

The Edinburgh Star

Journal of the Edinburgh Jewish Community

September 1989

No. 3

Tishri 5750



שנה טובה

The Edinburgh Star

SYNAGOGUE CHAMBERS
4 SALISBURY ROAD
EDINBURGH EH16

Editor: Eitan Abraham

Editorial Board:

John Cosgrove
Wendy Fidler
Julia Merrick
Rabbi Shalom Shapira
Mark Sischy

Honorary Secretary:

Sas Judah
Tel: 031-667 1614

Advertisements:

Manny Wittenberg
Tel: 031-667 0500

Visual Arts:

Judy Gilbert
Tony Gilbert

Typesetting and page origination by
Jewish Echo, Glasgow G5 9RT. Printed
at Christian Salvesen Printing Unit, 50
East Fettes Avenue, Edinburgh.

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY

CONTENTS

ROSH HASHANAH	
Chief Rabbi's Message . . .	2
Shanah Tovah	3
RELIGION	
Significance of Al Chet . . .	4
The Tale of Causeless Hate . .	5
DISCOVERY	
Hidden Words of the Torah . .	6
COMMUNITY	
Disabled Israeli soldiers . . .	8
Council responsibilities . . .	9
Newark Lodge	9
Synagogue seating	9
Calendar: What's on	14
Women in Dickens	15
The Fringe at home	15
Full circle	16
In search of truth	17
Letter from Cambridge	20
YOM TERUAH	10-14
YOUTH	21
COMMUNITY HISTORY	
The Jew of Calton Hill	22
EDINBURGH FESTIVAL	24
ART	
Robin Spark	27
BOOK REVIEW	29
RESEARCH	
Cryptic Judaism	30
DIASPORA	
Memories of my town	32
HOLOCAUST	
Wallenberg: the truth	33
Colonel who defied orders	35
ISRAEL	
Do you speak English?	37
Holiday of a lifetime	39
BIOGRAPHY	
Life and Times of Manny Shinwell	41
Malcolm Rifkind	44
SPORTS	47

Front cover: Pastel by Samuel Robin Spark
specially drawn for this edition of *The
Edinburgh Star*. We gratefully thank the
artist for this contribution.

A modest tribute

THE first Rosh Hashanah in the young life of our journal prompted the idea of a special *de luxe* edition. Its publication also coincides with the 50th anniversary of the outbreak of a war that brought about death and destruction on an unprecedented scale in our long history of exile among the nations.

This September also marks the 70th anniversary of the first political document in which the ideological basis for the Holocaust was established. It was in 1919 that Hitler introduced the concept of "rational anti-Semitism": emotional anti-Semitism, as expressed by outbreaks of rioting, was to be replaced by a continuous, persistent anti-Jewish line carefully engineered to achieve the complete "solution" to the Jewish question.

Is the history of our People a recurring drama of delusion and destruction with eyes closed to the horror lying in ambush? Only by looking back and trying to understand our past we will avoid such a fate: *Teshuvah*, meaning retrospection, is one of the three major themes of Rosh Hashanah and Yom Kippur.

In this issue, the articles by Maurice Samuelson and Jerry Payne are meant to be a tribute, however modest, to two righteous men whose actions took place in Hungary during the war. One was a Swedish diplomat, Raoul Wallenberg; the other one was a high-ranking officer in the Hungarian Army, Imre Reviczky.

Anti-Semitism and anti-Jewish legislation had far-reaching effects on the fate of the Hungarian Jews under the Holocaust. Anti-Semitic ideology, which had permeated to all levels of society, provided the political and moral justification for the attitude of non-intervention and the passive stance of the greater part of Hungarian society in the fateful summer months of 1944 when the deportation started.

Against this background, Lt. Col. Reviczky defied orders and Wallenberg handed out Swedish passports—with a common objective: to save Jewish lives. A tribute to them also symbolises a tribute to all those who spared victims of the Holocaust.

In this special issue

THE High Holydays are marked by messages from the Chief Rabbi and Rabbi Shapira followed by three invited articles on religion and its concomitant philosophical questions. Stefan Reif examines the significance of *Al Chet*, the well-known Yom Kippur prayer, and concludes that it inspires personal humility and encourages corporate identity. Rabbi Hugo Gryn tells us a tale whose spirit embodies part of the reasons behind the destruction of the Temples in Jerusalem. Finally, Michael Rifkind reports on the fascinating discovery of coded words in the Torah which—concludes the author—hint at the presence of Divinity.

Charles Raab discusses Jewish Art in the context of Robin Spark's paintings and brings out the complex motifs behind the artist's work. Plays of Jewish connotation during the Edinburgh Festival are reviewed by Leslie Bennie and Maurice Naftalin. In their view, *Mein Kampf*, *Farce* was the most interesting production. It vividly portrays Hitler's mind as the world of the insane, a world peopled by hideous and distorted shadows.

Angus Mackay's account of crypto-Judaism unfolds in a way paralleled only by an exciting thriller. His research into the history and literature of mediæval Spain reveals the most intricate ways in which Spanish Jews, forced to convert to Christianity, succeeded in preserving and transmitting their heritage.

The story of the Jew of Calton Hill was shrouded in mystery and fantasy for over a century. Lionel Daiches presents the true story based on research carried out by his late father Rabbi Dr Salis Daiches.

In the last of the invited articles, Mark Sischy writes a profile of Malcolm Rifkind. The emerging picture is that of a man whose intellect, integrity and lack of pomposity have earned the respect of both friend and foe alike. The long-standing personal friendship between the author and the Secretary of State gives a unique flavour to the article.

On behalf of *The Edinburgh Star* team I wish you all a happy and prosperous New Year.

Chief Rabbi's Message for Rosh Hashanah 5750

AS we reach another half-century in the Jewish calendar, we are challenged to take a broader look than usual at the fast-moving events around us in these exciting times. The very acceleration of history in the making is itself perhaps the most significant characteristic of our times. Developments—some foreseeable, others not—which used to take years, decades or even centuries to evolve now often happen at a terrifying speed in a fraction of these periods. Rushing with increasing velocity to some unknown destination, we are left gasping for the fresh air of contemplation, with little time to relax and really enjoy the advances we have made, and even less time to analyse our mistakes and correct our course.

On the world arena, the spectacular changes in the East-West relations, the Soviet withdrawal from Afghanistan, the sudden end of major conflicts which had festered for years, such as the Gulf War or the civil wars in Angola, Sudan and Morocco, the emergence almost overnight of the environment near the top of the national and international agenda—all these are developments happening with dizzying speed. It will take a long time until the full effects of these dramatic changes are properly realised, like a speedboat leaving its waves breaking on the shore far behind.

The Jewish experience, too, unfolds before our eyes with breathless speed, and with little time to absorb their impact and redirect our national policies.

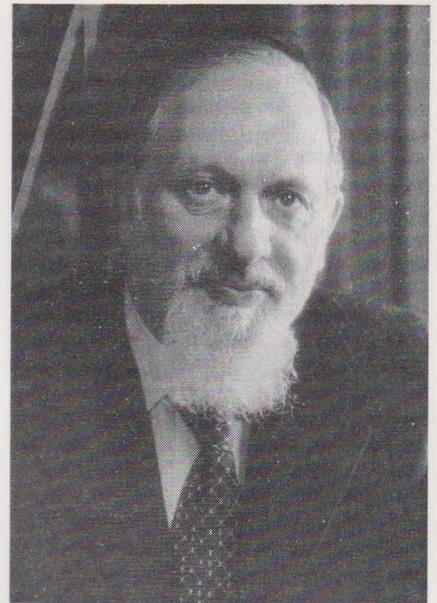
Most notable in the past year were the stubborn refusal of the Intifada to subside (which something less than prophecy might have foretold long ago), leading to Israel's first "Peace Initiative" since the Camp David Accord; the Israeli elections manifesting a massive growth and proliferation of the religious parties, with the narrowly-averted risk of an extreme Right-Wing coalition government eventually replaced by a national coalition between the two major parties; and of course in the long run perhaps the most dramatic development—the significant relaxation in the repression of Soviet Jewry, affecting the potential reclamation of two-thirds of Europe's Jews, constituting the third largest Jewish community in the world.

Here we have a classic illustration of how short-term responses to long-term problems can go awry. The single-minded battle-cry "Let My People Go" has accompanied at first erratic and now ever-larger waves of emigration. They were "let go" and went—but increasingly the vast majority of them to escape as Jews in America rather than to live as Jews in Israel.

The whole campaign since the early 1970's has yielded more problems than solutions. Had we emphasised their religious and cultural rehabilitation as Jews inside Russia (as I urged, amid much vilification, ever since my visit there in 1975, and as is now widely conceded), the story might have been very different, with perhaps thousands more attracted to live fully Jewish lives in Israel. Meanwhile, at least for the moment, the opportunities are enormous. Alas, we are quite unprepared, in human and financial resources, to make a meaningful contribution to the revival of Jewish life for Soviet Jews inside and even outside Russia. It is always easier to protest and to demonstrate than to provide the personal service and financial help so urgently required for reconstruction. An no-one knows how long the window of opportunity will remain open.

On the domestic scene, a long-term view of Anglo-Jewish affairs reveals some dramatic changes which could not have been foreseen only a few short decades ago. Most strikingly visible are the still-rising tide of polarisation, albeit as yet far less pronounced in this country that in most other communities; the continuing drift from Jewish values and commitments of the indifferent majority, especially amongst students and academics who should be expected to yield the most valuable element for future leadership at all levels; and at the same time the phenomenal growth-rate amongst the most intensively-committed sections of Anglo-Jewry.

What is less spectacular and therefore less often noted is the remarkable resilience in these circumstances of the middle-ground heartland. Quite surprisingly, in this age of easy shifts to the Right and to the Left, the United Synagogue, together with its associates throughout the country, has not declined in numbers or activ-



Chief Rabbi Lord Jakobovits

ity relative to Anglo-Jewry at large. On the contrary, it now constitutes a far more vibrant force, with more dynamic spiritual and lay leaders, and a more ambitious programme of activities than could have been anticipated a short while ago.

Also characteristic of this revitalisation within mainstream Orthodoxy is the quite remarkable upsurge of Jews' College, highlighted during the past year by an impressive Graduation Ceremony and by an unprecedented three-day symposium led by over a dozen of the world's most celebrated Orthodox thinkers and scholars and attended by nearly a thousand participants drawn from all sections of the community.

Nothing demonstrates the renewed self-confidence of Anglo-Jewry more impressively than the decision of the Jewish Educational Development Trust to commit itself to a new multi-million pound secondary school project—the most costly single enterprise ever embarked on in our annals. There is a double measure of confidence here; confidence in the growing demand for intensive Jewish education, and confidence that leading philanthropists will set an example to others in rising to the challenge.

Institutions and communities, like humans, have their rises and their falls, their growth and their decline, their troughs and their crests. But unlike human individuals, they can

be completely rejuvenated in old age. The life-cycle of a community or a people is not limited by any organic law of birth and death. The one indispensable ingredient required for regeneration is hope and confidence, the realisation that if only we are convinced that it *can* be done, it *will* be done.

Whether it concerns the quest for peace in Israel, or the revival of Soviet

Jewry, or the intensification of Jewish living and learning without our own community—our faith that all this can be achieved will make it happen. Contrariwise, despondency and self-doubt will bring the finest dreams to nought and devastate the most flourishing potential.

Rosh Hashanah, placed at the “head” rather than at the end of the

year, is meant to ensure that we start on a “high”, assured that the festive experience launching the year will bring to full realisation the plea of our superb liturgy: “Give then glory to Your people, praise to them that fear You, hope to them that seek You, and open flow of speech to them that wait for You, joy to Your land, and gladness to Your city.”

Shanah Tovah

WE are now once again upon the threshold of a the Jewish New Year and the time has arrived for soul searching or rather a personal inner stock taking. Whilst the end of a financial year has very clear rules and specified legislation for all steps and activities that we have to carry out to organise our economic life, this is not the same case for our spiritual life. Here we come across some very abstract subjects, such as Judaism, Religion, Nationalism, Tradition, and Education, which require a considerable spiritual strength.

Instead of dealing directly with these subjects, I would like to refer to a very simple and classic prayer which may help us understand our Jewish existence in the new year ahead of us.

This prayer is said twice a day, in the morning and afternoon services, during the ten days of penitence, starting from the first day of Rosh-Hashanah and finishing on Yom Kippur. The name of the prayer is *Avinnu Malkeinu* which means, “Our father, Our king.” It consists of 44 short verses, each starting with the same two words *Avinnu Malkeinu* and finishing with a different request to God.

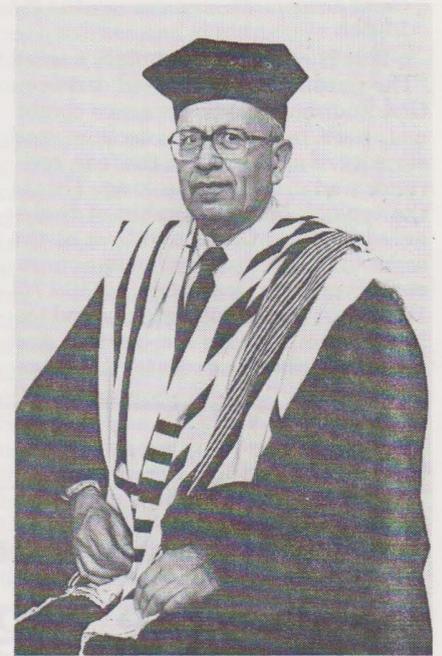
This prayer, like most of our prayers, was written by our Rabbis as fixed formulas and printed in all prayer books and recited by all Jewish communities ever since, in the original Hebrew language. It first contained just five verses and all the rest was added on by later generations responding to different events in Jewish history. This we know from the Talmud (tractate Ta’anit 25b) where it is told that Rabbi Akiva (died 150 C.E.) had said this prayer because of an urgent need for rain, and soon after the skies started pouring water. I remember, some 20 years ago, when I served as a Cantor in Holland, one of the young cheder children, aged 12 at the time, approached me during the break of the Yom Kippur service and said, “You know, when I said today *Avinnu Malkeinu*, I repeated each verse twice, because I knew that one

of them asks for the well being of sick people. As my mother is not well and as I was not sure of the verse, I repeated them all twice.” I was very impressed by that child and it helped me understand how a fixed formula prayer can express the feelings of a small child although having just a slight knowledge of the Hebrew text.

Unlike the classic prayers, which the public recites together with the cantor, *Avinnu Malkeinu* belongs to a different category of prayers which used to be recited only by the cantor and the worshippers would say *Amen* at the end of each verse. This type of prayer is more ancient and it was formed as a result of great hardships and dangerous times for the Jewish people. The short verses are repeated several times in several variations for the same subject and contain different requests of God, such as cancelling of decrees, preventing pain and disasters, healing of the sick, forgiveness, prosperity, salvation and a group of verses referring to the martyrs for the sake of God. Presumably this type of prayer goes back to the time of the Temple when all activities were done by the Priests and the Levites and the only way the worshippers could cooperate was by saying *Amen* or *Halleluyah* after the prayer.

Avinnu Malkeinu is recited immediately after the *Amidah* (the silent standing prayer), and for this Rabbis gave two reasons. Firstly because 18 verses of that prayer are very much parallel to the 18 blessings of the *Amidah* and secondly because it is substituted for *Hallel* (the psalm of praise usually said on *Rosh Chodesh*) which is not being recited on *Rosh Hashanah* although it is also *Rosh Chodesh* (not being appropriate to recite poems to God in a time of judgement).

However, it is obvious that what had made this prayer so popular and gave it its special unique status among all Jewish communities, was the two words “Our father, Our king” which start each verse. Neither in the



Rabbi Shalom Shapira

Bible nor in the Dead Sea Scrolls can be found that way of addressing God. Although Isaiah refers to God as a father (63,16) and also mentions him as a king (33,22), it seems that this formula of combined feelings towards God, both as a father and as a king at the same time and in one single expression, is rather the product of Rabbi Akiva. By this he gave an additional dimension to the relationship between God and his people—one one hand very close and intimate relations, as between father and child, and on the other hand very formal relationship as between a king and his obedient servants.

These combined relations we can find also in some of the later prayers as we can see in the few following examples:

- (a) *Cause us to return, our father, unto thy Law; draw us near, our king, unto thy service.*
- (b) *Forgive us, O our father for we have*

sinned; pardon us, O our king for we have transgressed.
(both a and b are from the everyday Amidah).

- (c) *One is our God! he is our father, he is our king, he is our saviour* (from the Kedushah of Mussaf).

And the very poetical expression which we say on the High Holy Days, sounds as follows:

- (d) *This day the world was called into being; this day thou causest all the creatures of the Universe to stand in judgement, as children or as servants. If as children, have pity upon us as a father has on his children; and if as servants., our eyes wait on thee until thou be gracious unto us and bring forth our judgement as the light.*

This is what some scholars named "The paradox of encounter" between God and man. God's presence combines both warmth, protection and security of a father with the fear, reverence and distance of a king. This is the typical Jewish worship of God—an approach of awe and love at the same time, as expressed in two consecutive verses in Deuteronomy (10,17 & 18): "... A great God, mighty and terrible, who favours no person and takes no bribe; He executes the judge-

ment of the fatherless and the widow and loves the stranger giving him food and garments."

As I have said before, a few verses of the prayer *Avinu Malkeinu* refer to the God's martyrs. They go back to the dark periods in Jewish history of the crusades and persecutions of the 11th and the 12th centuries, these verses read as follows:

Our father, our king! do this for the sake of them that were slain for thy holy name.

Our father, our king! do it for the sake of them that were slaughtered for thy unity.

Our father, our king! do it for the sake of them that went through fire and water for the sanctification of thy name.

Our father, our king! avenge before our eyes the blood of thy servants that hath been shed.

On reading these verses today one can not avoid immediately recalling the concentration camps and the massive executions of 6 million men, women and children of our people by the Nazis during the Second World War and to the fallen defenders of the Jewish State since its establishment thereafter, who for the first time since

the destruction of our Jewish State in 70 C.E. have been given the ability to protect themselves and fight their enemies.

We gained the nations' sympathy while being executed as martyrs; they liked us being a bitten and a suffering "David" as we used to be during our long history. We will never gain a similar attitude being a "Goliath". It is inconceivable for them to see Jews fighting or retaliating, not to speak of a Jewish State overpowering its enemies or committing a successful reprisal, even if it is against one of the world's worst fanatical enemies.

Our fate to be "a people that dwells alone and is not reckoned among the nations" (Numbers 23,9), can be maintained only when it is based on our faith in God, whose sympathy we can easily gain through our special relations with Him, as our Father and as our King.

In particular we can say this on approaching the High Holidays marking the Jewish New Year 5750.

On behalf of my wife, Rachel, and myself I wish you all a Happy New Year, *Shanah Tovah* and *Ketivah va'chatimah tovah*.

Religion

Origin, nature and meaning of a widely known Yom Kippur prayer The significance of *Al Chet*

by STEFAN REIF

"WE confess to little faults only to persuade ourselves that we have no big ones"—that was the response of the brilliant French wit, La Rochefoucauld, to the obsession people have with admitting their minor faults while concealing their major ones. He most certainly had no experience of the traditional Jewish prayers of the Day of Atonement or he would have marvelled at quite the opposite phenomenon.

On the annual "Sabbath of Sabbaths" Jews repeatedly acknowledge not only the ordinary errors of their everyday lives but a variety of shameful crimes which many of them have never committed. The acknowledgement is couched in intensive and highly-charged formulas, the contrite recitation of which has become a standard theme in the artistic, musical and literary portrayals of Yom Kippur. Some explanation of the origin, nature and meaning of such prayers is surely called for: since *Al*

Chet is perhaps the one most widely known and most immediately associated with the "Great Fast", its history may provide us with some of the answers we are seeking.

The first remarkable fact is that we search the Hebrew Bible and the whole Talmud in vain for any reference to *Al Chet*. It is true that there is no lack of declarations and affirmations, some of them in the nature of admissions of guilt and religious unworthiness, in the oldest Jewish sources. But these are mainly personal in form rather than communal and, as such, are to be appended to the *Amidah*, the primary Jewish "standing" prayer, as the need arises. The term by which they are known is *Vidduy*, usually translated "confession" but signifying rather "declaration", and the most relevant collection of them for one looking for the origins of the Yom Kippur liturgy is to be found in the Babylonian *Almus*, *Yoma* 87b. Here is a text at least fifteen hundred

years old records the different forms of personal *Vidduy* used by the individual Rabbis on that special day and it quickly becomes apparent that most of the *Vidduy* found at the end of the *Amidah* for the Day of Atonement (Singer's Prayer Book, pp.353-8) originates from here; but not *Al Chet*.

It is in the eighth century, in the period when the heads of the Babylonian academies, the Geonim, were the spiritual leaders of world Jewry, that we first find references to *Al Chet* (and to the alphabetical *Ashamnu*) as part of the *Vidduy*. It must immediately be added that the evidence points not to a long form similar to that of today's standard Ashkenazi prayer-book but to a much shorter version. The only classification of one's sins made there is into deliberate and accidental on the one hand, and public and private on the other, a list sometimes as short as four misdemeanours being followed by an almost equally brief note of the punishments

that we deserve (*Veal Chata'im*). What is no less intriguing is the extent to which the individual "confessions" of the Talmudic Rabbis had become standard parts of the written Jewish prayer-book then emerging for the first time. Not only had those of Yom Kippur itself become part of the formal, communal liturgy but the original Talmudic instruction to get into the correct frame of mind and obtain some immediate heavenly credit by reciting a personal Vidduy on the previous afternoon was in some circles simply being passed on to the chazan who was to include it in that afternoon's public prayers. What is more, there were some religious authorities who viewed the whole addendum to the Amidah as so integral a part of their penitential prayers, that they concluded it with a specific *berachah* ending *Ha-El Ha-Solchan*, thus adding to the number of benedictions in the central Jewish prayer.

It is perhaps among such authorities that we must seek the origin of the Al Chet prayer. If, compared to the Babylonian norm, they were more pietistic and their prayers more poetical and dynamic, then it is well within the bounds of possibility that they belonged to the Holy Land, and that it was from there that the prayer was imported into Babylon. At least one Genizah text from Eretz Yisrael includes a familiar Al Chet and the singular formulation ("which I have sinned"), rather than the more usual plural, may point to a stage before its acceptance as a standard communal prayer.

Whatever one makes of such a hypothesis, it is certainly among the inheritors of the old Palestinian *siddur*, Ashkenazi Jewry, that Al Chet grows to such proportions through the centuries that it becomes known as the "longer Vidduy" as against the "shorter Vidduy" of Ashamnu. Paradoxically, the non-Talmudic texts have thus edged the Talmudic prayers out of the primary position. While the Sephardi and Yemenite rites adhered to the short Babylonian version, the Ashkenazim devised (or retained?) an alphabetical acrostic detailing one sin for each letter, and extended the scope of the punishments of which the worshipper declares himself deserving. The course of this development is a fascinating topic in its own right. Some letters were generously accorded more than one sin, perhaps two, sometimes three, and ultimately our double alphabetical acrostic, divided into three by the introduction of the refrain *Ve-Al Kulam*, emerged in time to be frozen into the texts of the earliest printed prayer-books. While all the versions stressed the various types of wickedness in which the tongue had indulged, some were bolder than others and included even such crimes as murder, adultery and robbery. These appear in the machzor used in England before the 1290 expulsion and call into question the late Chief Rabbi Hertz's theory (on p.907 of his Prayer-Book) that such sins are not listed in the Al Chet because they were "unspeakably horrible" for the Jew. Those disturbed by having to admit to heinous crimes they had

never committed (let alone committed each year!) were assured by successive generations of Rabbis that in confession, as in so much else, the Jew must publicly identify with the whole people and the totality of its experiences.

The significance of Al Chet then lies in the personal humility and piety which it is meant to inspire and in the corporate identity which it is intended to encourage.



Stefan Reif was born in Edinburgh in 1944. He holds degrees from the Universities of London and Cambridge and also studied at Jews' College, London. He held academic posts in Glasgow and Philadelphia before receiving an appointment in

1973 at the University of Cambridge where he is Director of the Genizah Research Unit and Head of the Oriental Division at the University Library. He has published and edited a number of volumes and written numerous articles in the field of Hebrew and Jewish studies and is currently compiling a book on the history of the Jewish prayer-book. Dr. Reif has just returned from a visiting professorship at the Hebrew University of Jerusalem and is actively involved in the Cambridge Traditional Jewish Congregation. He is married with one son and one daughter.

The tale of causeless hate

by Rabbi HUGO GRYN

THE invitation to contribute to this special issue of *The Edinburgh Star* reached me the day before Tisha B'Av and in the first instance it affords a fine opportunity to express admiration as well as congratulations on the production of such an ambitious and beautifully produced project. I like to think that the Community in Edinburgh and the friends of the Community in all their habitations will support this venture and that it will go on serving both social and intellectual purposes for a long time to come.

It was around Tisha B'Av in 1946 that the group of friends and I who were living at Polton House—so near to Edinburgh itself—left our farm school. Some of us headed south to

schools, universities and various apprenticeships. Some took circuitous and at that time a very complicated route to Palestine and were among those who helped to ensure the security of the State of Israel when it became a blessed reality just two years later.

But because Tisha B'Av is a very "minor key" date in the Jewish calendar commemorating as it does, by bizarre coincidence, the two destructions of the Temple in Jerusalem. By the Chaldeans first in 586 B.C.E., who also deported the surviving leadership and masses of able-bodied men, women and children into Babylonian captivity. The second time it was the Romans, 484 years later in 70 C.E.,



Rabbi Hugo Gryn

after a long and murderous siege leaving only the charred ruins of its Western Wall which is still a place of pilgrimage in the heart of Jerusalem.

The advisors of Ferdinand and Isabella, schooled in the fine art of the Inquisition, picked the same date in 1492 for the expulsion of the Jews from Spain—and it is all of these events that give special poignancy to the opening line of the Book of Lamentations which is read in synagogues everywhere: “How doth the city sit solitary that was full of people!” “How is she become as a widow! . . . she weepeth sore in the night . . . among all her lovers she hath none to comfort her . . .”

Historians explain that the shifting weight of empires does this to small nations and therefore, perhaps, the only thing you can safely predict about the violence-marked rise of any mighty empire is that sooner or later it will also have its violence-filled fall. Nor does power-politics respect treaties of friendship or protestations of loyalty. But behind these large “headline-style” events, individual

behaviour has its own peculiar role to play.

And I am both impressed and depressed by this self-critical and cautionary tale: while the Romans were encamped and waiting outside Jerusalem, a rich man in the city was giving a banquet. He had a friend called Kamza and an enemy—Bar Kamza. He sent his servant to invite his friend, but the simple fellow made a mistake and Bar Kamza showed up at the party. He thought: no doubt the host wants a reconciliation. But he was wrong. “Get out of my house!”, hissed the host. Bar Kamza was appalled. He asked to be spared humiliation and in desperation he said: “Look, I will pay for the entire banquet but don’t shame me in front of all your other guests!” But the host could not be moved. The enraged Bar Kamza went straight to the Roman general and denounced the host and his friends as plotting a revolt. This gave the General just the excuse to order his troops into action.

And when the rabbis reflected on the pain of the Ninth of Av—they told

this story and added that part of the reason for the destruction of Jerusalem was *Sinat chinam*—causeless hate.

And I have the feeling that wherever there is massive conflict, if you look hard, you will find this “causeless hate”—and there is extra feeling for me in the words of one of our daily prayers: !O my G-d, guard my tongue from evil and my lips from speaking guile . . . to them that wrong me let my soul be silent and lowly as the dust to everyone . . .”

Hugo Gryn has been Senior Rabbi at the West London Synagogue for the past 25 years. Prior to that he worked for the American Jewish Joint Distribution Committee and was also Executive Director of the World Union for Progressive Judaism.

He came to this country soon after the Second World War and was taught English by one of the finest pedagogues it was his good fortune to meet—Miss Harris, in Edinburgh

He is also Joint Chairman of the recently formed Inter Faith Network, U.K., which keeps him in touch with a number of interfaith groups in Scotland.

Discovery

The Hidden Words of the Torah

MICHAEL RIFKIND reports on puzzling connections between letters forming words, whose appearance in the Torah by simple accident, would be probabilistically negligible

SEVERAL years ago there appeared a newspaper article by Jonathan Margolis reporting “On the secrets of the Bible.” It revealed the discovery by a group of rabbis of a series of hidden codes buried in the Hebrew text of the Torah. Intrigued by these findings, we asked our former minister, Dr. Danny Sinclair, if he could find any more information on the subject, in Jerusalem. We received his reply in February 1988. After some fruitless searches, he had stumbled on a little institution run by Soviet immigrants tucked away in one of the alleyways of Mea Shearim. They provided him with a copy of a publication by Professor Daniel Michelson entitled *Codes in the Torah* which he sent to us. What follows largely originates from that essay by Michelson.

Forty years ago, mathematically inclined rabbis started noticing oddi-

ties about the Torah. A first, simple example of this is the fact that if you take any passage in the Torah, the main subject of it, be that Adam, Noah, etc. is always mentioned seven times. The significance of seven is that God created the world in six days and rested on the seventh, Shabbat. It is clearly a motif that must have been easy, though irritating to insert. But there are far more complex codes to be found, so complicated as to deny a general claim of non-believers that the Torah is just an old text created by some Middle Eastern scribe long ago. The bulk of such discoveries was found using the following method: “Begin with a certain letter, jump a certain number of letters (ignoring spaces between words) and read the letter you finish on. Then jump the same number of letters from the last one and read the one you finish one,

and so on. The letters together make up significant words.” These instructions should hopefully be clarified by this first example.

Torah in fifty-letter jumps

Start with the first \aleph in Genesis, in the very first word; jump 50 letters and read the 50th which is η ; jump another 50 reading the 50th which is η and finally jump another 50, reading the 50th which is η . Put these letters together and the word $\eta\eta\eta$ —*Torah* emerges. Again, take the first \aleph in Exodus and jumping 50 letters each time, the word *Torah* appears again. Interestingly, the *Torah* was given to the children of Israel exactly fifty days after the Exodus from Egypt.

In Leviticus, however, this does not happen; instead, if you take the first η in the very first word, and read every subsequent eighth letter three

more times, the Hebrew name of God appears.

In Numbers, "Torah" is spelled out backwards in the Hebrew with jumps of 50 and again in Deuteronomy but with jumps of 49.

Seeing that the word "Torah" appeared coded in exactly the same way in Genesis and Exodus, Professor Michelson worked out that the likelihood of this happening under normal circumstances is one in three million. The rabbis believe, however, that there are no "normal circumstances", that these hidden words were put there deliberately, and in the end, they wish perhaps to prove the divinity of the Torah with these discoveries. And there are hundreds of such examples to support their case.

Israel and Temple

Here are some more. The verses in Genesis, Chapter 2, verse 31 to Chapter 2, verse 3 are the same four verses recited on Friday night as the Kiddush to bring in Shabbat. The word "Israel" in Hebrew appears twice coded into these four verses; one starts on the last letter of verse 31, then you read every 7th letter until the word **יִשְׂרָאֵל** is complete. The other "Israel" starts from the eighth word of verse 3 and reads backwards in jumps of 50. The two intervals (numbers of letters jumped each time) here are seven and fifty and incidentally these are the only two numbers connected with Shabbat; seven stands for both the seventh day of the Creation and the seventh year of Shmita when the land rests and lies fallow. After seven shmita cycles, the land also rests on the fiftieth year. Also incidentally, this is the only place in the first 10,000 letters of Genesis where "Israel" is found coded in with equal intervals. The likelihood of this happening by chance was put at 1 in 400,000.

Genesis 28, verses 10-17 tells the story of Jacob's dream of the ladder reaching to heaven. When Jacob awoke from his sleep he said "Surely the Lord is present in this place, and I did not know it."

Where was this place? Rashi writes that it was Mt. Moriah where the Temple was later built. The rabbis checked for the word "Temple" in Hebrew and found it coded in backwards in intervals or jumps of 26 starting at the **ב** of the word "place" from the above verse. However, they discovered that if they continued reading backwards in jumps of 26, the phrase "the Temple" emerged. So the two cornerstones of Judaism, the Temple and the Torah, are spelled out backwards in one continuous sequence of nine letters at intervals of 26 (which is the numerical value of the

Exodus 11:9-14



משה
Mishneh 50
613 תרי"ג
תורה
Torah 50

וַיֹּאמֶר יְהוָה אֶל-
 מֹשֶׁה לֹא-יִשְׁמַע אֲלֵיכֶם פְּרֹעָה לְמַעַן אֲבֹתַי בְּאֶרֶץ
 מִצְרַיִם: וּמֹשֶׁה וְאַהֲרֹן עָשׂוּ אֶת-כָּל-הַמּוֹפְתִים הָאֵלֶּה לִפְנֵי
 פְּרֹעָה וַיַּחֲזֹק יְהוָה אֶת-לֵב פְּרֹעָה וְלֹא-שָׁלַח אֶת-בְּנֵי יִשְׂרָאֵל
 מִמִּצְרָיִם: וַיֹּאמֶר יְהוָה אֶל-מֹשֶׁה וְאַל-אַהֲרֹן
 בְּאֶרֶץ מִצְרַיִם לֵאמֹר: הַחֲדֹשׁ הַזֶּה לָכֶם רֹאשׁ חֳדָשִׁים רִאשׁוֹן
 הוּא לָכֶם לְחֹדְשֵׁי הַשָּׁנָה: דִּבְרוּ אֶל-כָּל-עַדְתֵּי יִשְׂרָאֵל לֵאמֹר
 בְּעֹשֶׂר לַחֹדֶשׁ הַזֶּה וַיִּקְחוּ לָהֶם אִישׁ שֵׁה לְבֵית-אִבְתֵּי שֵׁה
 לְבֵית: וְאִם-יִמְעַט הַבַּיִת מֵהַיּוֹת מֹשֶׁה וְלָקַח הוּא וּשְׂכָנֹו
 הַקָּרֵב אֶל-בֵּיתוֹ בְּמִכְסַת נִפְשָׁתוֹ אִישׁ לְפִי אָכְלוּ תִכְסֹו עַל-
 הַשֵּׁה: שֵׁה תָמִים זָכַר בְּנִשְׁנָה יִהְיֶה לָכֶם מִזֶּה-בְּבָשִׂים וּמִזֶּ-
 הָעֵיטִים תִּקְחוּ: וְהִיָּה לָכֶם לְמִשְׁמַרְתֵּי עַד אֲרַבְעָה עֶשֶׂר יוֹם
 לַחֹדֶשׁ הַזֶּה וּשְׂחַטוּ אֹתוֹ כָּל-קָהֵל עַדְתֵּי-יִשְׂרָאֵל בֵּין הָעֲרֻבִים:
 וְלָקַחוּ מִן-הַדָּם וְנָתְנוּ עַל-שְׁתֵּי הַמְּזוּזוֹת וְעַל-הַמְּשֻׁקָּף עַל
 הַבָּתִּיּוֹת אִשֶׁר-יֹאכְלוּ אֹתוֹ בָּהֶם: וְאָכְלוּ אֶת-הַבָּשָׂר בְּלִילָהּ
 הַזֶּה צֵלִי-אֵשׁ וּמִצּוֹת עַל-מִרְדֵּים יֹאכְלוּ: אֶל-תֹּאכְלוּ מִמֶּנּוּ
 זָא וּבָשָׂל מִבָּשָׂל בְּמִים כִּי אִם-צֵלִי-אֵשׁ רִאשׁוֹן עַל-כִּרְעִיו
 וְעַל-קִרְבּוֹ: וְלֹא-תוֹתִירוּ מִמֶּנּוּ עַד-בֹּקֶר וְהִנְתַּר מִמֶּנּוּ עַד-
 בֹּקֶר בָּאֵשׁ תִּשְׂרְפוּ: וְכִכָּה תֹאכְלוּ אֹתוֹ מִתֵּינֵיכֶם חֲגָדִים
 נִעְלִיכֶם בְּדַגְלֵיכֶם וּמִקְלָכֶם בְּיַדְכֶם וְאִכְלַתֶּם אֹתוֹ בַּחֲצוֹן
 פֶּסַח הוּא לַיהוָה: וְעִבְדִתִּי בְּאֶרֶץ-מִצְרַיִם בְּלִילָהּ הַזֶּה וְהִכִּיתִי
 כָּל-בְּכוֹר בְּאֶרֶץ מִצְרַיִם מֵאָדָם וְעַד-בְּהֵמָה וּבְכָל-אֱלֹהֵי
 מִצְרַיִם אֲעֹשֶׂה שְׁפָטִים אֲנִי יְהוָה: וְהָיָה הַדָּם לָכֶם לְאֹת עַל
 הַבָּתִּיּוֹת אֲשֶׁר אַתֶּם שֹׂם וְרֵאִיתִי אֶת-הַדָּם וּפָסַחְתִּי עֲלֵיכֶם
 וְלֹא-יְהִיֶה בְכֶם נֶגֶף לְמוֹשָׁחִית בְּהִכְתִּי בְּאֶרֶץ מִצְרַיִם:

⁹ Now the L-rd had said to Moses, "Pharaoh will not heed you, in order that My marvels may be multiplied in the land of Egypt."

¹⁰ Moses and Aaron had performed all these marvels before Pharaoh, but the L-rd had hardened the heart of Pharaoh so that he would not let the Israelites go from his land.

Hebrew name of God). The probability of this occurring exactly where it does is one in seventeen billion!

Professor Michelson argues there are hundreds more of such examples so obviously only a very few can be revealed here, but here are some more of various types.

In a 13-verse passage of Leviticus all about Aaron, they found "Aaron" coded in 25 times at different but regular letter intervals. This example was found by computer; all the recent discoveries were made by computer although earlier findings such as the hidden "Torah" were made by hand more than forty years ago.

Galut and the exodus from Egypt

The word "Galut" meaning exile was fed into the computer to be searched for coded into the text. Its first appearance was coded into a Genesis passage about Adam and Eve's expulsion from Eden—the first exile in the history of man. Next it turned up in a passage where Cain complains to God about his wanderings after killing

Abel. Its third appearance is in the first description of Noah's Ark. Later, "Galut" appears in God's prophecy to Abraham that the Jews would be "sojourners in another land" (Egypt).

The rabbis took all the 25 trees named in the Torah, knowing the trees were a major part in the story of the creation and searched for them with the computer. All 25 were found coded into the section of Genesis, Chapter 2, verse 7—Chapter 3, verse 3. Verse 9 of Chapter 2 reads "And from the Earth the Lord God caused to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight, and good for food; the tree of life also in the midst of the garden, and the tree of the knowledge of good and evil."

Mishneh, Torah and the 613 Commandments

The next and final example strengthens the parallel between Moses and Rabbi Moses ben Maimon (also known as Maimonides and Rambam) and for me is the most interesting and perhaps the most important discovery.

The Rambam was born in Spain in the year 1135 and later settled in Egypt, where he became a court doctor of Tzalach Ed-Din. There he wrote his most important work, the Mishneh Torah which classifies and clarifies all of the 613 Commandments.

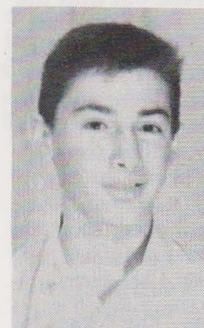
In addition to having the same name, both Moses and Rambam lived in Egypt and performed marvels before its rulers (Rambam's marvels were performed in his work as a doctor).

Maimonides had once claimed that his name is in the Torah and indeed the acronym of his name in Hebrew רמבם (Rambam) was found as the first letters of four consecutive words in Exodus, chapter 11, verse 9 (the last 4 words). The translation of these four words also happens to be "My marvels may be multiplied in the land of Egypt." Also, this is the only place in the Torah where this acronym is found.

However, that is not all. Searching for more possible hidden words, the rabbi who made the following discovery 40 years ago decided to look for the words "Mishneh Torah" in Hebrew coded into the text. Since he had already found the "Torah" system at 50-letter intervals, he again tried 50. Starting with the מ of "Moses" in Chapter 11, verse 9, he found the word "Mishneh" at 50-letter jumps. He also found "Torah" but much further on in the passage. The large gap between "Mishneh" and "Torah" puzzled him so he counted the number of letters between them. It came to 613—the number of Commandments in the Torah and in Rambam's Mishneh Torah (see Hebrew text illustrated).

This leaves three options: either it was yet another fluke at incredibly small odds of 1 in 3 million or the human author was an incredibly accurate soothsayer—or it is divine.

My conclusions are encapsulated in Rabbi Ordman's words: "To plan this kind of thing would take years. And they had to prepare a text as well, with perfect grammar, a message, no contradictions. We are not trying to prove the divinity of the Torah here, but that the statistical odds against it being humanly written are impossible."



Michael Rifkind was born in Edinburgh in 1974. He is presently a fourth-year pupil at George Watson college where he has achieved notable academic success. His hobbies include rugby, golf, photography and he is a keen musician who plays clarinet and

guitar. He is the treasurer of Maccabi and plays an active role in synagogue services and in the JYSG.

Community

Disabled Israeli soldiers visit Edinburgh

by WENDY FIDLER

WHEN I received a phone call from Manchester, from a school friend of 36 years standing, I knew I was in for something different. She and her husband had organised a visit to the U.K. for 25 Israeli war-disabled soldiers and proposed to bring them, plus a few Mancunian helpers, on a visit to Edinburgh.

I wanted to make this visit something different, and quite special for them—a visit they would always remember. I think this actually began prematurely, when their coach alarmingly negotiated the lane to Broompark!

As they alighted from the bus, in an evening of perfect warmth and sunshine, the expressions on their faces matched the climate, as they were piped into the garden by pipers in full regalia, and then entertained to *Rikkudim Scotti* by members of the pipe band and dancing group of the Edinburgh Academy—to whom we send our sincere thanks.

For many of the "boys", this was their first experience of being outside Israel, and their questions about life in the diaspora, particularly the comparison between the contrasting Jewish communities of Manchester and Edinburgh, showed great insight and perception on their side.

The strength of spirit of these

young men was indeed a salutary lesson in humility for us all. Perhaps this can be illustrated best by telling the tale of one of them. He was the most disabled of the group, and had spent eight months confined to a wheelchair. Now, despite severe disabilities, he refused ever to sit in a wheelchair again, negotiating all ter-

rains on his crutches with a fierce independence. In fact the *ruach*, cohesion and mutual support of the entire group was obvious to us all.

Finally I thank the "three little maids" from Edinburgh, without whose invaluable help, this most worthwhile event could not have been such a success.



Reception organised for visiting war-disabled Israeli soldiers at Wendy Fidler's home.

Council Responsibilities

AT the first meeting of the new Council of the Edinburgh Hebrew Congregation, the following were appointed:

- Dr. N. Oppenheim—Hon. Secretary
- Mr. M.S. Cowen—Media Officer
- Mr. G. Glass—Yom Kippur Appeal Convener
- Mr. A. Rubenstein—Yahrzeit and Hospital Visitation Convener
- Dr. I. Leifer—Education Convener
- Mr. R. Zack—Minyanim Convener
- Mr. A.I. Rifkind—Security Convener
- Mr. E.G. Wittenberg—Building Convener
- Mrs. A. Mendelssohn—Meat Supplies—House Convener
- Mrs. C. Cowen—New members
- Mrs. R. Orgel—Mikveh Convener
Liaison with C.C.I. Ladies Guild
- Mr. P. Goldberg—Liaison with Burial Society
- Dr. P. Mason—Liaison with Community Centre
- Mr. J. Sperber—Liaison with Students
- Dr. I. Leifer, Mrs. R. Orgel—Representatives on CCJ
- Mr. I. Shein—Librarian and Representative on Lothian Community Relations Council

Newark Lodge Turns 40

THIS year marks the 40th anniversary of the existence of the Jewish Old Age Home. Some 97 residents and eight-day-care patients are benefiting from the facilities provided by this much needed and worthwhile Home, where they receive excellent care and activities which give Newark Lodge a unique reputation throughout the U.K. The Home offers a day-care scheme which has been particularly successful and there are hopes of expanding this facility.

The building is divided into rooms for married couples, single rooms and a geriatric wing for the sick and disabled and those who need a more specialised nursing and medical care. The

nursing staff are fully qualified to State Registration level and the staff-to-patient ratio is one to four. Newark Lodge has a Matron and Deputy Matron, a full-time administrator and administrative staff.

Residents are provided with physiotherapy, occupational therapy, chiropody, optical and dental care. A hairdresser is also available. The Voluntary Committee play an important role in the day-to-day working of the Home, providing an intensive and varied programme of social activities to suit individual tastes and needs.

Services are held in the Home's own Synagogue every Shabbat and all the Festivals are fully observed in the traditional manner.

As the average age of the Jewish population in Scotland continues to rise, the waiting list remains a major concern and the Home is under constant pressure to provide additional accommodation or day-care facilities. A scheme is currently being investigated to purchase land to build an annexe as the present building is no longer able to be extended further.

Last year alone the expenditure was £1,600,000 and this includes a constant programme of maintenance and updating to the premises. Newark Lodge continues to be grateful for the support of the Edinburgh Community. Our support is constantly required and Arnold Rifkind, the Treasurer of the Edinburgh Committee, would be pleased to receive any further donations at 37 Cluny Drive. This is a cause worth supporting.

Synagogue seating arrangements

The Bournemouth Synagogue Magazine published the following:

During the past holiday season, many individuals have expressed concern over the seating arrangements in the Synagogue. In order for us to place you in a seat best suited to you, we ask you to complete the following questionnaire and return it to the Synagogue Office as soon as possible.

I wish to be placed in a seat next to someone who wishes to discuss the following topics:

- Stock Market [] Sports []
Fashion [] News []
General Gossip []

My Neighbours [] My Relatives []

The Rabbi/Chazan []

The Gabbai [] The President []

Specify _____

I wish to be seated in a seat where:

I can see my spouse over the mechitza []

I cannot see my spouse over the mechitza []

My spouse cannot see me seeing my friend's spouse over the mechitza []

No-one on the Bimah can see me talking during services []

I can sleep during services []

I can sleep during the Rabbi's sermon (extra charge) []

I wish to be located next to the following, so that I may obtain free professional advice:

Lawyer [] Doctor []

Dentist [] Chiropractor []

Physiotherapist [] Accountant []

Stockbroker [] Estate Agent []

Travel Agent []

Please do not place me anywhere near the following people:

(a) _____ (b) _____

(c) _____

Your name _____

Telephone _____

Should we in Edinburgh circulate a similar questionnaire?

USER friendly

PERSONAL COMPUTER SERVICES

Sage Authorised Dealers
Amstrad Authorised
Business Dealers

COMPLETE SMALL BUSINESS SYSTEMS

Training—MS-Dos and most popular packages

SPECIAL OFFERS:

AT compatibles with 40MB hard disk

from £1400 inc VAT

40MB hard disk (XT) fitted

£250 inc VAT

For details and demonstrations

Tel: 031-331 4253

User Friendly

7 Rosshill Terrace

Dalmeny EH30 9JS

Best Wishes for a Happy New Year and well over the Fast

<p>Martin, Janis, Michelle and Lisa Abrahams 114 Barnton Park Avenue Edinburgh</p>	<p>Mr Barnet Adelman 12 Arden Street Edinburgh</p>	<p>Joe and Clarice Been and family 4 Blinkbonny Crescent Edinburgh</p>
<p>Michael and Ruth Adler Jonathan and Benjamin 1 Fingal Place Edinburgh</p>	<p>Mr Benjamin Aronson Joe and Margaret Aronson 15 Arden Street Edinburgh</p>	<p>Shirley and Peter Bennett Martin and Debbie 5 Oswald Court Edinburgh</p>
<p>Norma Benjamin 48 Arden Street Edinburgh</p>	<p>Leslie and Barbara Bennie Richard and Keren 5 Cammo Place Edinburgh</p>	<p>Avril and Norman Berger 3 Kirk Park Edinburgh</p>
<p>Mrs Sadie Bennett Cluny Lodge 16 Cluny Drive Edinburgh</p>	<p>Mr Alex Berger 3 Grange Crescent Edinburgh</p>	<p>Rachelle and Monty Braverman Aviva and Rhonda 13 Esselmont Road Edinburgh</p>
<p>Doreen and Laurence Bowman, Benjamin, Jacqueline and Michelle 24 Cammo Grove Edinburgh</p>	<p>Micheline, Michael and David Brannan 22 West Preston Street Edinburgh</p>	<p>Sonya and Michael Adelman Suzanne and Jennifer 14 Kedslie Place Edinburgh</p>
<p>Norma and Ian Brodie Simon and Daniel 60 Telford Road Edinburgh</p>	<p>May and Morris Brown 121 Rankin Drive Edinburgh</p>	<p>Nana and Michael Caplan 59 Holyrood View East Crosscauseway Edinburgh</p>
<p>Sandra, Sidney, Andrew and Ian Caplan 30 Duddingston Road West Edinburgh</p>	<p>Willie and Betty Caplan 25 Watertoun Road Edinburgh</p>	<p>Reva Cohen and family 2 Millar Place Edinburgh</p>
<p>Philip and Myra Cohen Braham and Ruth 43 Ladysmith Road Edinburgh</p>	<p>Bella Cohen Nathan and Charles 7 St. Catherines Place Edinburgh</p>	<p>John and Hazel Cosgrove Abby and Nicky 14 Gordon Terrace Edinburgh</p>
<p>Andrea and Malcolm Cowan Darren and Elliot 106 Charterhall Road Edinburgh</p>	<p>Rosa and Isaac G. Cowen 31 Braid Farm Road Edinburgh</p>	<p>Carole and Mickey Cowen Mark, Garry and Sally 5 Oxgangs Road Edinburgh</p>
<p>Joyce and Norman Cram 18 Swan Spring Avenue Edinburgh</p>	<p>Freda, Andre and Irvine Curzon 101 Priestfield Road Edinburgh</p>	<p>Lionel Daiches, Q.C., 10 Heriot Row Edinburgh</p>

לשנה טובה תכתבו ותחתמו

Bernard and Irene Davidson 73 Angle Park Terrace Edinburgh	Mary Davidson and Ethel Goldstein 119/3 Grange Loan Edinburgh	Sylvia and John Donne and family 126 Craiglea Drive Edinburgh
Norman Dorfman 20 East Clapperfield Edinburgh	Edinburgh Campaign for Soviet Jewry and their Friends in the U.S.S.R.	Wendy and Brian Fidler Sarah, Ruth and Benjamin and Kathleen Goldman "Broompark," Liberton Drive Edinburgh
Betty Franklin 1/2 New John's Place Holyrood View Edinburgh	Mrs Ethel Freedman 14 Ivanhoe Crescent Edinburgh	Caroline and Lennie Freedman 94 Ravelston Dykes Edinburgh
Etta and Philip Freedman 9/1 Oxfangs Crescent Edinburgh	Executive and Committee Edinburgh Jewish Friendship Club	Mrs Viviane Furst Flat 36, Homeros House Strathearn Road Edinburgh
Judy and Anthony Gilbert Mark, Daniel and Paul 2 Marchhall Crescent Edinburgh	Mr and Mrs Harry Glass 17/1 Wyvern Park Dick Place Edinburgh	Arnold, June and Lisa Glass 4 Braid Hills Crescent Edinburgh
Mr and Mrs Gerald Glass Karen and David 1 Cramond Regis Edinburgh	Mr and Mrs D. Goldberg 22 Mid Liberton Edinburgh	Leila and Philip Goldberg Jonathan, Wendy, Paul and Anthony 20 Carnethy Avenue Edinburgh
Mr and Mrs Goodwin Sara, Ben and Joe 2 Etrick Road Edinburgh	Vicky Gruneberg and family 2 Orchard Brae Gardens Edinburgh	Rita and Alfred Grant 36 Mayfield Terrace Edinburgh
Executive and Committee of the Edinburgh Synagogue Ladies Guild	Irene, David and Gary Hyams 3 Munro Drive Colinton Edinburgh	Executive and Committee of the Edinburgh Jewish Board of Guardians
Jack and Nancy Hyman 13 South Oswald Road Edinburgh	Stella and David Jacobs 27a Salisbury Road Edinburgh	Susan and Steven Hyams 34 Mid Liberton Liberton Edinburgh
Arthur and Alex Kleinberg 1 Lussielaw Road Edinburgh	Monica, Saul, Emma, Susie and Benjamin Lanyado 12 Cluny Avenue Edinburgh	Myrna and Morris Kaplan and David 20 Barntongate Terrace Edinburgh

Best Wishes for a Happy New Year and well over the Fast

Mr and Mrs Sam Latter
 "Floretta"
 46 Liberton Gardens
 Edinburgh

Ian and Joan Leifer
 Andrew and Dina
 2 Observatory Green
 Edinburgh

Mr and Mrs David Leigh
 17 Gladstone Terrace
 Edinburgh

Anita Levinson and David
 Fiona and Nigel
 3 Ross Road
 Edinburgh

Mrs Posy Levy
 Flat 1
 9 South Oswald Road
 Edinburgh

Hilda and Sam Levy
 and Family
 2 Beauchamp Grove
 Edinburgh

Sylvia Lewis
 58 Fountainhall Road
 Edinburgh

Ruby Lindey
 18 Bright's Crescent
 Edinburgh

Vanda Lipetz
 Flat 11, Brooklawn
 131 Palatine Road
 Manchester

The Committee and Members
 of the Edinburgh
 Jewish Literary Society

David and Elaine Litman
 Daniel, Michael and Jonathan
 23 Beestonfields Drive
 Nottingham

Mrs Leah Low
 41 Maidencraig Crescent
 Blackhall
 Edinburgh

Vicky and Tom Lowrie
 11 Greenhill Place
 Edinburgh

Sheva, Joe and Ann Lurie
 26 South Lauder Road
 Edinburgh

Sharon and Mike Lurie
 Katie and Debra
 80 Pentland Terrace
 Edinburgh

Michael, Rena and Lisa Lurie
 Bangkok
 Thailand

Philip Lurie and Family
 7/2 South Oswald Road
 Edinburgh

The Edinburgh Maccabi
 Association

David, Lesley, Paul
 and Michelle Mann
 1F-3 Glencairn Crescent
 Edinburgh

Betty and Henry Mann
 11/1 Cobden Road
 Edinburgh

Irene and Philip Mason
 David and Jonathan
 3 Oxfangs Road
 Edinburgh

Joe, Rosa and Clara Massie
 22 Silverknowes Midway
 Edinburgh

David and Anita Mendelssohn
 23 Braid Hills Road
 Edinburgh

Harold and Esther Mendelssohn
 Cassie and Roy
 34 Buckstone Road
 Edinburgh

Betsy and Michael Morgan
 55 Chumasero Drive
 San Francisco, California
 U.S.A.

Geoffrey and Lorna Nicholsby
 Emma and Howard
 "Orwell Lodge," Cammo Walk
 Edinburgh

Eve and Nathan Oppenheim
 10 Ravelston Dykes
 Edinburgh

Mrs Rose Orgel
 Ashley Grange
 89 Polwarth Terrace
 Edinburgh

Maurice, Dinah
 and Samantha Penn
 47 Fountainhall Road
 Edinburgh

Shenkie and Bob Pettigrew
 Pat and Stanley
 15 Glenvarloch Crescent
 Edinburgh

לשנה טובה תכתבו ותחתמו

Charles, Gillian, Anna
and Jonathan Raab
10 Ainslie Place
Edinburgh

Abe Rabstaff
27J Salisbury Road
Edinburgh

Gertie and Benny Rabstaff
37/1 Saughton Mains Terrace
Edinburgh

Stanley, Elaine, Aaron
and Joel Raffel
31 Leamington Terrace
Edinburgh

Freda and Joe Riffkin
"Redcroft"
16 Cammo Gardens
Edinburgh

Hilary and Arnold Riffkind
Richard and Michael
37 Cluny Drive
Edinburgh

Mrs Ethel Riffkind
12 Charterhall Road
Edinburgh

Joe and Renée Riffkind
and family
8 Maythom Gardens
Tettenhall
Wolverhampton

Malcolm, Edith, Caroline
and Hugo Riffkind
8 Old Church Lane
Edinburgh

Mrs Gladys Robinson
and family
38 Homeglen House
Maryville Av., Giffnock

Hubert and Rona Rose
"Springbank"
10B Radford Street
Manchester

Alec and Pearl Rubenstein
16 Hillpark Crescent
Edinburgh

Betty Schulberg
2/2 West Grange Gardens
Edinburgh

Irvine and June Schulberg
Edward and David
8 Lothian Bank
Eskbank

Rabbi S and Mrs Shapira
and family
67 Newington Road
Edinburgh

Colin, Joy, Zoë,
Gilla and Mahla Shapiro
3 Liberton Drive
Edinburgh

Valerie and Bill Simpson
3 Braidmount View
Edinburgh

Bill and Susie Sinclair
35 Boswall Loan
Edinburgh

Dr D. and Mrs Sinclair
Yael, Yonathan and Noam
6/9 Sederot Eshkol
Ramat Eshkol
Jerusalem, Israel

Mark, Judith, Debbie
and Jenny Sischy
12 Blackford Hill Grove
Edinburgh

Mr and Mrs S Skop
129 Colinton Road
Edinburgh

Carolyn and Mervyn Smith
43 Shirley Avenue
Cheam
Surrey

Gladys and Laurence Smith
20 Cammo Road
Edinburgh

Bea, Jeffrey, Joanna,
Joshua and Esther Sofaer
19 Queen Street
Edinburgh

Jonathan, Joyce
and Avigal Sperber
20 East Clapperfield
Edinburgh

Roma Steinberg
41 The Causeway
Duddingston Village
Edinburgh

Zena Stoller
17 Arden Street
Edinburgh

Mrs Gertie Vinestock
and Sydney
1 Blackford House
Charterhall Grove
Edinburgh

John and Liora Waldman
32a Warrender Park Terrace
Edinburgh

Anne and Claude Wayne
and Pearl Blint
45 Grange Loan
Edinburgh

Best Wishes for a Happy New Year and well over the Fast

Mrs Weinberg
and family
50 Lauder Road
Edinburgh

Hilary and Graham West
Martin and Laura
35 Irvine Avenue
Kenton, London

Manny and Nicole Wittenberg
Raphael, Uriel, Natalie
and Miriam
14 Wyvern Park
Edinburgh

Michael Wittenberg
and Edith Jellen
8 East Preston Street Lane
Edinburgh

Ruzena Wood
50 Spottiswoode Street
Edinburgh

Mr and Miss Zack
and Mrs Klayman
24 Roseneath Place
Edinburgh

Hilary, Scott
and Alison Zarrow
10 India Street
Edinburgh

Sydney and Anne Zoltie
and Family
91 Whitehouse Road
Edinburgh

The Residents and Staff
of Newark Lodge
Glasgow

Lesley, John, Samuel,
Benjamin & Jonathan Danzig
13 Argyle Crescent
Joppa, Edinburgh

The Editorial Board
of
The Edinburgh Star

Carol and Tom Griffin
16 Braidburn Terrace
Edinburgh

Community

CALENDAR

SEPTEMBER

- 10 Sun. Maccabi for age 6 upwards
1.00-3.00 p.m.
- 21 Thu. The Edinburgh Council of
Christians and Jews . . 7.30 p.m.
Rev. Robin Rose, *Reflections on
Dialogue*
- 24 Sun. Edinburgh Community
Centre 1.00 p.m.
Lady Amelie Jakobovits will be
guest speaker at a luncheon.
Tickets £7.50.
- 30 Sat. Rosh Hashanah

Wishing
The Edinburgh Star
every success

from

**Thomson's
The Chemists
Edinburgh**



• What's On •

OCTOBER

- 1 Sun. Rosh Hashanah
- 8 Sun. Kol Nidrei
- 9 Mon. Yom Kippur
- 29 Sun. Maccabi 3.00 p.m.
Friendship Club re-opens
Edinburgh Jewish Literary
Society 8.00 p.m.
June Jacobs

NOVEMBER

- 4 Sat. Lodge Solomon Ladies
Evening
- 5 Sun. Maccabi 1.00-3.00 p.m.
- 9 Thu. The Edinburgh Council of
Christians and Jews . . 7.30 p.m.
Dr. Alec Broadie, 'Pharisaism'
- 12 Sun. Friendship Club . 3.00 p.m.
- 19 Sun. Maccabi 1.00-3.00 p.m.
WIZO Jazz Evening with Bill
Simpson
Bar and refreshments
- 26 Sun. Friendship Club . 3.00 p.m.

DECEMBER

- 3 Sun. Edinburgh Jewish Literary
Society 8.00 p.m.
David Capitanchik
- 12 Tue. Friends of Israel . 8.00 p.m.
Yossy Leshem, Israel's top
ornithologist speaks
- 17 Sun. Edinburgh Jewish Literary
Society
An Entertainment
- 28 Thu. The Edinburgh Council of
Christians and Jews . . 7.30 p.m.
A Chanukah and Christmas
Social

Sports competition winner

Mrs Betty Abrahams, of Edinburgh, was the winner of the sports competition published in the June issue of *The Edinburgh Star*. A happy Mrs Abrahams received a super sports bag from our sports correspondent Mike Adelman.

The correct entries were by: David Sischy, Howard Lewis, Mike Adelman, Michael Daiches, Ian Brodie, Lennie Freedman and Frank Abramson in the back row; Alan Freedman, Manny Wittenberg, Tony Coan, Bernard Davidson and Alan Myerthall in the front row.

KALIPNA RESTAURANT

WHOLEFOOD
VEGETARIAN

**2-3 St Patrick
Square
Edinburgh**

031-667 9890

Women in Dickens seen by women in WIZO

by JULIA MERRICK

TICKETS for Miriam Margolyes' show at the Edinburgh International Festival were at a premium so it was fortunate that Edinburgh WIZO had had the foresight to book a score or so of tickets well in advance. *The Women in Dickens* was the title and we were given a glimpse of some of the larger-than-life characters, such as Sarah Gamp, that Miriam Margolyes plays so well. By contrast she portrayed the more delicate characters like Miss Flight and sweet Sarah Finching with equal skill.

We were also shown much more than this for Miriam Margolyes is a Cambridge graduate and has studied Dickens in depth. She linked the characters she acted to the women in Dickens' own life, which made the evening so much more interesting for us. His attitude to women was complex, his marriage was unsuccessful and the

death of his 17-year-old sister-in-law who lived with them, left him with fixation on the 'perfect' girl of seventeen.

Victorian songs and piano accompaniment all helped to create the repressive and stifling atmosphere that surrounded the Victorian woman. For the audience who do not have to live in those times the evening was pure entertainment.

Afterwards we and Miriam Margolyes were entertained to a delicious supper at the Goodwins'. The inevitable Jewish conversation of 'You must be related to so and so' revealed Miriam's Scottish links. She is a relative of M.C. Turiansky, the youngest ever President of the Edinburgh Jewish Literary Society in 1909 and one of Edinburgh's first Jewish medical graduates. It is a talented family.



Miriam Margolyes, actress, and WIZO chairwoman Kate Goodwin.

The Fringe at home

by CLARICE BEEN

THE 'Communal Hall Tea Bag' has proved most useful. Yes, I did brew it and sat down and ruminated on the importance of supporting our Community Centre. However the tea being so delicious I had a second cup and found my thoughts wandering to the almost imminent arrival of our latest visitors to the Festival—and to those who had been before.

There were the Israelis for whom I'd prepared a very special Friday night meal but who excused themselves as they had tickets for the opera and the Londoners for whom we had seats for the ballet on Saturday night but who refused to go because the Sabbath wasn't out. There were the American cousins who gave us a surprise by bringing their twelve-year-old son Danny to help me in our surgery at home while they were "festivalling." Then there were the South Africans who were disgusted that there was a nude in the show to which we took them. They didn't want to be rude but they had to admit that Britain was becoming decadent and they were quite pleased that their government worried about things like morality.

As I sipped my tea, two occasions vied for pride of place in my memory.

The first was when our actress daughter, Carol, asked if her drama tutor from the Guildhall School, an eminent Shakespearian actor, could come and stay with us for three weeks while he was appearing in *Hamlet* on the Mound - and would Dad please fetch him every night after the performance. He had been so good to her and incidentally he dished out the lead parts in the end of term shows. John duly arrived and was charming, cultured, urbane - the lot. Unfortunately he was soon not too pleased with the Edinburgh audiences when they queued up night after night to ask for Derek Jacobi's autograph, totally ignoring the other actors. I did feel somewhat responsible, Jacobi being Jewish into the bargain. I decided that it was incumbent upon me to make up a rota of friends to go and line up on consecutive nights to ask for John's autograph too. All was going extremely well when my cousin Ozzie phoned from Israel to say he was coming to see the Tattoo. Ozzie had left South Africa in the 1940's and had become quite a high-ranking officer in the Israeli army. Nevertheless he wasn't exactly what you would call a 'culture-vulture.' In fact he was mainly interested in collecting as

**NORTH BRITISH
ESTATES LTD.**



Ken Mason, Land Buyer

**Special Projects Office
Gospatric House, Dalmeny**

Tel: 031-553 6810

Fax: 031-553 6825

Mobile: 0836-727-707

**CASTLE
TELEVISION**



**16/18 Lady Lawson St.
Edinburgh EH3 9DS**

Telephone: 031-229 7706

many South African 'van der Merwe' jokes as he could. I decided that for Carol's sake (and her chances of getting 'plum' parts) Ozzie and the erudite actor must not meet. I managed to achieve this nerve-racking juggling act for four days aided by the fact that John came home very late and then slept until noon. Of course the inevitable happened and Ozzie slapped John hard across the back in his friendly way 'Ag man, I hear you're an actor.' Then they discovered that John had been with the British Forces in Palestine at exactly the same time and place as Ozzie and his Israeli regiment had taken over from them. They became inseparable and walked to the bus stop together every day, talking incessantly.

The other occasion was when my ex-Open University counsellor (who had been very good to me) asked if a brilliant young composer friend of his could come and spend no more than two nights with us while he found somewhere to park his caravan. We were to be away when he was due to arrive so keys were left with neighbours. When we came home he had settled in and insisted on making us coffee. He had even found the home-made cakes and biscuits. In fact he was quite delightful. Next morning he woke up with a bad attack of 'flu and after examining him, my husband Joe reported that there was no way we could let a sick man fend for himself on a caravan site. He soon recovered but somehow no mention was made of his leaving and he spent twelve days with us. During this time his wife telephoned a few times and a young woman who was a pupil of his at the music college where he taught called every night as she was so worried about her thesis. Eventually we said fond 'goodbyes' to our guest and away he went. A few days later his wife phoned to say that she was frantic with worry as he hadn't returned home. As anyone who knows me will confirm, my imagination tends to run riot. I had him brutally murdered by the wayside. His poor family. What a waste of talent. Alright, you've guessed it—he'd gone off with the music student.

As I finished my second 'cuppa' I thought about Mary and Dudley coming soon from Tasmania and the fact that Mary was once the Peruvian Ambassador to Australia and has a lot of South American emigre friends all over Europe. Perhaps for Joe and myself during the 1990 Edinburgh Festival it could be 'next year in Jerusalem'!

Enjoy your tea bags and don't forget the donations to the Communal Hall.



The wheel has turned full circle

by KATHLEEN GOULDMAN

WHEN I came to Edinburgh eighteen months ago my whole life took a very different turning. However, I must have a vivid tartan gene somewhere in my make-up, as my father was born in Glasgow in 1882. So the wheel has turned the full circle.

To paint the picture, after 53 years of very happy marriage I was left on my own, and my daughter Wendy and Brian (Fidler) arranged for me to come to them. For over 78 years I had lived in Manchester. Back in 1911, when my parents first went to live in Broughton Park, I was told that the people next door left because they wouldn't live next door to Jews. Today, in that area, you can't put a pin between them.

Now, what are my impressions of the Edinburgh Jewish Community? Well, one very heart-warming experience has been with the teenagers—a few of the girls and many of the boys greet me with a wave, a smile and a cheery word whenever I see them inside or outside the synagogue. They are courteous, cheerful and a credit to their families. I enjoy the Shabbat services but it is sad to see so few congregants. Although I understand the many reasons for this, the Synagogue was packed when the Batmitzvahs were held. If only a few of these people would take it in turn to come every so many weeks, the hard work of the Rabbi, Executive and Council would be rewarded.

The two activities for my age group are the Friendship Club and the Luncheon Club. I made enquiries about the Friendship Club but am told that apart from bingo, nothing really happens aside from tea and talk. Because the Club is now closed until May, I can't speak from my own experience, but aren't there really any members who would like to make some entertainment or occupation for

one another, e.g. a hat debate, a play-reading, a chat about a song or piece of music which has a special meaning for them, perhaps played on a gramophone (*sic*) or an incident in their life that stands out? These, I think, are what older people like to hear and to share with each other. I refuse to believe that there is no hidden talent waiting to be discovered!

I love Edinburgh as a city. It is so beautiful: the views, the vistas, the fascinating architecture whichever way you turn. I'm sure the natives say "Oh Princes Street is nothing like it was", but to me it's fine. Walking around the city I realised that I do not bother to look into people's faces. In Gatley, wherever I went, I was sure to see a familiar face, but not here. Consequently, when in Morningside, I passed a gentleman I see on Shabbat and he stopped to speak to me, I felt the sun was shining a little brighter. Culturally, Edinburgh is lavish, particularly with its art galleries. During the past year I have gone to many thrilling exhibitions. I found the Gallery of Modern Art has been especially interesting.

I have enjoyed the varied programmes of the Lit. The meetings are extremely interesting and I look forward to next year's programme. The film *The Dybbuk* was particularly special. It brought back many old memories of when I took part in a production of it presented by The Literary and Dramatic Society of my Synagogue in the late 1920s when in my teens.

I have now been here for one-and-a-half years and am beginning to feel more settled. As I don't anticipate living anywhere else for what is left of my time, I want to say "Thank You" for all your consideration. I hope you will grow to accept me as a real member of the Community.

IN SEARCH OF TRUTH

VALERIE and BILL SIMPSON *tell their story of relentless determination to convert to Judaism*

FEW people have the opportunity in life to marry their partner twice. We married a second time in 1987 at Edinburgh Synagogue in accordance with the Law of Moses and of Israel, and the occasion provided us with the opportunity to renew our vows to each other and was the fulfillment of a long cherished dream.

In the beginning . . .

Our first marriage, some 25 years earlier, took place in an Anglican church and from that time we were regular worshippers at Church. Over the years we developed doubts and questioned the basis of our faith to the extent that when our daughter was born some two-and-a-half years later, we could not have her baptised into the Christian faith, but instead asked the Minister to dedicate her to God.

Our doubts continued and we determined to investigate the roots of our faith—the 'Old Testament.' Our studies led us to the conclusion that here was a complete testimony of man's faith in God and there was no need to look further. It was also encouraging to find that Jewish heroes were men and women of human frailty and not always divine. By the early 1970's we had rejected the Christian doctrines of the Trinity, the Divinity of Jesus and the writings of Paul, and found ourselves in the wilderness.

In 1978 we came to Edinburgh and events seemed to gain a momentum of their own. Perhaps it was Valerie who started the train of events. It all began one Saturday morning when Valerie was out shopping. Her footsteps led her past a building in Salisbury Road and she found herself drawn to the Synagogue. In she went, complete with shopping bags, and we like to think it was the hand of Divine Providence which led her up to the ladies' Gallery. We dread to think of the impact of a lady with loaded shopping bags entering the male sanctuary! She sat through a two-hour service without understanding a single word but with the certain feeling that she had 'come home.' The following week we both visited the Synagogue and determined to understand more.

We enrolled in the extramural Hebrew course at the University and began our elementary Hebrew studies. Our first visits to the Synagogue services commenced once we had mastered the Aleph-Bet. Having found someone in the congregation to

point out the place in the Seder, we would struggle through, trying to follow the Chazan's voice, but as we were learning Sephardi pronunciation and the Chazan read in Ashkenazi, you can imagine the confusion which often ensued.

A few years later, however, Bill had an amusing experience upon our first visit to the Great Synagogue in Jerusalem. He was approached by an American Jew to find the place in the all-Hebrew siddur. Bill did so. In thanking him, the American apologetically told him that his Hebrew was very elementary. Imagine his surprise on hearing that Bill was not a Jew!

An uphill road

After two years we felt the need to make a commitment to Judaism and we approached Rev. Knopp to discuss

our future. He tried valiantly to dissuade us, but after a few meetings he advised us to write to the London Beth Din. This we did on October 1981 and after they made the necessary enquiries, an interview was arranged in the Spring of 1982. This first interview was formal, friendly and rejectionist. However, we were not to be put off and we were sent away with a comprehensive reading list. This proved to be the start of our ever-expanding Jewish library.

The following year saw our second interview which turned out to be a monologue of reasons why we should not proceed. We came out of the interview stunned and disappointed, but we quickly regained our spirits and requested further meetings. At this stage the Beth Din passed us on to Michael Rosen and Rev. Balanow in



The Simpsons: 'fulfilment of a long cherished dream.'

*Twinkle, twinkle little Star,
How I wonder how much you are;
Up above the original cost,
Send us money in the post.*

Have you enjoyed
The Edinburgh Star ?

*If not, we can't give you your money back
because it was free.*

If you have liked it,
please help us to keep it going
by sending your donation to

The Edinburgh Star

(c/o Julia Merrick)

10 Sycamore Gardens, Edinburgh EH12 7JJ

Glasgow (perhaps they had enough of us by then).

Glasgow received us courteously but advised us to go and give the matter further consideration, and when we returned the following year, they agreed to set us a study programme. At this time Danny Sinclair arrived in Edinburgh and Glasgow Beth Din asked him to instruct us. Danny was a busy man and our weekly lessons were usually held at the end of the day an often finished after midnight, leaving all parties near exhaustion. Eventually we completed the syllabus and returned to Glasgow for the next interview. This proved to be a turning point for us and we were once again sent to London.

Our next interview with the Beth Din had us grilled by two Dayanim and then we were asked to meet someone else. Dayan Ehrentreu entered the room and we wilted before this imposing figure, with the fearsome reputation. We need not have worried, for he was a charming man, and after some searching questions, he approved our further study with a family attached to the Glasgow Kollel.

We then entered into the final period of study with weekly trips to Glasgow and occasional Sabbath weekends. The Beth Din had entered us on the flat, but we now faced a steeplechase with almost insurmountable hurdles. The difference in lifestyle was unexpected and difficult to adjust to, but as the months passed we felt more at home in the orthodox environment and David and Angela Prum and their five children have become firm friends, with whom we frequently visit.

Conversion

Finally in July 1986 we again visited the Beth Din expecting to be told to spend more time in study. Imagine our surprise when, after a warm reception and a number of questions, we were asked if we required more time for preparation. After we regained our breath we stated our readiness to convert and Dayan Berger set a timetable for our conversion.

Bill then underwent Brit Mila and on 19th November 1986 we went to London for the Mikveh and final conversion. Naturally things could not continue to go smoothly and one hour before leaving for London the Beth Din telephoned to cancel arrangements as the lady in charge of the Mikveh was ill. As all the arrangements for the Sabbath Service and Kiddush in Edinburgh had been made, we pleaded with them to reconsider, and after a nail biting half hour they phoned back to tell us alternative arrangements had been made. We set

off for London full of hope and enthusiasm.

The Mikveh was a little different to what we had expected and Valerie was totally unprepared for the speed in which she was processed through the various hair combing, nail cutting and bathing stages of preparation. In addition, total immersion proved difficult for one to whom floating is natural—try answering questions when spluttering for air after submersion! However, "All's well that ends well" and our conversion certificates are now amongst our most treasured possessions.

For us, 22nd November 1986 is a day to be remembered. It was the day when Bill was called to the reading of the Torah and the day we felt truly Jewish. Two memories of this special occasion will always be with us—when Jonny Sperber broke into an Israeli Simcha song after Bill had concluded his reading in the Synagogue, and when Danny Sinclair fixed the mezuzah on our front door that evening. This was accompanied with song, performed in the teeth of a gale force wind, and completed by friends singing 'Mazel tov and Simen tov.'

We now complete the circle and come back to our starting point—the wedding, which took place some three months after conversion. Somehow the wedding seemed to set its seal upon the conversion and made us feel part of the community.

We are now firmly established in the Jewish faith and whilst we originally tried to observe all mitzvot, we found we were constantly making mistakes. We took stock of the situation and resolved it by observing only the main tenets at first and by building on our observance each year, when we felt ready to assume extra

duties. In this way our observance is natural and wholehearted. Hopefully, we will one day be good Jews and repay the trust that was placed in us. Perhaps it will not take 40 years to get Egypt out of the Simpson family's souls.

Life has changed dramatically since conversion. Our children, whilst not wishing to follow our path, accept our decision and its effect on their lives, although we think they believe us to be rather eccentric. The reaction of our families is tolerant acceptance with some members having more understanding than others.

Social life is entirely different with an increased circle of friends, firmer friends and a dependence upon the community to provide the hub around which life revolves.

Everything that has happened would have been impossible without the support, friendship and encouragement of the Edinburgh Hebrew Community, who, we feel, have taken us into their midst and made us a part of them. They have sincerely said 'Our people will be your people and our God, your God.'

Perhaps we can best sum up our feelings with a quotation from the 'Song of Songs.'

For lo, the winter is past,
The rain is over and gone,
The flowers appear on the earth,
The time of singing is come and
the voice of the turtle is heard in
our land.

Valerie and Bill Simpson were born in Tyneside, England, and settled in Scotland in 1971. They have two children. Valerie is a lecturer in further education and Bill is a former Engineer who, after a career in Local Government and Private Practice, now teaches music.

S. and C. Abramson
283 Middleton Road
Crumpsall
Manchester M8 6LY
Telephone: 061-740 2925



Regular fortnightly deliveries
of top quality
BEEF, LAMB and POULTRY
to Edinburgh and Glasgow

*All products Koshered and
under full time supervision of
Manchester Beth Din*

Computer Aided Design Bureau

TRI-CAD DESIGNS
9-14 Maritime Street, Leith
Edinburgh EH6 2PJ
Telephone: 031-555 0466

Computer aided design and
draughting service using
'Autocad' Rel. 9.

*Customised menus and tablets
interlinked with database for Bill
of Materials take off*

**Printing and plotting facilities
available**

Mechanical engineering, Piping,
Ducting, Detail and design
undertaken

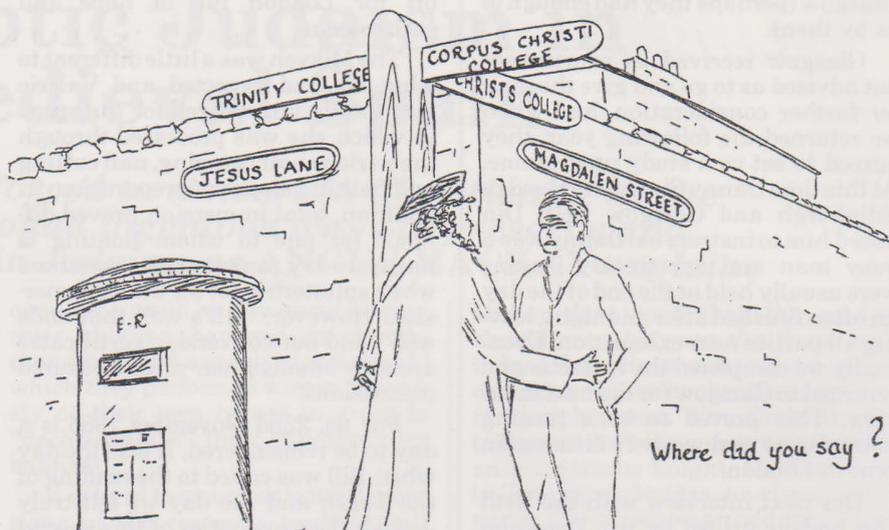
Letter from Cambridge

by BEATRICE MERRICK

IN Edinburgh things are nice and straightforward: one shul, one community, one Jewish student organisation. Numbers being what they are, that is not surprising. Jews and their opinions being what they are, though, perhaps it is. Cambridge is different.

In Cambridge there are both Orthodox and Progressive communities, both Orthodox and Progressive student groups. These differences between cities are not unusual either, but one thing makes Cambridge uniquely different from anywhere else in Britain: the synagogue is not owned by the local community, but by the students, who established it 50 years ago, and who, unlike in other towns, appear to outnumber the local residents. Such is certainly the impression given if one turns up on a Friday night: usual attendance for the service, meal and speaker, is in the region of 90 students, with only a handful of locals in evidence. Shabbos morning is the time to catch the small core of regulars, including many young families; and rather fewer students. The only time, I suspect, to catch the full range of the residents is on Yom Kippur. Last time this fell close to term there were less than ten students present (mainly overseas freshers), yet the synagogue was fuller than I have since seen it; there must have been several hundred people present, coming from all over Cambridge and the surrounding area.

I am afraid I can give little first-hand information about either the Progressive students or residents. I believe both groups to be fairly active, though the amount of communication between them is somewhat variable, resulting at times in a clash of fortnightly services instead of a complement. Certainly, many who find the orthodoxy of "J-Soc" intimidating often prefer the less formal atmosphere of "ProgSoc." It is much lamented, though seldom remedied, that the two rarely manage to sink their differences and combine for secular events. Membership of the two groups are not mutually exclusive, however, and those who want to will go to both. J-Soc regulars frequently complain how few of the potential members attend events. Unfortunately the Society has a reputation of being extremely orthodox and extremely cliquy. Both judgements are deserved—to a certain extent. Some suggest that the latter is an



unfortunate result of the former. Whether or not this is the case, I do not see either changing in the near future. Whatever one thinks of J-Soc, one has to admire a society whose speakers in one term can range from Ken Livingstone to the Duke of Devonshire and from Francine Benevisti of Helena International Introductions Agency to the Chief Press Secretary of the Israeli government. Socials have ranged from Bagel Banquets to Chocolate Fondue Parties. Friday night meals are not so much mandatory as traditional. The soup (unspecified), main course (rice or potatoes, vegetables and chicken or lamb, not to mention the soya alternative) and apple crumble do not, however, approach the unshakable position held by the After Eights as that which makes Friday night Friday night. Even the attempts of enterprising Canteen Managers this term to introduce an international flavour to the cooking have led to little more than desserts consisting of lychees (Chinese) or mangoes (Indian). Tradition, and the limitations of cooking Shabbos meals for 90, leave little hope of assailing the status quo.

Not all the groups of Jewish interest are religious, of course: there are also the Israel Society, the Socialist-Zionist Group and the Campaign for Soviet Jewry. Some people barely involved in any of these are, nonetheless, politically active and alert for threats of anti-semitism and anti-Zionism on campus. Many others, however, probably go unnoticed. The number of Jewish students in Cambridge is certainly larger than those actually involved in any of the above societies. With 200 names on the Jewish Society mailing lists out of a total number of 3,000 undergraduates in the University, it is obvious that Cambridge does not reflect the national average on this, as many other, statistics. At least 5%, perhaps even as high

as 10% of undergraduates may well be Jewish. This may make a North Londoner feel at home, but comes as more of a shock to Jews from North Britain. Of the latter I know few: the extent of the Scottish Jewish contingent so far discovered consists of myself, a Glaswegian and an Aberdonian. On the subject of minorities, still only 40% of undergraduates are women, and women always seem to be a smaller proportion than this of J-Soc.

Cambridge is still, in many respects, a privileged university, although much less so than it used to be, being far less different from other universities now than many people believe. Jewish students in Cambridge are privileged to have the opportunity to be part of a large and active Society, to have an extensive Jewish social life. Times have changed since the days when the University was stunned by an Eastern European Jew coming top of the Mathematical Tripos (degree exams), and even further since the first Jew was awarded a degree. There are established routines for accommodating the Orthodox who will not take exams or go to lectures on Shabbos (several faculties run on six-day weeks). Some colleges can even provide Kosher (prepacked) meals, and vegetarian alternatives are universal. Although theoretically willing to take action to supply the needs of minority groups, the University is used to some, such as the above, more than others. There is no pioneering necessary now; on our own behalf, at least.

The opportunities, the facilities and the people are there. It cannot be denied that to be a Jew in Cambridge is easy. The question is only what kind of Jew one chooses to be.

Beatrice Merrick is a philosophy student at Clare College Cambridge. She is nineteen years old and has lived in Edinburgh for fifteen years before going to Cambridge.

The JYSG Summer School: a formative and enjoyable experience

by BENJI ADLER

EDINBURGH JYSG has been a flourishing group for many years now but has never really been properly represented at national events. There are several reasons for this: first until last year previous Edinburgh Va'ads were not very enthusiastic about forging links with the national organisation; second, Edinburgh was not officially affiliated to National JYSG until this year; third, national events have not been properly advertised by national Va'ads and lastly, the timing of these events has not always coincided with Scottish school holidays.

Now, however, things are beginning to change. There were visits to Edinburgh last term by national Va'adniks. We have been assured that both summer and winter schools (the two main events for the year) which fall in August and December respectively will fall within the Scottish holidays in future. We also received financial help last year for two very successful events: a charity coffee morning and an inter-visit with Newcastle and the great majority of Edinburgh study groupers have become national members. Despite

this, there still seems to be a reluctance on the part of Edinburgh members to travel to national events and to meet young Jewish people from all over Britain.

This year's Summer School was held in Pontypridd, a small town just outside Cardiff. The format of the schools tends to stay the same from year to year. The day starts for the boys at around 8.15 am when they are woken for Shacharit. The attendance in Shul usually reflects what time most people went to bed the previous night. The girls are of course invited to come to Shacharit but usually abstain in favour of an extra half hour in bed! After Shacharit comes breakfast and the first of many Shirim (singing) sessions which occur throughout the day. Lectures follow breakfast and surprisingly for a group of teenagers on holiday, very few complaints are heard about the lectures. They are very informative and enthusiastically given, often on quite controversial issues. Subjects range from moral issues, like abortion, to religious topics like a discussion of a verse of Torah, to Israeli

politics. After the lectures, comes lunch, usually accompanied by another Shirim session.

The afternoon 'function' is usually some kind of sport. It doesn't matter how bad (or good) you are, everyone joins in the fun. The evening functions are more light-hearted than the morning ones, usually with a Jewish theme. They include plays, talent shows and a Chassidic Song Festival. Everything is done in a relaxed and friendly atmosphere with the highlight of every school undoubtedly being Shabbat. The atmosphere created through the Shirim, the service and Habdalah, is unique and very special.

JYSG is a relatively small youth group with a national membership fluctuating between 150 and 200. This means that almost all the members know each other and newcomers to national events are quickly made to feel at home. I strongly recommend JYSG especially for young people in dwindling communities such as Edinburgh where links with young Jewish people from other communities becoming increasingly important.

A different Bar Mitzvah

by PAUL GILBERT

FOR six months, Rabbi Shapira has been preparing me for my Bar Mitzvah. At first I found it difficult to remember so much, but gradually it became easier, and towards the end we found time to include the Shachris choir which I was used to singing anyway each shabbat.

About one week before my Bar Mitzvah I went over my parashah. When I came to the end I began to sing Ane Camocha the way the Rabbi does, which is the prayer he sings just before taking the scrolls out of the ark. I think this must have given him the idea of surprising everyone and allowing me to be chazan for the day, and to carry the Torah round by myself to the Bimah, something no other Bar Mitzvah boy had done before—at least not in Edinburgh.

I thought that this was a good idea, very unexpected and when I think about it now, I know I was privileged.

The Rabbi suggested that we kept this a secret from everyone including my parents and brothers. I'm glad I

only had to keep this up for a short time because I must admit I couldn't resist telling my mother that I had a surprise for her, but I wasn't going to tell her what it was.

At last the great day arrived; I woke up very early that morning. I didn't feel all that nervous because the Rabbi had given me such good tuition so that I felt confident.

Once the service was under way and getting nearer my maftir, I found it a bit nerve-racking, because for the first time I had to sing a big portion in front of all my relatives.

Then I started to sing Ane Camocha and I glanced over to where my mother was sitting, I still don't think she realised what it was leading up to. Then I started to walk towards the Ark and I could see her surprise.

I felt a bit worried now because the Torah was heavier than I expected it to be. As I walked past the ladies in the front row, where my mother, grandmothers and great-grandmother were sitting on the way back to the Bimah, I felt prepared to do my



portion. This will be one of the lasting memories I had of my Bar Mitzvah.

The true story behind the legend

THE JEW OF CALTON HILL

by LIONEL H. DAICHES

EDINBURGH has long been a city of strange legends, odd rumours and curious tales. In the middle of the 19th century in Leith and the Calton area of the city a story began to circulate about an old Jew who was supposed to have been buried on the Calton Hill at some unknown time in the past and whose ghost could be seen from time to time haunting lonely places and frightening children and solitary home-goers. Whose ghost this was nobody seemed to know and the authenticity of the legend was frequently doubted.

The first attempt to give an accurate account of this mysterious Jew was given by James Grant in his remarkable book *Old and New Edinburgh* published in 1882. He writes,

"On the Northern slope of the Calton Hill is a species of cavern or arched

vault in the rock, closed by a gate, and known as the Jews' burial-place. It is the property of the small Jewish community, but when or how acquired, the Rabbi and other officials, from their migratory nature, are quite unable to state, and only know that two individuals, a man and his wife, lie in that solitary spot. Concerning this place a rare work by Viscount D'arlincourt, a French writer, has the following anecdote, which may be taken for what it is worth. 'A Jew, named Jacob Isaac, many years ago asked leave to lay his bones in a little corner of this rock. As it was at that time bare of monuments, he thought that in such a place his remains ran no risk of being disturbed by the neighbourhood of Christian graves. His request was granted for the sum of 700 guineas. Jacob paid the money without hesitation, and has long been at rest in a corner of the Calton. But, alas! he is now surrounded on

all sides by the tombs of the Nazarenes.' Though not correct at its close, this paragraph evidently points to the cave in the rock where one Jew lies."

And so James Grant concludes his account of a Jewish grave in Calton.

It was not until 1928 when my late father, Rabbi Dr Salis Daiches, in research for his lecture to the Scottish Church History Society on the *History of the Jews of Scotland* that the true facts were discovered. It is to his original research and the subsequent investigations by the late Abel Phillips published in his book *Origins of the First Jewish Community in Scotland* that we know the identity of the Jew of Calton Hill and something of his life, work and burial in Edinburgh.

Teeth, corns and the new immigrant

In or about the year 1788 there landed in London a Jewish immigrant named Heyman or Herman Lyon. He had arrived from Prizal in Brabant and had been born in Germany. Sometime before 1794 he had arrived and settled down in Edinburgh where he practised as a dentist and corn operator at Reid's Court in the Canon-gate. On 3rd December 1791 he married in Sunderland a widowed lady called Hana Pollock originally from Amsterdam and the couple returned to Edinburgh. At that time Heyman Lyon was 43 years of age and on his return to Edinburgh with this bride he resumed what appears to have been a comfortable professional practice. But Heyman Lyon was ambitious and was not happy with what seemed to him the humble and artisan status of a puller of teeth and cutter of corns. On some three occasions he presented himself to the Royal College of Surgeons for membership but on each occasion, to his surprise and indignation, he was refused admission.

In order to establish his reputation as a professional medical practitioner he wrote a book which he called *Spinae Pedum*, which curious Latin title may be translated as *Corns of the Feet*. A copy of that book, published in Edinburgh, still exists in the Edinburgh University Library. It is written in a style of almost ludicrous pomposity and in a quasi-latinate gobbledegook with the obvious inten-

University

Dual affiliation to PJS and UJS hindered by Chaplain

by ADAM BLITZ

IN OUR attempt to diversify and meet the needs of our students we cannot and must not ignore our reform members. We are at present considering proposals to affiliate with both the Progressive Union of Jewish Students (PJS) and Union of Jewish Students (UJS), though we face opposition from members of the Chaplaincy Board.

It was unfortunate that, when discussing this proposal with the Chaplain Rabbi Michael Rosin, our plea should have met with so much resistance. Rabbi Rosin saw no need to affiliate with PJS and maintained that he alone had been appointed Chaplain.

It must be remembered that the Glasgow Chaplaincy Board is comprised solely of members of the United Synagogue. His appointment was in effect a self-appointment within a specific tradition. There was never any question of appointing a Reform Rabbi or having any involvement

with Reform.

I would like to add that PJS is not a rival institution to the National Union of Jewish Students (NJS) but one with specific objectives which have not been met by NJS. It is not for the Orthodox, and in particular Rabbi Rosin, to decide what our needs are. Individuals who are outside of and ignorant about the aims of the Reform Movement are in no position to criticise this tradition.

Affiliation with PJS will guarantee Reform students the opportunity to seek opinions from both the Reform and Orthodox perspective. PJS appoints a student Rabbi as well as organising seminars, weekends and a very successful Book Club—offering books at one third of the cover price.

I trust that we will have the opportunity to be members of both PJS and NJS. I have no doubt that many American members of the Jewish Society, raised in the Reform transition, will share this view.

tion of conveying to the reader the professional learning and depth of scholarship of the author. In his preface he rails at the snobbery of the medical profession in refusing to recognise his corn-cutting skills as giving him the rank and professional status of a regular surgeon and physician. His book contains a series of engraved plates showing different kinds of corns and the specially designed instruments which he used to remove them from his patients' feet. On the fly leaf some youthful reader has written a comical address to the author beginning *O Lion what an Ass thou art* and headed by a crude pencil sketch of a lion with ass's ears.

In spite of his pretentious pomposity, however, Heyman Lyon seems to have been a likeable man who enjoyed the respect and affection of his non-Jewish Edinburgh neighbours. He was certainly a man of principle who maintained his Jewish observances and identity in a city in which there were not enough professing Jews to form even a tiny congregation. He was certainly a man of integrity and indeed of considerable determination and although there was no Jewish cemetery in Edinburgh he was determined that he and his wife Hana should, at the end of their days, be laid to rest in Jewish consecrated ground. This clearly was of importance to him. He had a knowledge of Hebrew and on the title page of his book *Spinæ Pedum*, underneath his name as author, there is printed in Hebrew characters his Hebrew name Chayim Ben Leib. What made him decide finally on Calton Hill is unclear; his second choice for a burial place was Bruntsfield Links. Price or land availability may have proved the deciding factor.

A place for the final rest

In the 18th century in Edinburgh the Scottish system of land tenure and the City's Dean of Guild regulations did not permit of a simple private purchase of heritable property within the City precincts. More formal procedures were required. And so it came about that on 6 May 1795 that the Magistrates and Town Council of the City of Edinburgh received and recorded a petition of Mr Heyman Lyon (sometimes spelt 'Lion') in the following terms:

"Unto the Right Honourable the Lord Provost, the Magistrates and Town Council of the City of Edinburgh. Humbly sheweth that your petitioner has for many years been an inhabitant of this City, and he hopes he has conducted himself in a orderly and peaceable manner. As he has been educated and brought up in Religious Tenets different from the established Religion of this country which on the occasion of the

death of himself or any of his family might prevent their remains from being interred in any of the consecrated burial grounds belonging to the City, he is most anxious to purchase a small plot of ground which he will inclose for a burial place for himself and family either on the land of Calton Hill or Bruntsfield Links, as may be pointed out by your Honours' Overseer or Works."

The Town Council's reply to Heyman Lyon's Petition is recorded in their minutes in the following terms:

"Having inspected the ground on the North side of the Observatory it was thought that there is a spot near the North West corner of the surrounding wall that might answer for a burying ground. This spot is very retired and out of the way and might be enclosed with a stone wall at Mr Lion's (sic) expense. The area when enclosed may be fourteen by eleven feet over walls ... Which having been considered by the Magistrates and Council they agreed to convey the ground mentioned in the foregoing report for the purpose solely for burying place for the Petitioner and his relations, upon his paying to the Chamberlain SEVENTEEN POUNDS STERLING and his getting the consent of the tacksman (leaseholder) of the lands of the Calton Hill."

The tacksman of the lands of Calton Hill must have given his consent, for the area designated by the Town Council and Magistrates of the City of Edinburgh was duly conveyed to Heyman Lyon as a Burial ground at a price of 17 sterling. Where Viscount D'arlincourt got his figure of 700 guineas from, remains a mystery as also his designation of the "lone occupant" of the Calton Hill graves as "Jacob Isaacs."

W. Pitcairn Anderson in his book *Silences that Speak* has the following passage: "Mr Francis Caird Inglis of the Rock House states (1931) that his mother remembers well the existence of the Jewish tomb and that he had heard her describe it. The actual site of the alcove was on the slope beneath where the Observatory now stands. When a number of years ago the Council decided to widen the main walk round the hill, the sepulchre was found to be in the way, and was in large part removed. A back portion of the alcove is still to be seen, now very much open to the heavens, and is pointed out by the park-keeper. Any memorials or relics of the dead that may have existed at the demolition are supposed to have been removed to the Jewish Cemetery in Braid Place."

The Braid Place Jewish Cemetery was opened in 1825 and closed in 1867. So far as is known no memorials or relics from Heyman Isaacs Calton Hill tomb were ever transferred to the Braid Place Cemetery. But three infant children of a couple named

James and Louisa Lyon were buried in the Braid Place cemetery in the 1830s. Who James and Louisa Lyon were history does not relate.

Absent memorial

The precise dates of the interment of Heyman Lyon and his wife Hana in the tomb on Calton Hill are not known. But there is no doubt that the indomitable Heyman and his Dutch wife Hana lie side by side in a grave now unmarked and seemingly unidentifiable, surrounded by the great and good of the Edinburgh Enlightenment of the 18th century. Would it be inappropriate to suggest that attempts should now be made to ascertain the precise location of this first Jewish consecrated grave in Edinburgh and, that having been done, some suitably inscribed memorial should be erected on the site by the Edinburgh Hebrew Congregation? It should not be impossible to identify the site. And it belongs to Heyman Lyon. He paid £17 sterling for it! He was quite a remarkable man in his own odd way. Lying there, as he does, on the top of Calton Hill, may his memory remain for a blessing.



Lionel Daiches, QC, was born in Edinburgh in 1911. He was educated at George Watson's College and Edinburgh University where he read Law. He was admitted to the Scots Bar in 1946 and in 1976 he became Fellow of the International Academy of Trial

Lawyers. He has had a long and very distinguished career. He has two sons and his recreations include walking and talking.

NASTIUKS

International Food Specialists
Suppliers of international foods
Exotic fresh fruit and vegetables

Head Office:
155-159 Bruntsfield Place
Edinburgh EH10
Telephone: 031-229 7054 (24hrs)

**Wide range of
Kosher products available
Enquiries welcome**

Open Monday-Friday 8am-8pm
Saturday 8am-6pm
Sunday 10am-5pm

Fresh rye bread and homemade
bagels every day

Jewish Influence on the 1989 Fringe

by LESLIE M. BENNIE and MAURICE P. NAFTALIN

THE programme of the 1989 Edinburgh Festival Fringe offered hundreds of events presented by 504 companies, using over 150 venues. Among the performances were 422 plays, 65 orchestral concerts, 42 children's shows, 7 operas, 2 circuses and 55 exhibitions, not to mention cabaret, musicals, folk, rock and jazz concerts, readings and recitals. For the unfortunate reviewers forced to comb the encyclopaedic 1989 Fringe programme for productions with a Jewish interest, pickings were poor.

Although there was no shortage of plays by Jewish writers (there were performances of six different plays by Steven Berkoff alone), only 9 plays dealt directly or indirectly with Jewish themes, and of those only one was unconnected with the Holocaust or with the origins of the Nazi regime. Perhaps and because the one exception, a production of *Jew Süss*, had the greatest possibilities for a commentary on the contemporary Jewish condition, but its failure made it the most disappointing. To the Fringe list may of course be added, the International Festival's production of *The Dybuk*, but its first night alas, will be one day after copy deadline. A secondary title for this review may therefore be, "The Second World War, 50 years on."

Pink Elephant

Edinburgh, during the three weeks of the Festival, is unnaturally noisy. The incessant and incomprehensible gabble of foreign voices, the loud and omnipresent fringe groups pressing years of tree life in the form of flyers into one's hand, and also the clatter of fireworks—this year from all directions. Seated comfortably in the Ross bandstand on a comparatively balmy evening, being gently cradled into a reverie by the orchestra playing Handel, the feeling of calm and general ease is suddenly shattered by a blast from the castle; a series of deafening explosions set off by a pyrotechnician, beams one from the gardens into the middle of war-torn Beirut.

The Armenian Theatre Company's premiere of *Pink Elephant* depicts how a group of Armenian actors, attempts to grapple with reality by staging a play in Beirut amid the civil war. For the Armenian diaspora, the single most important issue is the preservation of culture and language. To return to the homeland or to

Albania, or even to America would lead to extinction. Freedom is to act, to do, and staying in the Lebanon, will preserve the Armenian identity.

To deaden the subconscious, the state administrators pills, and to underline the absurdity, every so often definitions are provided on subjects such as life, fear, propriety, love, loneliness, war and art. Messages are provided, both traditional and topical: torment because an actress takes off her shirt, and the rehearsal of death since there is little faith in tomorrow. Before the theatre is shelled, the "military" announce that there is nothing wrong with lawful murder: God punishes all by death, and everyone worships Him. Yet this is a play about people, rather than issues; a people whose identity is gradually being eliminated, people who have to justify the role of theatre against a background of war, death, isolation, the state and the censorious Church Council.

War themes

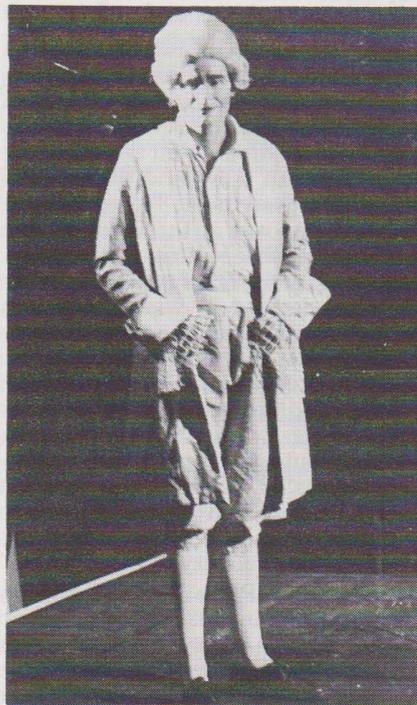
There are at least five shows deriving their theme from the war and its unparalleled horrors. *Somewhere in Europe* by Bedford Youth Theatre is an attempt to convey, in song, the

plight of love fighting censorship and distance during a war; the result is its gradual deterioration, if not destruction. A second is Westfield Theatre's *A Language of Lies*, an insight into how lies infiltrate every day homes; the theme is inspired by the propaganda promulgated by the Nazis.

Of the other three, *Oscar*, by the American Actors Alliance, depicts a very contemporary issue: the dilemma facing society's responsibility for the crimes of the past and, more important, the treatment of hitherto undiscovered culprits, the number of whom who may have been in the audience would make an interesting survey. The setting surrounds a rather explosive ambitious girl, a member of the anti-defamatory league, about to address the B'nai B'rith, and who on a recent trip to Germany discovers from relatives that her father was, albeit an ambivalent one, nevertheless a member of the Nazi party. He is now stooped with age, wears carpet slippers during the day, and whilst flipping through an old family album, he avoids her questions by describing those happier days back home in the fatherland, when the family was intact.

This man, Oscar, the father, confesses his own guilty secret, his willing part in developing new aircraft for Goering. In a quick series of flashbacks, past events, stories and betrayals come to light which conflict with Oscar's earlier explanation, especially the account of the circumstances surrounding the death of his wife, Ruth's mother. Oscar, the genius, battles with brother Ludwig, exponent of commonsense and ardent sympathiser of the party. Oscar's wife, Anna, is exposed as a German-speaking Polish spy and a Jew. A choice is made and Oscar kills his brother to protect his wife; the couple return to America, but Anna feels compelled to return to Europe. Despite arguable protestations from Oscar, she does and dies, leaving behind a child Ruth, who is brought back to America by one-time forced labour internee, Benjamin.

As the events were described, Oscar, a German, returned to his country when it was at war, worked as a flight lieutenant and was not involved in atrocities. He was a member of the party. None of this was communicated to his daughter. Ruth on discovering the truth spurns her father, but



Jew Süss

is her judgement the correct one? From the evidence it seemed quite unjust. When individual innocence is weighed against group guilt, who is to be appointed judge. Will he be able to reach a verdict? Ruth does, but her anger seems to focus on herself, her own, now blighted position, as one having been contaminated by the past. With this stigma, how could she continue with her work? How could she address the B'nai B'rith?

The remaining two short pieces about Nazi crimes can be merged for assessment purposes. Diverse Attractions' *You, Me and Harriett*, and Oxford College Players' ... *And Then They Came for Me*, raised questions, the most prominent of which is: why did these two young groups choose to mount such shows?

"First they came for the Jews, and I did not speak out—because I was not a Jew. Then they came for the communists, and I did not speak out—because I was not a communist. Then they came for the trade unionists and I did not speak out—because I was not a trade unionist. Then they came for me—and there was no-one left to speak out for me" (Pastor Niemoeller).

... *And Then They Came for Me* is a show based on documentary evidence relating to Auschwitz: diaries, photographs, trial transcripts, letters and journalism. Their combination forms a piece of theatre but at the same time forces the questions 'what does this subject do for the theatre' and also 'what does theatre do for the underlying subject'.

Words are never adequate to convey the sheer horror of the camps; the single-minded oppression of the Jews, and the unbridled brutality of their treatment. Also depicted is the dilemma of the Nazi soldier, always obeying orders, and assuming the view that it is the judge, not the executioner who is the guilty party. Simon gives the orders, the soldiers submit to and fulfil them thereby becoming sound servants of state, without making any moral judgements. The only scene when the piece becomes alive describes the escape of two lovers, their recapture and predictable execution. Thrown in is a conversation between Kurt Gerstein, camp commandant and the Swedish Ambassador, to whom is revealed the whole horror of "Judenrein" and its methods. Yet the allies claimed ignorance of the events. The audience, encircled by a wire mesh, remains in muted silence when Simon through the medium of the final slide orders applause.

On a different level, a group of equally young people, this time from Craigmillar, re-enact the predicament



Scholomo Herzl listens to Hitler in *Mein Kampf, Farce*

of both women and their evil captors. The location is somewhere near the French border, and it is set towards the end of the war. The Nazis have a disgraced ex-Wehrmacht hero, who hates his work and has compassion for the inmates. The prisoners, to balance the equation, have a Judas, a survivor, whose sole motivation is to live out the horror. To this end she sells herself in return for favours, medicines and treats, none of which she shares with her fellow prisoners. The intended drama becomes more than slightly glib, and the action in the finale is just too *deus ex machina* in light of what we do know. The Judas is strangled by her colleagues, the compassionate guard is killed by the commandant, the liberating British execute the commandant, and "me" survives the final slaughter to join Harriet in now liberated France.

It would be both wrong and arrogant to suggest that only those involved in the suffering have an inalienable right to reproduce or enact it. There is no monopoly restricting the opportunity to keep alive

the fate of millions at the hands of state-organised murder. The unmistakable message emanating from these two pieces is two-fold. First, the script and acting must be totally convincing to recreate the atmosphere of fear, helplessness and barbarity. Such plays claiming to educate, cannot, like a Shakespearian or Ayckborn comedy, be anything less than perfect, otherwise the underlying flavour will not only be lost, but give ammunition to those who disclaim the existence of the European tragedy. Second, there has to be a central character for the catharsis to work: one passage from Anne Frank does more to recreate the effect of such evil than hours of amateur drama, no matter how well intentioned. The spectacle of group suffering softens the blow; when everyone is at war, there will be equal treatment. Just as collective culpability secures complete secrecy, mass murder obscures understanding.

Mein Kampf, Farce

Certainly the most interesting and successful of the plays visited, was a production of *Mein Kampf, Farce* by

George Tabori, a cosmopolitan 75-year-old Hungarian born Jew, members of whose family were murdered in Auschwitz. The outrageous fantasy on Hitler's early life has recently become the most performed play in the German-speaking theatre. It shows the young Hitler arriving in Vienna, as a clownish country bumpkin, comically inadequate in every skill—practical, artistic and social—that he needs for survival. He is saved by the practical and emotional help of Scholomo Herzl, a fellow inmate of the dosshouse in Blufgasse. Herzl, the classical image of the compassionate, ironic self-mocking Jew, chooses to ignore Hitler's megalomania and overt anti-semitism, seeing instead only a man in need. In the end this mistake destroys him, as did happen in history both metaphorically and literally. Hitler actually did order the murder of Reinhold Hanisch, a companion of his Vienna years.

The play is a firework show of ideas, raising questions both philosophical and dramatic. Is Hitler really a subject for farce? Can love, given mistakenly, serve to strengthen a monster? How far must we investigate our own violent and authoritarian tendencies in order to resist them in others? Tabori has written, "to put it in an extreme way you can only overcome a Hitler if you allow yourself to recognise these traits in yourself."

The achievement of the play is to raise and answer these questions entirely within a non-didactic dramatic framework, frequently amusing, sometimes bawdy and finally very moving. Its symbolic and surreal effects work on every level. To demonstrate the disastrous effect of misdirected love, Tabori has Herzl, seeking to smarten Hitler's appearance, grooming him into the too familiar



Bill Simpson and his band playing at the Edinburgh Jazz Festival '89.

image. And, more potentially still, saving him from Death, who turns out only to be seeking him as an ally. Our own attraction to brutality is symbolised by the defection of Herzl's lover to Hitler, even as Herzl washes his feet. But the play is much more than a series of symbols. Although Herzl may be the representative of a type, his character is drawn with great sympathy and nostalgic love. It is this input which gives the play its force, when at the end the audience feels Herzl's pain both at his own suffering at Hitler's hands and at the realisation that he is only the first of multitudes.

Jew Süß

A marked contrast in content, direction and acting was provided by Golem Theatre's production of *Jew Süß* (see the *Edinburgh Star*, June 1989, p. 18). The legend of the golem tells of a clay statue brought to life by a miracle to defend the Jews of Prague from a pogrom. For this production there was no miracle: the pity of that absence is that the story provides the

opportunity for some very relevant reflections on the price that Jews must pay for success in the wider world.

The production was an adaptation of Lion Feuchtwanger's historical novel set in 18th century Wurtemberg. It is the story of a Jew, Joseph Süß Oppenheimer, who refuses to follow the traditional cramped path of the ghetto. He succeeds by ingratiating himself with the Grand Duke, ruler of Wurtemberg, who comes to depend on him for the management of his affairs and eventually for all his power. The payment Süß must make to be accepted is high: he has to cut himself off from his only daughter, to give up his mistress to the duke, and to accept universal unpopularity as the architect of harsh taxes. Even these sacrifices are insufficient to persuade the Duke to accept the bond that Süß believes exists between them. He continues to perceive Süß as a mere Jew, albeit a useful one. His contemptuous attitude creates a tragedy, which first destroys Süß's daughter, then himself and finally Süß.

This tragic story is not short on points of relevance for today, if only as an illustration of the vice with which racism can grip the personality of its victims. For Jews it provides thought-provoking connections with the compromises that Jews still have to make in order to survive as individuals, as a culture in the Diaspora, and as a nation state.

Maurice P. Naftalin grew up in Lincoln, England. He trained as a chemist at Southampton and Norwich Universities. He worked first as a computer programmer and now as an academic computing scientist. For the past five years he has been a Research Fellow at the University of Stirling. He has a son aged four. Leslie Bennie's biographical note can be found in the June issue.

Put yourself
in our shoes

BARNETS
Shoes

Established over 50 years

7 HIGH STREET
EDINBURGH EH1 1SR

Telephone:
031-566 3577

MAZALTOV!

We wish *The Edinburgh Star*
every success for the future!

SPLASH
Luxury bathroom
specialists

27/29 Forbes Road
Edinburgh EH10 4EG
Telephone: 031-228 6385

Confronting historical taboos

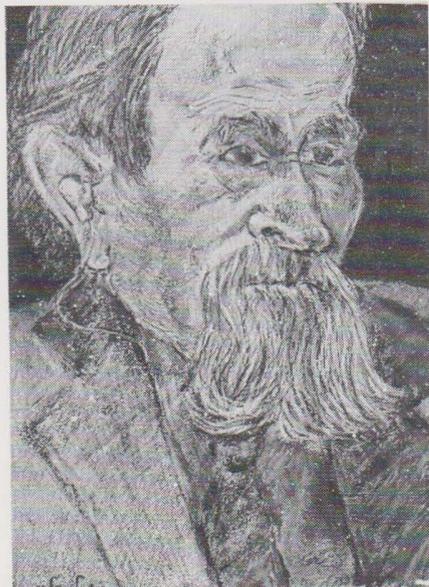
Robin Spark and the Dilemma of Jewish Art

by CHARLES RAAB

"ANYTHING I feel important I sign in Hebrew." Thus Samuel Robin Spark on the mutual compliment exchanged between ancestral language and contemporary painting. The Hebrew signature does not confer importance upon the picture. Instead, it confirms the aesthetic value that Spark, the artist, has placed upon it, and underlines the significance he gave the work while making it. A special language for a special picture; but not necessarily the Hebrew language for a 'Jewish' picture.

For what, indeed, is 'Jewish' art? Although some Jews may think so (and so, too, quite the other way, might anti-Semites), the quality of a 'Jewish' picture as 'good' or 'bad' art does not depend on the picture's provenance or subject-matter. Yet these may indicate something of its qualities, its values and the comment it seeks to make on the human condition. "What is 'Jewish' art?" is no less controversial and elusive an issue than "What is a Jew?", and is bound up with it. Many have sought to answer the question, as Robin Spark attempts to do in his art, and in his Edinburgh College of Art B.A. dissertation (1987). He introduces his study of Yosel Bergner and East European art by saying:

"When Jews talk about ... the essence of Jewish art there is much speculation. Is it the way the artist



The Philosopher

paints, the spiritual emanation, the colours used, the subject matter, or merely that the originator belongs to this ethnic group, that makes it Jewish?"

For Spark, the answer lies in the way a picture expresses a certain Jewish humanism and involves the artist's emotional engagement with the subject, whether or not that subject is 'Jewish' in any conventional sense. Arguably, there is something



Roman Vishniac

essentially Jewish in the way Bergner, whom Spark admires especially, depicted in many canvases the plight of Australian aborigines in a manner that Spark finds reminiscent of Roman Vishniac's photographs of despair and destitution in the Warsaw ghetto. On the other hand, he points out, the essence of Jewish feeling also pervades the work of the non-Jew Oskar Kokoschka; but it is far less present in the formal stylisation of the rabbis, Purim players, and Jewish soldiers portrayed by Jankel Adler, despite Adler's Hasidic background. Back to square one for an answer.

Does Robin Spark's own work help us towards one? He set aside a long career in the Civil Service to become a full-time art student in 1983. The past three years have seen him launched as an artist whose work has attracted recognition and acclaim in Scotland, London and elsewhere. His drawings were selected for exhibition at the Royal Scottish Academy in 1987, 1988

and 1989; at a gallery in Co. Wexford in Ireland; at the City of Aberdeen Art Gallery; and at the Sternberg Centre for Judaism in London earlier this year. His paintings and drawings are also to be found in many private collections.

When Spark commented to me on his Hebrew signature, we were looking at his masterly portrait of Dougie Anderson, alias "The Philosopher", in the recent exhibition of Spark's work at the University of Edinburgh Staff Club. Dougie makes frequent appearances in these pictures: here in a three-quarters profile with hearing-aid, flowing beard, and sober coat and tie; there as "The Magician", in a black bowler hat, mouth open, hands gesturing. Elsewhere as "Champagne Charlie", a riverboat-gambling wideboy whose flamboyance is conveyed in purple chalk and stained-glass colours. Further on as Succoth celebrant in "Feast of Tabernacles," complete with *lulav* and *etrog*, but also accompanied by a black cat. Cats, Spark explained, have a symbolic association with the family in Polish custom and folklore; the painter Jankel Adler included them in his depictions of Sabbath observances in the home.

Robin Spark's inventive facility



The Magician

CHIQUÉ

LADIES
FASHIONS

at

23 JEFFREY STREET
EDINBURGH, EH1 1DR

Telephone: 031-557 3044

Pringle
OF SCOTLAND
The Natural Name For Knitwear

GEOFFREY (TAILOR)

309 Sauchiehall Street
(Corner of Pitt Street)
Glasgow G2 3HW
Tel: 041-331 2388

57/58 HIGH STREET
THE ROYAL MILE
(Near John Knox's House)
EDINBURGH EH1 1SR
Tel: 031-557 0256

CAPITAL REMOVALS LIMITED

★

Local and Long Distance

★

Worldwide Shipping Service

★

*Call James or Margaret
for free advice and quote*

031-553 6845/6



The Feast of Tabernacles

with line and colour are best shown off in portraits and in studies of the human figure. In "Feast of Tabernacles", areas of transparent colour are abstractly laid on, the forms fixed in place with black line. "Reclining Nude—Marcia" uses a similar technique, almost transforming the subject into a landscape with a horizon. Several other drawings as of the nude are also handled sensitively and sympathetically. But Spark finds a more vigorous, more spontaneous and more colourful way of portraying "Forbes MacGregor—Poet" and "Eric as a Politician." The pictorial qualities of these large chalk drawings on dark backgrounds are immediately appealing. They afford direct insights into the character and personality of the sitters, partly through a skilful handling of the eyes (also evident in other drawings) and partly through the liveliness and animation of the bold chalk line. In complete contrast to these and other portraits, it is his working and reworking of oil pastel to build up a textured and incised surface that conveys a sense of the artist struggling not just to capture an image, but to express his own involvement with the subject. Two examples are "Roman Vishniac", based upon a photograph, and "Maori Warrior"; the scrapings and close parallel hatchings of these black-and-white studies bring them close to etching.

Explicitly 'Jewish' motifs—Kiddush cup, or tallit—sometimes seem relatively unimportant to the success of some of these pictures in comparison with their other aesthetic qualities. On occasion, as in the less familiar "Motif from the High Priest's Seal", the object has mainly a decorative value. Jewish art? Not because of these symbols and devices, but perhaps because, throughout the range of his techniques and subjects, Spark seems to be searching for a means of engagement with the world by coming to grips with both the idiosyn-

cratic and the typical characters it throws up. Art is the instrument of discovery, self-discovery and identity. He writes in his dissertation that

"the expressionism and symbolism in the works of such artists as Chagall, Bergner and Kramer were getting to the heart of the matter: humanity."

And he quotes the Polish writer I.L. Peretz:

"To be Jewish is our only way to be human. To find the essence of Jewishness in all places, all times, in all parts of the scattered and dispersed world-folk; to find the soul of all this and to see it lit with the prophetic dream of a human future—that is the task of the Jewish artist."

Not an easy task; but Robin Spark is finding handles for it.



Charles Raab was raised in New York where he studied art at the High School of Music and Art. His university degrees are from Columbia and Yale. Since 1964 he has been a member of the Politics Department at Edinburgh University,

where he is Senior Lecturer. With academic interests in the fields of policy studies and British government, he teaches and does research on educational policy, government secrecy and personal privacy. A co-authored book, *Governing Education*, was published in 1988 by Edinburgh University Press. He is a member of the Committee of the Edinburgh Jewish Literary Society, of which his wife Gillian is the current President. Their children, Jonathan and Anna, attend James Gillespie's High School. The family are members of the Glasgow New Synagogue, on whose council he serves. He has painted, drawn, and haunted museums and galleries all his life, and is running out of wall-space for his own works.

“Helping with Inquiries”

An Autobiography by Louis Jacobs: Mitchell £19.50

IT WAS some 28 years ago in 1961 the year that I first went to University that the “Jacobs affair” first rocked British Jewry. This well written autobiography of Rabbi Dr. Louis Jacobs reveals to us all the background details surrounding the shabby treatment meted out by the “Anglo Jewish Establishment” to one of the foremost Jewish scholars ever produced by this country. Oddly enough it was in Edinburgh in the early 60s at a Jewish Student Summer School in Newbattle Abbey College where Rabbi Jacobs was the guest lecturer that I first became acquainted with the man and his philosophy. Naturally enough it was fashionable for young students to align themselves to someone who was both charismatic and anti-establishment and I had the advantage in that my late father was a close personal friend of Rabbi Jacobs and fully supported his ideas.

What was the Jacobs’ philosophy which caused him to be branded a heretic, which caused Chief Rabbi Brodie to actively prevent him becoming Principal of Jews’ College and later from preaching and becoming Minister for the second time round of his former congregation, the prestigious, and fashionable but only nominally orthodox New West End Synagogue in London?

The book shows us just how “right wing” the young Jacobs was. Educated at Manchester Yeshiva he was attracted to the Telzer way of learning Talmud and but for the war he would have gone to Telz in Lithuania to study at the famous Yeshiva of Telz. Instead he spent several years studying at the Gateshead Kollel where his colleagues were later to become, almost to a man, his most bitter opponents. Indeed he was so much a part of the orthodox establishment that he was offered the job of Registrar of the London Beth Din and but for his absolute honesty and integrity would most certainly have been a Dayan of the most rigid of all Batei Din.

The cause of his fall from grace in the eyes of the right wing was his postgraduate studies in Biblical criticism at University College London. He explains “on the basis of Jewish dogma it is generally understood that every single word of our present text of the Pentateuch was dictated by God to Moses.” This is what every so called “orthodox” Jewish person is expected to believe. Biblical criticism

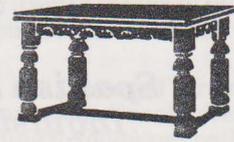
shows that “the Pentateuch is plainly a composite work produced at different periods in the history of ancient Israel.” Jacobs acknowledges that many observant Jewish scholars “compartmentalise” the two opposing views but he personally cannot accept the “two truths approach” which he calls “lack of approach.” The Jacobs’ philosophy in a nutshell is that the “ideal of critical investigation into Jewish classical sources does not prevent acceptance of the Halachah, albeit with a sense that Jewish law has had a history and did not drop down ready-made from Heaven.” And in the actual practice of religion Jacobs is as punctilious as any other orthodox Rabbi.

In 1964 supporters of Rabbi Jacobs broke away from the Chief Rabbinate and established an independent Orthodox Congregation called the New London Synagogue. There is a Scottish dimension to the story because in 1966 like-minded members of Garnethill Synagogue in Glasgow sought to become independent of the Chief Rabbi and form a loose association with the New London Synagogue. The move for independence was carried by a majority but failed to obtain the two thirds majority required for an amendment to the constitution. Rabbi Jacobs’ opinion for the failure is clearly coloured by press cuttings from a short-lived, mischievous and sensational Jewish newspaper called the Jewish Times which set up in violent opposition to the well established Jewish Echo whose Editor, Dr. Ezra Golombok together with Lionel Daiches (then Sheriff of Glasgow) and Dr. Jack Miller were leading figures in the Jacobs camp. I can recall vividly that the reason for the failure was not so much due to the opposition of a former President of the Congregation but due to the fact that the Cantor, the late Rev. S. Segal had indicated that he would be forced to resign if the motion were carried.

An outstanding feature of the book is the author’s total lack of personal animosity towards those who sought to discredit him. Total honesty comes through on every page and I am reminded of Rabbi Jacobs’ answer to a student at the Newbattle Summer School who asked him what the Jacobs’ philosophy would achieve. “I would rather be a little right than be definitely wrong” answered the Rabbi.

John A. Cosgrove

Any Antiques
in your home?



Royal Mile Curios

will be pleased to give you a realistic offer or valuation on any **Antique jewellery, gold, silver, silver plate, etc.**

We will visit your home if desired, or call into our shop NOW at:

**363 High Street
Edinburgh**

Tel: 031-226 4050

**Drummond & Co. W.S.
Solicitors and
Estate Agents**



**31/32 Moray Place
Edinburgh EH3 6BZ**
Telephone: 031-226 5151
Fax: 031-225 2608

**ANYWHERE and
ANYTIME**
you want to go, let Frutin Travel
take you there with:

- ★ Huge Discounts
 - ★ Flight Seats Only
 - ★ Full Package Holidays
 - ★ Trades Availability
 - ★ Australia—Magnificents Cuts
- Late Bookings for 1 or 2 Weeks
Away immediately on Massive Cuts



(ABTA Member)

FRUTIN TRAVEL

Scotland’s Late Booking Specialists
23 Gt Junction St., Leith, Edinburgh
Telephone: 031-554 0362
Open all day Saturday and
Monday-Friday 9am-6pm

Cryptic Judaism in Medieval Spain

Spanish Jews forced to convert to Christianity by the Inquisition, found ingenious ways to preserve and communicate their Judaism as ANGUS MACKAY explains

THE fate of the Jews of late medieval Spain, the setting up of the Spanish Inquisition, and the expulsion of 1492 are topics of perennial interest. A brief and inadequate summary of what happened might run as follows. After a period of relative tolerance during the thirteenth century, episodes of fourteenth-century persecution culminated in the horrific pogroms of 1391. At this point large numbers of Jews underwent forced conversions and were subsequently to be known as New Christians or *conversos*. But they too became the victims of persecution from the mid-fifteenth century onwards. Were they really Christians or were they crypto-Jews?

When the Spanish Inquisition began its work in Seville in 1481 it had no jurisdiction over Jews and only dealt with conversos. But in 1492 the Jews were presented with a stark choice: they either had to convert to Christianity or leave Spain. From this point on there were in theory no Jews left in Spain, because there were many conversos and they always had to be on their guard because the inquisitors and their informers were on the alert for any signs of crypto-Judaism.

The converso predicament

Hence the late fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries were characterised by what is known as the *converso predicament*. Since it was impossible for inquisitors to actually get inside the heads of *conversos*, the latter's religious beliefs were judged by the signs of external behaviour. What did a converso eat and when did he eat it? Did he go to church and, if so, how did he behave when he was there? The conversos in other words had to prove their Christian orthodoxy to the rest of society while many of them at the same time fought a stubborn crypto-Judaic rearguard action. On reading the records one sometimes feels that fifteenth-century Christians and Jews new all about semiology. Ines Lopez, for example, duly went to church, but she would deliberately fail to make the sign of the cross properly, and though she would say "in the name of the Father" she would never say "in the name of the son." Similarly although

conversos could hardly avoid having their children baptised in church, they developed a special "anti-ritual" which they performed within the safety of their own homes in order to "dechristianise" their children after baptism.

It is hard to exaggerate the dimensions of the converso predicament. Crypto-Jews had to hide their secret even from their young children. For, after all, might not a small boy or girl blurt out some fatal information in public or to the neighbours? Indeed conversos sometimes could not even communicate with each other, far less the Christians. Not all conversos were crypto-Jews: some really were Christians, and many others, the so-called Averroists, who had been bad Jews, were now equally bad Christians, and were in fact virtually atheists. So if you talked too openly to another converso, how did you know that he might not subsequently denounce you? As in all police states this kind of predicament was a nightmare which could take on grotesque proportions. Nor were the conversos the only ones to be affected because forcibly converted Muslims, the *moriscos*, faced a similar predicament. Any morisco charged with anti-Christian blasphemy was liable to defend himself by alleging that he had been drunk. After all, to be drunk was in itself a "sign" of being Christian rather than Muslim!

And so we arrive at the converso literary predicament. Did converso writers try to encode "predicament messages" in the books they wrote? If so, then they had to be very circumspect because the predicament message would have to escape the attention of the watchful Inquisition, and this of course makes it difficult for modern scholars to prove that the conversos were in fact engaged in such activities. Still, I think that the following two examples do demonstrate the inherent interest of this problem.

Literature with hidden messages

The first example concerns a Portuguese chivalrous novel, *Menina a Moca*, which was written by the converso Bernardim Ribeiro. Here the

author does hint that the reader should read between the lines, and indeed the curious names given to the characters in the book seem to cry out for decipherment. Who, for example, is Bimnarder? He appears at first as an anonymous knight. He then falls in love and decides to change his name. There follows an odd episode in which a man, who is burned by fire, says *Bim'n'arder* ("I saw myself burn"). At this point the knight, who knows that he too will burn, decided to call himself Bimnarder. But Bimnarder is also an anagram of the author's name, Bernardim. Is the knight simply aware that he will be consumed by the fire of love, or is there a more sinister implication for the author? In any case the knight, Bimnarder, is deserting his previous lady the vengeful Aquelisia, whose odd name appears to be a thinly disguised approximation of *Ecclesia* or *Igreja*, the Church. Is Bimnarder, therefore, simply a knightly protagonist in a very odd romance of chivalry, or is he a converso who has decided to return to Judaism despite the inevitable retribution by burning which he foresees? In fact on deserting the vindictive Aquelisia he turns to his oddly-named new love, Aonia or "to the strength of God." Clearly a book which abounds with such contrived ambiguities deserves serious attention.

The second example is even more surprising inasmuch as it concerns *La Lozana Andaluza*, a book written in Rome by the Andalusian converso priest, Francisco Delicado, and published in Venice in 1528. This is an account of low life in Rome, and it deals in particular with the activities of Andalusian New Christian prostitutes, the chief protagonist being Lozana, whose fortunes we follow from her childhood in Andalusia through to her old age in Rome. Incidentally the fact that Delicado was both a converso and a priest should not surprise us: conversos often sought out the "safest" professions, and indeed tried at baptism to assume safe "Catholic" surnames, such as Santa Maria, for example. Obscene and humorous, Delicado's book is invariably praised for its realism. Delicado knew the sub-world of Andalu-

sian prostitutes in Rome very well: he himself appears as a protagonist in the novel, and he for long suffered from syphilis, a disease which had recently made its first appearance in Europe and about which Delicado wrote an important medical treatise. On reading *Lozana* one gets the impression that it is almost as if Delicado had plunged into the low life of Rome equipped with a tape-recorder and video camera. What does such a book tell us about the converso predicament?

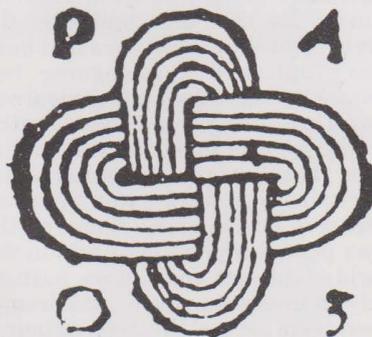
To begin with, a straightforward reading of the text provides us with insights about many of the incidentals of converso life. A study of the religious utterances of all the characters in the book, for example, immediately reveals the converso mould:



The tzit ztit (left) and the mysterious knot (right). Are these two related?

God is invoked well over a hundred times but Christ and the Virgin Mary are entirely absent. We learn that the women are fond of Hispano-Muslim food and that they get on well with the Jews in Rome. We even learn how they establish a person's religious identity by indirect and subtle means. When Lozana first arrives in Rome, for example, the Andalusian *conversas* already there want to find out if she is a conversa as well so that they can speak more freely. But, of course, Lozana too is on her guard and, if challenged directly, will make herself out to be an Old Christian. The solution to the problem lies in the preparation of food. The conversas therefore ask Lozana to prepare them a dish of *hormigos*—the point being that if she prepares the pastry with olive oil, this will show that she is a conversa, but if she uses water, this will indicate that she is an Old Christian. Lozana of course uses olive oil.

Useful as all such information is, however, there is nothing at this level which could be thought of as constituting a "predicament message." And yet it is there. For a start Delicado takes care to indicate that the reader should delve below the surface of the text. Moreover, right at the beginning of the book Delicado rather mysteriously quotes a certain Fernando del Pulgar in part explanation of his purpose in writing: "And as the chronicler Fernando del Pulgar says 'in this way I will forget my grief.'" Who was Pulgar and what "grief" did he refer to? It is a remarkable fact that Pulgar, himself a converso and an influential figure in late fifteenth-century Spain, had been the only person to try and defend the young conversa girls of Andalusia when the Inquisition first started its operations. Indeed it is possible to go further than this and state quite simply that the young conversa girls whom Pulgar defended appear later in Delicado's book. When Pulgar tried to protect these girls in the course of a savage and public pamphlet war which he waged with the inquisitors in 1481, he predicted that they would flee abroad in order to escape the persecution of the Inquisi-



tion. Years later in Rome, Lozana asks her conversa friends how long they have been there, and they reply "since the year in which the Inquisition began." In this sense, therefore, Delicado's book illustrates the predicament of young girls who have fled from persecution and who have had to take recourse to prostitution in order to remain alive.

Pulgar's main point in his pamphlet war was that it was cruel for the inquisitors to punish young and ignorant girls. Such girls had naturally tended to follow the Judaic practices of their parents without fully understanding them within the context of a Jewish society which was disintegrating under Christian pressure. Even worse, although now nominally Christians, they had never been given any religious instruction by their Christian persecutors. Delicado repeatedly emphasizes this same point in his book. Lozana is very cle-

ver and cunning as far as surviving is concerned, but she has no religious knowledge. Above all Lozana has no *sapientia*, and here Delicado is clearly alluding to the wisdom of *sapientia* of Job, 28:28: "Behold, the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom; and to depart from evil is understanding." Yet although no one has imparted religious instruction to Lozana, she does eventually and painfully acquire *sapientia* by herself, leaves Rome, and departs from evil. Despite her life as a whore, bawd, and peddler of fake cosmetics and medicines, Delicado presents Lozana as an innocent woman who triumphs through adversity to *sapientia*. Indeed the whole theme of his book comes very close to the Talmudic precept that "where there is no knowledge at the beginning but there is knowledge at the end" the sin is held in suspense. In fact the case of these conversa girls, defended by Pulgar and "filmed" by Delicado, seems particularly appropriate in this context:

"Of necessity then, said Abaye, Rabbi holds that the knowledge gained from a teacher is also called knowledge. But if so, said R. Papa to Abaye, the statement in the Mishnah 'where there is now knowledge at the beginning, but there is knowledge at the end' (is incomprehensible, for) is there any who has not even the knowledge gained from a teacher? He replied: Yes! it is possible in a child taken into captivity among heathen."

The mysterious knot

When Lozana acquires wisdom and decides to leave the evil life of Rome, she promises her friend Rampin that if she sees Peace, she will send it back to him tied up in a knot of Solomon. This mysterious knot or sign is reproduced in the text of the book. Obviously, the reference to Solomon once again suggests wisdom or *sapientia*. But convinced that there was more to the knot than this, I consulted my colleague and friend, Dr. Gary Dickson, who pointed out that it is remarkably like the cross-section of a *tzitzit*. Now according to *Numbers*, 15: 37-41 the children of Israel were enjoined to make fringes "in the borders of their garments throughout their generations" for the following reasons:

"And it shall be unto you for a fringe, that ye may look upon it, and remember all the commandments of the Lord, and do them; and that ye seek not after your own heart and your own eyes, after which ye use to go a whoring: That ye may remember, and do all my commandments, and be holy unto your own God. I am the Lord your God, which brought you out of the land of Egypt, to be your God: I am the Lord your God."

La Lozana Andaluza is admittedly
Continued overleaf

MEMORIES OF MY TOWN

In his first report, ANDREW CURZON recollects Jewish life in the Polish town of his childhood before the Holocaust

I HAVE lived most of my life in Britain and particularly in Edinburgh. I have completely absorbed the British way of life. My language is English, my wife and children speak English and yet I cannot eradicate from my mind the place I was born and brought up in: the Polish town of Lodz.

A vibrant Jewish community

At the beginning of the 19th century Lodz was but a small village. One hundred years later Lodz grew up to be one of the big cities of Eastern Europe. The Jewish community of Lodz was one of the biggest in the world with a population of 233,000. It fully comprised one third of the population of the city.

The village started to grow when the Tzar invited German industrialists to build an industrial centre for Russia. Under the pressure of the Germans, the Jews were prohibited to settle or own any property in Lodz.

Research

Continued from previous page

all about whoring. But the whoring has different levels of meaning and is both real and metaphorical. On the one hand the young Andalusian girls, fleeing from inquisitorial persecution, have to survive by prostituting themselves. This predicament is bad enough. But they are also conversas or New Christians, even though no one has imparted knowledge of sapientia to them. Delicado's knot, then, is a sign or reminder of a tzit tzit—its "predicament message" emphasises the evils of both the whoring sought after by the hear and the eyes, and the whoring after false gods.



Angus Mackay was born in Peru and brought up in Scotland. As an undergraduate he read History at Edinburgh University where he also did his Ph.D. Presently he is Professor of Medieval History at Edinburgh University.

His academic interests are social, economic and religious history of late medieval and early modern Spain as well as medieval and early modern Spanish literature. He is author of several books and numerous articles on the above topics. He is married with two children.

Things changed dramatically when in 1862 the Tzar granted the Jews Resident Rights. Many restrictions were abolished. Suddenly the Jews were free to settle and that period saw the birth of one of the greatest Jewish communities in the world.

The incoming Jews started with incredible vitality and energy. They developed a remarkable skill in commerce, industry and the professions, thus becoming what the German industrialists feared most: great competitors in the Russian market. Before the First World War the Jews were known to own 175 factories and practically all the businesses in town. Two particular industrialists are worthy of special mention: Usher Kohen, who owned a complex of textile factories and employed over 10,000 workers, and Poznanski, who built a palace in the centre of the city. Both were great philanthropists who contributed generously to the welfare of the community. By that time and after the First World War, the Jews had built many splendid synagogues, two Hebrew gymnasiums, a technical college, a hospital, a free medical centre, an old people's home, and an orphanage. There were also many other charitable organisations and even an extensive Jewish press. Above all the Jews played a prominent role in the world of the arts and culture, particularly in literature, music and drama. There were several theatres, a choir, a symphony orchestra and libraries.

Besides the prosperity of the majority of the population, there was, inevitably, some appalling poverty in the Baluty district. The Jewish worker was not particularly welcomed by the Poles in the textile and hosiery factories and although tailoring and shoe making were well recognized Jewish trades, there were some who could not make ends meet. As there was no state help they were generously looked after by a warm and caring population who wouldn't allow anybody to go hungry or be sick without medical help.

Officially-fostered antisemitism

After the First World War when Poland became independent, the situation of the Jews changed radically. The Polish government immediately introduced anti-Jewish fiscal policies thus thwarting their effort to recover from the crippling damage

suffered. My own parents took many years to recover from its consequences. However gradually things started to improve despite heavy taxation and other restrictions imposed by the government. Life established itself quite successfully for a while. By 1934-35 the government-sponsored antisemitism gripped the country. Pickets appeared preventing customers entering Jewish shops and a general boycott of Jewish trade forced many businesses into bankruptcy. The result was that the country itself became a victim of the situation. The violent antisemitism started with a terrible massacre of Jews in Lwow and Gen. Hallr's army, that came from France, felt free to molest the Jews all over the country.

With the advent of some freedom when the Jews were allowed out of the Ghetto and received some European education and culture, they were beginning to look for a solution to their oppression and degradation. The traditional way of life was to observe their religion and forever hope that one day the Messiah will come and redeem the world.

However, there were those who were looking for a more pragmatic solution: they believed in complete assimilation and tried hard to emulate in every respect the way of life of the Christians. There were those that followed Karl Marx's teachings. One of the Jewish sections of socialists were the Bund who believed in maintaining the Yiddish culture in whatever country they lived. They had quite a strong following and are still prominent in Australia and Argentina.

That very period also saw the birth of Zionism which captured the imagination of the majority of the Jewish population and particularly of the young. Their enthusiasm was nurtured by all the great leaders that frequented in Lodz. There were different Zionist parties but the real pioneers who wanted Palestine as a homeland were not inspired by tradition or even by religion but by sheer patriotism. The young people flocked to youth organizations and *hachsharot* in the hope that one day they would make the Aliyah. But the "Certificate" (permission to emigrate) was hard to come by. Palestine was under the British Mandate and they were not very generous with the Certificates. In fact they were bent on obstructing our effort in realizing our ideal.

IN THE WAKE OF THE OFFICIAL INVITATION TO THE SOVIET UNION

Will Russia tell Wallenberg's family the truth?

by MAURICE SAMUELSON

NEARLY forty-five years after Raoul Wallenberg was trapped in Russia, it is tantalising to imagine that the man who saved thousands of Hungarian Jews during the Nazi terror of World War Two could still be alive there as an elderly, confused prisoner.

The gifted young Swedish diplomat, one of the great tragic heroes of the Holocaust, would now be an old man of 77. Judging by the numerous sightings of him reported over the years, he would have spent most of his life being shunted from prison to prison, from camp to camp, from hospital to hospital.

Or maybe, as the Soviet authorities insist, Raoul Wallenberg is no longer alive, even though he may have survived in the Gulag far longer than Moscow now cares to admit.

Either way, the time has never been more auspicious to seek the truth about his fate. In the West, thanks to the exertions of his family and of sympathisers in many countries, his case has been rescued from the obscurity in which it lingered until the mid 1970's.

It culminated with his being proclaimed an honorary citizen of the United States, an honour since replicated by a number of other countries, including Canada and Israel.

As a result of this campaign, which spawned a host of books, films and television documentaries, the inspiring and tragic story of Raoul Wallenberg was finally transmitted across the Iron Curtain.

In Hungary, the scene of his tireless rescue actions in 1944, the authorities two years ago permitted the erection of a statue in Budapest symbolising his wartime exploits and his plight as the century's longest missing prisoner.

In the spirit of "Glasnost", it is now the turn of the Soviet Union to deal with this case. Four years ago, did not President Mikhail Gorbachev avow that henceforth there must be no more "blank pages" in Soviet History?

Under his liberating influence, the official silence about Stalin's crimes has again been broken and many of the dictator's innocent victims are

being belatedly rehabilitated and vindicated.

The process began with Communist leaders whom Stalin destroyed and vilified in the 1930's. It has now

such an investigation would be futile because "the people who destroyed people like Wallenberg also destroyed all documents concerning him and these people were then destroyed."



Raoul Wallenberg

extended to his treatment of individuals and groups of people from other countries.

Gingerly, Moscow is preparing to acknowledge his responsibility for liquidating the Polish army officer corps at the Katyn forest early in the war and the secret protocols with Hitler enabling Soviet rule over Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania while Hitler was gobbling up western Poland.

Admitting the truth about Raoul Wallenberg will also be more than a domestic Soviet matter—apart from his native Sweden, the case now arouses intense interest throughout the West, including Israel and world Jewry.

Nor surprisingly, Soviet officials shrink from a new full-scale investigation, claiming that exhaustive internal inquiries have already been made. At a conference in Paris on Thursday, June 1, Mr. Yuri Kashleve, a Soviet spokesman, suggested that

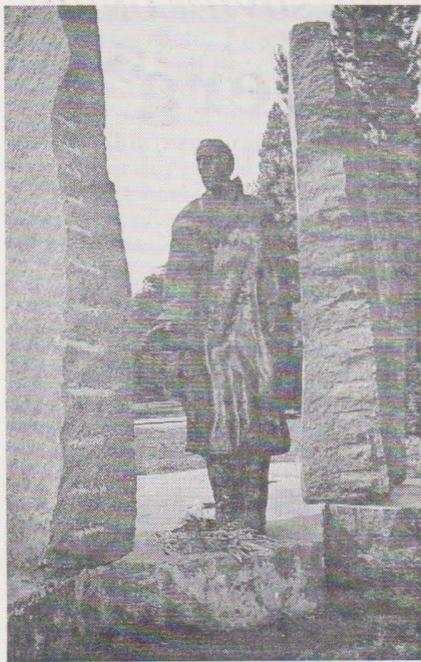
This statement is open to question. Throughout the Stalinist period people were expendable. Not so the documents, whose jealous preservation has long been a key feature of Russian bureaucracy.

Leopold Trepper, head of the Communist Red Orchestra spy ring in the Second World War, recounted a significant anecdote in his autobiography, published in 1977, after his successful fight to leave Poland for Israel.

Returning voluntarily to Moscow after the defeat of Hitler, Trepper had expected to receive a hero's welcome, but instead was clapped in jail, where he was forced to write a lengthy account of his espionage work in Nazi occupied Europe.

After Stalin's death, he was released and eventually allowed to return to his native Poland where until the anti-Jewish backlash of 1968 he occupied an honoured position in the communist hierarchy.

In 1965, he was contacted by a



Statue of Raoul Wallenberg erected in Budapest in 1987
(photos specially sent from Hungary by Ivan Konkoly)

Soviet journalist who wanted to interview him about his war exploits. Asked what had brought him to Trepper's door in Warsaw, the journalist said that he had gone to the Lubyanka prison, headquarters of the KGB, seeking information about another wartime spy.

Instead, the KGB officer had taken a bulky file from a safe, handed it to him and said it contained a much better spy story.

The file was Trepper's own "confession" to Stalin's henchmen about 20 years earlier. Trepper remarked: "In the Soviet Union files last forever, and the day they are opened . . ."

In the case of Raoul Wallenberg, it is hard to imagine that the Soviet authorities failed to keep voluminous records on a man whom they regarded as a highly interesting prisoner and also the subject of numerous inquiries by the Swedish Government.

With his high level connections in Sweden and Washington—his rescue mission was financed by the White House—young Wallenberg (if his captors had broken him) would have been a star witness in a Hungarian show trial similar to the Slansky trial in Czechoslovakia. The Russians are believed to have planned such a trial. Matyas Rakosi, the Stalinist dictator of Hungary, once described Raoul Wallenberg as an American spy.

If that was why he was detained in the first Cold War years, there may have been different reasons for his detention in later years and Moscow's secrecy about him.

Until 1957, four years after Stal-

in's death, the Soviet Union spread a veil of mystification over Wallenberg. After briefly announcing in 1945 that he was safe in Russian hands in Budapest, it inspired rumours that he was dead, and finally claimed to have no knowledge of him.

But in 1957, following incontrovertible evidence that he had indeed been in Moscow, the Government of Nikita Khrushchev retracted all previous statements with the sensational disclosure that Wallenberg had indeed been a Soviet prisoner but that, tragically, he had died in prison in 1947. It conveniently blamed his death on Abakumov, one of Stalin's henchmen, who had since been executed.

Neither then nor subsequently has this story been accepted by the Swedish Government, not least because of numerous strong reports that Wallenberg was alive long after his supposed death. They include the account of Marvin Makinen, a Finnish American who, during imprisonment in Russia on a spying charge in 1960, had a cell-mate who was reputed to have escorted many foreign prisoners "including the Swede Wallenberg."

There was also the case of Dr. Aleksander Myasnikov, a leading Soviet psychiatrist, who told a distinguished Swedish colleague in about 1960 that Wallenberg was his patient and he knew where he was held. When the news got out, Myasnikov sheepishly retracted the story, but his Swedish interlocutor maintained to her dying day that there had been no misunderstanding. At that time, there was little realisation that in Russia obdurate prisoners were sub-

ject to psychiatric abuse in Soviet hospitals.

Even today, it is hard for Westerners to believe that a Government of a great power would cynically claim that a living man was dead. Yet as I have found in my researches into his fate, Wallenberg would by no means be the only Russian prisoner to suffer in this curious fate.

If one seeks an explanation for Soviet behaviour over Wallenberg, the question should have been addressed to Mr. Andrei Gromyko, Russia's longest serving diplomat and, until his replacement by Mr. Gorbachev last year, the president of the USSR.

Gromyko was a responsible official at the Soviet Foreign Ministry during the first seven years during which it steadfastly denied that Wallenberg was on Soviet soil. As deputy foreign minister, it was Gromyko who performed the *volte face* in 1957 by announcing that Wallenberg had, after all, been in Russian hands but was thought to have died ten years previously.

When Gromyko served as Foreign Minister throughout the 1960's and 70's it was therefore unrealistic to expect him to perform yet another U-turn by saying that perhaps Wallenberg had NOT died in 1947 after all.

When the veteran diplomatist went into retirement, a member of Wallenberg's family observed, "the stopper has been pulled from the bottle."

While the wind of "glasnost" is still blowing in the Soviet Union, let us hope that Soviet journalists who have bravely examined many other "blank pages" in their country's modern history will at last turn to his most mysterious page of all—the fate of Raoul Wallenberg.



Maurice Samuelson
was born in Melbourne, Australia, in 1935. He grew up in Manchester and is a graduate of Oxford University. He became a journalist shortly after completing his National

Service in 1960 and has worked for the BBC, *The Jewish Observer* and *Middle East Review*. Since 1975 he has been on the staff of the *Financial Times* as a specialist energy writer. In 1975 he became interested in the case of Raoul Wallenberg and devoted many years to publicising his little known exploits in war-time Hungary and campaigning for the truth to be revealed about his prolonged incarceration in the Soviet Union. He is married to a social worker and they have three grown-up children.

The Colonel who defied orders

JERRY PAYNE *examines a recent biography of Imre Reviczky, the Hungarian army officer who resisted antisemitic persecution during the Second World War*

HUNGARY is liberalising radically. The conditions for conducting pluralist politics have been created with astonishing rapidity, as have the vehicles and arenas to enable an unfettered exchange of information and views to take place. A frenetically active independent press seems bent on making up for forty years of deficiency overnight. No subject, be it of topical (e.g. the persecution of the Hungarian minority in Romanian Transylvania), or historical interest (e.g. the events of 1956), is now taboo. There is one chapter in the country's history, one that antedates the four decades that Hungary has been a People's Republic in the socialist bloc, which will surely receive more intense examination that has been the case hitherto: the Hungarian Holocaust.

In 1949, Hungary, like other East European nations in the postwar period, chose to wipe the slate clean and disclaim responsibility for its history; or rather it was selective, adopting the good and "progressive" rejecting the bad and "reactionary." Thus, Hungarian irredentism in the interwar years, the determination of Horthy's Hungary to restore the historical frontiers (the 1920 Treaty of Trianon deprived the country of two-thirds of its territory and about 3 million ethnic Hungarians) and the subsequent alliance with Hitler's Germany was not deemed to have been the responsibility of the nation as such, but of the ruling clique. Similarly, it was this feudal-fascistoid ruling class that took the country into the war on Germany's side and was responsible for the eventual occupation by the Germans on 19th March 1944. In the wake of the Wehrmacht came Eichmann and his henchmen. It was then that the ghettoization and deportation of Hungarian Jewry was initiated.

Inside the country relatively little attention has been focussed on the history of anti-semitism in interwar Hungary, on the atrocities committed by Hungarians before the German occupation or indeed on the role of Hungarians themselves actually implementing what even the Germans recognised as having the most efficiently and rapidly conducted of all deportation operations. Not until recently has there been any real evidence of the sort of *public, national*

effort to "come to terms" with the past, no tortured self-examination such as has happened in the Federal Republic of Germany. Hungary placed the major burden of responsibility on the Germans and their "bourgeois" lackeys. The most visible scapegoats, members of the German minority still in the country after the



Imre Reviczky in 1946

war, were ejected and open discussion about specifically Hungarian involvement and responsibility suppressed. The skeleton is now being brought out of the cupboard.

One of the consequences of a more fearless confrontation with the past has been the (very belated) erection in Buda of a memorial to Raoul Wallenberg. Recognition was also late in coming to Imre Reviczky, the subject of this biography. Written by his son Adam, it was published in Hungary in 1985 and is shortly to appear in English. Only in 1981 was a commemorative plaque unveiled in his native Hungary. In Yad Vashem he has been remembered for far longer, as "The great Hungarian Chassid of the Umot Haolam." Although Reviczky's efforts to save human lives were of a less spectacular kind than Wallenberg's, he was nevertheless one of the few Hungarians to offer effective resistance to anti-semitic persecution and one is bound to link the country's

tardiness in acknowledging the role he played in 1944 to the suppression syndrome alluded to above. What then does this book seek to achieve?

Reviczky and the Jewish plight

There is no space to enumerate his deeds in detail. Briefly: in 1943 Imre Reviczky, a senior Hungarian Army Officer, was given command of the Xth Labour Service Battalion in Nagybánya in Northern Transylvania (restored to Hungary in 1940 under the terms of the Second Vienna Award). The so-called Public Labour Service was set up in 1941; all Jewish males of military age were required to enlist. Basically, it was a system of forced labour, a logical extension of the series of Anti-Jewish Laws that had been progressively introduced in Hungary, in parallel to Germany's Nuremberg Laws. In theory, the conditions of service laid down in the relevant decrees allowed for a vestigially humane treatment of the recruits, in practice it was a state-sanctioned means by which a large section of the community which had historically considered and proved itself to be loyal Hungarians could be systematically debased and deprived of their human rights. Nagybánya, now Baia Mare in Romanian Transylvania, lay in a region containing particularly large concentrations of Jews, and at one stage as many as 12,000 enlisted men were quartered in the camp.

Between his appointment and the evacuation of Nagybánya in late 1944, Lt. Colonel Reviczky did everything in his power to alleviate the lot of the (largely Jewish) recruits in his care. Until ghettoization and deportations began in May 1944, this meant putting an end to the physical maltreatment to which the labour servicemen had been subjected before he arrived, providing them with decent food and clothing, diverting men from murderous duties in the Ukrainian minefields, granting leave on humanitarian grounds, interceding on behalf of those charged with infringements of the military code, assigning family men, the old and infirm to less arduous duties; in a word it meant fostering human, civilised values in an increasingly brutalised environment.

From May 1944 onwards the immensity of the catastrophe led him to



SS men 'select' Hungarian Jews on the ramp at Birkenau. To the left, able-bodied men who are sent to the barracks. To the right, old people, women and children sent to the gas chamber.

forsake his cautious, low-profile approach and adopt more aggressive counter-measures in order to frustrate and undermine the orders he received to collaborate with the deportations. To cite one example: realising that the victims targeted by the Hungarian gendarmery were safer under his command at the Nagybánya camp than in the Transylvanian ghettos he issued thousands of phoney emergency call-up papers, even going to the extent of personally fetching prospective recruits from the ghettos. There was, of course, little he could do to help the women and children. When he received the order to evacuate the camp in the face of the fast approaching Red Army, he dragged his feet as long as he could, rightly suspecting his men would be safer staying in the East. Eventually, he simply allowed them to go their own way, under the escort of trusted junior officers. He spent the last months of the war in the notorious prison in Sopronkhida for this act of "sabotage."

Although the bulk of the book is naturally devoted to the critical years in Nagybánya (the material consists of a large number of eye-witness accounts of surviving members of the Labour Service) the author is at pains to understand what it was that enabled his father, almost alone in the Hungarian officer corps, to swim against the tide of inhumanity. We shall be disappointed if we expect a single, simple answer to this question from the life Reviczky lived before Nagybánya. To judge by his upbringing

and military career until then he seemed destined to become a pillar of that section of society that actively participated in, condoned or was indifferent to the persecution of Hungarian Jewry.

Life of the righteous gentile

He was born in 1896 into a family of small landowners in a county that has been a part of Slovakia since 1920 (with the exception of a short period when the fatal pact with Germany led to its short-lived reincorporation into Hungary). He was brought up to respect conservative, patriotic values and there is no evidence that he was anything other than a loyal member of his social class in the early years of his military career. He had a distinguished record during the first world war, in which he served as an officer in the Royal Hungarian Army on the Russian and Italian fronts. Neither did he react unpredictably after the war. He refused to accept the dismemberment of his country (and the loss of his family home) and even joined the Red Army during Bla Kun's short-lived Soviet Republic to continue the struggle against the new Czechoslovak state. From his son's evidence it seems his ability to accept the new realities coincided with a growing disenchantment with the extreme jingoistic sentiments that prevailed in the (now shrunken) Hungarian officer corps in the years that followed the overthrow of the Council Republic and the establishment of the Horthy Regency. The first anti-Jewish legislation (the *numerus clausus*, i.e. a res-

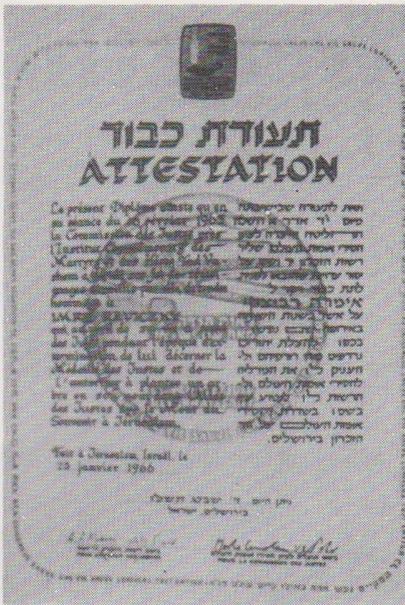
triction on the numbers of Jews enjoying higher education) had been introduced in the early 1920s. By the early thirties, we read, the career officer had developed something of a reputation as an expert on Jewish affairs as a result of his dubious contacts with the Jewish recruits under his command and with other members of that increasingly spurned section of the community. On the other hand, we also read that he continued to enjoy the country pursuits more typical of his class.

Hungary was brought into the war in 1941 and Reviczky soon found himself in command of a unit with the 2nd Hungarian Army in the Ukraine. Within a month or two he was back in Hungary, having been relieved of his command. The circumstances that led to his disgrace are rather unclear, but it appears he had proved insufficiently energetic in carrying out orders to proceed against enemy villages (what nowadays would euphemistically be called "pacification"!). Protection in high quarters nevertheless prevented a court martial and in May 1943 Lt. Colonel Reviczky was appointed to the (unglamorous) post in Nagybánya.

As I suggested above, there are few answers here, apart from Reviczky's gradual estrangement from the more extreme manifestations of the ruling ideology. The key lies in the man's character. Witnesses testify to the "correctness" of his dealing with everyone, regardless of age, sex, religion,



Hungarian Jewish children on arrival at Birkenau.



Yad Vashem: Imre Reviczky recognised as being one of the Righteous.

nationality or race. He was profoundly tolerant of human diversity, without ever surrendering what was basically a conservative, "old-fashioned" morality. He remained a martinet, a stickler for the formalities, qualities that stood him in good stead vis-a-vis his superiors. He was an expert manipulator of the service manuals and the military codes and was careful never to give his superiors the rope to hang him by. If this book has a lesson to teach, it is that it is possible, to a greater or lesser extent, to play any system, however evil and treacherous. Reviczky did not go in

for heroics. He displayed the most difficult type of courage, namely the moral courage to be the one man out of step with the rest of the regiment, to eschew ambition if its pursuit compromised his deepest convictions. He had to tolerate his peers' taunts and sneers that he was a "Jew lover."

The last section of the book chronicles his sad final years. After the war, far from being welcomed into the new "democratic" army and given the sort of position which his (lamentable!) record in Horthy's army obviously qualified him, his career was blocked at every turn. He was unwanted and unrecognised by the new masters. Eventually he was required to take early retirement. The years up to his death in 1956, some of which were spent shovelling coal in a Budapest cellar, were spent in a bitter struggle to obtain the pension which he had been denied on retirement, a struggle which was only partially successful, shortly before his death. It is this postscript to the main story that brings us back to the question raised earlier: why has it taken so long for Hungary to confront this period in its past? Randolph L. Braham's account of the Hungarian Holocaust (*The Politics of Genocide*, Columbia University Press, 1981) has documented the facts in massive detail, the main lines of the argument have been drawn (see, for example, the collection *The Holocaust in Hungary: Forty Years Later*, ed. Randolph L. Braham, New York, 1985), and the conditions for a thorough and open debate are in place.

I finish with a quotation from the

book, part of a homage to Imre Reviczky paid by surviving members of the Labour service, Originally written in Hebrew, this passage was translated first into Hungarian, then into English:

"May the memory of Imre Reviczky be blessed. He was perhaps the greatest of the pious. He put his own and his family's freedom at risk, his job had been to torture and use the Jews for forced labour, but he punished his subordinates if they harmed a single Jew. A large part of Transylvanian Jewry have him to thank for their survival. The Jewish people still have not rendered him the homage he deserves. It is written: 'Whoever saves one human life waves the whole universe.' It was all the more a privilege to know such a noble and heroic man, for he was not afraid to confront inhumanity. It is our duty not to forget him or his family. There will be eternal peace and the eternal bond . . . between us."



Jerry Payne was born in Winchester in 1944. He did his undergraduate studies at the University of London and his Ph.D. at Edinburgh. Currently he is a lecturer in German at Heriot-Watt University. Since the late seventies, when he spent a year working in Budapest, he has developed an interest in the Hungarian language and in the history and culture of the country. Apart from numerous translations he has published a Hungarian course book. He has translated and edited the biography of Imre Reviczky.

Israel

Do you speak English? It doesn't matter

Amid soaring unemployment, English-only speakers no longer find jobs easily in Israel. NAT GORDON reports from Tel Aviv

ENGLISH is the major commercial language throughout the world, and in Israel it is clearly the second most important language. In order to import or export every company needs to have someone who can speak and write in English, every hi-tech company works almost exclusively in English, and so the opportunities for English-speakers to be employed within the Israeli market should be great. Unfortunately this is not the picture today—although this certainly was the case ten years ago and during the heady days of hyperinflation when every English-speaker

could easily have had a choice of jobs. Today almost every company and organisation is suffering from the effects of the present depression and staff cut-backs. As far as I can determine, the current unemployment scene is different from previous times when only certain sectors or types of employees were effected. Today's unemployment is non-discriminatory, affecting everyone from Managing Directors to factory cleaners.

My aim in this short article is not to analyse the reasons for this—other than to suggest that the inefficiencies caused by government bureaucracy,

together with the huge influence of the clumsy, non-businesslike Histadrut sector, have taken their toll. I would, however, like to see if there is any light at the end of the tunnel. At present, bi-lingual (English and Hebrew) staff are in much greater demand than English-only staff, and starting-salary levels are dropping. On average, salaries are down about 10% from this time last year and anyone thinking of changing jobs has therefore to take this new and unusual factor into account. Most companies, themselves struggling for survival, are now unwilling to train

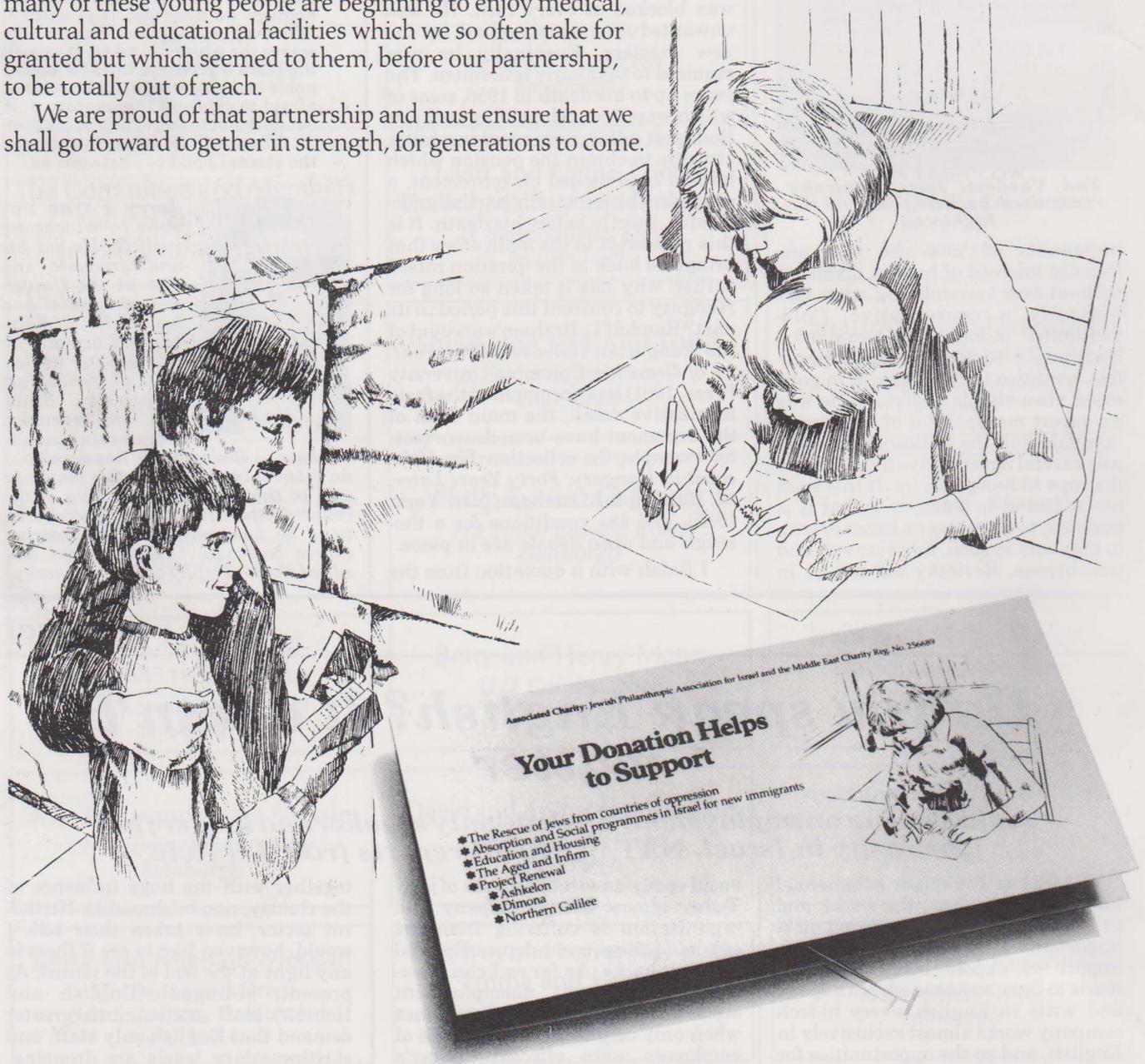
From Strength to Strength

Each year, the Kol Nidre Appeal gives you the opportunity of expressing your personal commitment to our people in Israel.

With your support, we can honour our obligations in continuing to assist immigrant children from countries of oppression and those from distressed neighbourhoods.

Already, thanks to programmes like Project Renewal, many of these young people are beginning to enjoy medical, cultural and educational facilities which we so often take for granted but which seemed to them, before our partnership, to be totally out of reach.

We are proud of that partnership and must ensure that we shall go forward together in strength, for generations to come.



From Generation to Generation

The Jewish Philanthropic Association for Israel and the Middle East.
Balfour House, 741 High Road, Finchley, London N12 0BQ.

new staff; instead they are seeking experienced and full-time workers to satisfy immediate needs. At present, long-term personnel planning is purely theoretical to most Israeli managers when their paramount consideration is balancing the monthly budget.

For new immigrants from English-speaking countries the picture is worse than it is for the average Israeli. Their shortcomings in Hebrew and their lack of "Protectzia" (the family, friends and army contacts that can open many doors to job vacancies) make job hunting certainly the most difficult task for them. Compared with this, overcoming housing and cultural problems now seems easy! My advice to all potential immigrants from the West would be to make sure they have a definite written job offer from a company requiring their skills, and not to make their aliyah decision until they are sure of receiving their livelihood.

The picture is particularly bleak for the over 50's and, although we are keen to see more western immigrants, we would certainly advise people of this age group to postpone aliyah until their retirement when they will no longer have need of an Israeli income to live on. Even in the case of a

dramatic economic recovery, it will be the established Israeli who will be first in line for new jobs and the elderly, non Hebrew-speaking immigrant, who will have major job problems in today's computer-oriented working environment.

For first-time job seekers and for those wanting to change jobs we advise patience and total determination to visit and re-visit, to phone and re-phone any potential employer who shows even the slightest interest in them. Most employers are prepared to spend as little as possible on their staff at the moment, so new immigrants willing to work for a low salary should not be shy to let this be known. The saddest job-seekers we see at the moment are the established heads-of-household who have been in Israel about 15-20 years and now find themselves unemployed and in difficult financial straits. Sometimes leaving Israel for short-term contract work abroad is a realistic solution. This need not be as drastic as it sounds because family unity can still be maintained, and the 'second aliyah', should the economic situation improve, will be very much easier.

Just when the situation will improve can only be as a direct result of the management of the economy

(i.e. the situation will not improve until the overall management of the country's economy improves). When this happens, and employment agencies will be the first to feel the change, I will be delighted to write a further article on "How to choose the right job" rather than "How to find any job."



Nat Gordon was born in Edinburgh in 1944. He was educated at Gillespies', Heriots' and Strathclyde University where he specialised in Personnel Management. He was a teacher at the Edinburgh Cheder. His involvement in Liberal politics led him to become the first and only Liberal Town Councillor for the Morningside Ward of the then Edinburgh Town Council. He stood several times for Parliament. In 1977 he married Arlene Wilson in Jerusalem and made Aliyah; they have four children. Since 1982 he has been Managing Director of a leading employment agency specialising in English-speaking personnel and was founder of the Israel Association of Personnel Agencies. Nat Gordon is the Israel representative of The Edinburgh Star.

Israel: the holiday of a lifetime

by JUDITH SISCHY

IT was undoubtedly a holiday of a lifetime. We spent our first eight days at Shoshon about 15 kilometres north of Jerusalem. When we were planning our trip we had been recommended the kibbutz hotels. We chose our first hotel in the hills outside Jerusalem, our second in the north close to the Lebanese border and our third on the coast near Herzlia. There are 14 kibbutz hotels which are run as part of the industry of the individual kibbutzim or moshavim. Our first hosts proved to be particularly friendly and hospitable. The accommodation was not luxurious but comfortable; the setting was magnificent; and we were able to enjoy a superb swimming pool, tennis courts, and glorious walks through the grounds. We were reminded that the lush greenery around us was all man-made—a tribute to the settlers of this small moshav. The children quickly made friends and the advantage of being in a kibbutz hotel was that we soon felt part of a community, able to share the flavour of the local way of life.

We fell in love instantly with Jerusalem. Our first sortie was to take

the local Egged bus from the hotel into the Jerusalem bus station. Little did we now that within 24 hours that very route would be the site of a shocking terrorist attack... We innocently admired the views over the ravines, we passed through villages and soon saw the unmistakable Jerusalem stone rising before us. Since '67 when we were last in Israel, Jerusalem had become a large city with suburbs spreading far into the hillsides. Past the gleaming buildings we found ourselves in the centre of town. Traffic, people, noise, bustle, smells, nuts, cakes, faluffel, shouting, wild gesticulation—we had certainly arrived in Israel.

We first did an outstanding walking tour of old Jerusalem. For Mark, my husband, and me it was a tour of nostalgia, remembering how it looked in '67—rubble everywhere, soldiers, mines, barbed wire—here was an incredible transformation. For the children it was fascinating, exciting, strange, yet familiar. A mixture of cultures, of dazzling beauty, art, history and religion. As we walked through the Jewish quarter, the Moslem quar-

ter, the Armenian quarter and the Christian quarter, the Bible became alive.

Within the space of one morning we were looking over Jerusalem at the dome of the rock from the Mount of Olives, surely one of the most spectacular views in the world; we were walking round a Jewish quarter that had not existed 20 years earlier, admiring the architecture, the beauty and the dignity of this new creation; we were walking through the narrow market of the Moslem quarter where the scruffy, bustling stores seemed to crown in upon us; we were moving along the Via Dolorosa marking the 13 stations of the Cross, the very route that Jesus took before his crucifixion; we visited an Armenian church whilst a service was taking place; we saw the church of the Holy Sepulchre, where Jesus was crucified and said to have risen; we came out of the church to hear the Moslem call to prayers (not from the top of the minaret but from a tape recorders at ground level) and we paid homage to the western wall.

We also spent many happy hours wandering round ourselves, seeing

MacLachlan & MacKenzie

Solicitors and Estate Agents

Senior Partner: Brian Abrams

**8 Walker Street
Edinburgh
031-225 4515**

- House sale and purchase
- Mortgages arranged
- Wills
- Trusts and Executries
- Commercial conveyancing

Written details on request

**Property Department
31 Queensferry Street
Edinburgh
031-225 4405**



CITY LIGHTING SERVICES LTD

**Specialist Lighting
Distributors and Designers**

**56 CAUSEWAYSIDE
EDINBURGH EH9 1PY**
Telephone: 031-668 3355
Fax: 031-668 3871

WM. WOOD (Bakers)

Trading as
**THE OLD-FASHIONED
BAKEHOUSE**

**Continental Bakery and
Vegetarian Delicatessen**

No animal products used

All products baked in
original coal fired oven

**84 East Cross Causeway
Edinburgh EH8 9HQ**
Tel: 031-667 1406

Mea Sharim, Ben Yehuda Street, the Israel Museum, the Knesset, the Hebrew University, Yad Vashem and visiting family and friends. We had a wonderful evening with the Sinclairs, during which Debbie, Jenny and Yael never stopped talking and indeed, thanks to the Sinclairs' hospitality, were able to continue talking all night and the next day when the family joined us at Shoresh.

Despite our appalling lack of Hebrew, we tried to talk to people wherever possible and even more to listen. There was certainly a tension in the air, sharpened by the fact that the terrorist attack on the bus had just occurred (no more than 5 kilometres from our hotel). Within 24 hours there was a simple but moving memorial on the roadside marking the place where the bus had been thrust into the ravine: the Israeli flag and a wreath of flowers. There were probably more soldiers and more police than usual in the streets yet the city was teeming with tourists.

Northbound

We were sad to leave Jerusalem but ready for more adventure when we hired a car to drive north to our second kibbutz hotel, Geshar Haziv. As advised, we took the coastal route visiting old haunts including the volunteer centre where so many of us had stayed after the '67 war. We paid nostalgic visits to Herzlia, Natanya and soon found ourselves in Haifa where we spent a glorious afternoon and evening visiting family who live on Mount Carmel. Our experience at Geshar Haziv was in marked contrast to that of Shoresh. This kibbutz was north of Nahariya but south of Rosh Hanikra which is on the Lebanese border. Searching anxiously for the turn off to the kibbutz, we eventually found ourselves confronted by large gates with barbed wire all around us.

We were told that army service on the Lebanese border was active and we were acutely aware of the security factor for families in this and other such kibbutzim. We used our car to drive through the mountains to Zefat and down to the Sea of Galilee. We were stunned by the beauty of the scenery, by the lush, fertile valley and by the unforgettable sight of the green water shimmering in the distance.

Driving back to the kibbutz at night we were aware of many white United Nations cars rushing past at great speed and in the dark we were even more anxious not to miss the turning lest we should suddenly find ourselves on the border.

Our last few days were yet another complete contrast at kibbutz Shefayim north of Herzlia. Although this

was also a kibbutz hotel, it was quite different from the other two. Instantly we were aware of the international flavour—flags of every country fluttering at the entrance, much activity and many languages. Here was the greatest water park certainly of Israel if not of the world. Swimming pools of every shape and size and flumes, blue ones, red ones, fast ones, slow ones, straight ones, squiggly ones—a children's paradise. Also it seemed an Israeli paradise where the locals flocked with hampers that would put the Americans to shame. Could it be that the whole of Tel Aviv came to Shefayim on Shabbat? We visited the Museum of the Diaspora which was one of the highlights of our trip. Here was the story of Israel, the story of the Jews, the meaning of the Holocaust, the significance of the Diaspora, the creation of Eretz Israel. An absolute must for any visitor.

Society

We identified with Israel immediately and we shared the problems. Was there a solution to the Intifada? We felt the anxiety, we understood the tensions, we heard many views but found few, if any, that could resolve the problems. There was also the worry about the economy. Israel seemed to have enjoyed three prosperous years, but now "things were bad". To the tourist prosperity seemed evident, both relative to '67 and in current terms. There were new buildings, signs of more buildings with cranes dotted over the skyline, modern shopping areas, deluxe hotels, restaurants for all nationalities, a vibrant society, cars in abundance. TVs and videos in most households, yet all within a political, economic and military tension. Nowhere could one escape the army; evidence of a young, fit, tanned army wherever we went. All families had to face reserve duty and there was not one household that we visited where a member of the family was not anxious about *meluim*.

We were fascinated by the society of the kibbutzim and by the highly organised way in which they ran their communities. We were impressed by the progress that had been made in the cities, vast progress by any standards for a country that is so young. We were captivated by the way in which the Israelis have built a new country on the oldest foundations in the world. Here was the land of the Bible, here was the country of the Old Testament, the Red Sea, The Dead Sea, the Sea of Galilee, the wilderness, the mountains, the holy places that are familiar to Jews, Christians and Moslems throughout the world. Yes, it was a holiday of a lifetime but yes, we shall be back soon, very soon we hope.

Life and times of Manny Shinwell

PUNCHING THE NOSE OF INJUSTICE

by EITAN ABRAHAM

MANNY SHINWELL was nearly 90 when he married for a third time. Visited by nephew Alan, he asked, "How much is a new bed?" Unaware of the changing prices Alan replied, "Well, fifty, sixty pounds ...", to which Manny retorted, "Fifty, sixty pounds? ... I want something that's going to last!"

This simple anecdote sums up the spirit of a man who only looked forward, who fought, loved and lived with gusto and made a habit of beating the odds. Manny Shinwell was a boxer who became a politician, and in doing so, he helped to lay the foundations upon which we freely lead our lives today.

In this article we catch a glimpse of Manny's very rich life through the eyes of Alan Shinwell, a writer who can claim a unique knowledge of Manny's life. As a child he found his surname was a heavy burden which provoked negative feelings towards his uncle. Yet the affection was always there in some cryptic way.

When Alan was about eight years old, his father took him to the House of Commons to hear "uncle Manny". They went to the gallery and watched him. When he finished, a member from the other side replied to Manny in a way Alan found "terribly rude".

After the debate they joined Manny in the tea room and, unexpectedly, across came the very man who had 'insulted' him. "Well Manny, that was good today, wasn't it? Great fun." "Oh yes", said Manny, "Would you like to meet my brother Louis and my nephew Alan?" But Alan refused to shake hands because this man had been rude to his uncle: "My claim to fame is that I refused to shake the hand of Winston Churchill".

Alan was commissioned by the BBC to write the script for a television series on Manny's life. This production never materialised but later it was to Alan the BBC turned to write a programme celebrating Manny's Centenary. The research behind his work had given him a wealth of knowledge much of which has never become public. The Edinburgh Star interviewed Alan in Glasgow where he spoke with an affection and enthusiasm only matched by Manny's fascinating life.

Genesis

Emmanuel Shinwell was born in 1884 in London. His mother, Rose Winter, was from Holland but her family was originally from Spain where they lived under the name of Lopez. They emigrated prior to the Inquisition to Holland, but later, fear-

ing persecution by the Dutch, they crossed the border to Germany and settled in Konigswinter. Then as Konigswinters they returned to Holland where one of them, Nini Lopez, was immortalised in Renoir's painting *La Loge*: "It's frightening to look at", says Alan, "she is the image of Manny's sister Julie when she was a girl."

Rose Winter came to London where she met Polish Sam Shinwell—later Shinwell and finally Shinwell. Against family wishes they were married and Manny was the first of thirteen children. When he was eight years old, his father had to move to South Shields where he managed to find work. Shortly after, Manny was put on a train with a tag round his neck addressed to his father to collect.

A short time later the whole family was re-united in Glasgow where they finally settled. By now Sam had become a tailor with a workshop in their tenement flat. Manny worked in the workshop but was not happy in it. He did not like his father—a stern man—and, more significantly, he did not like the way his father treated the staff. "This brought out the radical Manny, I suppose" says Alan Shinwell, "and paradoxically, I think he always wanted his father's affection but never really got it."

Manny never had a formal Jewish education but as a family they were observant. Signs of his attitude to religion were already evident when one Yom Kippur, coming out of shul, he received a clout round his ear for eating the crumbs which he had hidden in his pocket. Soon, "Manny dropped religion completely and became a free thinker until the day he died."

Politics was not Manny's main interest. His real passion was sport. Firstly he joined a football club but did not do well as a player so he became the trainer. He then took up boxing but his ambition to become a world champion was thwarted when his father found out about it: he 'dragged' him back because it would bring shame to the family. But he remained a fighter all his life and fought like a boxer in everything he did, both literally and metaphorically.



Manny and Alan Shinwell.

Aged 19, he married Fanny Freedman, aunt of the Glasgow Jewish comedian Ike Freedman. Glasgow born, she was earthy, humourous and easy-going. She shared poverty, watched him practice each morning on a punch ball to equip himself for his early political activities, tended his physical and political black eyes, bore him four children and reared them. Her death fifty years later was devastating to Manny: although he was to marry twice again, he continued to consider Fanny *the* woman in his life.

The Shinwells settled in the Gorbals. Regrettably, they had only been married for six months when Manny lost his job and was to endure what he later referred to as "the worst time in my life". The dire poverty even forced Fanny to pawn her spectacles.

Round the corner from their home in Norfolk Street was the equivalent of Speakers' Corner at Glasgow Green. He made speeches from the back of lorries on scientific thinking. This attracted the attention of the Independent Labour Party and brought him into contact with some of the Clydesiders: Maxton, Wheatley, Kirkwood, and the two Macleans Hector and John. Soon, Manny was being paid 10 shillings to speak in the nearby Bird Market.

Trade unions

His first involvement in the trade union movement was with the Dress-makers and Tailors Union, the Jewish one. However he criticised their lack of discipline and trade union principle and once said that "the time will come when through the exigences of the industrial system and bitter experience, the Jewish workers will gladly seek our help. And when it does, I trust that the hand of fellowship will be extended so that Jew and gentile may be able to work together for the emancipation of the Jewish race." His opposition to any kind of ghettoism was the beginning of a long history of misunderstanding on the part of the Jewish Community.

Manny became a regular visitor to Miss Crantston's Tea Rooms, in Sauchiehill Street, where he would meet with the colourful Clydesiders. But he was not one of them. He was a maverick because his views did not derive from a doctrine but from a desire to end social injustices. He was also a realist seeking to achieve as many and as much of his ideals as possible when possible. This was to frequently bring him into conflict with the utopian left of the Movement which he discussed in one of his five books entitled *Conflict without malice*.

The violence in which the Labour Party was born is reflected in his early life. Political meetings were



Nini Lopez in Renoir's La Loge (1874): "... the image of Manny's sister Julie."

broken up by force. During the seamen's strike of 1911, arguments between strikers and non-strikers were often settled by a punch-up. Manny, as leader of the strike in Glasgow, was involved in more than his fair share of these. Detectives investigated his activities regularly.

Manny formed a break-away union from the National Union of Seamen (NUS). The NUS boss, Havelock-Wilson, sent 'bully boys' to put an end to the division and an attempt was made to shoot Manny during a march along Broomielaw Docks (Glasgow). When the two crowds came face to face, French, an NUS official, took out a gun, shot to kill Manny, but the bullet hit his secretary Jimmy Martin and killed him. Later, at the court case in Edinburgh, the Liberal judge acquitted French on the grounds of self-defence. This was the sign of the times Manny was determined to change.

The TUC sent a deputation to Manny for which Ernest Bevin was

partly responsible. They offered Manny and others £1000 each—a fortune in 1911—to give up the union. The offer was rejected by Manny—which was consistent with an integrity he was to show throughout his life.

During and after the First World War, Manny continued to lead strikes. On Red Friday (1919) he succeeded in evading the police and burning incriminatory papers at the Trades Council offices. He was subsequently arrested and sent to prison (Edinburgh's Calton Gaol) for conspiracy.

Parliament

Manny Shinwell won his first seat for Linlithgow in the Lothians when the Clydesiders were elected to Parliament almost to a man. He learned to be a parliamentarian while, for the most part, the others, remained loveable or unloveable rowdies in the House. However, Manny did not become entirely respectable overnight and faced assault and other charges from time to time.

His influence was considerable. He nominated Ramsey MacDonald as leader of the Labour Party and was to repeat the exercise later in life by similarly nominating Harold Wilson. They both went on to become Prime Ministers.

When Ramsey MacDonald formed a National Government in 1931, Manny refused to serve and, at the following election a few months later, he lost his seat. Now unemployed, he was offered a job with no salary by the Zionist Federation. In order to sustain the family he had to write articles but eventually he was employed as a propagandist by the Labour Party—a position he endured for four years.

In 1935 he stood for Parliament against Ramsey MacDonald who was the Prime Minister of the coalition. Manny won by a margin of 20,000 votes. That year, Conservative Chamberlain became the Prime Minister.

Manny Shinwell's relationship with the Labour Party had its moments of strain. At the beginning of the war, Churchill, as leader of the coalition, wanted to offer him a cabinet post but the Labour Party prevented the move—as Churchill himself admitted many years later.

At such critical moment in history, Manny did not remain passive. He became known as a *one-man opposition* because "he kept the Government on their toes, particularly as regards the seamen", says Alan. Manny's main concern was to save the lives of seamen as Churchill was sending convoys to Russia without protection. In later years, in a speech to the House of Commons, Churchill said of

Manny that "... in the main discharge of his great duties was one which has in peace as well as in war added to the strength and security of our country."

His influence proved to be decisive after the fall of Germany. Churchill was so sure of his position that he convinced the Labour members that to demand an election would be political suicide. Manny persuaded Attlee to demand an election. The result was the Labour landslide.

Politics was Manny's life and he never retired from it. By 1970 he decided not to stand for re-election but he became a Lord, "because there was nowhere else to go", Manny used to say. Shortly after there was a Labour Party Conference in Brighton at which there was a motion to abolish the House of Lords. Manny then stood up and made a speech opposing the motion—as usual without any notes—and finished his address with the words "As long as I am a member of the House of Lords, I'll say what I like, do what I like and there's nobody who's going to stop me." He received a standing ovation from the very people who were proposing the abolition, which spectacularly underlined the distance he had come from the early days and the legend he had become in the Party and the country as a whole.

Judaism

The Jewish community often asked the question, "why doesn't he support the Jews?" Manny's answer was, "I don't represent the Jews, I represent my constituency—that's my job."

This was a constant source of ill-feelings in the Community who even accused him of denying his Judaism. This accusation was completely unfounded. In the early 20's, when a Tory MP shouted "Jew!" in the House of Commons, he by no means took it as an insult, this is what he had to say (published here for the first time):

"The honorable gentleman opposite me made a reference to the race to which I belong and of which I am proud to be a member. The Prime Minister of this House, when he accepted office, pledged himself to adopt a policy laid down by a Jew, namely Disraeli. Why then should honorable members of the other side seek to hurl what they regard as an insult at me for being a Jew? If that were a matter that entirely concerned myself, I would not regard the expression as offensive—I am rather proud of it. And since there are other honorable members of the House who come under the same category, I share with them whatever offence may have been contained in that statement."

Furthermore, in 1933 there was a major Labour conference at Hastings where he had the courage, amidst

growing anti-semitism, to say the following:

"I crave the indulgence of the Conference, so that I may say just a few words on behalf of a race which in recent months has been humiliated and tortured beyond endurance. To that race I belong and I have never sought in my long experience in the Labour Movement to conceal it. It is no doubt true that members of the Jewish race are guilty, from time to time, of acts which cause the displeasure of others. But that fact is by no means peculiar to that race, and whether we be of nordic or oriental origin, neither can be regarded as a pretext for persecution. The very existence and purpose of a Labour Movement ensure the utmost antagonism and hostility to any effort to create dissension among the people of any race, land or creed... I seem to detect, from time to time, slight as it may be, anti-semitic tendencies, which can do this Movement, and indeed this country, no good."

His Judaism never went beyond that. In any other respect he was never observant nor did he specially seek the friendship of fellow Jews—his views were too universal to indulge in any kind of discrimination. Manny Shinwell was a man of the people.

Epilogue

As it is often the case with many great men when they come to the end of their lives, they see their achievements compressed to almost unnoticeable dimensions. In summing up his own political life, he said: "I pride myself that I lived in a time when we had famous people like Einstein who broke through. In the political sphere I don't think politicians, whether in this or any other country, have been as successful as they ought to be. We have nothing very much to boast

about. What have we achieved? Things have improved in certain directions, we have suffered setbacks in many others. The world is in a chaotic state now. We had hopes to avoid that, but we have failed and I regret it. I often wish that I could have made a more effective, more beneficial contribution to society."

And his regard for politicians in general was not very high either:

"I think they are all innocent in a political sense, that is to say, they don't pay regard to the realities of the situation. Usually, when they talk about their concern about the national interest, they are concerned about their own personal interest, wondering what's going to happen to them at the next election and what position they are going to occupy."

In present-day Britain, his words ring true as ever.

In 1985, aged 101, he was very ill in hospital but was sent home at his own request. Two nurses were looking after him and one of them asked, "Would you like a drink my Lord?", and he said, "Yes, I'll have a small whisky." So the nurse turned round and saw a bottle of Chivas Regal which, unknown to her, had been presented to Manny as a special edition commemorative bottle. She offered him a glass, he took a sip, and then said, "I've had enough". Fifteen minutes later he died.

The press interpreted his last words as having enough of life. Alan Shinwell refuses to accept that: "Manny would never have believed he was going to die." Manny is certainly very much alive in Alan's heart and mind, and perhaps in many others' too who respected and admired one of the last idealistic heroes of street corner politics.



"I warned him drink would get him in the end!"
Cartoon published by the Evening Standard after Manny Shinwell's death.

A Profile of Malcolm Rifkind

MID-TERM REPORT

by MARK SISCHY

IT is difficult to write a profile of the Secretary of State for Scotland without succumbing to the temptation to eulogise. However, Malcolm is very much alive and kicking and this can be no more than by way of a mid-term report.

In terms of Malcolm's career span I am confident that this point in time marks no more than "the end of the beginning". Commentators with a nose for these things are agreed that just like his illustrious Conservative predecessor—to whom those remarks are correctly attributed—Malcolm will achieve a lot more after his 43rd birthday than before. That is not to say that the current electoral fortunes of his party in Scotland, constitute a Dunkirk; nor that the achievements



Malcolm aged seven.

on the credit side of the balance sheet are not already considerable.

However, what endears one to Malcolm are not the grand accolades and Offices of State. It is on the contrary his lack of pomposity; his keen concern in the people and issues he cares about; the sheer versatility of his intellect and interests; above all his humanity.

At school he may well have risen to the dizzy heights of President of the Literary and Debating Society. However, he played no grander part in Julius Caesar than that of the soothsayer (perhaps somewhat prophetically). He also showed early signs of negotiating finesse when he arranged a concordat with the Latin master to the effect that he would not bother the teacher if this courtesy were reciprocated. Can you imagine the poor man's consternation, when Malcolm—after judicious study of a crib strategically purchased from James Thin and Son—came top of the term exams? The exam results were declared null and void as having failed to represent a true reflection of certain boys' mastery of the subject.

University, may have seen Malcolm as President of Debates and President of the University Conservative Club. It also saw him catching the 4 o'clock bus to India one afternoon from Victoria Station and visiting, on route, the Wailing Wall when it was still so named and part of Jordanian, East Jerusalem. My most vivid, personal memory, of Malcolm during our University years is hitch-hiking to London to attend the funeral of Winston Churchill. We succeeded in reaching Westminster in the small hours of the morning where the coffin lay in State. Thereafter, we proceeded to stand outside St. Paul's Cathedral and observe the great statesmen of the age such as Charles de Gaulle and David Ben Gurion arrive for the funeral. It was already obvious at that time that a grand career in politics awaited Malcolm. While the rest of us may have been able to recite the names of English cricket teams, Malcolm knew by heart the Heads of State, and Heads of Government of each of the ever-growing number of independent States.

After University in Edinburgh, Malcolm made his way to Salisbury, Rhodesia, to complete his postgraduate research and lecture at the Uni-

versity. More importantly, however, it was here that he met Edith: their subsequent marriage and return to Edinburgh was the start of the personal and career successes that were to come.

Soon, Malcolm was standing for and being elected onto the Edinburgh Town Council. This I may add was in spite of an old friend putting up political posters upside down. Although I still plead this was a genuine error Malcolm has always maintained that



Student days.

it was an attempt to pacify the last vestiges of a Sischy socialist conscience. Posters, notwithstanding, Malcolm's career in the old town council was nothing short of brilliant and it accordingly came as no surprise when in 1973 he was adopted as parliamentary candidate for the Edinburgh constituency of Pentlands. Malcolm was duly elected in the February election the following year and since then of course his advances have been nothing short of meteoric.

It is a strange facet of the Rifkind political firmament that each momentous political event is matched by an even greater personal one. The 1970 General Election (in which Malcolm stood unsuccessfully for Edinburgh Central) was interrupted by Malcolm and Edith's marriage. February 1974 saw the conception of Caroline and the subsequent October election saw Caroline's birth. More recently, the 1987 General Election was only overshadowed by the event of Caroline's Bat Mitzvah and it is little wonder that Donald Dewar has re-thought



The Rifkinds: Caroline, Edith, Malcolm and Hugo.

Labour's entire forward election strategy on hearing of Hugo's Bar Mitzvah in May of next year.

Perhaps, on reflection, it is more than coincidental that these great political events have coincided so closely with Rifkind personal landmarks. To Malcolm, family remains extremely important. He and Edith have been extremely fortunate with each other and they in turn (although they won't always admit it) have been blessed by

both Caroline and Hugo. Edith is of course the politician's perfect wife, gracious, caring, informed and supportive with formidable intellect in her own right. Caroline and Hugo are no respectors of reputation and if there ever were a danger that Malcolm and Edith may allow even a little of their success to go to their heads their children would provide an immediate antidote. It is of course always great fun to watch the infinite

number of members of the greater Rifkind clan at play. The jocular wit and banter leave no room for pomposity!

An appreciation of Malcolm's warm and generous qualities go well beyond the family circle. People are attracted to him from many different walks of life and it is interesting that amongst Edith and Malcolm's friends are people accomplished in the arts, science, and industry as well as politics. It is also gratifying to see the accolades that opponents—of whatever political persuasion—will bestow upon Malcolm in personal terms. No less prominent politicians than the likes of Donald Dewar and Jim Sillars will always concede Malcolm's personal qualities and genuineness no matter how diametrically opposed they may be to his political views.

Well what of these views! There appears to be no doubt that Malcolm genuinely abhors the collectivist culture that he sees to have been one of the afflictions of Scotland. He is genuinely committed to the creed of individualism and self-help and indeed he may be in some ways a personification of what he believes in. There are those that argue that he is really a closet wet and yet paradoxically others that argue that he is too dry for Scotland and that he should impress upon his leader that her solutions for the South East of England do not sit happily on Scottish soil. What all of this tends to ignore is that Malcolm has already considered—yesterday—those issues and policies which will

Can you write—

- articles ● poetry?
- on topics where you have special knowledge?

Or would you just like to express your opinion?

Then write to THE EDITOR

The [☆]Edinburgh Star

Synagogue Chambers

4 Salisbury Road, Edinburgh EH16



Malcolm Rifkind receives a kiddush cup from Edinburgh Hebrew Congregation at the hands of (left to right) Mr John Cosgrove, Mr Malcolm Cowan and Mr Alec Rubinstein.

only reveal themselves to his opponents—tomorrow. In other words he is ahead of his time and nice with it!

Whatever the future holds Mal-

colm is already assured of his place in history. Whether he is laying a wreath at the tomb of the unknown soldier in Warsaw or taking Caroline and Hugo to school he remains the

same Malcolm. We as a community are immensely richer for knowing him and his family. I as an individual, am privileged to be able to call him my friend.

**SEYMOUR'S
KITCHEN
and DELI**

**200 FENWICK ROAD
GIFFNOCK, GLASGOW**

Tel: 041-638 8267



**For all you require in
Kosher bread, Groceries,
Meats, etc. and Haimishe
cooked dishes to order**

**UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF
GLASGOW BETH DIN**

With Compliments

**CALEDONIAN PROPERTY
GROUP LTD.**

Registered Office
**15 Union Street
Edinburgh EH11 3LT**

*Tel: 031-557 2511
Fax Group 3: 031-557 2985*

Edinburgh ladies winners at Maccabiah Games

by MIKE ADELMAN

WOULD you believe that a copy of *The Edinburgh Star* has found its way to Pretoria, South Africa? Yes, Jack and Jacqueline Bierman enjoyed catching up on Edinburgh news, 19 years after leaving the city.

When they arrived in South Africa in 1971, Jack soon made his mark at table tennis playing for Y.M.C.A. in their first division. At that time there was no Maccabi table tennis club. It was not long before he attained provincial colours playing for Northern Transvaal. Jack served on the committee of Northern Transvaal Maccabi and eventually he started a table tennis club under the auspices of Maccabi. About 12 years ago, he stepped down from competitive play and concentrated on coaching youngsters (7 to 12 years olds). Quite a few of the country's top layers have Jack to thank for their achievements.

Nowadays, Jack and Jacqueline enjoy lawn bowls, and one of Jacqueline's goals was to be selected for the Maccabiah Games in Israel. Her dream was realized when she was chosen for the women's team this summer, and was made skip of the fours and the triples teams.

Unfortunately, for political reasons, the entire South African team was obliged to participate incognito as the Rest of the World, and they received a tremendous ovation from the Ramat Gan Stadium crowd. To have been part of the 13th Maccabiah Games, was a wonderful experience for Jacqueline, but her team's achievement in winning the gold medal for the triples, and the silver medal for the fours, made it even more memorable.

Not bad, returning home with 2 medals, and to think all this has happened to a lass from Auld Reekie!

Golf

Judy Reefe of Israel, taking an eight-stroke lead into the final round of the 54-hole handicap Stableford competition at the country club, had to fight off a spirited charge by Lorena Rappaport of Argentina, before taking the women's championship by one shot.

Judy (nee Rosin) is the sister of Mrs. Kate Goodwin, the chairwoman of Edinburgh WIZO. Originally from Edinburgh, Judy married Larry Reefe from London and made aliyah. She was the only woman in the Israeli team and finished with 100 points (37-

32-31) followed by Rappaport with a score of 99 (32-29-38).

Cricket

The cricket season has just ended for Maccabi, and by the sound of their form, they may have been good opposition for David Gower's England eleven!

Their record for this summer was;

Played	24
Won	11
Lost	12
Abandoned	1 (rain)

They also participated in two six-

a-side tournaments, but were knocked out in the first round of both. "We can't get the hang of the six-a-side game," commented Norman Berger.

Some of the players who took part in matches were Norman Berger, Ian Caplan, David and Jonathan Mason and Avid Kaplan.

The home games were at Roseburn and Union Park, Corstorphine, and away matches took the team as far as Peebles, Haddington, Penicuik and Musselburgh. There was no game against Glasgow Maccabi this season.



Golf champion Judy Reefe receiving the prize at the Maccabiah Games 1989.

Allan McDougall & Co.
Solicitors and Estate Agents
3 Coates Crescent
Edinburgh 3
Tel: 031-225 2121

●

*We should be pleased to
assist you with regard to your
Legal and Estate Agency
requirements
Please get in touch with
MARK SISCHY*

**ROBERT
GIRDWOOD
DISPLAY**



BRIAN POWELL
Managing Director
44 St Mary's Street
Edinburgh EH1 1SX
Tel: 031-556 7024/7702

THE PIPE SHOP

Leith's Best Tobacconist

Pipes, Lighters, Tobacco, Cigars,
Large Range of Loose Tobacco,
Foreign and Fancy Cigarettes

92 LEITH WALK

Tel: 031-553 3561

Open 8am-6pm
Monday-Saturday

Did you enjoy this
edition of

The Edinburgh Star

—then turn to page 18

Wishing
The Edinburgh Star
every success

**Manny and Nicole
Wittenberg**

**STEWART
SAUNDERS**
ESTATE AGENTS
Insurance and
Mortgage Consultants
41 Frederick Street
Edinburgh EH2 1EP
Telephone: 031-226 6464
Fax: 031-220 3762

Selling your home?

- Free evaluation
- We shall call and advise on selling price without charge or obligation.
- Highly competitive sales fee.

Phone now on 031-226 6464
for appointment

WALTON'S
38 CLERK STREET
EDINBURGH



For line caught Fish

*SPECIALISTS IN
SEA FOODS*

FRESH FISH DAILY

Wishing
The Edinburgh Star
every success

**David and Anita
Mendelssohn
and family**

*We wish all success to
The Edinburgh Star
from*

*Goodwin's
Antiques Ltd*
*Antique Jewellery,
Porcelain, Silver*

Insurance and Probate Valuers
15 and 16 Queensferry
Street

Edinburgh EH2 4QW
Telephone: 031-225 4717

Business hours: 9.30am-5.30pm
Saturday: 9.30am-1pm

*With compliments
from*

M. L. Cowan & Co.
Chartered Accountants
32 Moray Place
Edinburgh EH3 6BZ
Telephone: 031-226 2039

*With compliments
from*

**John and Hazel
Cosgrove**

