Sh'ma

a journal of Jewish responsibility

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As my daughter learns our memories

Adina Cimet-Singer

It is our duty to forge memory. Memory, a very weak entity and a very difficult aim. It is easy to forget, to diminish. Those that cannot forget for a day, must make others remember for a day. Some can't forget, some want to forget. Some need to forget, some have forgotten. Some need to remember and must fight these lacunae. We all should need to remember, but some do not even know for what. It seems easier again, for some not to hear the echo of this recent past and rather lose themselves in the noise of the present. To forge a memory—a difficult and complex task.

I have been very near to this pledge—this thinking—this remembering. Not just because I am directly involved in this history because I am Jewish, but because my family lived through the war. My mother survived as a young child. This war was her childhood memory. Here then, in the deep connectedness to my mother do I find the strength of the force of my memory, in the shadow of her biography.

In my school years I was always involved in participating in the memorials. As a teenager I actively helped organize memorials for my age groups. Even in my university years I found myself active also in this respect with students. Years have since passed. Today, I find myself confronted with my six year old daughter. Her first encounter with the information on the Holocaust is through her school. Her teacher spoke about it and asked the children to find out at home about the war.

This Philosopher is but a Child

"I have to talk to you about something," she said, "not very nice. Do you know what is tomorrow?" she continued. "Tomorrow, a holiday perhaps," I said. "I don't know, let me check the calendar. No, I do not know." "Well, let me tell you," she said. "It has to do with a war. A man—was like boss of many countries, not cities, but countries—and started to kill Jews."

And so the conversation started. Difficult because in her Yiddish vocabulary—the language we speak—war, to kill, and death, are words she does not know well. Her English exposure to mass media culture has introduced them to her. Luckily for us, we also live in shelter of wars and guns. So we conversed about war, hunger, ghettos, confinement, hatred, concentration camps, death and honor and respect. "But why did they kill your grandfather? What did he do?" Here questions with no answers become shocking exposure to the end of logic, clarity, understanding.

A difficult conversation, moving, painful. In a protective mood I ended by saying—"Bobe Shoshana, her sister and mother were lucky, they survived."

'Well," she said firmly, "they were not so lucky to be in the war and your grandfather wasn't lucky, he got killed!"

I was taken and glad that it was her last sentence that ended that conversation and not mine. It was her position and clear thinking that set the tone for thought. It colors her attitude, and my protectiveness will have to take another form. What she was saying then was that we have no place to put emphasis on the luck of survival. That is not the area where our thought belongs. Our thought goes to the facts: there was a war, there was mass murder, there was loss, pain, suffering. Facts, truths, memory. We cannot leave our survival to luck. We fought for it, we fight for it and we will fight for it. Bare facts: her grandmother survived but lived through an abominable war. That is the thought. Bare, insane, historic fact. We are bearing witness to those facts, we sustain their memories.

My daughter's Jewish consciousness is taking shape. Her own memory is forming. She has started to know and remember. May she never forget those that suffered and perished. May she always live in a better world—I pray.□

ADINA CIMET-SINGER *is completing a dissertation at Columbia on the sociology of 20th century Mexican Jewish philosophies. She also teaches contemporary civilization there.*

So that you may hear and remember

Alice Newfield

(Alice Newfield recently put on tape the story of her family's experience during the Holocaust. She

ALICE NEWFIELD *now lives in Great Neck, N.Y. with her husband Armin. We hope to publish the rest of her account in a future issue.*

has kindly permitted us to transcribe and edit it for publication.—E.B.B.)

It's a very emotional experience for me to talk or to record our family's experience in the concentration camps but I think I owe it to my children, I owe it to myself and to other people to do it.

I start Friday, March 9, 1938, a very hot day in Vienna. We had the radio on and we heard that Austria was now occupied by Germany. In our wildest dreams we didn't know what that really meant. But one thing we knew—something horrible had happened and would happen to us Jewish people. Some people who knew or could guess, might leave, but I had one child and one who was not born at that time. Marcel was born in June when Hitler had already showed his power and his hate to the Jewish people.

Armin had lost his job on the first day of the occupation. So we were not only afraid for our lives, we also were economically in very bad shape. Marcel, as I said, was born in June, and not trusting the hospitals, I decided to give birth in our house. We made a little hospital in my kitchen. We had a woman who helped, and a doctor, and Marcel was born June the 24th. Just two days before that, they had a big raid to catch anybody who was a Jew —that time only men were in danger—and brought them to a concentration camp. Some never made it. They were killed right on the way, like a cousin of mine.

Somehow we made it through the following months and then November came and the famous Crystal Night. Armin was in my neighbor's house and I just had the feeling that it would be better if everybody was in his own apartment. I went in and I said to him, "Come home, maybe you're safer there." And he listened to me and he came. He wasn't there five minutes when they came to my neighbor's house and took everybody to the concentration camp. That's how luck had a lot to do with our survival.

Finding a Way Out—to What?

My sister had already left Austria. She took Armin's passport on which all the children were. She also took mine in order maybe to be able to do something for us to leave—but she couldn't do anything. That means she couldn't find a legal way for us to get out of Austria. But she did find a way to get over the border illegally. Then she sent us Armin's passport and mine she kept. So Armin left with "Hardy," [Bernhard] whom we call now "Dutch," and left to go to Holland. It was a very sad thing to see my child go, my husband go, and not to know if I will ever see them again. But we were in such a time when we were not allowed to have feelings. Our only feeling was for survival. You survive the best you can and that's what we did.

Armin left with my "Dutch," a four year old boy, and he made it. He got to Holland where my sister was waiting for him. There she gave him my passport and he sent it to me with new instructions about how to go over the border. Perhaps you wonder why we needed a passport if we went illegally. We had to leave Germany the legal way, with a passport to show that we had paid all our taxes, that we don't owe anything. Only going in to Holland was illegal.

We had good friends who also wanted to leave and together with my friends we went to the border of Holland. We were in a lodge, in an inn, like a little motel, and we stayed there for a night. Then other people came from other places, from Berlin and all around Germany. Maybe we were twenty

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people who had never seen each other in their life but we had the same goal, to get out of Germany. We had a man who was paid to bring us over the border.

I had Marcel, who was at that time six months old, and I was afraid that he would cry when we would go over the border. It would take about a half an hour all told to go through the woods in the dark. Usually, only grownups went. I was one of the few who ever went over the border with a baby—and with diapers and a bottle. I had them in my arms in a bag. But, afraid that the baby would cry, I ordered a little bottle of cognac in that inn. I put some tea in that bottle for the baby and put some cognac in it to keep him quiet during the time that we would go over the border. We came to the border and a baby cried. My friend and I took turns carrying Marcel and I was running, but then I saw he was sleeping and it was a baby in the town was crying. Marcel slept all the way to Amsterdam—like a baby!

The Safety that Holds its own Terrors

So we came across the border to a point where we were supposed to have taxis that would take us further into Holland. But when we came to the border there were no taxis. There was nothing. We knew that if the Germans got us they would put us in a concentration camp. They let us leave, but we couldn't return. Then the cars came and we went on inside Holland and our auto took us to Amsterdam.

I knew Armin's address and I came to the place where he was staying. But my four year old boy was not there anymore with his father. I was told they took him away and put him in an orphanage home because there was no mother present. And a man cannot take care of a kid. "When," I asked, "Can I have him back?" I was told "Oh no, you cannot have him back. Once he's in the orphanage home you cannot have him back before you can show you have a home for the kid." But I had no home. I had only stayed with my husband maybe one week. One day, every week, we had to go to the police to register and say "Hello, we're here." Then one day, Armin didn't come back so I went to the police and I was told he was sent to a camp. There I was, all by myself, with the baby, with no baby carriage, with nothing. I hardly had a bed for him so he was really always in my arms.

I can't remember exactly, but after awhile I had the chance to see Armin again and to go the orphanage to visit Hardy. But he was not in Amsterdam, but in Rotterdam. I didn't have the money to make the trip, and had nowhere to leave the baby, so I couldn't go that often though I really wanted to. I also want to mention that some time after Armin was in the camp I was placed with a Dutch family who were really very nice to me and the baby. They tried to give me a home. (The Jewish Joint Distribution Committee paid for my stay.) These people provided a home for myself and a crib for Marcel and even a carriage. So things looked not so bad for me in that respect. [*There is a break in the narration at this point.*] I am so emotional about this because both of these people who cared for us then got killed by Hitler in the Holocaust. They were like so many of those Dutch people that I knew who had the destiny to go to Westerbork and be deported to Auschwitz. I stayed with these people for one year.

The Security we Knew at Westerbork

During this time, a camp was built to get all the people who were illegally in Holland and put them there together. It was called Westerbork because it was located in that town. We arrived in Westerbork in April, 1940 and then I got Hardy back.

There were a lot of barracks and ours was number 49. There was a kitchen, a bigger room, and a smaller room. The smaller room was for the two kids, and the other room was for Armin and me. But the kitchen could not really be used because we had no chance to buy anything to cook there and it did not have an oven or a stove. But we did have heat and water. In every barrack group—say of about twenty bungalows—there was a big dining room. There we sat, got our food and ate. We were not even there one month, when, in May, 1940, we knew that the Germans had come in to Holland. We were very scared because we were on the border and we thought that the Germans would come into the camp. We had a rabbi there and he promised us that he would take care of us and he did. One day a train was waiting for us to evacuate us deeper into Holland. The morning we went to that train, we were running and Marcel fell so badly that he hurt his lips and was bleeding. So Armin was carrying him when we went to that train. It took us to a place in Holland where the rabbi was, Leeuwarden.

But our destiny was not to stay there because it was not too far away from Westerbork and because it still borders Germany. We couldn't go further in because the Dutch people have canals and they had opened their bridges because the war had already started.

One False Security after Another

So we landed in Leeuwarden. We were brought to a school and everybody was brought to a family.

But I was with two children and that was too much for one family. So we separated, Armin and the older boy going to one family and I and the smaller one to another one. I was sent to a family where the man of the house was a Nazi and the woman told me right away, "I don't think that you will be able to stay here because my husband doesn't like Jewish people." Maybe so, but I had nothing to say. I was not able to decide what to do. Night came and he came home and he wanted me out in the middle of the night. He didn't want to be under one roof with Jewish people. But his wife, she asked him, she begged him, "Don't throw them out in the middle of the night." So finally he let us stay.

Armin was brought to a family who were religious. That man said, "I read the Bible every day and if I don't live it then I am not allowed to read it every morning." And he, even in his small house, he also took me in. That whole thing took only two days and then we were told that we will be going back to Westerbork.

In Leeuwarden we saw that the German troops were coming in and I got the same feeling that I had in Vienna on that Friday night that something horrible would happen. The same feeling. The same thing all over again. Only this time we had nowhere to run anymore. There were some people who had affidavits and could leave for the United States. They were the lucky ones but that didn't last too long. A couple of months later the border was closed and nobody could leave Holland anymore.

So we had to do the best we could. We were back in Westerbork. For two years, really, we didn't know, or we didn't feel very much that the Germans were in Holland. During this time I got pregnant and I had Arnold. He was born February 27, 1942. (We had a fourth child later, when we came to the United States. His name is William.) Arnold was born there in the hospital, and we even had *amohel* who was allowed to come in for the circumcision. We didn't have our freedom and we didn't have too much food, but it wasn't that bad in 1942.

Soon after Arnold was born, we saw some changes going on in the camp. New barracks were built, much bigger ones; maybe ten of them. And we wondered. We asked, "What are these barracks for?" "Who will be in there?" But soon we found out.

In June 1942, the Germans took over Westerbork. When they came, we got a new camp commander. Soon after that we were told, "Yes, you also have to build a railroad track into Westerbork." We knew that could not be something good. We were also told that we had to come before the new commander because the first transport had started. The first transport was going to Auschwitz. Even though we didn't know what this means, "to go to Auschwitz," we knew in our guts that something horrible, terrible, unbelievable was going on. And then, every Tuesday, the cattle trains were filled with a thousand people to go to Auschwitz. Old people, young people, all, there was no discrimination. Sick ones, half dead ones, everybody was on the list to go to fill out the thousand of the order to go. It was a very sad sight to see. Children gathered together and there was singing and dancing to keep them quiet...(I will go to get a hankie).

We who started the camp—I don't know anymore how many—we were saved being sent to Auschwitz for a while. They said we were safe for a year because we were running the place. There was the baker, the cook, the registration people. They didn't want to put new people on these jobs, so it was really convenient for them to let us stay and do the work; and we did. Every night people came and filled up the barracks, and every night there was a caravan before my window. Like ghosts they came and then were waiting to be shipped out on the following Tuesday. I will never forget that sight.

And Then it was our Turn

One year elapsed. It is now '43 and some of our friends had to leave. They were called up to go to have the same destiny: the cattle train to go to Auschwitz. People who had children, like I who had three, they somehow were not called yet. In this time other people told us that there were certificates that you could get to save yourself. I had an aunt in Switzerland and I wrote to her and said, "S O S, do something for us," because in Switzerland she was still able to do something. And she sent me a certificate for Zurich but I never saw it because it came to the commander and he kept it.

Really, that I didn't share the fate of my brothers and sisters, of my grandmother, was because my husband was a Hungarian citizen. And for some unexplained reason when the time came for us in 1944 to leave Westerbork, we were separated. My husband had to go to Buchenwald and I went to a women's camp with my three children to Ravensbruck. Again we had to say "Goodbye," not knowing whether Armin will ever see these three kids again or I will see him. [*Some words are unintelligible here.*]

Armin left two days before me and I and the three kids left in the early morning, but we didn't go in the cattle train. We went to the station from Westerbork and in a normal train, though we were with SS women and men who made the journey with us. We were maybe sixty people. When we came to the first town and Marcel looked out the window and saw a house, he called to me, "Mama, Mama, look. What is that?" And I had to explain to a five year old kid what a house was. He had never seen a house before in his life. As we went on, there was a tree and he had also never seen a tree.

The Women's Concentration Camp

We arrived at Ravensbruck at night and we were put in a big room. Nothing was there. Not a bed, not a chair, anything. We had to lie down on the floor...and the whole night we were in this room till the morning. Then the SS came. From Westerbork, we had taken along some blankets. We, with kids, were allowed to keep them. Those without children had to leave the blankets and were not allowed to take them inside the camp.

Then we came to someone who looked to see if we had lice. Those whom they didn't like, whose face wasn't nice enough, they shaved all their hair off. But then again I was lucky. They didn't shave my head. But it was just devastating. We were brought in there [to our barracks] and that first night I will never forget. We went to what they called the bed but it wasn't really a bed. And wasn't a mattress either, full of fleas and [*unintelligible words*] a horrible thing.

Then, later on, we with children were brought to a different barracks. And things weren't that bad because we were brought to the barracks for working people. They had it a little better. They had bunks, three high, bunk beds. And those with children, we had the first row. There were not that many fleas; it was a little bit better. We got our rations: bread, a very small portion, a paste of margarine and some salami, and then soup. That wasn't really soup, it was something, I cannot even say what it was. It was a horrible thing.

But again, I must say, somehow we were lucky in that circumstance. The commander of that concentration camp was a human being. As much as he personally could help, he did. He saw to it that the kids got a little bit better food. (The regular soup, you couldn't eat.) I guess that that was the food that the people who worked in the kitchen make for themselves. But anyhow it was a little bit of relief. And he even provided a glass of milk every day for every child.

The Everyday Realities of Hell

Let me tell you how the day started. At about 6 o'clock in the morning, everybody had to go out to the bathroom and to the appell [the roll-call]. We had to stand outside in any weather—rain, snow, wind, cold, it didn't make any difference. (But, as I said before, the commander was a human being and he said that no kid had to go to the *appell.* Some people were selected to go right to work; the other ones sent back to the barrack.

I also have to mention that when we arrived at that camp, we got prison clothes, a grey striped dress and jacket. However, they didn't have enough prison clothes so they gave some people a dress. In the bag with the clothes there was a big sign, an armband, so that anyone could see that you came from the camp. I also want to mention that on our arm and on the left side of our clothes we had a number as well as the sign. We Jewish people, we had the star, Jew, *Juden.*

There were all kinds of people there. There were prisoners of war from Poland, from Russia and from the Ukraine. Then we had a lot of German people who came to the camp from prison because they were convicted for certain crimes. They also had a sign, "criminal," on them. There were also German political prisoners, but still in the heart of them they were for Germany. Not so much for Hitler, but for Germany. That Germany shouldn't lose the war. The worst off were the Polish prisoners. They took bones from their legs to use for soldiers injured in the war. And these poor people went on crutches. We were lucky in a certain way that they hated the Jewish people that much that they wouldn't take anything from the Jew and give it to a German soldier.

[*We omit here the account of the illnesses of Marcel and of Arnold in Ravensbruck, their separation from and reunion with their mother.*]

It Can't get Worse; It Does get Worse

How did we spend the days in that camp? If you were not sent to work, you were sitting, or standing in that barracks with very, very little room—and we really were wasting away. The sick had to be taken care of and brought to the "hospital." Many died and they had to be brought to the dead chamber. Nobody wanted to do that, so the SS came and hit people to do it. I couldn't stand that, I just couldn't stand it, that nobody cried for the dead, that nobody cared. So I said, "I will take care of it." And I got two or three people to help me. When I was asked why I was doing that, I said that for myself I still wanted to be a human being. Hitler could take everything away from me,

but not that I should become like an animal.

One day I was sent to work. We had to go out the gate and there we were counted. One soldier, I don't know, he must have been drunk and every time the count was a different one. So he had to count us over and over again and every time when he went back and forth he stepped on our feet with his big boots. The more often he went, the angrier he got and the more he stepped on our feet. There were many incidents where the prisoners personally had to feel the sadism of the soldiers or the SS. There are so many stories of brutality but we were always in danger day by day. Somehow we made it and survived that one year in that camp.

Then the transports started going because it was coming to the end of the war and Hitler was sending people from one corner of Europe to the other. We knew that we would also have to go but we didn't know when. So we had everything ready, in a sack, just in case we had to go. That way we would have some underwear for the kids, something to wear, something to...It was about noon time, there came an SS woman and an SS man and they didn't give us a chance to get what we had prepared to take along. We had to go out of the barrack immediately and come before a doctor. We were told, "Tell him you're well. Don't tell him that you are sick because then you will get killed." We were standing for that doctor and he selected us to go in the cattle train.

It took us about three days and two nights to come to Bergen Belsen. That was 1945, in the end of March. There were six weeks till April the 15th when Bergen Belsen was liberated. These six weeks were the hardest time of the whole experience of survival. □

...but others say about family...

The Commitment to Continuity is Sacred

Ms. Handelman's quote (*Sh'ma,* 17/330) defining a Jew as "Anyone who has Jewish grandchildren," is terrific. Who is the "someone" that originated this definition? As for Ms. Ackelsberg: if the theological imperative in Judaism is indeed that "We be a holy nation," how, pray tell, can the Jewish community possibly "have a more open attitude which will encourage single or not heterosexually partnered women to have biological children?"

Charlotte Kastner de Rohr
Bogota, Columbia

Both are Words of the Living God

The Handelman-Ackelsberg debate on family versus community as the pivot of Jewish existence, eloquently lays out a subject of great importance. While Handelman's is the stronger rhetoric and probably the stronger position, Ackelsberg raises a major question of Jewish self-understanding: Should we construe ourselves primarily as a mega-family or as a community of friends?

Handelman is right that "the Book of Genesis...is a book all about families," and that "family is central to Judaism." And Ackelsberg is right that "our tradition is too rich, the community too varied, to claim that all that matters (or that what matters most) is simple biological reproduction." Ackelsberg correctly seeks to stretch the family to a greater tolerance of deviance by forcing it to ponder its role in creating community. Perhaps she overstates her case in claiming "if family has been important in Jewish history, it is as a means toward the creation and preservation of the community." I would argue that family and community were coextensive long after the patriarchal period and that "the image of family" is indeed "the controlling image for the rest of the biblical narratives." Family does not naturally give way to community in the historical development of the Jewish people. Rather, communal values arise and compete with established family values.

It is the Talmudic sages who mount a thorough campaign against total family hegemony. It is *Hazal* who turn Moses into "our teacher," and elevate the teacher to clear prominence over the father. (Your father brings you into *haolam hazeh,* this world, they taught, but your teacher brings you into *haolam haba,* the world to come.) Our talmudic sages understood God not only as father and king but also as teacher and friend.

The Bible sees *Am Yisrael* as a people whose historical journey has a transcendent meaning which, in turn, imposes obligations upon them. The Talmud sees *Am Yisrael* as a community of scholars and students who meet God as a teacher of Torah through the study of texts. Handelman calls for a serious return to Biblical basics. If there is no family there will be no students. No Bible means no Talmud. Ackelsberg calls for Talmudic transformation of the given. In the spirit of Rabbi Hanina she urges us not to be *banim* (children), but rather *bonim* (builders).

Can we become a community of friendship without losing the passion of family love? While family passion founds the Jewish people, only "covenantal friendship" can sustain the people and make it possible for us to be friends to other peoples. In the family we see our origins; in the community our destiny.

James Ponet
New Haven, Ct.

Your tzedakah grounds our feistiness

Most philanthropies are trembling, expecting that the new tax law will decrease their contributions by 15%. *Sh'ma*, that improbable survivor of 17 publishing seasons, continues to put its trust in its faithful, generous readers. Do send us your (still) tax-deductible check soon. If you can manage $150 or more, we'll show our appreciation by sending you an autographed copy of Jonathan Woocher's stimulating new book on American Jewry, *Sacred Survival*. Even a gift of only $2.16 (our old "dollar" plus stamp, plus reprint) will bring you a personally inscribed copy of Gene Borowitz's recent article, "Social Justice, the Liberal Jewish Case." Reach us at: P O Box 567, Port Washington, N.Y. 11050. And thanks.

THE HUMAN CONDITION IN THE JEWISH AND CHRISTIAN TRADITIONS. Also: CONTEMPORARY ETHICAL ISSUES IN THE JEWISH AND CHRISTIAN TRADITIONS. Both edited by *Frederick E. Greenspahn*. Ktav. $25 each.

These two weighty volumes feature papers given at the Center for Judaic Studies at the University of Denver and indicate the high level of academic inter-faith dialogue/study that can occur today. The Jewish papers are independently impressive—mine is being distributed to *Sh'ma* appeal donors this year—but taken in the context of the equally learned Protestant and Catholic contributions, the whole shows university comparative religion at its best.

LETTERS FROM WESTERBORK. *Etty Hillesum*. Pantheon. $14.95.

The astonishing diary this vibrant 29 year old kept in one of the "better" concentration camps, is now supplemented by letters she wrote in what was to be her final year. The affirmation of life transforms suspicion and apprehension so that the reader is both exalted and broken-hearted.

DEATH AND BIRTH OF JUDAISM. *Jacob Neusner*. Basic. $21.95.

Social critic and thinker here rather than historian, the author argues that post-Emancipation systems of Juda-"ism" are obsolete. Nothing if not stimulating, he proves this by systematizing 19th and 20th century Jewish ideologies—Reform, Conservative and Orthodox Judaisms; and socialist-yiddishism, Zionism, and Holocaust-survivalism, respectively—recognizing their virtues but denying their lasting vitality which will come from our many-hued reversioners.

A WALKER IN JERUSALEM. *Samuel Heilman*. Summit. $18.95.

Being a social anthropologist seems to have made Heilman unusually responsive to the people he meets and to the multiple social realities reflected in their lives and relationships. Having a gift for writing, he will take you deeper into Jerusalem's soul.

THE LAND OF ISRAEL. *Lawrence A. Hoffman, ed.* Notre Dame. $29.95.

This impressive, 13 essay collection, impressively ends the surprising lack of scholarly Jewish treatments of the history of the place of the Land in Jewish tradition. From the Bible and Philo to the conflict between the wings of Israeli Orthodoxy disputing attitudes toward Judea-Samaria/West Bank, the treatments are thorough and cogent, unusually uniformly so.

WITH ALL YOUR POSSESSIONS. *Meir Tamari*. Free Press. $22.50.

Based on his teaching at Bar Ilan and his daily experience as Chief Economist of the Office of the Governor of the Bank of Israel, the author gives us a fine introduction to our tradition's view of Jewish ethics and economic life. Eminently readable for a work in "the dismal science" and valuable as an entry to a labyrinthine area, the book also is somewhat apologetic, tending to avoid or downplay troublesome issues.

CHAIM WEIZMANN. *Norman Rose*. Viking. $24.95.

Variously derided as a political wimp or ignored as the tragic old first president of the State of Israel, Weizmann emerges in this impressively researched work as no saint or titan but all the more estimable for his political integrity over the difficult decades. The fine skills of the British diplomatic historian, now living in Israel, are as much evident in the readability of this volume as in its solid recounting of the tale.

HANDBOOK OF PSYCHOTHERAPY AND JEWISH ETHICS. *Moshe Halevi Spero*. Feldheim. $19.95.

Continuing his path-breaking exploration of the relationship between *halachah*—the Jewish "ethics" of the title—and psychotherapy, the author now presents us with a valuable collection of studies dealing with specific issues of technique —what is the observant therapist to do about countertransference?—as well as more general clinical issues —with lewd thought forbidden, what happens to free communication?

ORDINARY HEROES. *Peter Hay.* Putnam. $22.50.

Chana Szenes' extraordinary story is imaginatively retold here set against the context of the Zionism which animated her life. New research grounds the well-written book which jarred me somewhat by describing the inner lives of its heroine and her acquaintances.

MIRIAM'S TAMBOURINE. *Howard Schwartz.* Free Press. $24.95.

The author's continuing fascination with literary aspects of our tradition and his graceful refurbishing of them for modern sensibilities continues here by retelling very many Jewish folktales from around the world. The child in you will be charmed by this Jewish "Grimm" while the adult will glory in the sheer human imaginativeness, quite universal, of our forebears.

THE YIDDISH DICTIONARY SOURCEBOOK. *Galvin and Tamarkin.* Ktav. $20.

Some 8500 plus words and expressions in *mameloshn* are here transliterated—the book's chief claim to usefulness—in easy to consult English-to-Yiddish and Yiddish-to-English sections. (Of course, the Hebrew type's here too.) That's what's meant by "sourcebook," not the origins of words, expressions, curses, or an aphorism like, *gutskayt iz beser fun frumkayt,* goodness is better than piety.

THE AMERICAN JEWISH COMMUNITY. *Calvin Goldscheider.* Brown/Scholars.

The Israel-Diaspora Institute in Tel Aviv creatively invited a premier American Jewish social scientist to discuss the policy implications of research in his field—and then they asked a dozen mover-shaker-thinkers to respond and be responded to. The exchange is stimulating yet ends up curiously, reminding us essentially that our differences largely result from commitment to divergent methods, values and beliefs.

THE BIBLICAL ECHO. *Emanuel Feldman.* Ktav. $17.50.

Books of rabbi's speeches-writings generally don't work because they miss the person behind the message. Here I found the occasional papers more interesting than the *derashot* though a lively, disciplined mind was operating in both.

"...and bear in mind..."

...poems, some directly on Jewish themes, are found in Seymour Mayne's *Children of Abel* (Mosaic)...Leonard B. Gewirtz shares his traditional faith in hope and redemption in *Jewish Spirituality* (Ktav) and David Kinigsberg does so far less appealingly in *Modern Man and an Old-fashioned God* (Vantage)...Leo Lieberman and Arthur F. Berinsgause's *Classics of Jewish Literature* (Philosophical) seems quite idiosyncratic to me...*The Book of Jewish Customs* by Harvey Lutske (Aronson) recounts post-immigrant Ashkenazic lore...Heinz Hartmann tells his immigrant tale in too much detail in *Once a Doctor, Always a Doctor* (Prometheus).

Marcia Falk has a new chapbook of her sensitive poetry, *This Year in Jerusalem* (State Street Press)...scientists and Jewish philosophers share their demanding conference papers in *Creation and the End of Days* (University Press)...Benjamin Ravid has gathered some of his scholar-Zionist father Simon Rawidowicz's notable papers in *Israel, the Ever-Dying People* (Fairleigh Dickinson), as has David Blumenthal for the noted Conservative rabbi Aaron Blumenthal in *And Bring them Closer to Torah* (Ktav)...13 radio lectures on the history of Zionist thought by Monty Noam Penkower are given in *The Emergence of Zionist Thought* (Associated Faculty) while Adam Ackerman is more movement-organization oriented in *Selected Chapters in the History of Zionism* (Good Times; Jerusalem)...Howard Eilberg-Schwartz's intensive study of Mishnah results in the impressive *The Human Will in Judaism* (Scholars).