guiding principle applied in my chosen career of high technology commerce has been 'move on'. I believe that the progression of history is underpinned by evolution at both macro and micro levels and failure to update, results in decay and ultimate failure.

writers. I have given special attention to the visual impact of the magazine and I hope these will enhance your enjoyment.

My September initiation to the Star was the month in which the rulebook of international conflict was re-written. A month when one day brought the mighty United States face to face with the horror of terrorism on a scale and with a level of spectacular drama never previously thought possible. The events in New York were particularly poignant for me as my wife Shirley and I were there during the previous week and left that city just the day before. The tragedy in terms of lost life and the family trauma for those whose loved ones perished can be overwhelming but the significance in terms of our western model of democracy and civilization is considerable. Our daily lives, with their rich diversity of links to home, education, work travel and social interaction all depend of

evil. History will record the evolution of our leaders ability to meet that challenge.

Closer to home, our brethren in Israel continued to face the never-ending pain of Palestinian terrorism. This reached a level where the last vestige of even-handedness by the United States ended with outright criticism and blame being directed by President Bush at Chairman Arafat. Steps were also taken to freeze the funds of Hamas in an attempt to starve the extremists of finance. It is inevitable that the Israelis and Palestinians will eventually talk and in time, they will probably make peace. The sadness is the human cost to both sides of the journey to that end. Israel is the dominant force in the conflict so I pray that wisdom will prevail and that no matter what has gone before, the solution will encompass the need for all reasonable peoples in that troubled corner of the planet to achieve the degree of mutual respect

...and the world moves on

I therefore decided to mark my residency at the Editor's desk with some changes to our much-loved magazine. First published in March 1989, our last 40 editions have followed the original style through the years with the main change being the gradual introduction of colour images to enhance the excellent writings. Today, modern technology allows us to move our modest publication towards standards of production previously reserved for commercial offerings. I commissioned a re-design of our banner style and interior layout, which I hope you will like. For that I must acknowledge with grateful appreciation the time and efforts of my daughter Debbie. The contents still reflect our journal of events within the Edinburgh community together with excellent articles and contributions from regular and new

the rule of law, stability and an understanding of what is acceptable behaviour to our fellow humans. The ability of any organisation or individual to deliberately drive 300 tons of fuel filled aircraft and passengers at one of civilisations prime landmarks is almost more than the mind can contemplate. The short-term response by the US and its allies has been the release of military might on the alleged perpetrators but is that the long term solution? I believe that the security of our life style and civilization requires our leaders to embrace a one world strategy where the needs of ones own citizens cannot be entirely separated from those elsewhere on the planet. Military action might just catch or eliminate the perpetrators but cannot eliminate the state of mind that caused such contemplation of

and tolerance needed for such a peace.

Finally, a word of thanks to your Editorial board. My achievement of a finished publication was only possible with the full support and backing of each and every one of that group. To them, my sincere appreciation.

Peter A Bennett

...and yet the light shines.

Debbie Sinclair

On a visit one glorious morning last summer to the exquisitely restored neighbourhood of Neve Zedeq...

... (a Jewish quarter established outside Jaffa in 1887, once derelict but now teeming with cafes, art galleries and home to the Suzanne Dallal Center for the Performing Arts), our literature-loving guide stopped outside the remaining walls of an old picture theatre and recited a wonderful poem by Natan Alterman, inspired by this very picture theatre, which regularly screened Mediterranean melodramas. The poem describes the abrupt changes that take place during a screening: darkness descends, and the audience is transported to a world of drama, tragedy, broken promises, aching hearts and endless tears ... and suddenly - light! Out come the popcorn and the ice-lollies, laughter and idle chatter fill the room. Then, in an instant, darkness again, the drama returns with another dose of misery ... a second intermission, more lights, and so on, darkness, light, darkness, light, until the theater is lit up for the last time that evening.

As I sit down to write, the day after the week in which more than thirty Israelis lost their lives, and hundreds more were wounded in a seemingly endless sequence of terrorist attacks all over Israel, I think to myself that our life here has become something like the world described in the poem: darkness and terror one moment, rapid restoration to at least the semblance of light, laughter and normalcy, only to be plunged back into darkness with the next edition of the news, but bouncing back the next day.

Of course, in the theatre, the world associated with the darkness is make-believe and only the world of light is real: the darkness in Israel's reality over the last year, however, is anything but virtual. The tears for those lost and injured - on both sides of the conflict - are real; the heightened levels of anxiety, the fear, are real; the hardship being endured by the Palestinian population (to which its

leadership seems oblivious) is real; and real, too, even if invisible, are the scars which our children will bear forever from having seen too many funerals, known too much death, too young.

I feel battered. News - mostly bad - is flung at us like a never-ending barrage of stones, some small, some huge, and I am exhausted from being constantly called

I feel battered. News - mostly bad - is flung at us like a never-ending barrage of stones

upon to process new information and new situations, from having to confront new facts and make up my mind all over again in view of the ever-changing array of circumstances. I want our newspapers to be as boring as I remember them in my Australian youth, the front-page headlines day after day screaming out the rise and fall in the price of beef.

"Trouble shared is trouble halved" goes the saying. Nonsense. The indescribable outrage of the Twin Towers attack provided no comfort in the thought that we are no longer alone as the targets and victims of terror. On the contrary: it has added an infinite measure of sadness to the world in general, and to us here in Israel. We have experienced, time and time again, the shattering effects of terrorist bombs; we have shut ourselves up in impermeable rooms and put on our gas masks in anticipation of chemical attack; our "civil liberties" are "violated" by security checks in myriad aspects of our lives. It is enough that we experience these things - we don't

want others to experience them. We want to know that this need not be the norm, that a life of peace is possible. After September 11, 2001, we cannot but doubt.

And yet ... and yet the light shines. I see the thousands of students in the central Forum of the Hebrew University each day: young people, their faces bright, their conversation carefree (particularly now that the four-week, nationwide Academic Faculty strike has terminated), and their heads full of plans for the future. Students arriving from abroad to study in the Rothberg International School come through my office, and remark how surprised they are by the happy atmosphere that prevails.

At the women's service which I love to attend on Simhat Torah, as I danced (with the Torah) and sang together with hundreds of other women, I was overwhelmed by the recognition that it was possible to experience real simha, pure joy, notwithstanding the hardships of the preceding year. Downtown Jerusalem may be devoid of tourists during the day, but we all know that last Saturday night, it was thronged with youngsters, partying and doing what normal youngsters do, at least until 11.30 p.m.

Each and every one of us yearns for the peace of his or her version of a little croft far up in the Scottish Highlands

We walk around with aching hearts on the day of an attack, unable to concentrate, and the next day, we are back at our gossip, our bad driving, our rampant consumerism, our planning for yet another overseas trip, our quest to increase our knowledge of Torah, our incessant pursuit of economic progress. Some parents do not allow their children to travel on buses, but we allow them to roam the streets in packs at all hours of the night, unafraid. Our families continue to grow - what greater symbol is there of optimism, faith that the future will be brighter, even though the rational basis of any such optimism may seem terribly shaky today. Israel has been through even darker days, when we did not know if we would survive as a state, as a nation. Throughout this last year, however dark some days have been, we have never had any doubt that despite the casualties we might suffer, our state will survive, and

that is a thought that provides tremendous strength and comfort.

Each and every one of us yearns for the peace of his or her version of a little croft far up in the Scottish Highlands, or maybe for the tranquility of the yoga mat in a remote Indian ashram. We yearn, but what we yearn for is not to distance ourselves physically, but for that peace and tranquility to descend upon this small bit of real estate in the Middle East. To say that the thought of running away in the face of the present adversity never occurs to me would not be true; to say that that thought is dismissed as soon as it arises because it is impossible - not because there is nowhere to go, but because this is the only place I want, or have ever wanted, to be - is absolutely and unequivocally true.

Debbie Sinclair is Assistant Academic Secretary, Hebrew University of Jerusalem.

Jerusalem has been home to the Sinclairs for most of the last 30 years. Debbie came originally from Melbourne Australia to study law at the Hebrew University. She also worked for quite a number of years as a lawyer in the Legal Department of the University before moving into administration.



Light Behind the Clouds Tony Gilbert (A drawing inspired by the article.)

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From My Window

Ingrid Sischy

In fact it was such a beautiful day that I walked to work. When I set out it was early, and so the streets in Greenwich Village, where I live, were pretty empty, which is how I like them; that's when New York feels like a small village. By the time I reached Soho, where the offices are for the magazine where I work, things were beginning to have that New York bustle and dynamism that distinguishes this city. I recall feeling grateful – grateful to live in a place like New York which has inspired me so much, and grateful to be alive on such a glorious day.

When I got to Interview magazine, I went straight into a scheduled meeting in my office with one of our music editors. We hadn't been talking for more than ten minutes when -- at 8:46 am -- we were stopped in our tracks by the loudest crash you've ever heard and then there were the sounds of a woman screaming that I will never forget. It was like nothing I have ever witnessed. The southern-facing window in

...to me this ephemeral light is also the aura of all those souls ascending, as our city tries in every way that we can to honor each and every one of them.

my office, up until September 11th, had been like a camera lens on The World Trade Center, which was only 20 blocks south of our building. The sky-high towers were something I always liked to look out at.

Anyway, when we heard the first sounds of the tragedy we stood up and stared out the windows down to the street, thinking



something had happened down there. Nothing. Then we raised our eyes and they landed on the Twin Towers, one of which looked like it had a huge mushroom-like ball of fire eating it. Horrified, both of us stood at the window transfixed. We didn't know what it was, but we knew that something beyond terrible had happened.

Soon people started running into my office saying that an airplane had crashed into one of the towers. We were all quiet, all crying. Then the unimaginable happened. We saw yet another plane suddenly appear

and then boom – it crashed into the other Tower, causing yet another mushroom-like ball of fire to start roiling. The sky was full of debris – much of it shimmering. There seemed to be outlines of human forms – later I learned it was people jumping, some of them holding hands. Later I heard about

the birds that caught fire, and all the other unforgettable details. I didn't see the buildings collapse, as many in my office did. I couldn't watch any more of it.

Now, so many weeks later, I am sitting by my window again as I write this. I'm looking down to where the Twin Towers once stood and were once filled with people who'd come here from all over the world. It is night, and the sky is dark, except for down there, where it's all lit up. I know the light is in part due to the recovery work that continues at the site twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week. But to me this ephemeral light is also the aura of all those souls ascending, as our city tries in every way that we can to honor each and every one of them.

Ingrid Sischy is the Editor in Chief of Andy Warhol's Interview magazine.

A Grandfather's Legacy

Freda Riffkin

Truly a wonderful legacy - not because of the money involved, but because 100 years ago we had a Grandfather who had faith in the Land of Israel.

In the year 1902, Nathan Abraham Harrison, then a young father of four children and an immigrant from Lithuania still struggling to make a living for his family, went to a meeting in Glasgow of the Jewish Colonial Trust

The JCT was the original parent company of Anglo Palestine Bank, the fore-runner of Bank Leumi le-Israel B.M. and was founded in England by Herzl in 1899 as the financial instrument of the Zionist Movement. JCT issued over 300,000 shares at the turn of the century to Zionists all over the world, most of whom bought only one share, for the purpose of promoting colonization schemes and immigration in this part of the world as well as banking. JCT itself ceased business activity many years ago, and last paid a dividend in 1932. In the 1950s the business of JCT was transferred to the Israeli company Otzar Hityaslivuth Hayehudim B.M. ("OHH") and most of the rights of the shareholders were converted in rights in OHH.

Nathan Harrison must have been a most

ardent Zionist because at this meeting he bought 8 shares at 1 Pound each. In those days and in his circumstances a substantial sum of money. He bought three shares for himself, one for his wife, and four in the names of his children

Years went by and it was not until one of his children, Isaac, found three shares and showed them to my cousin, Professor Aubrey Newman that anyone even knew of the shares. Aubrey scoffed a bit and assured Isaac that he was sure they were worthless and once more they were forgotten. Eventually Aubrey's mother died and among her effects was found a share certificate for the Jewish Colonization Trust. Aubrey had known of the certificate for some time and had even used it to illustrate some lectures at Leicester University.

At this time his curiosity was aroused by an advert in the Jewish Chronicle inviting people who had such share certificates to get in touch with a firm of lawyers in Israel. He went to see them and presented them with whatever proofs he could find and the

relationship with the original registered holders of the shares. This he presented along with an affidavit witnessed by a lawyer in the UK The Trust found no difficulty in accepting Aubrey as the representative of the descendants of Nathan Harrison and in accepting a claim for all the eight shares.

He also discovered that it was very rare for anyone to have bought more than one share and this shows our Grandfather's dedication to the cause.

In due time a cheque was received from Israel and represents the redemption price for the shares of 142 Pounds for each. These were divided out among the grandchildren. Of the original shareholders there were eight descendants and a sum went to each of them.

Truly a wonderful legacy - not because of the money involved, but because 100 years ago we had a Grandfather who had faith in the Land of Israel.

Grandchildren of Nathan Abraham Harrison.

Freda Riffkin Nathan Abraham Oppenheim. Clarice Osborne, Aubrey Norris Newman, Joyce Newman, Pamela Freedman, Natalie Ross, Anne Blankstone, Alan Harrison.



Netanyahu at UJIA Dinner

Eve Oppenheim



Photography Lewis Segal

Those of us who were fortunate to attend the UJIA dinner in Glasgow at which the main guest was BENJAMIN NETANYAHU were impressed that the chosen presenters were all committed youngsters from the Glasgow community whose ages ranged from 9 to 21 years.

...he warned Arafat to ‘surrender terrorism or surrender power’

The emphasis that evening was on Rescue and Renewal and the enthusiastic support of the Glasgow community has enabled and encouraged its youth to become involved in and worthwhile ambassadors for these schemes.

The Rt. Hon. Sir Malcolm Rifkind, who introduced our guest, spoke of Mr Netanyahu’s achievements and aspirations first as a member of an elite commando unit then as a published authority on terrorism and later as a diplomat, which led to him becoming Prime Minister of Israel from 1996 to 1999. During this time, he oversaw the regeneration of the economy and the security of his country.

the capacity to defend Israel were the key ingredients in the peace process. Peace will only be purchased by real deterrents and strength as anti-western militancy and the resurgence of Islam are so well established. Israel is an extension of

“When Chairman Arafat was offered what he had been asking for, a West Bank state and half of Jerusalem as its capital, he rejected it”

democratic endeavour, which they abhor and thus it is essential to have a military victory leading to a political victory for justice to be established. This war is not only about the west bank but also about all Israel and must be won by persuading others of the justice of our cause. Jerusalem and the Temple Mount have been part of our land for over 3000 years and it is essential for us to have self-belief in these basic facts.

Mr Netanyahu received a standing ovation and the enthusiasm of the Glasgow youth representatives along with immigrant youngsters from Ethiopia and Belarus added a special dimension to an outstanding event.



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Chanukah dinner



Anita Mendelssohn, Chairman of the Community Centre Committee, with Caterer Harold Abrahms and some of the guests attending the Chanukah Dinner.

Freda Riffkin Reports

ANNUAL CIVIC SERVICE

The Annual Civic Service took place on Shabbat 18th August. The Service was attended by the Lord Provost, Lady Provost, Councillors, High Constables, members and Officials of the Edinburgh Council.

Rabbi Katanka officiated at the Service, which had a good attendance of Members. After the Service a Kiddush was held at which the President, Dr. Ian Leifer thanked the Lord Provost, an old friend of the Community for coming and presented him with a copy of 'Jews in Literature and Art'.

The Lord Provost responded and assured him that he would be most interested in this book as he had had the opportunity of meeting many distinguished Jewish figures in both these disciplines at the Edinburgh Festivals. He then presented to Rabbi Katanka a 'History of The Edinburgh Festival for which Rabbi Katanka expressed his appreciation.

WIZO LUNCH 31st October

WIZO had another of their popular lunches on 31st October at the home of Mrs.Sylvia Donne. It was very well attended and everyone enjoyed a tasty lunch and the pleasant company. The sum of £219 was raised for the WIZO funds

ARMISTICE SERVICE

The Annual Armistice Service to remember those members of our Congregation who gave their lives in the two World Wars and also in the 1973 Sinai Campaign was held on Sunday 11th November. Mr. Alec Rubinstein conducted the Service and the Synagogue Choir under the leadership of Mr. D. Mendelssohn gave beautiful renderings of parts of the Service. A bugler sounded the Last Post and the flags of the Edinburgh Jewish Branch, British Legion and of AJEX were displayed.

After the Service, tea was provided by the Ladies of the Friendship Club.

WIZO LUNCH 5th December

On the 5th December WIZO held another of their successful lunches, this time at the lovely new home of their Chairman, Kate Goodwin. There was a large attendance of members and the sum of over 200 pounds was raised towards the Group's target, which we were informed they always manage to reach. We were also delighted to hear that British WIZO had honoured Kate at a special award ceremony in London for long and devoted service as Chairman of Edinburgh WIZO.

CHANUCAH DINNER

The Annual Chanukah Dinner organised by the Ladies Communal Committee and the Communal Hall Management Committee took place on Saturday 15th December.

Chanukah candles were lit by Mr. Arnold Rifkind and the ladies of the Committee. The diners joined enthusiastically in the singing of Moaz Tzur. This was followed by the usual excellent meal that we have learned to expect from this Committee. Everyone enjoyed it very much particularly the 400 latkes which had been fried by the devoted cooks. A photo gallery of this event in on page 7.

CHANUKAH SERVICE

Pupils from the cheder, Benjamin Griffin, Maurice Griffin and Richard Field participated in Service and Chanukah candles were lit by Sarah Levy and Erica Cooke-Bud.

After the service Mrs Eve Oppenheim presented a cabinet which had been bought with money donated by her late husband Dr Nate Oppenhiem, a former president of the Hebrew congregation. The cabinet had been filled with many artefacts for the use of children and teachers at the Cheder.

The children's party was organised by Susan Hyams, the children's convener of the Community Centre Committee.

HOLOCAUST MUSEUM

We have been asked by the Association of Jewish Refugees Edinburgh Committee to inform the Community that on the 16th June 2002 there will be a bus trip to visit the Holocaust Museum in Nottinghamshire which is run by Dr. Stephen Smith. Those wishing to go on this trip should contact Mrs. Vicky Gruneberg Telephone 332 6181.

LUNCH CLUB HELP NEEDED

Any ladies available to help cook for our Senior Citizens on Tuesday or Thursday mornings, please contact Joyce Cram.

EDINBURGH LUNCHEON CLUB



VISIT TO THE SCOTTISH PARLIAMENT 25th October 2001

On Thursday, 25th October 2001 136 members of the Luncheon Club first enjoyed a sumptuous lunch at the Communal Hall and then piled into two



buses to go to the Assembly Rooms where the Scottish Parliament currently hold their meetings.

We were all very intrigued and interested in the proceedings as this was a first for most if not all of us. We filed into the Strangers Galleries and watched as the various officials and MSP's took their places in the centre Arena and had great fun picking out



Photographs Shirley Bennet

kent faces. Finally the Presiding Officer, Sir David Steele, arrived and the proceedings began.

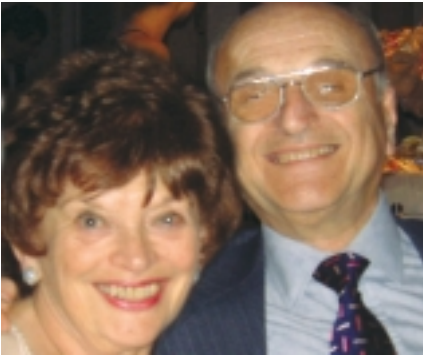
We had picked up copies of the day's usiness when we arrived and were able to follow Question Time as the questions were printed on the sheet. Of course many of these were very routine and dealt with

various day to day activities of government e.g. road repairs .Then came First Minister's Question time and this is when the fun began, for us at least It did not take long before the Conservative Leader was asking the First Minister about a financial matter regarding his Constituency Office . This was ruled out of order by the Presiding Officer who considered it an internal matter of the UK Government. However Mr. McLeish answered defending himself and this answer was also ruled out of order.

Just when things began to look really interesting it was time for us to go as the buses were waiting for us. This was a most interesting visit and many thanks are due to Joyce Cram who organised the whole thing and also the lovely lunch, which preceded it.

Congratulations!

Pearl & Ian Shein on the birth of twin granddaughters Anya & Cate in Manchester on 28th December 2001, their Seventh Wedding Anniversary.



David & Anita Mendelssohn on the occasion of their Golden Wedding Anniversary.

Willie Caplan wishes to thank the Synagogue Council and all friends for the generous gifts for the generous gifts cards and good wishes received on the occasion of his 80th birthday.

Philip and Irene Mason on the occasion of Jonathan's engagement to Deborah Cowan from London.

Andrew Ansell and Duncan Brannan on

becoming Bar Mitzvah.

Stephen Gruneberg of achieving his Ph.D.

Andrew Caplan on his appointment as Manager of nine Boots the Chemist shops at Heathrow airport.

Braham Cohen on his engagement to Dr Jane Anne Hoddes.

Esti Sheinberg and Ron Lewis on their engagement.



Norman Dorfman on his 80th Birthday.

Avril and Norman Berger on the occasion of their 40th wedding anniversary.

Popular hairdresser **Bernie Davidson** recently celebrated 30 years in Business in his shop at 97 Newington Road. The premises contain a nostalgic collection of

memorabilia relating to his trade and certainly makes a visit most interesting and entertaining. He has been described as a 'Newington Institution'. To mark the occasion, Bernie made a special donation of 50p from each haircut to the Malcolm Sergeant Cancer Fund at the Sick Children's Hospital and presented the Fund with £412 as a result. We look forward to his 40th Year!

Winners of £10 prizes in the Community Centre 100 Club draws

- | | |
|------------------|------------------------|
| September | No 82 Mrs J Catek |
| | No 86 Mrs L Caufer |
| | No 70 Mrs V Lowrie |
| October | No 14 Molly Secle |
| | No 53 Mrs E Rifkind |
| | No 63 Miss R Segal |
| December | No 38 Mrs Judy Gilbert |
| | No 15 Edward Green |
| | No 33 Dr Bill Circus |

- | | |
|-------------------|-----------------------------|
| £25 Prize | No 69 Ian Brodie |
| £50 Prize | No 49 Molly Seckl |
| £100 Prize | No 49 Mrs Anita Mendelssohn |

Bill Clinton in Glasgow

John A Cosgrove



JNF Chairman Stanley Lovatt with Bill Clinton

There were several raised eyebrows last year, when Stanley Lovatt, chairman of the Glasgow JNF Committee announced that he had arranged for the 42nd President of the USA, Bill Clinton to be the Guest of Honour at their centenary dinner. They whispered, “He’ll never pull it off, it will all end in tears, Clinton’s fee will be so high that it will use up all the profit made by the

On the subject of terrorism he said that they (the terrorists) believed that our differences were all that mattered, whereas most of us believed that it was our common humanity which mattered more.

function.” “They” were all wrong. The bottom line is that the centenary dinner repeated in Manchester and London on successive days was a spectacular success, raising £1,250,000 for the Jewish National Fund to be used to build the Bill Clinton reservoir in the Negev.

President Clinton (in the USA once a

President - always a President) arrived at Prestwick Airport on the morning of 10th December and was immediately whisked off to Turnberry to play the Ailsa Championship Course. His golf was not too good and he later told us, “I did not play that course, it played me!” which was understandable considering that he only had three hours sleep that night. The tiredness certainly never showed when he addressed us later that day. Accompanied by members of the American Secret Service, Special Branch and the best of Strathclyde’s Police, he journeyed by people carrier via the A77 to the Glasgow Hilton where he was greeted by anti Israel demonstrators who later burned an effigy of him in front of the hotel. When the coach from Edinburgh (organised by Irene Hyams) arrived at the Hilton, we were totally untroubled by the demonstrators as they were completely drowned out by a lone piper. Indeed his gallant playing gave us a new respect for the music of the bagpipes.

This was the largest Kosher function ever to be held in Scotland. Doreen Cohen hired 16 chefs to serve 750 people (the most the Hilton could seat) and there was a waiting list of 200 disappointed people. We took our seats at the table allocated and introduced ourselves to the other guests who included Secretary of State for

Scotland, Helen Liddell (who had brought a message from Prime Minister Tony Blair), Patricia Fergusson of the Scottish Executive standing in for First Minister, Jack McConnell, Baroness Mary Goudie, Jim Murphy MP for Eastwood, Gail Seal, National President of the JNF. The evening started with Rabbi Moshe Rubin of Giffnock lighting the candles of the magnificent Chanukah Menorah borrowed for the occasion from Garnethill Synagogue and the singing of Maoz Tzur. The Guest of Honour was seated at a raised round table in the centre of the hall next to Stanley and Carole Lovatt and near the Israel

The rest of the top table was dominated by a posse of well known Scottish writers (of cheques)!

Ambassador to the Court of St James. The rest of the top table was dominated by a posse of well known Scottish writers (of cheques)! Clinton is one of those rare human beings whose very presence generates an air of excitement and when he speaks, people hang on to every word, every syllable. He is an orator of such eloquence that even his pauses seem to have significance. But it was the content of his wide ranging speech which impressed us most and we were treated to a preview of what later in the week became the BBC’s Richard Dimbleby Lecture entitled “The Struggle for the Soul of the 21st Century”.

In his introductory remarks he paid tribute to the people of Britain and to Tony Blair in particular for their friendship and support in the aftermath of the events of 11th September. “As an ordinary citizen you can not imagine how it felt to hear the Queen’s band playing the American National Anthem in the grounds of Buckingham Palace on the day after September 11th”. He apologised for his wife (the Junior Senator for the State of New York) not being able to fulfil an engagement to address the

Scottish Parliament and expressed the hope that they would invite her again. He praised the work of the JNF over the last one hundred years for its vision, its sense of history and its determination to make an impact in its purchase of land for what was to become the State of Israel. Land was not indifferent to the life that occupied it and he noted the JNF’s achievement in planting over 250 million trees, building over 100 dams and reservoirs, developing over a quarter of a million acres of land, and creating some 400 parks. He thanked the audience for their help in building the reservoir in his name in the Negev so that in the words of the prophet Isaiah “the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose”.

On the subject of terrorism he said that they (the terrorists) believed that our differences were all that mattered, whereas most of us believed that it was our common humanity which mattered more. The clash between these two simple propositions would define the shape and soul of this new century.

Terrorism had a long history and Jews had provided the most number of martyrs, yet no terrorist campaign had ever succeeded in destroying a people. The purpose of terrorism was not military victory, but to change the way we behave. Its purpose was to make us afraid of today, afraid of tomorrow and afraid of each other. The Anthrax scare and the big plane crashing into the World Trade Centre were painful,

My great friend Yitzchak Rabin was murdered not by a Palestinian but by a fellow Israeli who thought he was not a good Jew or a good Israeli because he sought the security of Israel in a way that would recognise the frustrations and aspirations of the Palestinian people”.

vivid, lethal examples of an age old phenomenon. In every new arena of conflict, since the first human walked out of a cave with a club in his hand and began to beat people with abandon over the head to get them to do what he wanted, there was a time lag, until someone figured out that they could put two sticks together and stretch an animal skin over it and therefore have a shield so that the club would not work any more. The shield had always been developed which was why civilisation had survived even in the Second World War. It is frightening at this time because we are living in the gap between the club

and the shield.

“We have done it before and we will do it again do not despair”. Far more terrorist attacks had been thwarted than had been successful. There was much to do including targeting money laundering networks and more money had to be spent on preventing nuclear materials falling into terrorist hands. It was highly unlikely that the 21st century would claim as many lives as the 20th century. We must build a world where there are a lot fewer terrorists and a lot more partners. Essentially, we lived in a world without walls because borders did not matter any more.

There were eight forces affecting the world today, four positive and four negative. On the positive side he highlighted the development of the global economy, advances in information technology, global cooperation for scientific advances and the growth of democracy. On the downside there was global poverty, the collapse of public health systems in poor countries, global warming and the dramatic upsurge in high tech terrorism. He highlighted measures that could be taken to successfully overcome these four negative aspects and concluded that all that was needed was the will to succeed and money and that the money required was a lot less than that being spent on the present conflict in Afghanistan which was costing about a billion dollars a month.

There were a lot of angry people in the

Muslim world who direct their anger against the modern world because they feel they are not getting anything out of it. They think that the modern world is a threat to their values. In a reference to the demonstrators at the entrance to the hotel he said that although they were complaining about Palestinians being oppressed by Israel and the USA, they conveniently forgot that the last time the USA and Britain went to war was to defend the Muslims in Bosnia and Kosovo. They had forgotten that 500 Muslims died at the World Trade Centre. They forget that under his administration, the United States advocated and Israel

accepted but the PLO rejected, the most generous terms ever offered to establish the Palestinian State in the West Bank and Gaza with the religious interests of the Palestinians in Jerusalem protected. “Last December and January we got very close to a comprehensive agreement and I hoped that they would sign it but they didn’t. We must get back to the peace process”.

Bill Clinton recalled that just prior to his first visit to Glasgow, when he was a student at Oxford University, Martin Luther King and Robert Kennedy were murdered by fellow Americans for trying to reconcile the American people to each other. The greatest spirit of our age, Ghandi was murdered not by a Muslim but by a fellow Hindu. Sadat was killed in Egypt not by an Israeli commando but by an Egyptian. “My great friend Yitzchak Rabin was murdered not by a Palestinian but by a fellow Israeli who thought he was not a good Jew or a good Israeli because he sought the security of Israel in a way that would recognise the frustrations and aspirations of the Palestinian people”.

“So what are we going to do? We’ve got to beat the terrorists, but you don’t want your kids or grandkids to live behind walls and be afraid. We’ve got to change. The poor people in the world cannot be led by people like Bin Laden who believe they can find redemption in our destruction. We, the fortunate in the world, can no longer be guided by the short sighted notion that we can claim for ourselves what we deny to others. We will all have to change.

We live in a world without walls. September the 11th was the dark side of all the beautiful and wonderful things which came to us in the last decade. Now that we live in such a world, our only choice is to make it a home for all the children”.

With Compliments
from
Jess Franklin
205 Stenhouse Street
Cowdenbeath, Fife KY4 9DL

Keeping Old Traditions Alive

Michael Adler

When I married my first wife, Ruth, her mother (Lotte Oppenheimer) gave her a loose-leaf file in which she had written out – in English –recipes for many of the wonderful dishes that she used to cook and that her family enjoyed so much. She was an exponent, par excellence, of German-Jewish cooking and the dishes she cooked represented a synthesis of German and Jewish culinary traditions. They included ‘peasant soups’, like Grünkernsuppe (made from dried, unripe grain), chopped liver, numerous meat dishes (including Rinderbraten – braised beef – and Sauerbraten – marinated braised beef), poultry dishes, dumplings (Klöße) of various shapes and sizes, desserts and cakes.

Some of these dishes would be eaten on ‘ordinary’ family occasions while others (like roast goose) were reserved for ‘special’ occasions but all of them were much admired and frequently commented on. Thanks to the loose-leaf file, which I have now inherited, and similar records of recipes that were given to or acquired by other members of the family, we are still making the dishes we enjoyed so much when Lotte prepared them. However, I have long felt that her recipes should be made available to a wider audience and, with this in mind, I am delighted to have this opportunity to describe two of them in The Edinburgh Star.

The two recipes I have chosen are both for seasonal desserts. The first is for an apple tart (Apfel Kuchen) which is traditionally eaten in the autumn and winter when cooking apples are in abundance. The apple filling and the tart need to be prepared separately. The ingredients are as follows:

Apfel Kuchen

For the apple filling:

2 lb. (1.1 kg) cooking apples
(Bramleys are best)

4 oz (100 g) sultanas

1 teaspoon ground cinnamon

4 oz. (100 g) granulated sugar

For the cake mixture

5 oz (150 g) butter

4 oz (100 g) sugar

1 egg

9 oz. (250 g) plain flour

The cooking apples should be peeled, quartered, cored and cut into segments. Layers of apples should be placed in a saucepan and interspersed with layers of sultanas and cinnamon sugar. This can be made by mixing a teaspoonful of ground cinnamon with 4 oz. (100 g) granulated sugar. This should be gently stewed by heating the mixture slowly – without adding any water – and stirring to prevent it from burning, stopping before the apples disintegrate. While the apple mixture is cooking, the pastry can be prepared.

The butter, sugar and eggs should be creamed in a food processor (if you have one) and the flour added bit by bit. The mixture should then have the texture of shortbread pastry. Approximately one fifth (20 per cent) should be cut off and cooled in the freezing compartment of a refrigerator (this will make it easier to roll out into strips without it breaking). The remainder of the pastry should be pressed into the bottom and about 1" (2.5 cm) up the sides of a 12" (30 cm) ‘springform’ cake tin. It should be evenly spread along the bottom and up the sides of the tin – any excess from the sides can be cut off with a knife. The pastry should then be sprinkled with fine breadcrumbs or matzo meal. The apple filling should then be spread evenly across the bottom of the cake tin.

The small piece of pastry should now be removed from the refrigerator and placed on a wooden board covered with flour. It should be rolled out and cut into thin slices about 1/2 " (1.25 cm) wide. These strips should then be placed across the apple mix to make a ‘criss-cross’ pattern. (If the pastry is cool enough, you should be able to do this without the pastry breaking). The tart should be placed in a pre-heated oven at Regulo 7 (220°C) and baked for about 25 minutes. When the tart is cooked, it should be removed from the oven and left to stand until it is cool. The sides should then be separated from the cake tin with a thin knife before releasing the spring. The bottom should likewise be separated from the base of the cake tin with a long, thin knife before the tart is removed from the base and placed on a flat plate. It can be eaten alone, with cream or with ice cream.



The second recipe is for Crimsel (matzo fritters) which were always eaten with stewed fruit salad at Pesach. The ingredients are as follows:

Crimsel

Ingredients:

7 oz (200 g) matzos

4 eggs

pinch of salt

2-3 heaped tablespoons of ground almonds

2 tablespoons fine matzo meal

2 oz (50 g) sultanas

The matzos should be soaked in water for an hour or so and squeezed as dry as possible. The egg whites should be separated from the yolks and beaten stiffly. The other ingredients should be mixed together and the beaten egg whites folded in at the end. The batter should, in my mother-in-law’s words, be ‘neither too runny nor too solid’. If it is too runny (which is more likely), more ground almonds and/or matzo meal should be added.

Tablespoons of the batter should then be fried in a frying pan of very hot oil. When they are a golden brown on one side, they should be turned and, when they are golden brown on both sides, they can either

be served or kept warm in the oven. Some people like to sprinkle them with sugar. They are traditionally eaten with a stewed fruit salad. Extremely good quality dried fruit salad (containing dried apples, pears, apricots, peaches, figs and prunes) can be obtained from ‘Realfoods’ in Broughton Street or Brougham Place (free plug). The dried fruit should be soaked overnight and then boiled (for about 10 minutes) until the

fruit is soft. It should be served cold and can be kept for some time in a refrigerator.

I hope readers will try out these recipes and that those who do will enjoy them as much as our family still does.

Photography Peter Bennett



Star Trek into the Past



Do you recognise anyone here?

Answers on page 19.

The Ben Uri GALLERY EXHIBITION

EDINBURGH - 17 SEPTEMBER 2001 Samuel Robin Spark

Edinburgh was fortunate indeed to have been chosen to play host to the largest exhibition of the work of Anglo-Jewish artists ever to be shown outside London. The exhibition was organised by the Ben Uri Gallery under the directorship of David J Glasser in association with Phillips Auctioneers who made available their magnificent ground-floor salon. Over 100 works by Jewish artists in both two and three dimensions, some on secular, others on religious themes were on show. Many belong to the Ben Uri's own collection; others were on loan from other galleries and from private collections. The purpose



David Bomberg *Russian Ballet*

of the exhibition was to raise the profile of the gallery, which is currently seeking new premises in which to carry out an ambitious programme in the future, which includes promoting the work of contemporary Jewish artists and mounting exhibitions outside London. Seeing this exhibition was - I speak as a professional artist and a Jew - a wonderfully memorable experience and I feel privileged to have viewed it. It is a pity that it was not possible to have shown it during the Festival in August to which it would have been an outstanding contribution.

Everyone who saw the exhibition will have his or her own favourites but for me the most outstanding painting of all has to be Mark Gertler's "The Rabbi and his Grandchild" generously lent by Southampton City Art Gallery. I have discussed this painting in detail in a

previous issue of the "Edinburgh Star" when it graced the cover. Suffice now to say that seeing the original painting in all its glory heightened my already very great admiration for this artist.



Josef Herman *Aldeburgh*

Another picture, which especially appealed to me, was Alfred Wolmark's "Sabbath Afternoon" depicting an interior scene at the beginning of the twentieth century. This picture conveys an aura of deep spirituality. Here we have a seated woman and a standing man probably at prayer or reading Biblical texts by the light from a window. Inside the room the lighting is dim but peaceful, contrasting with the relatively brightly coloured palette used to depict the factory buildings and smoking chimney seen beyond the window. Consequently the salient objects, in the picture i.e. the couple and the furnishings of their home are in obscurity while the view outside, of lesser importance, is vibrantly painted. This is of course the opposite of what one would normally expect but it is the genius of this gifted painter to make the technique work beautifully. Here is a striking example of the fusion of the old and the new in painting styles.

Indeed, what was so fascinating about this exhibition was the wide variety of styles. The work of the earliest artists represented, the Victorians and Edwardians conformed for the most part to the accepted conservative academic style of the Royal Academy. Such were William Rothenstein's "Reading of the Book of Esther" Philip

Naviasky's "Portrait of a Rabbi" and Solomon J Solomon's "Mischa Elman Playing the Violin". In complete contrast to these were an example of Scottie Wilson's ink work with its mesmerising otherworldly patterning and imagery and Philip Sutton's delightfully uninhibited female nude, "The Dancer", where the frame becomes an integral part of the dancing figure. There was something for everyone in this extraordinary exhibition.

Another picture I absolutely loved was Edward Wolfe's "The Yellow Hat". Wolfe has cleverly absorbed the influence of Matisse here. It is a strikingly sophisticated image with the woman's huge yellow hat contrasting with the darkness of her hair arranged in elegant 30's style and offset by her double row of green beads and her red dress.



David Bomberg *Jerusalem*

Jankel Adler is another fine artist represented here. Not as well known in this country as on the continent where he is rightly revered as one of the greatest twentieth century artists and draughtsmen, in his time he was very influential in opening up the new artistic styles to artists based in Scotland. There are two memorable examples of his work in the exhibition, "Mother and Child" and "Two Figures". Perhaps not his very best work but well worth showing.

Heralding modern techniques in painting we can cite from the show work such as David Bomberg's "Self Portrait". Apparently

slapdash and roughly executed, this picture catches the spirit of portrait art. I speak both as a teacher and as a practising portrait painter. If you do not immediately take to this style of painting, keep looking and slowly it will sift through your soul with all its animation and unpretentious rendering. I love the wet on wet impasto effects in this painting where one thick application of colour is fused into another, creating an atmospheric as well as compositionally beautifully executed piece of work. By contrast we have the same artist's "Jerusalem" and "Ghetto Theatre", both very smoothly rendered. In "Jerusalem" a view of the city is depicted in soft, pastel colours, giving the city a clean, clear look, "Ghetto Theatre" on the other hand is painted in blacks, greys and reds, and conveys a stuffy, claustrophobic interior crammed with weary, work-worn people.

Joseph Herman's work is well-known to art lovers visiting Edinburgh's Gallery of Modern Art. In this exhibition we have his child-like, apparently naive "Jews Dancing" with its frenetic activity, the still and intense "The Gamblers" and the sombre, lonely "Miner with a cup of Tea, and "Aldeburgh".

Lily Delissa Joseph (the sister of Solomon J Solomon a former President of the Royal Society of Portrait Artists and also of the Ben Uri Art Society) is represented by a large self-portrait in oils, "Self-Portrait with Candles". Quite a feat of execution considering that she is holding candles in both outstretched hands! The figure in her timeless robe, with her expressive face and eyes glancing side-ways out of the picture, is bemusing. Could she be depicting a scene from a Biblical or Apocryphal story, such as that of Tobias and the Angel from the Book of Tobit, where the Bride, Sara, is waiting for her new bridegroom to come and consummate their marriage?

Sadly, on this occasion Leeds City Art Gallery was unable to lend their "May of Atonement" the oil painting by Jacob Kramer. However, the Ben Uri's own version in pencil, brush and ink was on view and it, in its own way, is as heart-rending and spiritual as the final Master-piece. The repetitive imagery gives the impression of the Orthodox Jews swaying in unison as they pray and mourn. The picture is in landscape format and because of the repetitive verticals of the shrouded figures an optical illusion of movement is

created. It is a most compelling picture. What is amazing about artists like Kramer, and Adler too, is that they use innovative, avant-garde style as a vehicle for their religion and spirituality and succeed with it so well. The exhibition featured the work of a number of fine sculptors also. For me, nothing in the work of Sir Jacob Epstein



Mark Gertler *Rabbi and his Grandchild*

can surpass for its sheer humanity, sadness and beauty his bronze "Schulamite Woman". This was in itself reason enough to see the exhibition. The roughness of the original clay moulding, rendering an unidealised female head and bust, and yet conveying the underlying bone structure and anatomy is such a departure from the smooth classical style. But this work equals and indeed surpasses much figurative and portrait sculpture in the classical tradition.

"The little bronze "Portrait of Israel Zangwill." by Henry Glicenstein, so detailed and animated in its turn of the head gesticulating hand, and upturned left foot, is utterly captivating.

Benno Schotz's bronze head of Dr Lerner President of the Ben Uri Art Society 1956-1968, has a memorably inquisitive and inquiring look.

In summary, what emerged from the Ben Uri Gallery exhibition was the sheer mass of artistic talent that Jewish artists have contributed to British art from the end of the nineteenth century to the present day. At the beginning of the period anglicised Jewish artists tended to be very much part of the Establishment whereas later artists, particularly those escaping from Nazi Germany and the Holocaust, brought with them new ways of painting and a tradition of innovation which had less to do with classical representation of form and more to do with a vibrantly expressive treatment of their subject-matter which often departed from the realistic.

Solomon J Solomon, Alfred Wolmark, William Rothenstein, Philip Naviasky, Lucien and Orovida Pissarro - all represented in this exhibition show the acceptable face of art. It took the others who had learned from the new masters on the continent to introduce into the British art scene the latest developments in the progress of art. In this connection British art owes a lasting debt to Jewish artist like Frank Auerbach, Leon Kossoff, Jankel Adler, David Bomberg, Sir Jacob Epstein, Sir Anthony Caro, Joseph Herman and Jacob Kramer, to name only the most prominent. All these artists were represented in the show. For those lucky people who saw the exhibition I hope my comments have recalled for them their own feelings on viewing the works on show. This year the Ben Uri published a beautifully presented catalogue in hardback entitled "The Ben Uri Story from Art Society to Museum and the Influence of Anglo-Jewish Artists on the Modern British Movement". It has a foreword by HRH The Prince of Wales, is richly illustrated and includes biographies of the artists associated with the Society. I highly recommend this book both to the layman and the professional artist. It would make a most acceptable and delightful gift for Chanukah, for bar/bat mitzvahs for friends, indeed for yourselves.



Sir Jacob Epstein *Shulamite Woman*

Copies of the catalogue, price £20 plus £3 p&p, and all other information about the Society and its aims for the future may be obtained from:

The Ben Uri Gallery

The London Jewish Museum of Art
The Manor House 80 East End Road
LONDON N3 2SY

Tel: 020 8349 5724; Fax: 020 8346 8489
benuri@art.org www.benuri.com

Dear Editor

I am sure I am not the only person who read Micheline Brannan's article on Intermarriage in the last edition of the Star, and John Cosgrave's reply, and immediately felt tempted to put pen to paper. Since then, I have mentally torn up and thrown away many responses, before finally deciding that it might be useful to open up the debate as to why there is so much intermarriage and why I in particular "married out".

My father came from a distinguished Jewish background on both sides of his family. His father, Abraham Mundy, was secretary of the Jews Temporary Shelter for over 50 years. His maternal grandfather was Chaim Zuridel Maccoby, the "Kamenitzer Maggid" (I learned through the Star in a recent edition that my great-grandfather once visited Edinburgh to preach), leading to the establishment of "Choveren Zion" – the Society for Colonising Palestine by Jewish Emigrants.

However, the public face of our family hid a less attractive story. Chaim Zuridel Maccoby died in 1916 in poverty and outside the Jewish establishment, when my father was 9 years old, and some of his 11 brothers and sisters not yet born. Abraham Mundy was a stern and uncompromising father who left his compassion behind at his work, and in his attempts to enforce halachah amongst his children only succeeded in turning every one away from Orthodox Judaism. As soon as he died in the early 1950s, all pretence at avoiding marriages ceased. The last two children of my father's generation, and all but one of my generation, "married out". What my grandmother, Chaim Zundel's daughter, thought of all this, I do not know, but she never to my knowledge complained at her family's choice of partners - perhaps her own quiet protest at years of domestic cruelty. My parents became founder members of Finchley Progressive Synagogue; the only practising Jews left in the family, and were involved with the Council of Christians and Jews from my

childhood onwards. By the time I came to marry, so many of my cousins already had non-Jewish spouses that within the family there was no sense of disgrace or rebellion.

Oddly, though, my mother's family, who were far less observant during her childhood, have always married within the Jewish faith (apart from me). No pressure to conform, no need to break free? I don't know, but the difference between the two sides of the family has always fascinated me.

We can't simply expect them to marry someone Jewish to please the community or because their marriage wouldn't be recognised in a religious court.

So what of me? Brought up in North West London, I had many Jewish friends but all Orthodox, who scarcely regarded me as Jewish at all (my closest friend in a rare fit of anger, once shouted at me that going to my synagogue was like going to church). Like many young people, I found services boring, in my case because there was not enough Hebrew, and I detested the organ playing at Friday night services (dangerously close to my friend's accusation). For whatever reason, Progressive Jews did not seem to be encouraged to join Jewish youth groups such as Habonim, and when I went to a Jewish holiday school I met more prejudice amongst my own people than I ever have from non-Jews. I perhaps unwisely tried Bnei Akiva for a while, and was made very welcome, but my level of ignorance at their shiurim was soon exposed. I had no idea how to behave at an Orthodox service, or even how the services were structured (I only learned that the short "silent prayer" at Progressive services was a vestige of the individual recitation of the Amidah when I joined the Edinburgh shul 15 years ago!). When I was 18, I spent a year in the States, and attended services in several cities

there. Whether Orthodox or Conservative, I was ignored by every member of these congregations. Judaism didn't seem to want me, and despite a trip to Israel in 1977, where I made wonderful Jewish friends from the States and Canada, there still seemed to be nothing that Judaism and I could offer each other

So when I looked for a life partner, religion simply wasn't an issue for me. I may feel very differently now, but it is surely at the point where our young people are looking

to marry that we have to do our utmost to make them feel welcome in Judaism, to make it relevant to them. We can't simply expect them to marry someone Jewish to please the community or because their marriage wouldn't be recognised in a religious court. Surely it is the duty of every practising Jew to encourage, not to enforce, love of Judaism, and to make it relevant to our children, not to expect them to bend to our ways? I'm not suggesting that we break any laws in order to do this, but there are many examples of other communities making younger people (and women!) feel included, which do not infringe halachic laws. Perhaps listening to their own ideas about what would make them feel more welcome would be a good start.

We need a Rabbi or at least a youth leader who will go out and meet with our teenagers on their 'patch' as Rabbi Sedley used to do at Maccabi (armed with electric guitar). We need to encourage them to organise social events for the community and to, support those events (even if they are a little louder or more off-beat than is to our usual taste). We should listen to their viewpoint on social and political issues, and

not always assume that their opinions mirror ours (in any case, we can't change their views unless we know what they are). We encourage tolerance of other cultures and races (even if we don't want our children to marry into them!) but Orthodox and Reform Jews think nothing of insulting each other openly and in front of the next generation. Maybe it's because I have a foot in both camps, but I would far rather my children practised some form of Judaism than felt impelled to turn away from the religion altogether. And, if either should decide in the future to marry a non-Jew I would prefer that they were able to find a Jewish community that would still allow them to be fully involved in the social and religious life of that community, and for their spouse to make a contribution.

Yours sincerely
Janet Mundy
55 Broombank Terrace
Edinburgh EH12 7NZ

Dear Editor

I was stimulated by the discussion on intermarriage in the Star, and I ask the Editors to accept a further personal contribution on this important issue. I have married out; the reasons for this are personal and largely obvious. In making this life choice it was emphatically not my intention to exclude either myself or my offspring from the family of Israel. Marriage and procreation are supreme acts of love; I respect the authority of the Chief Rabbi but when he equates intermarriage with "handing Hitler a posthumous victory" it feels as though he ascribes to the act an intentionality that is not justified.

I come to Synagogue (admittedly infrequently) because I find spiritual sustenance in the repetition of familiar rituals, because prayer has given me comfort in times of need, because in the study of the Torah I still find sparkling insights into the moral code, and because in affirming my religion I affirm my identity. For very similar reasons my wife goes to Church. Her minister preaches on the lessons to be learnt from the Holocaust, the essential brotherhood and equality of mankind and the need to love the stranger in our midst; he extends his greetings to those who worship the one God in another tradition. We respect and attempt to

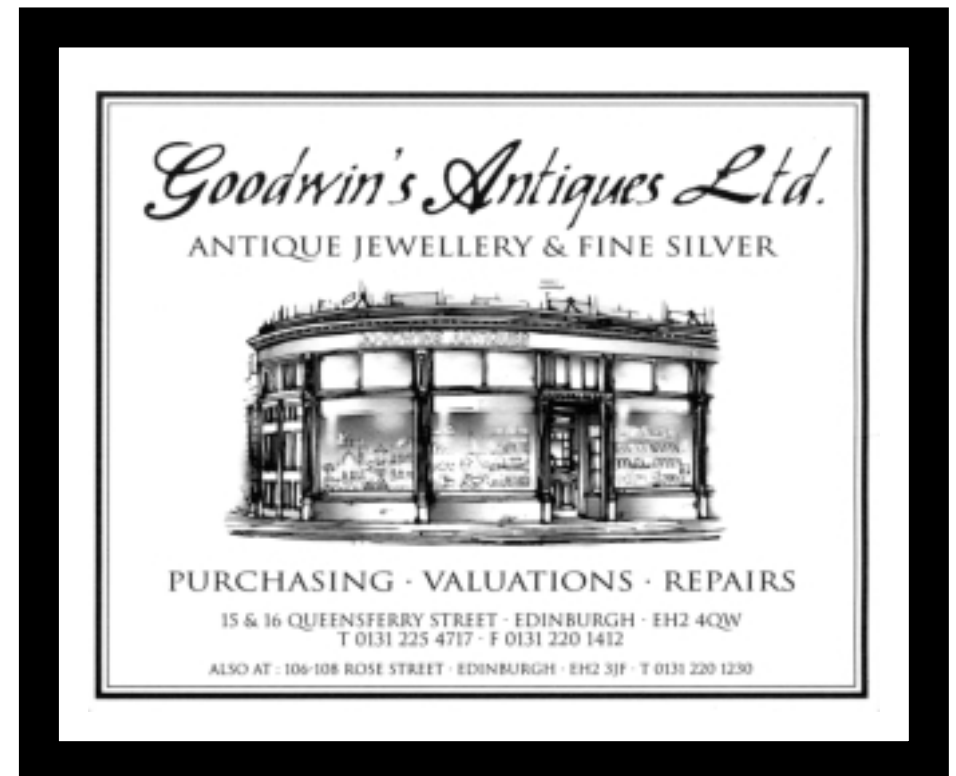
understand each other's faith, but at this halfway stage in our lives it feels beyond the ability of either of us to change our individual spiritual path.

I accept that the Torah forbids intermarriage, at least with the Hittites, Gergashites, Amorites, Canaanites, Perizzites, Hivites and Jebusites, "for fear that they will turn your sons away from me to serve other Gods" (Deuteronomy 7,4). I am less clear as to the origin of the matrilineal inheritance of Jewish status. We read that Ezra returns to Jerusalem, finds a land polluted by the corruption of its peoples, and demands that the Israelites send away "all these women and their children" (Ezra 10, 3). However, many biblical heroes (including Joseph and Moses) married non-Jews, and I cannot escape the sense that matrilineality was a pragmatic response to the difficulty in establishing an individual's paternity beyond doubt. The advance of genetic science has removed this element of uncertainty. At the dawn of the 21st century, I ask whether it is conceivable that having a Jewish father and a Jewish upbringing could ever be considered as grounds for acceptance as a Jew? I regret that my son is not Jewish but I hope that he will grow up to love the Torah and take pride in his heritage; the responsibility to ensure that he does so is mine. On reaching the age of reason, if he should show an interest in "converting" to Judaism I will support and encourage him and my wife will join me in doing so. I accept that this is unlikely.

The future of the Jewish Diaspora is uncertain.
It causes me pain that I may have contributed to its decline...

In Britain today we are fortunate to live in a fully open society and one in which it is possible to grow to maturity having never experienced anti-Semitism. The external factors, which were a bulwark against intermarriage in previous generations, are no longer present. The future of the Jewish Diaspora is uncertain. It causes me pain that I may have contributed to its decline, but to have chosen differently would have caused far greater pain. Does my God really ask this of me?

Yours sincerely,
David Grant
37 Bonaly Wester
Edinburgh EH13 ORQ



Joyce & Norman Cram

Ian Shein

The strict-tempo music, soft lights, harmonious decor and perhaps romantic motivations were the ingredients which regularly enticed a number of Edinburgh's Jewish youth to the city's Plaza Ballroom in Morningside in the 1950s.

This most popular venue and upbeat band, which included local Jewish saxophonist Barney Lussman, occasionally attracted Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire wannabees waltzing wistfully and sure-footedly into a future Mendelssohn Wedding March. Joyce Vinestock and Norman Cram were no exception to this. Both families had close associations and in actual fact the young couple had dated previously. They however decided to become engaged after a Plaza outing and were married in 1950 by Rabbi Cohen. Initially they resided in the predominantly Jewish area of Liberton before moving to Caiystane and thereafter to their present address 25 years ago. They have one daughter Hilary who resides in Pinner, Middlesex, with husband Graham and twins Laura, at college in London, and Martin, studying media subjects at Leeds University.

Both are natives of Edinburgh. A very well known family in the city, Joyce's parents, Gertie and Henry Vinestock, also had two older boys, Arnold and Sydney. From residence in Maxwell Street, the family moved to Mayfield Road. Joyce attended James Gillespie's High School for Girls and found herself in the same class as Clarice Oppenheim, Ena Dorfman and Exma Wolfe. Also at the school was Muriel Camberg, now Dame Muriel Spark, who based her 'Miss Jean Brodie' on Miss Mackay who taught in the primary section.

Joyce enrolled at Heriot Watt College, now University, to take a two year course in pharmacy along with Clarice Oppenheim

and Vivienne Goldberg. On qualifying, she married and did not practice until Hilary completed her education and Norman's father died. The latter had resided with the family after the death of Norman's mother, staying with them for 13 years until he died in 1968. She then secured employment in the Edinburgh Royal Infirmary as a pharmacist where she worked for the following ten years. She was forever grateful to her mother who, delighted at the forthcoming marriage, had insisted on her finishing the college course before the nuptials. She capped her academic career, quite literally, when at the age of 60 she graduated BA Honours in History and Literature from the Open University.



Daughter Hilary with husband Graham and children Martin & Laura

Mary and Sam Cram were also long established members of the community. Besides Norman, they had two other sons and two daughters. The family resided in York Place and thence Belgrave Road in Corstorphine. On completion of his education at George Watson's College,

Norman studied at Edinburgh Dental College for three years. At this time his father became ill and to help him, Norman entered the family business Dayanite Upholstery where he remained for 15 years until the property was sold. He then opened a mens' outfitters shop in Dalry, humourously naming it 'Hemders', the Yiddish word for shirts. A second shop was ultimately secured in Nicolson Street. After experience in the retail trade, it was suggested that he consider a career in Abbey Life Assurance. He commenced as a salesman and remained with the company for 15 years working his way up in spectacular fashion to position of senior branch manager. His business acumen and achievements won him numerous awards in the profession, with his branch having the distinction of winning the top award in Abbey Life. He was responsible for recruitment, training and deployment of staff and maintaining financial output. When he retired, the company threw a party for him in Peebles Hydro and presented him with a music centre.

Joyce is a long-term member of WIZO and in recent years has been organiser and controller of the twice-weekly Luncheon Club, being in charge of the rota system of cooks who regularly provide gastronomical delights to the highly discerning senior citizens of the community so long as it is fried fish on a Thursday.

For 15 years she and Norman organised the popular annual Cram Quiz in which Joyce acted as Quiz Master/Mistress. They now attend this full-house attraction as



Joyce & Norman Cram

participants and certainly their table does not qualify for the weakest link.

Immediately pre and post-war, they both were active members of the Edinburgh Jewish Dramatic Society, with Norman becoming stage manager and chairman. The company, which included such potential Oliviers as Victor Brown, Sam and Julie Lipetz, Leah and Elie Julius and Ralph Purvin, presented plays in the Little Theatre in the Pleasance and rehearsed in the Succah under the watchful eye of a professional BBC producer Pat Wilson. Their productions perhaps came too early for Fringe recognition! Norman is regretful that in the past, due to many other less community-orientated activities, interest evaporated and difficulty arose in attempts to revive the Society.

To be in the company of Joyce and Norman is a most pleasing experience. Their sincerity, kindness and generosity are evident from the outset.

Like Joyce, Norman possesses a warm outgoing personality who derives great satisfaction from socialising and participating within the community to which both have devoted considerable time and effort. He is a Past-Master of Lodge Solomon, an ex-member of the Synagogue Council and of the old Community Centre Committee and was in the local branch of Bnai Brith. With the JPA, he served on the committee with Simmy Levinson and Jack Baker. Joyce and he currently enjoy their hand of bridge with fellow aficionados. Sadly Norman suffered a stroke three years

ago which to a certain extent has limited his full involvement in events he so greatly enjoys.

Joyce and Norman take a pride in Jewish affairs both local and national, and particularly so with their Pinner family and their grandchildren's involvement in communal affairs. Laura teaches in cheder and helps with the Sabbath Kiddushim. When asked if, due to declining numbers, they believed there was a future for Edinburgh Jewry, both unhesitatingly answered positively. However as with so many others in the community, they firmly believe that the acquisition of a Rabbi has to be given top priority. Edinburgh's problems are little different from other small congregations but its size warrants immediate action to strengthen its

foundations and dispel further erosion.

To be in the company of Joyce and Norman is a most pleasing experience. Their sincerity, kindness and generosity are evident from the outset. Intelligent, introspective appraisals of topical affairs are often interwoven with their infectious sense of humour, and a willingness and ability to contribute and to listen, make for a refreshing combination. They both have given so much to the quality and warmth of life within the Edinburgh Jewish community. We are indeed extremely fortunate to have them in our midst. Ian Shein

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John & Hazel
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Star Trek into the Past Answers

From Left to right:

Morris Brown, Harry Myerthal, Maurice Berry, Sylvia Gordon, Alick Glass, John Morrison, Gerald Glass, Rene Berry, Jack Cowan, Bernie Cohen, Ellis Shulberg.

The Event was a Maccabi dance at either McVities or the Minto Hotel but the exact year is uncertain.

With thanks to **Rene Berry** for lending the photograph.

With Compliments
from
Mark & Judith
Sischy

Rambling On

Judy Gilbert

How many times could you meaningfully combine the words 'work-top' and 'walk' in the same sentence?



During our lively CCC AGM, a charming Israeli voice, egged on by the cool American beside her whose idea it had been to raise money for something specific, suddenly interjected 'how about a sponsored walk?'

Now how many times could the words 'Jewish' and 'Food' not be said in the same breath? Thus it was agreed that new kitchen work-tops would indeed be a worthy cause.

We would all be happy to avail ourselves of the culinary delights produced on spanking new worktops and even sponsor people to effect this, but who would be prepared to do the 'foot work?' (faces turn towards Israeli voice) 'Well this mathematician I know is planning a twelve mile hike along the Water of Leith.'

Rambling club to the rescue! Sponsor sheets were produced at miraculous speed and a route, muscle achingly planned, to accommodate the needs of those who might require resuscitation or at least a car lift.

Tony had planned, researched and minutely detailed the logistics of the walk, given that we all lived in different directions and that we had varying levels of stamina. Since the route was not a circular one he had to ensure that there would be a means of getting back to the start by car. Careful

planning was imperative.

On the 5 th August a little after dawn had broken (six hours to be precise) fifteen intrepid ramblers set out on their exploration of the uncharted Water of Leith. Well that's what it felt like.

In the event, the campaign was carded out with military precision. Those living at the South side of town met up at Esti and Ron's where all but four would pile into Hilary and Arnold's car to drive to the meeting point in Balerno. Michael, Ron, Jonny and Tony would hasten to Leith leaving just enough transport in Leith, and all proceeded to Balerno in one car.

Soon Lawrence, Doreen, Lewis, Evelyn, David and Marilyn arrived. When we were all assembled in what we personally considered to be the appropriate haute couture of rambling, (note the natty knees of one member) we set off at a leisurely pace with sustenance on our backs. The weather looked promising and enthusiasm was high.

The walk consisted of a great variety of views, and terrains, from woody paths to functional tarmac and pavements. It is remarkable how countrified and even how

isolated some of the routes are despite the fact that one is never more than a short distance from the centre of town. I suspect that many people who have lived in Edinburgh for many years would be surprised at what a marvellous day out you can have right on your doorstep.

Our first landmark was Currie Kirk with its beautiful mown lawns and calm outlook. Crossing our first bridge we all agreed that although we were not over dressed for the slight chill in the air, the sky had a promising look about it and 'natty knees' was full of optimism.

Having passed by the brick-works close to Juniper Green and then over the bridge across the river in Colinton Dell it was 12.00 and time to stop for refreshments. All that chatting takes it out of you you know. The size and it must be said, the sociability of our group provided us with endless permutations of walking and most important talking partners; to keep the spirits up and for moral support you understand. The grass was a bit damp so thank goodness Doreen had brought her ubiquitous shower curtain. The most serious walkers would never go out without this essential piece of equipment!



Lunch Break

Having reached the Visitors Centre some of us took advantage of the amenities which were more than satisfactory. There was no time to actually look round, but the centre looked sufficiently interesting to deserve a visit at a later date. A quick diversion up some steps by the centre leading to the canal, afforded an interesting view over the railway on one side and on to the Pentlands on the other.

One of the less salubrious sections en route turned into the untidy but productive Slateford allotments whose potato plants had seeded prolifically and sought refuge on the path we trod. There would certainly have been enough for several pokes of chips.

But onwards towards the Rose Garden at Saughton Park and a well deserved rest and stoking of boilers. Potentially beautiful, the garden could have benefited from some 'community weeding' perhaps from Her Majesty's guests residing nearby. Following



Dean Village

for more than five minutes we might become irredeemably rooted to the spot. So forward and getting closer to the comforting sound of the weir with its foaming water determinedly following its instinct towards lovely Dean Village.

A photo shoot on the pedestrian bridge also reveals the imposing and elegant domiciles of this most desirable situation. Now taking things even more easily than before, we stopped to admire a most unusual wrought iron gate. The bell after whose name the next street was named, was very cleverly spotted at some height above our heads cunningly set into a little alcove of a tall side of a house. A small voice tries again 'How about a tea stop?' Though there were signs of imminent capitulation the wavering dissenters held their ground. We were rather pleased to discover a plaque erected in honour of Meyer Oppenheim on the penultimate leg of our walk and agreed that should the same route ever be revisited it should be called the Meyer Oppenheim ramble. It was at this juncture that regret had been expressed as to the abstinence of a cup of tea and we hastily made our way to our final goal and a well earned rest. Despite the biting wind and by now dank atmosphere, we were invited to sit outside the 'Malmaison Hotel'. Apparently there was not enough room for us all inside but what was a little discomfort to hardened adventurers like us. Tables and chairs were hastily arranged, hot cups of beverage and puddings ordered to reinstate the flagging sugar levels and wonderful entertainment was provided by 'natty knees' struggling to get his novelty bottom halves zipped up to the tops of his shorts. Ah the joys of rambling in Edinburgh!

photography Judy Gilbert

Natty Knees



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Obituaries

Gladys Robinson

1904 - 2001



Born In Hull, Gladys Kahn arrived in Edinburgh in December 1930 to marry Fred Robinson. Their civil ceremony was later solemnised by Rabbi Daiches in June 1931 although as far as Grandma was concerned the 24th December was always her wedding anniversary.

Gladys and Freds first home was in Downy Terrace, Costorphine and here saw the birth of three children, the war years , and the establishment of Freds legal pratice.

Tragedy was never far from Gladys life, her daughter Pamela died two months after birth but worse was the death of her daughter Joyce in 1954 from a heart murmur, a complaint that only a few short year later would become an easily rectified medical condition.

Late 1950's the family move to Craighleith Crescent to a house that was fondly known as "the Bungalow". My father Graham left home, did National service and Gladys developed her passion for bridge, painting, Israel and North Berwick and was heavily involved with both WIZO and WRVS.

1964 saw her son Graham move to Glasgow and marry Maxine Mandel who was to give her three grandchildren.

Fred died in 1968 and Gladys was inconsolable. She picked herself up but seemed only to live for her weekend in Glasgow with her family

As we grew up, holidays were soon taken with "Grandma Edinburgh" as she was

fondly known to us and for us all our lifelong attachment to the city began.

The only event in her packed diary that would not be changed was the ladies Thursday morning coffee in Princes Street where friends of many years standing included the names Blint, Penn, Braverman, Lowe and Weinberg,

She was always entertaining her many nieces and nephews from Manchester, visiting her brother, sisters and sister in laws, or she would be off to Spain, Italy or Israel. Her family slowly diminished as one by one her brothers, sisters died.

1982 sees Gladys first heart attack and she starts to slow down. After a couple more health scares at the age of 80 after having had a pacemaker fitted she makes the heart wrenching decision to leave Edinburgh and move into sheltered housing in Glasgow near her son. In no time she had three bridge games going as well as kalooki. As much as she missed Edinburgh she did enjoy being closer to and seeing so much more of her family.

She took pride in the success of us 'boys' as we were always referred to and she was fully supportive of us all. There was no doubt however in the utter delight that Steven followed in Freds footsteps into a law career and also in the vague surprise at Pauls choice of a rabbinical career.

1993 saw the death of my father Graham, Gladys's last surviving child and this devastated her. She just could not comprehend why in her words " G-d would chose to take him and leave an old lady like me". Despite never recovering from Dads death, again with the support of her friends and family, the bridge and kalooki started up again. Joy was to come to the front again with the birth in Israel of Avrami the first of four Great Grandchildren.

1994 Gladys turns 90 and starts going to the Friendship Club at Maccabi in Glasgow where she becomes a very popular member as her health starts to deteriorate she still manages out a couple of times a

week and was resolute in her determination to retain her independence.

She outlived all her family but was lovingly looked after by her daughter in law who was wonderful to Gladys and who in her turn had a mother in law who adored her.

Gladys died peacefully in her sleep on the 22nd of June eight weeks short of her 97th birthday. As upset as we all were we knew her suffering was over and now please G-D she was finally at peace. A remarkable lady and nobody who knew Gladys had a bad word to say of her. She is sorely missed by all those that knew and loved her.

Jonathan Robinson, London

Vanda Lipetz 1908-2001



Vanda was born in Manchester into a Sephardi family. Both her parents originated from Syria. Marriage to Dr. Sam Lipetz in 1940 brought her to Edinburgh where she remained for more than half of her long life until 1988, five years after Sam's death. Their home in Mansionhouse Road became a social hub for many in the city as well as others passing through. Theirs was an open house. To those who met her for the first time, Vanda could perhaps seem a little daunting, but people gradually discovered her warmth through ways other than by demonstrative behaviour. An excellent cook, often including Middle Eastern dishes, she was a welcoming and enthusiastic hostess. Medical trainees, Jewish refugees and newcomers to the town were all made welcome. Many stayed for weeks at a time. Her contribution to street parties will long be remembered and

she was a loyal friend and neighbour to many.

Vanda was a meticulous organiser and manager. She had started designing clothes for women and children shortly after the early death of her father, and her designs appeared in many magazines. She herself was always smartly and elegantly dressed, even in her last weeks. In Edinburgh, she continued to develop her business as a designer and producer of hand knitted baby clothes which she successfully retailed as "A Vanda Handknit" through Princes Street shops and elsewhere. At the same time she managed the administration of the surgery supporting the Lipetz brothers so they could attend to patients and their families without having to worry about those aspects which, though essential for smooth running, were of little interest to them.

During the war years Vanda worked in a supportive management capacity at a farm just outside Edinburgh where Jewish refugee boys were accommodated. At the same time she also helped at a nursery school. The Edinburgh Jewish Community was not overlooked and she was a staunch member of The Communal Hall Ladies Committee for several years.

In an emergency Vanda would always rise to the occasion, acting quickly and effectively. Only two or three years ago when the welfare of one of her elderly neighbours was causing concern, it was she who involved the emergency services, and in characteristic style it was Vanda who decided that she should enter the flat first so as to minimise the distress for her neighbour.

Although sad to leave so many Edinburgh friends when she returned to Manchester shortly before her 80th birthday, Vanda soon blossomed again. She was immediately involved on the management committee for her block of flats where she acted as treasurer for the next ten years. She led a full and active life in the area in which she had grown up and where many from the families of her childhood were still living. Above all, her three sisters were all within ten minutes walk. Their support, which she very much appreciated particularly during her last illness, was enormous. Her death leaves a huge gap for many people. David Lipetz.

Rachael (Rocky) Levey 1905 – 2001



Rachael Levey was known to all as "Rocky", a nickname given to her some 80 years ago.

She was born in Wimbledon to Simon and Mary Cowan, the 4th of 12 children. When she was about 4 years of age, the family moved to Glasgow where it was thought that work for a struggling tailor would more easily be found.

Shortly after arriving in Glasgow, Simon Cowan died leaving Mary with the difficult task of caring for 12 children. Life was hard and all the family shared in the workload and contributed to the household. One by one, the brothers and sisters married and in 1926, Rocky married Louis Levey, a hairdresser. They worked and lived in Glasgow raising two children, Sylvia and Ronnie. In 1948, they emigrated to California, a place they loved and prospered in happiness.

Rocky was a woman full of spirit, always the joker, always the writer of short stories and poems, a great knitter, a producer of short plays for the "Beverly Hills Friendship Club".

A lover of family, she always looked forward to visiting her relatives in Glasgow. To help fund these trips and the cost of putting her son Ronnie through medical school, she took various jobs including work in a pickle factory, an exclusive ladies store and even as an extra appearing in crowd scenes for films.

She and Louis were keen square dancers and through that interest met many people who became lifelong friends and those who survived her were present at her funeral.

In 1950, Sylvia returned to Scotland from California and met Gerald Glass. Rocky and Louis were constantly in touch with Sylvia and in 1984 after Louis died, she decided to live in Scotland to be near her daughter. She lived in Edinburgh from that time until her death.

Rocky was always active maintaining a daily regime of keep-fit exercises and swimming. Two years ago after a couple of light strokes, she was unable to look after herself and became a resident of Strachan House where the nurses and residents were entertained to tales of life in California, Hollywood and the film stars she had seen.

Rocky was a remarkable lady of 96 years, always with a laugh and a smile, she is missed and will always be remembered – with a smile. Sylvia Glass



Henry Mann

1913 – 2001

Born in Leeds, Henry trained to become a hairdresser but his passion was always music. He devoted most of his spare time to learning about music eventually becoming a drummer and then singer with a band. This was more than amateur and the band was soon touring the UK.

On a visit to Edinburgh, he met his wife-to-be, Betty Caplan and they were married in 1934. Reverting to his original training, he decided to make his career in hairdressing and opened a hairdressing business in Dundee Street.

During the Second World War, he saw military service in the RAF, returning after demob to hairdressing. He and his wife worked together building up a successful business.

Music was however never far from his thoughts and he could be found singing in the Old Salt pub on a Saturday night. His amateur performances included many occasions for the Friendship Club and in residential homes throughout Edinburgh.

He is survived by his son and daughter.

Obituaries



Dr. Philip Lurie J.P

1918 – 2001.

How can one compress thirty-five years of friendship into a few paragraphs?

Philips disability ,ankylosing spondylitis never interrupted his good humour, even through those difficult operations in recent years. "Can you take a joke", would mean, here's one, as, my wife Fay and I heard Philip ask of us just two weeks before died; this despite being very frail. Oh just physically frail that is.

There was the embarrassment of being telephoned to be reminded that I had not visited for some time; an amusing tone with out malice; and always," How are you both and how is Damian", (our son who is in Brisbane).

Philip lived alone and had done so for many years. Divorced, but yet I never ever heard an unkind word said about Josie; she was, as when they married and continued to be, "Most beautiful and kind".

There were two prime features in his life; his family and his patients. Because of his disability Philips house was also his surgery. It was a rarity for patients to abuse this close proximity. When the N.H.S., underwent radical changes Philips patient list did not go down. There was a respectful

loyalty based on excellent practice and trust. Hospital consultants would recognise the precise and detailed explanatory letters sent in to accompany a patient. Travelling families came to the surgery year after year. Philip knew not only their names but also their intricate relationships. A demanding area of practice but willingly carried out.

There were recollections of "the old country" and of course his Mother of whom he spoke most fondly, regularly recalling her recipes. Philip sat, watched and contemplated as his devoted family grew ever smaller and with ever-increasing sadness when brother Jo had to go into a nursing home. To balance this out, his younger daughter Dianne excited him with her commercial success, winning a United Kingdom business award in her chosen field and continues to be successful fashion designer.

There was sadness too when Philip could no longer climb the stairs into our house for dinner and entertain us with his tales, some of which detailed a choice of shares which were doomed by the unfailing forces of gravity.

We never saw Philip lose his temper. Get annoyed and angry yes, but never bitter. Close to it perhaps over a long running professional episode, which cruelly played upon his disability. His bewilderment when during medical training he encountered an episode of anti-Semitism from a fellow student.

His great pleasure as when his daughters visited Craigmiller for the school holidays and again when we all met up to go down to Peebles Hydro. Later Julia's splendid cooking – especially the roast lamb dish, (A Proustian moment for Philip).

Blessed with an excellent memory, his description of life in Edinburgh's Southside, his schooling and time at Medical School should have been collected into a book. Philip always found an excuse to decline this opportunity, besides it was brother Jo who was the repository of the Edinburgh

Community's history.

Philip may have lived alone but was not house bound. He attended as many medical postgraduate study periods, as he could as well as the "ad hoc" sponsored lunchtime and evening meetings.

It was however, the Family, which he returned to time and time again. He spoke of the "old days" with tales of erudite Rabbis; the Edinburgh success stories, a Foreign Secretary in the family; distant relations in the Cabinet, Edinburgh friends many of whom we too came to know. Neighbours, who became close friends, some of whom bought in meals as well as kept him company. In an appreciation there is temptation is to exclude any glaring faults but there are not any. Well, Philip could be a wee bit soft as door-to-door offers proved to be very difficult to turn away.

He knew that we would not be offended if he read out a portion of the "Law" to us and we discussed symbolic similarities between Faiths. When leaving there was always a " God Bless".

You, the readers will have your own memories, some the same and of course so many different. I would like to think that Philip would have been both pleased and amused that I'd been offered the privilege of writing this.

As Arnold Rifkind so rightly said that day at Philips funeral," You have lost a friend".

Yes I have, we all have.

Tom Reilly

June Sterne

The Editor and Board of the Edinburgh Star were saddened to hear that June, wife of Harold Sterne recently passed away.

Harold is originally from Edinburgh and is our distributor for the Star in Israel. We are certain that many readers will join us in sending condolences.



The Jewish Museum

London's Museum of Jewish Life

“Gentlemen, Scholars & Scoundrels”

14th November 2001 to 7th April 2002

The Story of the Spanish & Portugese Community

Gaby Roslin to open a major Exhibition to mark the 300th anniversary of Bevis Marks Synagogue 14 November 2001 to 7 April 2002.



On 13 November TV presenter Gaby Roslin opened a major exhibition exploring the colourful history of Spanish and Portuguese Jews. It follows their journeys of expulsion, conversions, migrations and settlement. While many Jews left Spain and Portugal and established themselves in the cities of Italy, the Ottoman Empire, Holland, Poland, and England, this exhibition also looks at the Jews who stayed behind, some in isolated converso communities in the North of Portugal.

The major part of the exhibition focuses on the history of the Spanish and Portuguese community in England. It highlights the secret Jews who lived in London before Jews were admitted by Oliver Cromwell in 1656. In the 1690's the early community



commissioned a new synagogue in Bevis Marks in the City of London. The magnificent new building opened its doors in November 1701 and is the oldest surviving synagogue in Britain today. The exhibition tells the story of the ordinary members of the congregation - the poor, the sick and struggling, and the street vendors and prize fighters - and its famous members - such as Disraeli and Montefiore. It will also highlight some less known but equally tantalising personalities, such as Dr Sarmento and novelist Grace Aguilar.

Among the items on display are beautiful textiles from the Spanish and Portuguese Jews' Congregation and rare prints from the Museum's own collections, on public view for the first time.

A lively programme of events accompanies the exhibition including puppet shows, textile and fan workshops for children and talks and cultural events for adults. Further details are available from the Museum.

THE JEWISH MUSEUM

London's Museum of Jewish Life
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www.jewmusm.ort.org

Coming Events

FEBRUARY 2002

10 Sunday 8.00pm **Literary Society**
Professor Christina Lodder University of St. Andrews "Naum Gabo - Jewish Artist ?"
(Professor Lodder and her husband, Dr Martin Hammer, have recently published a definitive work on Naum Gabo)

17 Sunday 8.00pm **Literary Society**
Rabbi Moshe Rubin of Giffnock & Newlands Synagogue "Jewish Responsibility" The talk is understood to be based on a new campaign backed by the Chief Rabbi.

18 Monday 7.00pm **Lodge Solomon**

21 Thursday 7.30pm **Council of Christians and Jews** Mrs. Jane Clements
"A Christian approaches Jerusalem"

25 Monday **Fast of Esther**

26 Tuesday **Purim**

MARCH 2002

10 Sunday 8.00pm **Literary Society** Dr. Anthony Joseph Jewish Genealogical Society "Jewish Genealogy" (Dr Joseph has had a very long standing interest in Jewish Genealogy and frequently speaks about the subject. You may wish to ask him how to discover your ancestors.)

18 Monday 7.00pm **Lodge Solomon**

21 Thursday 7.30pm **Council of Christians and Jews** Rabbi A. Rubin "The Chasidic Enigma"

28 Thursday **First Day Pesach**

29 Friday **Second Day Pesach**

APRIL 2002

15 Monday 7.00pm **Lodge Solomon**

17 Wednesday **Israel Independence Day**

MAY 2002

2 Thursday 7.30pm **Council of Christians and Jews** Bishop Richard Holloway
Title to be announced

20 Monday 7.00pm **Lodge Solomon**

The Friendship Club meets on alternate Sundays at 3.00pm. For further details, contact Willie Caplan 667 7984)

The Luncheon Club meets every Tuesday and Thursday at 12.30pm

The Parent and Toddler Group meets on Sunday mornings at 10.00am

Junior Maccabi meets on Sundays 1.00pm to 3.00pm

Senior Maccabi meets on Sunday evenings. For further information, contact David Brannan (667 3409), Samuel Danzig (229 3054) or Joel Raffel (229 5541)

All Edinburgh Jewish Literary Society events take place on Sundays at 8pm
Contact information for Edinburgh Jewish Literary Society:

Tony Gilbert President
Tel 0131 667 4266
A.Gilbert@ed.ac.uk
Avery Meiksin Hon Secretary
Tel 0131 447 5883
aam@roe.ac.uk
Michael Miller Hon Treasurer
Tel 0131 6679971
mjmill1@hotmail.com

All meetings take place at the Community Centre, Salisbury Road, unless otherwise intimated. All are subject to alteration.



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