

2014

PRAGUE
SUMMER

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INTRODUCTION



History, Memory, and Monuments: An Overview of the Scholarly Literature on Commemoration

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“Monuments are good for nothing,” a North Carolina Congressman declared in 1800. In the founding years of the United States, many argued that democracy and the spread of literacy had made commemorative rituals and monuments obsolete, a leftover from the days of monarchy and superstition. Reflecting on Congress’s reluctance to fund a monument to George Washington, John Quincy Adams famously observed that “democracy has no monuments.” “True memory,” many Americans liked to claim, lay not in a pile of dead stones but in the living hearts of the people.

Since those early days of the Republic, democracy has changed its tune. Commemoration has become utterly commonplace, deeply rooted in the cultural practices of the nation. Not only did Americans come to embrace traditional forms of commemoration, but they pioneered new practices, particularly in the remembrance of war dead. Today American commemorative practices have multiplied and spread in ways no one could have imagined, extending now even into the solar system (with a monument to the fallen *Columbia* crew on Mars).

While commemorative practices have been expanding for nearly two centuries, the academic literature on commemoration has mushroomed in the past twenty years. So many scholars from such a variety of disciplines have joined the “memory boom” that mapping the field has become effectively impossible. Moreover, scholars often talk at cross purposes with one another or simply in ignorance of each other’s work. This essay, while by necessity impressionistic, will try to pinpoint key questions, debates, findings, and trends.

The first key question might be, what is commemoration? Dictionary definitions tell us that to commemorate is to “call to remembrance,” to mark an event or a person or a group by a ceremony or an observance or a monument of some kind. Commemorations might be ephemeral or permanent; the key point is that they prod collective memory in some conspicuous way.

French sociologist Maurice Halbwachs ushered in the modern academic study of collective memory with his book *The Social Frameworks of Memory* (1925) in which he argued that all memory – even personal memory – is a social process, shaped by the various groups (family, religious, geographical, etc.) to which individuals belong. In an even more influential posthumous essay, “Historical Memory and Collective Memory” (1950), published after his death in a Nazi concentration camp, Halbwachs insisted on a distinction between history and

collective memory: history aims for a universal, objective truth severed from the psychology of social groups while “every collective memory requires the support of a group delimited in space and time.” Thus our view of the past does not come primarily from professional historical scholarship but from a much more complicated and interwoven set of relationships to mass media, tourist sites, family tradition, and the spaces of our upbringing with all their regional, ethnic, and class diversity – to name just a few factors. Just as personal memory is now understood to be a highly selective, adaptive process of reconstructing the past, shaped by present needs and contexts, so collective memory is a product of social groups and their ever evolving character and interests. Hence the now commonplace notion that collective memory is “constructed,” amidst a perpetual political battleground. Almost everyone now agrees with American historian Michael Kammen’s assertion, made in his magisterial volume Mystic Chords of Memory (1991) that “societies in fact reconstruct their pasts rather than faithfully record them, and that they do so with the needs of contemporary culture clearly in mind – manipulating the past in order to mold the present.” . . .

In the U.S. the “memory boom” seems to have been inspired largely by two phenomena: the coming to grips with the Holocaust, which began in earnest in the 1970s, and the unexpected success of Maya Lin’s Vietnam Veterans Memorial, dedicated in 1982. While the literature on Holocaust memory is now vast and intricate, James E. Young’s book The Texture of Memory (1993) has become indispensable. Focusing on the unique problems posed by the trauma of the Holocaust, Young surveyed a range of memorial solutions in Europe and the U.S. from traditional heroic figurative monuments to avant-garde installations that deliberately undermined the very premise that monuments are permanent. Throughout the book Young argued that monument building is a living process, in some sense always unfinished; no matter how much a monument may pretend to be eternal and unchanging, its meaning always evolves as its viewers bring new concerns and understandings to it. Since the Holocaust was so clearly an event to be pondered rather than celebrated, monuments could never hope to fix its meaning for all time.

The phenomenal power and popularity of the Vietnam Veterans Memorial almost immediately revived scholarly interest in the subject of public monuments. Traditionally, public monuments had been the most prestigious forms of commemoration because they were designed as permanent showcases of public memory, to last for the ages. But in the twentieth century, scholars came to consider the public monument a dead form. Lewis Mumford wrote in The Culture of Cities (1938) that “the notion of a modern monument is a veritable contradiction in terms.” While public monuments did continue to be erected in the mid-20th century, scholars paid little attention until Maya Lin’s design for the Vietnam Veterans Memorial offered a new, distinctly contemporary memorial format, an open solution – to follow James Young’s suggestion – that deliberately encouraged multiple meanings and uses. This spawned an immense literature on the monument itself and a renewed interest in how monuments and other public practices of commemoration work in modern society.

Fittingly, one of the most frequently cited books on American public memory, John Bodnar’s Remaking America: Public Memory, Commemoration, and Patriotism in the Twentieth Century (1992), began with a discussion of the Vietnam Veterans Memorial. Bodnar, an eminent social historian of ethnic and immigrant communities, was dissatisfied with the all too frequent assumption that commemorations were top-down affairs imposed by ruling elites on a passive populace. The success of the Vietnam Veterans Memorial demonstrated to him that commemoration interwove what he called “official” and “vernacular” memory, official memory driven by the need of the state to mythologize itself and maintain the loyalty of its citizens and vernacular memory driven by the need of ordinary people to pursue their social and political concerns in their local communities. Surveying a broad range of local commemorations including monuments and anniversaries, Bodnar argued that national patriotism worked to “mediate” or reconcile the competing interests of official and vernacular memories. While Bodnar’s distinction between official and vernacular can break down in practice, his book has helped establish that commemoration “involves a struggle for supremacy between advocates of various political ideas and sentiments.”

Writer's Notebook

Each day during Prague Summer, you will be expected to spend some time reflecting on your experiences and how they connect to the themes of the trip and the work we do in class. These reflections will be recorded in your writer's notebook. Some days you will be asked to answer a specific question—other times you may write freely. The purpose of the writer's notebook is also for us to become comfortable with the idea of being writers. We are recording not just for ourselves, but for others.

“...the writer's job is to communicate. And I tell them, 'No diary writing', 'No private writing.' These are public acts of communication. And you must tell the story so that you can give it to another person. That you can—you—and when you read it aloud, there's mouth to ear transmission. And, we are communicating. And, this way—we make connections with others and, we also build the community around us.”

- Maxine Hong Kingston, from *Bill Moyers Journal*

All assignments, journaling and note taking must be done in your writer's notebook/scrapbook. For each assignment, you will have the option of writing, scrapbooking or podcasting. You may decide which format to use on a daily basis.

	<u>Write</u>	<u>Scrapbook</u>	<u>Speak</u>
Frequency	<i>Daily</i>	<i>Daily</i>	<i>Daily</i>
Requirements	1 page minimum per night Connect to themes/class	1 page minimum per night Must have written component	5 minutes Descriptive & analytical

Czech Mate, Polish Mate & German Mate
“Think for yourself, but think of others”

In your small group, meet a Czech, Pole and German native and interview them. Your job is to learn and investigate the person’s views on various world and local issues that concern their country. In addition, you should find some background on the individual. The questions below are meant as a guide and you do not have to ask all of them nor do you have to follow them. You may wish to ask your own “intelligent” questions. If you have the ability to record on your mp3 player, you may want to record the conversations. Above all, be respectful! Represent yourself with dignity.

****Introduce yourself as a high school student who is required to do an assignment. Ask if they have a few minutes to answer some questions. ****

Some Possible Questions:

- **What is your name, age, job, etc.?**
- **Where do you live?**
- **How long have you lived in Prague/Krakow/Berlin?**
- **What is your view on the European Union?**
- **Who do you consider the strongest and weakest members of the EU?**
- **What is your view on the United States?**
- **What do you think about Czech-German, Polish-German and Polish-Czech relations?**
- **What is your view on US foreign policy?**
- **What is the state of the economy?**
- **What is your favorite thing about your city, country?**
- **What are your views on globalization?**
- **What are your views on climate change?**
- **What music do you listen to?**
- **Where do you get your news?**
- **What social media sites do you use on a regular basis?**

After completing the interview, you should write a 1-2 page summary in your writer’s notebook. Time permitting, you may be asked to present your findings to the group.

Final Project: Making Sense of It All

Choose **one** (1) from the **three** (3) questions below:

- 1) In Central Europe, perhaps more than anywhere else, nations have struggled to come to terms with their recent past. Whether it is the legacy of Nazism or Communism, commemorating the past often means commenting on the present and giving direction for the future. How has each of these countries chosen to commemorate the past? In order to answer this question, you will need to discuss and analyze at least one monument from each country. What is the purpose of the monument? What is its intended audience? And most importantly, how does it fit into the larger question of that nation's historical memory? A visual representation or sketch may accompany your answer.

- 2) Take a look back at the monuments/memorials we have encountered and experienced. Monuments provide a gateway to the past, a reflection of the present and a hope for the future. They are an integral part of a country's heritage and dot the landscape. In a sense, they are timekeepers of history. Monuments express a meaning and a point of view. They create an emotional and intellectual response that is singular and unique. Some are abstract, some are not, and some are just plain odd. But they all have a purpose. So take some time and let your ideas brew on this assignment.

Now it is your chance to create your own monument. Think about one event, idea, theme from this trip that you would want to commemorate with a monument. You need to draw/create the monument in your writer's notebook. Now write a report introducing your monument. You should address the following questions:

- A. What city would your monument be in and why?
 - B. What did you choose this event, idea or theme to memorialize?
 - C. What was your inspiration for your monument?
 - D. What is the purpose of your monument? Inspire? Condemn? Educate?
 - E. What do you hope people get out of your monument?
 - F. How does your monument help explore the history we have learned?
 - G. Include a detailed description of the materials, dimensions,
- 3) Ask and answer an intellectual/historical question of your own choosing. This must be approved first by a member of the Prague Summer faculty.

Format:

You have several options on how to answer the above questions. You may write a traditional essay of 3-4 pages in your writer's notebook, make a movie or audio presentation or find another way to complete the assignment. Please speak with a Prague Summer teacher if you have a creative idea about completing the final project.

KRAKOW

The Holocaust and Auschwitz-Birkenau

Below is an excerpt from the United States Holocaust Memorial Museum website.

"The Holocaust (Greek origin meaning sacrifice by fire) refers to a specific genocidal event in twentieth-century history: the state-sponsored, systematic persecution and annihilation of European Jewry by Nazi Germany and its collaborators between 1933 and 1945. Jews were the primary victims—6 million were murdered; Gypsies, the handicapped, and Poles were also targeted for destruction or decimation for racial, ethnic, or national reasons. Millions more, including homosexuals, Jehovah's Witnesses, Soviet prisoners of war, and political dissidents, also suffered grievous oppression and death under Nazi tyranny.

"In 1933, the Jewish population of Europe stood at over nine million. Most European Jews lived in countries that the Third Reich would occupy or influence during World War II. By 1945, close to two out of every three European Jews had been killed as part of the "Final Solution", the Nazi policy to murder the Jews of Europe. Although Jews were the primary victims of Nazi racism, other victims included tens of thousands of Roma (Gypsies). At least 200,000 mentally or physically disabled people were murdered in the Euthanasia Program. As Nazi tyranny spread across Europe, the Nazis persecuted and murdered millions of other people. More than three million Soviet prisoners of war were murdered or died of starvation, disease, neglect, or maltreatment. The Germans targeted the non-Jewish Polish intelligentsia for killing, and deported millions of Polish and Soviet citizens for forced labor in Germany or in occupied Poland. From the earliest years of the Nazi regime, homosexuals and others deemed to be behaving in a socially unacceptable way were persecuted. Thousands of political dissidents (including Communists, Socialists, and trade unionists) and religious dissidents (such as Jehovah's Witnesses) were also targeted. Many of these individuals died as a result of incarceration and maltreatment.

"Before beginning the war in 1939, the Nazis established concentration camps to imprison Jews, Roma, other victims of ethnic and racial hatred, and political opponents of Nazism. During the war years, the Nazis and their collaborators created ghettos, transit camps, and forced-labor camps. Following the invasion of the Soviet Union in June 1941, Einsatzgruppen (mobile killing units) carried out mass-murder operations against Jews, Roma, and Soviet state and Communist party officials. More than a million Jewish men, women, and children were murdered by these units. Between 1942 and 1944, Nazi Germany deported millions more Jews from the occupied territories to extermination camps, where they murdered them in specially developed killing facilities." (ushmm.org)

- Six most active death camps in Poland
- #1 Auschwitz

Auschwitz

- 3 camps in 1
- Auschwitz I – Concentration camp
- Auschwitz II (Birkenau) – Killing center (began in 1942)
 - Gas chambers killed 12,000 a day – 1 million during 1943 -1944
 - 9 out of 10 deaths were Jews
- Auschwitz III – Slave camp and factories
 - Life expectancy 3 – 4 months
 - Life expectancy in coal mines 1 month
- Late 1944 – SS forced Jews to destroy 4 gas chambers to destroy evidence

Museum today = Auschwitz I and II (some of it has been rebuilt)

6 million Jews = 2/3 of European Jews (most from Poland and parts of U.S.S.R.)

40% of Roma died, 4 million Soviet P.O.W., 4 million Poles, Ukrainian dead

Krakow, Poland

- 225,000 Jews pre-WWII
- 15,000 Jews post-WWII

Country	% of Jewish Pop.	# (in thousands)
Poland	83 – 90%	3,000
Baltic States	83 – 90%	228
Czechoslovakia	83 – 90%	155
Hungary	65 – 77%	8
Ukraine	50 – 60%	450
France	11 – 26%	90

Background

- Jews made up less than 1% of Germany's population (525,000)

Before WWII (1930s) – Nazi Germany Policy -

- Half of German Jews and $\frac{3}{4}$ of Austrian Jews left Europe
- Those who stayed – ghettos and slave labor

WWII (1939 – 1945)

- Surplus population problem

German + German businesses integrated

- I.G. Farben (pharmaceutical & chemical)
- Maker of Bayer, synthetic rubber, Zyklon B
- Germany short supply of synthetic rubber

Auschwitz

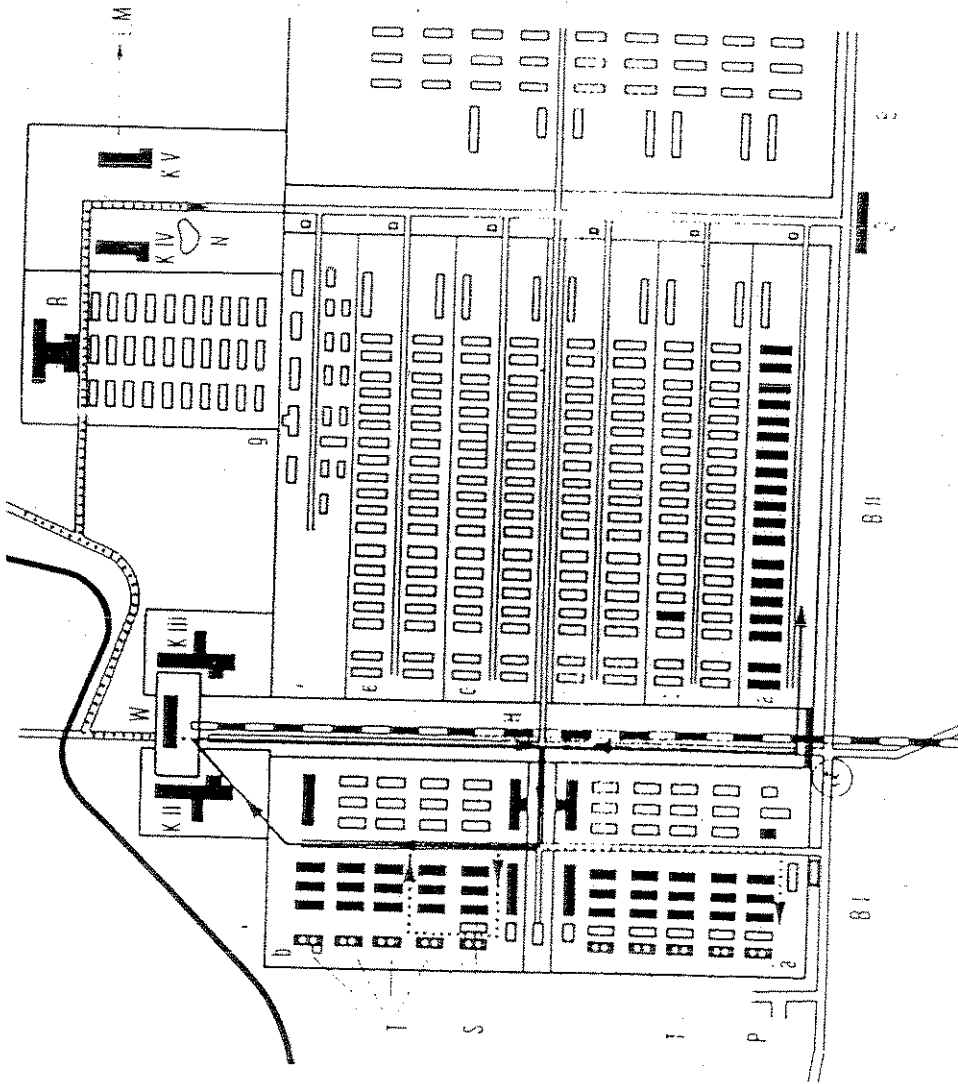
- Good supply of water, coal nearby, RR junction- core of Polish RR system
- Previous Polish army camp. Nazis converted to prison camp in June 1940 (Auschwitz I)
- German government deal
- Auschwitz II Bikenau and Auschwitz III – separate camps and factories

At the same time – German government: what to do with surplus population?

January 1942 – Wannsee – “Final Solution”

1. Einsatzgruppen (w/in SS)
2. Slave camps and death camps

PLAN OF THE FORMER CONCENTRATION CAMP
KL AUSCHWITZ II — BIRKENAU (BRZEZINKA)



- Information
- Main SS Guard-house — "Death Gate"
 - Women's camp
 - In the beginning men's camp, from 1943 women's camp
 - Quarantine
 - "Family camp" for Jews from Theresienstadt
 - Camp for Jews from Hungary
 - Men's camp
 - Gypsy camp

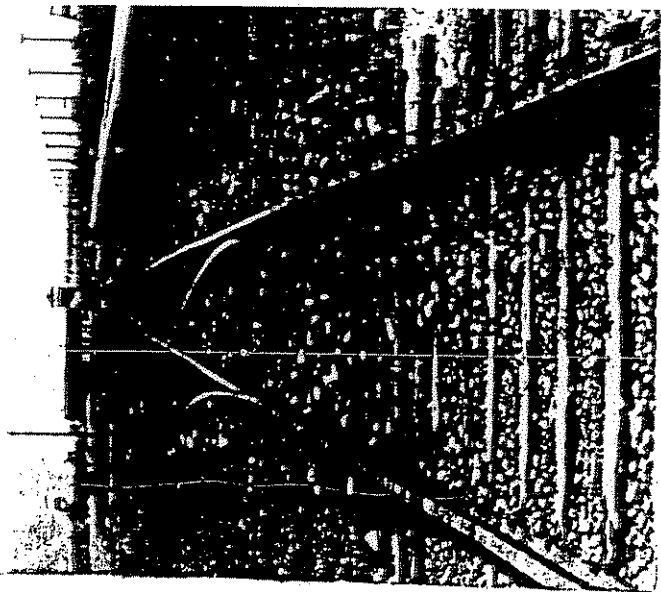
- B III Prisoners' Hospital
- B II Storehouse of property taken from murdered victims — "Canada"
- B III Camp sector III (under construction) — "Mexico"
- H Unloading ramp
- K II — V Ruins of the crematoria and gas chambers
- L Pits and pyres on which bodies were burned
- M Mass graves of Soviet POW's
- N Pond into which ashes were tipped
- O Commandant's Office

- P Block 25 ("Death Block")
 - R Bath-house ("Sauna")
 - S Penal Company
 - T Latrines
 - W The International Monument to the Victims of Fascism
- The main route of visiting
 ····· Additional route of visiting
 ——— The camp barracks maintained in original state

State
Museum in Oświęcim

Auschwitz Birkenau

GUIDE-BOOK



SALT: A World History

Please answer the following questions in your Writer's Notebook.

- 1) What is *brine*. (*Do not overthink this!*)?
- 2) The *salacious* nature of Prague Summer students is always of some concern to the chaperones. What on earth does this statement have to do with our visit to the salt mines?
- 3) Would Ernest Jones salt his pizza? Explain.
- 4) What happens to the human body if deprived of salt?
- 5) Describe the significance of salt in various cultures. Provide at least 3 examples.
- 6) Ms. Fries (in her previous life, circa 1408) neglected to regularly salt her infant daughter, so Walter demanded that she enroll in a Child Development class. Why did Mr. Lyons demand this?
- 7) Why would a vegetarian need to consume more salt than a meat-eater?
- 8) What led to salt becoming one of the first commodities of trade?
- 9) Describe the relationship between salt and wealth.
- 10) In 1278, Mr. Vignone left his house every morning muttering. "Off to the salt mines." Did Viggie look forward to his job? Explain.
- 11) Why didn't Mr. Vignone worry about whether his work clothes matched? (He is still working in the mines, mind you...)
- 12) In the 14th century, salt was very important to the Polish economy. Explain.

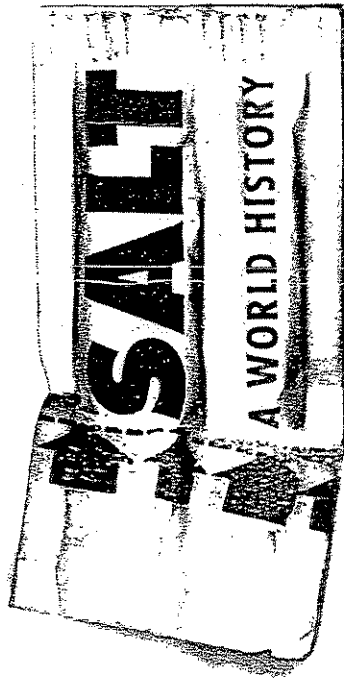
INTRODUCTION

The Rock

I BOUGHT THE rock in Spanish Catalonia, in the rundown hillside mining town of Cardona. An irregular pink trapezoid with elongated, curved indentations etched on its surface by rain-drops, it had an odd translucence and appeared to be a cross between rose quartz and soap. The resemblance to soap came from the fact that it dissolved in water and its edges were worn smooth like a used soap bar.

I paid too much for it—nearly fifteen dollars. But it was, after all, despite a rosy blush of magnesium, almost pure salt, a piece of the famous salt mountain of Cardona. The various families that had occupied the castle atop the next mountain had garnered centuries of wealth from such rock.

I took it home and kept it on a windowsill. One day it got rained on, and white salt crystals started appearing on the pink. My rock was starting to look like salt, which would ruin its mystique. So I rinsed off the crystals with water. Then I spent fifteen



MARK KURLANSKY

author of

COD and THE BASQUE HISTORY OF THE WORLD

minutes carefully patting the rock dry. By the next day it was sitting in a puddle of brine that had leached out of the rock. The sun hit the puddle of clear water. After a few hours, square white crystals began to appear in the puddle. Solar evaporation was turning brine into salt crystals.

For a while it seemed I had a magical stone that would perpetually produce brine puddles. Yet the rock never seemed to get smaller. Sometimes in dry weather it would appear to completely dry out, but on a humid day, a puddle would again appear under it. I decided I could dry out the rock by baking it in a small toaster oven. Within a half-hour white stalactites were drooping from the toaster grill. I left the rock on a steel radiator cover, but the brine threatened to corrode the metal. So I transferred it to a small copper tray. A green crust formed on the bottom, and when I rubbed off the discoloration, I found the copper had been polished.

My rock lived by its own rules. When friends stopped by, I told them the rock was salt, and they would delicately lick a corner and verify that it tasted just like salt.

Those who think a fascination with salt is a bizarre obsession have simply never owned a rock like this.

AMONG THE PEOPLE who have apparently lived with such deprivation was the Welsh Jungian psychologist Ernest Jones, friend of Sigmund Freud and a leading force in bringing psychoanalysis to Britain and the United States. In 1912, Jones published an essay about the human obsession with salt—a fixation that he found irrational and subconsciously sexual. To support his theory, he cited the curious Abyssinian custom of

presenting a piece of rock salt to a guest, who would then lick it. Jones states that "in all ages salt has been invested with a significance far exceeding that inherent in its natural properties, interesting and important as these are. Homer calls it a divine substance, Plato describes it as especially dear to the Gods, and we shall presently note the importance attached to it in religious ceremonies, covenants, and magical charms. That this should have been so in all parts of the world and in all times shows that we are dealing with a general human tendency and not with any local custom, circumstance or notion."

Salt, Jones argued, is often associated with fertility. This notion may have come from the observation that fish, living in the salty sea, have far more offspring than land-based animals. Ships carrying salt tended to be overrun by mice, and for centuries it was believed that mice could reproduce without sex, simply by being in salt.

The Romans, Jones pointed out, called a man in love *sakax*, in a salted state, which is the origin of the word *salacious*. In the Pyrenees, bridal couples went to church with salt in their left pockets to guard against impotence. In some parts of France, only the groom carried salt, in others only the bride. In Germany, the bride's shoes were sprinkled with salt.

Jones further built his case: Celibate Egyptian priests abstained from salt because it excited sexual desire; in Borneo, when Dayak tribesmen returned from taking heads, the abstinence from both sex and salt was required; when a Pima killed an Apache, both he and his wife abstained from sex and salt for three weeks. In Behar, India, Nagin women, sacred prostitutes known as "wives of the snake god," periodically abstained from salt and went begging. Half their proceeds were given to the priests and half to buying salt and sweetmeats for the villagers.



An 1857 Paris engraving titled *Women Salting Their Husbands* demonstrated how to make your man more virile. The last line of an accompanying poem reads, "With this salting, front and back, At last strong natures they will not lack." Bibliothèque Nationale

Jones bolstered his argument by turning to Freud, who eight years earlier had asserted in *Zur Psychopathie des Alltagslebens*, On the Psychopathology of Daily Life, that superstitions were often the result of attaching great significance to an insignificant object or phenomenon because it was unconsciously associated with something else of great importance.

Would not all this attention to salt be inexplicable, Jones's argument goes, unless we were really thinking of more important things—things worthy of an obsession? Jones concludes, "There

is every reason to think that the primitive mind equated the idea of salt, not only with that of semen, but also with the essential constituent of urine."

JONES WAS WRITING in an age with a thirst for scientific explanations. And it is true that semen and urine—along with blood, tears, sweat, and almost every part of the human body—contain salt, which is a necessary component in the functioning of cells. Without both water and salt, cells could not get nourishment and would die of dehydration.

But perhaps a better explanation for the human obsession with this common compound is the one offered a few years later, in the 1920s, by the Diamond Crystal Salt Company of St. Clair, Michigan, in a booklet, "One Hundred and One Uses for Diamond Crystal Salt." This list of uses included keeping the colors bright on boiled vegetables; making ice cream freeze; whipping cream rapidly; getting more heat out of boiled water; removing rust; cleaning bamboo furniture; sealing cracks; stiffening white organdy; removing spots on clothes; putting out grease fires; making candles dripless; keeping cut flowers fresh; killing poison ivy; and treating dyspepsia, sprains, sore throats, and earaches.

Fat more than 101 uses for salt are well known. The figure often cited by the modern salt industry is 14,000, including the manufacturing of pharmaceuticals, the melting of ice from winter roads, fertilizing agricultural fields, making soap, softening water, and dyeing textiles.

Salt is a chemical term for a substance produced by the reaction of an acid with a base. When sodium, an unstable metal that

can suddenly burst into flame, reacts with a deadly poisonous gas known as chlorine, it becomes the staple food sodium chloride, NaCl, from the only family of rocks eaten by humans. There are many salts, and a number of them are edible and often found together. The one we most like to eat is sodium chloride, which has the taste that we call salty. Other salts contribute unwelcome bitter or sour tastes, though they may also be of value to the human diet. Baby formula contains three salts: magnesium chloride, potassium chloride, and sodium chloride.

Chloride is essential for digestion and in respiration. Without sodium, which the body cannot manufacture, the body would be unable to transport nutrients or oxygen, transmit nerve impulses, or move muscles, including the heart. An adult human being contains about 250 grams of salt, which would fill three or four saltshakers, but is constantly losing it through bodily functions. It is essential to replace this lost salt.

A French folktale relates the story of a princess who declares to her father, "I love you like salt," and he, angered by the slight, banishes her from the kingdom. Only later when he is denied salt does he realize its value and therefore the depth of his daughter's love. Salt is so common, so easy to obtain, and so inexpensive that we have forgotten that from the beginning of civilization until about 100 years ago, salt was one of the most sought-after commodities in human history.

SALT PRESERVES. UNTIL modern times it provided the principal way to preserve food. Egyptians used salt to make mummies. This ability to preserve, to protect against decay, as well as to sustain life, has given salt a broad metaphorical importance—what Freud might have considered an irrational attachment to salt, a seeming-

ly trivial object, because, in our unconscious, we associate it with longevity and permanence, which are of boundless significance:

Salt was to the ancient Hebrews, and still is to modern Jews, the symbol of the eternal nature of God's covenant with Israel. In the Torah, the Book of Numbers, is written, "It is a covenant of salt forever, before the Lord," and later in Chronicles, "The Lord God of Israel gave the kingdom over Israel to David forever, even to him, and to his sons, by a covenant of salt."

On Friday nights Jews dip the Sabbath bread in salt. In Judaism, bread is a symbol of food, which is a gift from God, and dipping the bread in salt preserves it—keeps the agreement between God and his people.

Loyalty and friendship are sealed with salt because its essence does not change. Even dissolved into liquid, salt can be evaporated back into square crystals. In both Islam and Judaism, salt seals a bargain because it is immutable. Indian troops pledged their loyalty to the British with salt. Ancient Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans included salt in sacrifices and offerings, and they invoked gods with salt and water, which is thought to be the origin of Christian holy water.

In Christianity, salt is associated not only with longevity and permanence but, by extension, with truth and wisdom. The Catholic Church dispenses not only holy water but holy salt, *Sal Sapientia*, the Salt of Wisdom.

Bread and salt, a blessing and its preservation, are often associated. Bringing bread and salt to a new home is a Jewish tradition dating back to the Middle Ages. The British dispensed with the bread but for centuries carried salt to a new home. In 1789, when Robert Burns moved to a new house in Ellisland, he was escorted there by a procession of relatives carrying a bowl of salt. The city of Hamburg, Germany, symbolically renews its blessings

once a year by carrying through the streets a chocolate-covered bread and a marzipan saltcellar filled with sugar. In Welsh tradition, a plate was put on the coffin with bread and salt, and a local professional sin eater arrived to eat the salt.

Because salt prevents decay, it protects from harm. In the early Middle Ages, farmers in northern Europe learned to save their grain harvest from a devastating fungal infection called ergot, poisonous to humans and livestock, by soaking the grain in salt brine. So it is not surprising that Anglo-Saxon farmers included salt in the magic ingredients placed in a hole in the plow as they invoked the name of the earth goddess and chanted for "bright crops, broad barley, white wheat, shining millet . . ."

Evil spirits detest salt. In traditional Japanese theater, salt was sprinkled on the stage before each performance to protect the actors from evil spirits. In Haiti, the only way to break the spell and bring a zombie back to life is with salt. In parts of Africa and the Caribbean, it is believed that evil spirits are disguised as women who shed their skin at night and travel in the dark as balls of fire. To destroy these spirits their skin must be found and salted so that they cannot return to it in the morning. In Afro-Caribbean culture, salt's ability to break spells is not limited to evil spirits. Salt is not eaten at ritual meals because it will keep all the spirits away.

Both Jews and Muslims believe that salt protects against the evil eye. The Book of Ezekiel mentions rubbing newborn infants with salt to protect them from evil. The practice in Europe of protecting newborns either by putting salt on their tongues or by submerging them in saltwater is thought to predate Christian baptism. In France, until the practice was abolished in 1408, children were salted until they were baptized. In parts of Europe, especially Holland, the practice was modified to placing salt in the cradle with the child.

Salt is a potent and sometimes dangerous substance that has to be handled with care. Medieval European etiquette paid a great deal of attention to how salt was touched at the table—with the tip of a knife and never by hand. The most authoritative book of Jewish law, the *Shulchan Arukh*, The Prepared Table, written in the sixteenth century, it is explained that salt can only safely be handled with the middle two fingers. If a man uses his thumb in serving salt, his children will die, his little finger will cause poverty, and use of the index finger will cause him to become a murderer.

MODERN SCIENTISTS ARGUE about how much salt an adult needs to be healthy. Estimates range from two-thirds of a pound to more than sixteen pounds each year. People who live in hot weather, especially if they do physical labor, need more salt because they must replace the salt that is lost in sweating. This is why West Indian slaves were fed salted food. But if they do not sweat excessively, people who eat red meat appear to derive from it all the salt they need. The Masai, nomadic cattle herders in East Africa, meet their salt needs by bleeding livestock and drinking the blood. But vegetable diets, rich in potassium, offer little sodium chloride. Wherever records exist of humans in different stages of development, as in seventeenth- and eighteenth-century North America, it is generally found that hunter tribes neither made nor traded for salt but agricultural tribes did. On every continent, once human beings began cultivating crops, they began looking for salt to add to their diet. How they learned of this need is a mystery. A victim of starvation experiences hunger, and so the need for food is apparent. Salt deficiency causes headaches and weakness, then light-headedness, then nausea. If deprived long enough, the victim will die. But at no time in this process is a

craving for salt experienced. However, most people choose to eat far more salt than they need, and perhaps this urge—the simple fact that we like the taste of salt—is a natural defense.

The other development that created a need for salt was the move to raise animals for meat rather than kill wild ones. Animals also need salt. Wild carnivores, like humans, can meet their salt needs by eating meat. Wild herbivores forage for it, and one of the earliest ways humans searched for salt was to follow animal trails. Eventually they all lead to a salt lick or a brine spring or some other source of salt. But domesticated animals need to be fed salt. A horse can require five times the salt intake of a human, and a cow needs as much as ten times the amount of salt a human requires.

Attempts to domesticate animals may have occurred before the end of the Ice Age, and even then humans understood that animals needed salt. Reindeer were observed going to encampments where human urine provided a source of salt. People learned that if salt was provided, the reindeer would come to them and eventually be tamed. But though these animals became a source of food, they never became truly domesticated animals.

Around 11,000 B.C., the Ice Age ended, and vast sheets of ice that covered much of the known world, including what is today New York and Paris, began to shrink and slowly vanish. At about this time the Asiatic wolf, a fierce predator that despite its small size would eat a human if it had the opportunity, came under human control because its friendly young cubs could be fed and trained. A dangerous adversary was turned into a dedicated helper—the dog.

As glaciers melted, huge fields of wild grain appeared. Hu-

mans, but also wild sheep and goats, fed on these fields. The initial human reaction was probably to kill these animals that threatened their food supply. But tribes living near such fields soon realized that sheep and goats could become a dependable food source if they could control them. Their dogs could even help in this work. By 8900 B.C., sheep were domesticated in Iraq, though they may have been domesticated in other places even earlier.

Around 8000 B.C., women in the Near East began planting seeds of wild grains in cleared fields. This is usually thought to have been the beginning of agriculture. But in 1970, a University of Hawaii expedition to Burma, now known as Myanmar, reported finding in a place called Spirit Cave the remnants of what seemed to be cultivated vegetables—peas, water chestnuts, and cucumbers—carbon-dated to the year 9750 B.C.

Pigs came later, about 7000 B.C., because they would not simply graze on grass, and it took time to see the benefit of keeping animals for whom food had to be gathered. It was not until about 6000 B.C. in Turkey or the Balkans that people successfully castrated out the daunting task of domesticating the large, fast, and powerful aurochs. Through controlling their diet, castrating males, and corralling the animals into constricted spaces, people eventually turned the wild aurochs into cattle. Cattle became a mainstay food, consuming huge quantities of both grain and salt. The aurochs, fast-footed and ferocious, were hunted into extinction by the mid-seventeenth century.

Where people ate a diet consisting largely of grains and vegetables, supplemented by the meat of slaughtered domestic farm animals, procuring salt became a necessity of life, giving it great symbolic importance and economic value. Salt became

Today, thousands of years of coveting, fighting over, hoarding, taxing, and searching for salt appear picturesque and slightly foolish. The seventeenth-century British leaders who spoke with urgency about the dangerous national dependence on French sea salt seem somehow more comic than contemporary leaders concerned with a dependence on foreign oil. In every age, people are certain that only the things they have deemed valuable have true value.

The search for love and the search for wealth are always the two best stories. But while a love story is timeless, the story of a quest for wealth, given enough time, will always seem like the vain pursuit of a mirage.

one of the first international commodities of trade; its production was one of the first industries and, inevitably, the first state monopoly.

THE SEARCH FOR salt has challenged engineers for millennia and created some of the most bizarre, along with some of the most ingenious, machines. A number of the greatest public works ever conceived were motivated by the need to move salt. Salt has been in the forefront of the development of both chemistry and geology. Trade routes that have remained major thoroughfares were established, alliances built, empires secured, and revolutions provoked—all for something that fills the ocean, bubbles up from springs, forms crusts in lake beds, and thickly veins a large part of the earth's rock fairly close to the surface.

Almost no place on earth is without salt. But this was not clear until revealed by modern geology, and so for all of history until the twentieth century, salt was desperately searched for, traded for, and fought over. For millennia, salt represented wealth. Caribbean salt merchants stockpiled it in the basements of their homes. The Chinese, the Romans, the French, the Venetians, the Hapsburgs, and numerous other governments taxed it to raise money for wars. Soldiers and sometimes workers were paid in salt. It was often used as money.

In his 1776 treatise on capitalism, *The Wealth of Nations*, Adam Smith pointed out that almost anything of value could be used for money. He cited as examples tobacco, sugar, dried cod, and cattle and stated that "salt is said to be a common instrument of commerce and exchanges in Abyssinia." But he offered the opinion that the best currency was made of metal because it was physically durable, even if its value was as ephemeral as other commodities.

in slave conditions. Not until the fourteenth century, when free men began working the mines, did it become less than a death sentence. In the sixteenth century, the mines went deeper, and huge pulley systems powered by teams of eight horses hoisted the salt to the surface. Horses that were brought in to work the mines spent their entire lives below ground.

There are mountains in which the salt goes down very deep, particularly at Wieliczka and Bochnia. Here on the fifth of January, 1528, I climbed down fifty ladders in order to see for myself and there in the depths observed workers, naked because of the heat, using iron tools to dig out a most valuable hoard of salt from these inexhaustible mines, as if it had been gold and silver.—*Olaus Magnus, A Description of the Northern Peoples, 1555*

The Polish Crown earned one-third of its annual revenues from the salt of these two mines near Cracow, Wieliczka and Bochnia.

In 1689, the mines began offering miners daily Catholic services at their underground place-of-work. The miners of Wieliczka began carving religious figures out of rock salt. Three hundred feet below the surface, miners carved a chapel out of rock salt with statues and bas-relief scenes along the floor, walls, and ceiling. They even fashioned elaborate chandeliers from salt crystals.

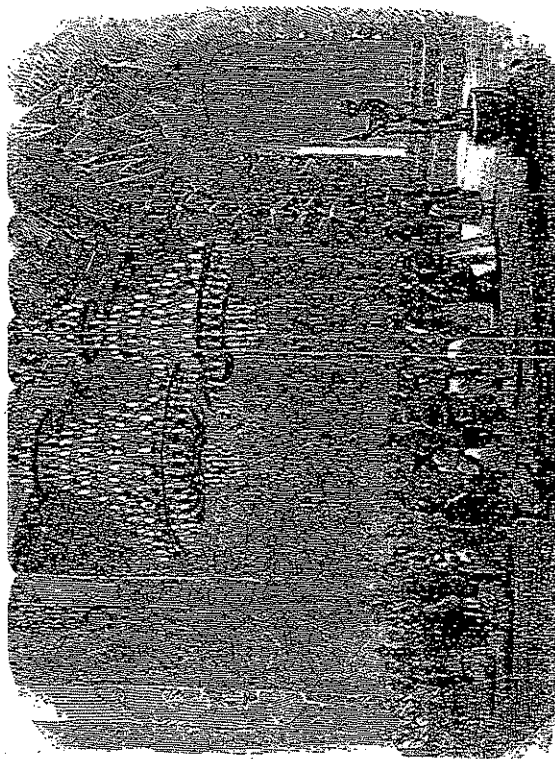
Increasingly, the mine had visitors. In the early seventeenth century, as in Dürnberg, the Crown began to bring special guests, mostly royalty. They came to dance in ballrooms, dine in carved dining rooms, be rowed in underwater lagoons. In 1830, the Wieliczka Salt Mine Band, which still performs, was started because of the quality of the acoustics in the mine.

SOUTHERN POLAND was the site of ancient springs where as early as 3500 B.C., brine was gathered and boiled in clay pots. But gradually these springs dried up. In 1247, miners began digging in the earth to get at the rock salt that had hardened at the sources of the brine. In 1278, the Polish Crown took possession of the mine but leased its operation to a succession of entrepreneurs, which included Poles, both Jewish and Christian, French, Germans, and Italians. They made payments to the controlling monarch and offered salt at discount rates to aristocracy.

At first, salt miners, often prisoners of war, were worked to death

The Wieliczka mine and that of nearby Bochnia were near the Vistula, which flowed a few miles north to Cracow and then on to Warsaw and finally to the Baltic. Any salt with a water route to the Baltic had a huge market. But the Baltic port also meant that the coarse, dark gray rock salt of southern Poland had to compete with sea salt from France and Portugal. The Portuguese sold their Setúbal salt to the Hanseatics, who sold it in Holland and Denmark. By the sixteenth century, cheap, white Setúbal salt had also become popular in Poland and other Baltic countries. The Polish Crown responded by protecting its own salt with a ban on the import of all foreign sea salt.

Entertaining visitors in the Grand Hall in the Wieliczka salt mine in 1867. The walls, ceiling, floor, chandeliers, and statues are all made from salt. Culver Pictures



WORLD HISTORY

Schindler's List - Key Events

(Name)

A Chronicle of Key Events in *Schindler's List*

This timeline provides a summary of *Schindler's List* by relating key events in the film to the unfolding of the Holocaust. It is based on historian Christopher Browning's observation that "at the core of the Holocaust was an intense eleven-month wave of mass murder. The center of gravity of this mass murder was Poland, where in March 1942, despite two and a half years of terrible hardship, deprivation, and persecution, every major Jewish community was still intact; eleven months later, only remnants of Polish Jewry survived."

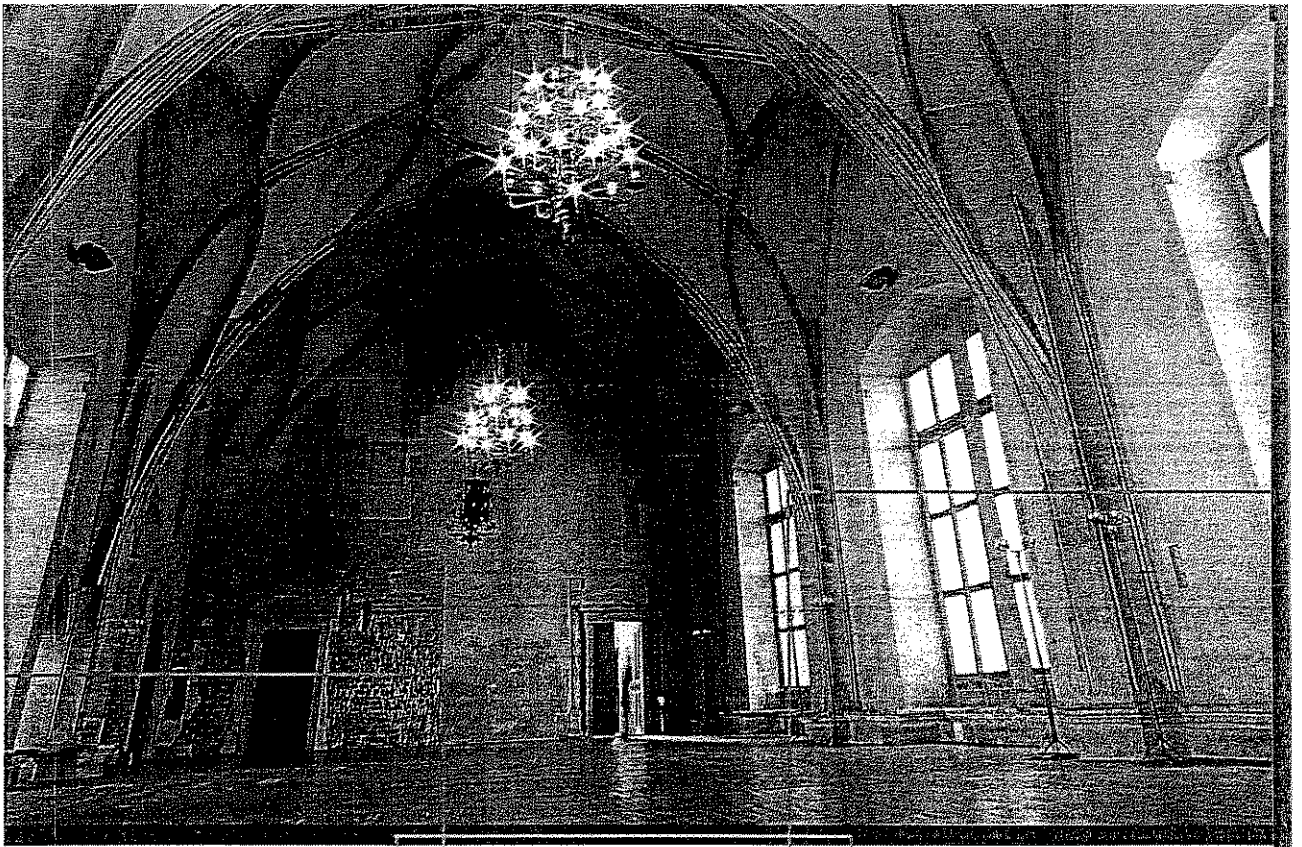
September, 1939	Germany conquers Poland in two weeks; World War II begins in Europe; Polish Jews are ordered to register and relocate.
October 26, 1939	Krakow becomes the capital of German-occupied Poland.
December, 1939	Oskar Schindler takes over the enamelware factory in Krakow, meets Itzhak Stern, and with Stern's help, begins using Jewish workers in his plant.
1940-early 1941	Germans expel some Jews in Krakow to other towns.
March 3, 1941	Germans establish a ghetto in Krakow.
March, 1942	About 20 to 25 percent of the Jews who would die in the Holocaust have already perished.
June, 1942	The Germans build a forced labor camp at Plaszow.
June-October, 1942	Deportations and shootings terrorize the Krakow ghetto.
February, 1943	Amon Goeth takes command of Plaszow. About 80 to 85 percent of the Jews who would die in the Holocaust have already perished.
March 13-14, 1943	The Germans liquidate Krakow ghetto.
March 1943	Schindler sets up a branch of his factory at Plaszow.
August, 1944	Schindler's factory is closed and his Jewish workers are taken back to Plaszow.
October, 1944	Schindler creates a list of Jewish workers for his new plant in Brenneč, Czechoslovakia; workers are transferred from Plaszow via Auschwitz.
January, 1945	Plaszow is closed and the remaining prisoners are sent to Auschwitz.
May 8, 1945	World War II ends in Europe. The Holocaust is over.
May 9, 1945	The Soviet army liberates the camp at Brenneč.
September 13, 1946	Goeth is found guilty of war crimes and is hung in Krakow.
October 9, 1974	Oskar Schindler dies in Frankfurt, Germany.

WORLD HISTORY
Schindler's List - Map

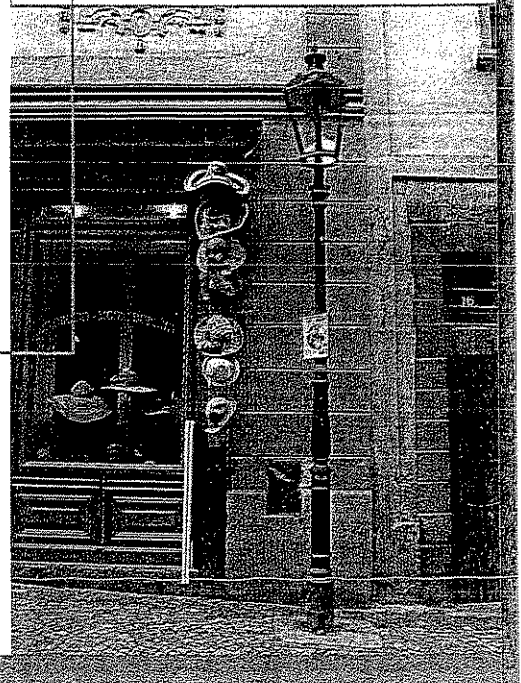
(Name)

The map below shows place names referred to in the film *Schindler's List*.





PRAGUE



Conjecture, Conjecture, Where's My Architecture?
"Happy the house that shelters a friend."

Sponge-Bob Square Terms:

Style-

Eclectic-

Form-

Function-

Site-

Juxtaposition-

Romanesque-

Gothic-

Renaissance-

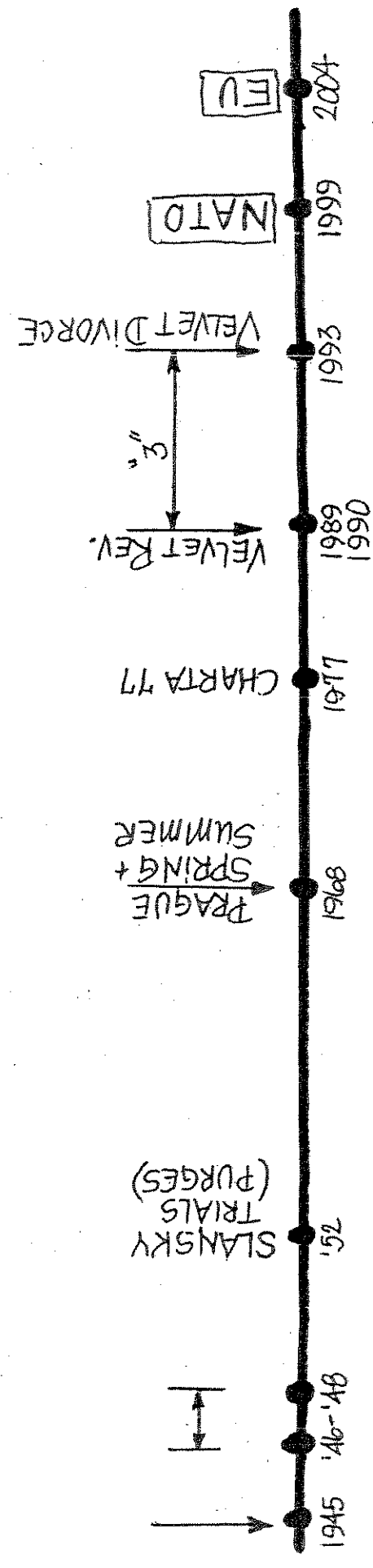
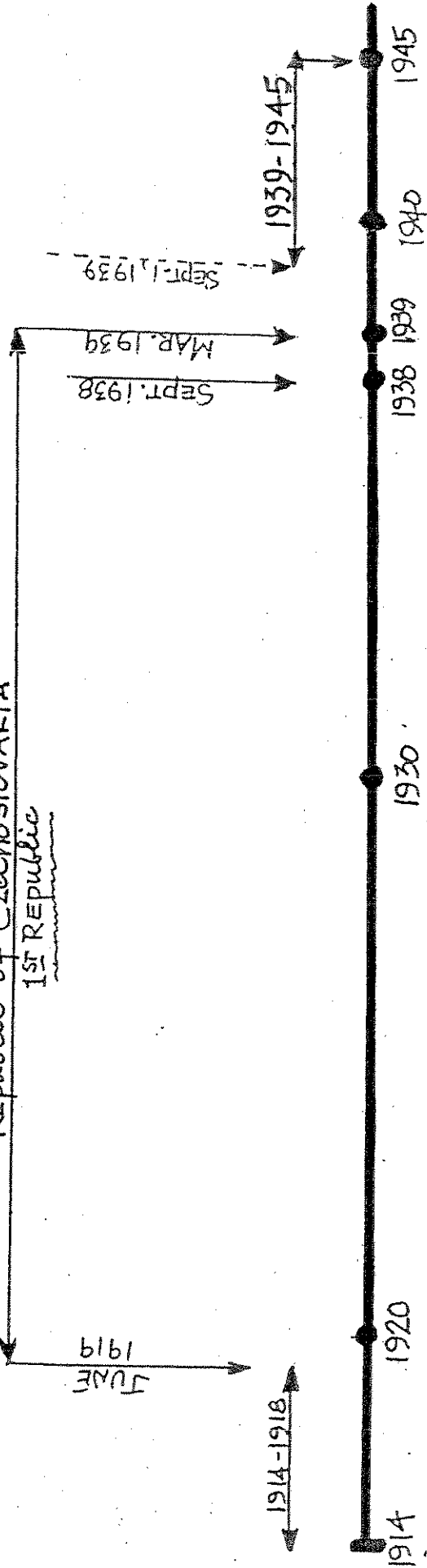
Baroque-

Art Nouveau-

Neo-Classical-

Stalinist-

Republic of Czechoslovakia
1st Republic



20th CENTURY CZECH HISTORY

Munich Conference 1938

• Berlin

Germany

• Frankfurt

• Munich

Germany

• Berchtesgarden

Austria

• Warsaw

Poland

• Krakow

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

• Prague

• Vienna

• Budapest

Hungary

TERMS NAMES

- TREATY/Versailles
- MASARYK, TG
- ANSCHLUSS
- Sudetenland
- CHAMBERLAIN
- "appeasement"
- Hitler
- Mussolini

The Munich Conference

Please answer the following questions in your Writer's Notebook.

- 1) Why was the "very existence of Czechoslovakia...an affront to Hitler?"
- 2) What was the German policy concerning the desire "to improve the lot of the Sudeten Germans?"
- 3) Who were the main figures at the September-October 1938 Conference in Munich?
- 4) What countries were not allowed at the conference table?
- 5) What did Hitler gain from the signing of the agreement?
- 6) Define appeasement:
- 7) What other countries also acquired lands from Czechoslovakia?
- 8) What options were open to the Allies had the Munich Conference not been signed?
- 9) When did Hitler move into Czechoslovakia?

THE MUNICH CONFERENCE

The Nazi-Soviet Pact
Partitions of Czechoslovakia and Poland
Maps: The War Years (1938-1945)

Austria and Czechoslovakia

Hitler made good use of his new friendship with Mussolini. He had always planned to make his native Austria a part of the new Germany. In 1934 the Nazi Party in Austria assassinated the prime minister and tried to seize power. Mussolini, not yet allied with Hitler, and suspicious of German intentions, moved an army to the Brenner Pass in the Alps between Austria and Italy, preventing German intervention and causing the coup to fail. In 1938 the new diplomatic situation encouraged Hitler to try again. He seems to have hoped to achieve his goal by propaganda, bullying, and threats, but the Austrian Premier Kurt Schuschnigg refused to collapse. On March 9 the premier announced a plebiscite on the following Sunday, March 13, in which the Austrian people could decide the question of union with Germany for themselves. Hitler dared not let the plebiscite take place and sent his army into Austria on March 12. To his great relief Mussolini made no objection, and Hitler could march into Vienna to the cheers of his Austrian sympathizers. This peaceful outcome was fortunate for the Germans. Their army was far from ready for combat, and a high percentage of German tanks and trucks broke down along the roads of Austria.

The *Anschluss*, or union of Germany and Austria, was another clear violation of Versailles, but the treaty was now a dead letter; the latest violation produced no reaction from the West. It had great strategic significance, however, especially for the position of Czechoslovakia, one of the bulwarks of French security. The union with Austria left the Czechs surrounded by Germany on three sides.

The very existence of Czechoslovakia was an affront to Hitler. It was democratic and pro-Western; it had been created as a check on Germany and was allied both to France and to the Soviet Union. It also contained about 3.5 million Germans who lived in the Sudetenland near the German

From: THE WESTERN HERITAGE
2nd. Edition

Kagan, Donald; Ozment, Steven; Turner, Frank M.
Macmillan
1983

border. These Germans had been the dominant class in the old Austro-Hungarian Empire and resented their new minority position. Supported by Hitler and led by Konrad Henlein, the chief Nazi in Czechoslovakia, they made ever-increasing demands for privileges and autonomy within the Czech state. The Czechs made many concessions, but Hitler did not want to improve the lot of the Sudeten Germans. He wanted to destroy Czechoslovakia. He told Henlein, "We must always demand so much that we can never be satisfied."⁴

As pressure mounted, the Czechs grew nervous. In May 1938 they received false rumors of an imminent attack by Germany and mobilized their army. The French, British, and Russians all issued warnings that they would support the Czechs. Hitler, who had not planned an attack at that time, was forced to make a public denial of any designs on Czechoslovakia. The public humiliation infuriated him, and from that moment he planned a military attack on the Czechs. The affair stiffened Czech resistance, but it appears to have frightened the French and British. The French, as had become their custom, deferred to British leadership. The British prime minister was Neville Chamberlain, a man thoroughly committed to the policy of appeasement. He was determined not to allow Britain to come close to war again. He put pressure on the Czechs to make further concessions to Germany, but no concession was enough.

On September 12, 1938, Hitler made a provocative speech at the Nuremberg Nazi Party rally. His assertions led to rioting in the Sudetenland and the declaration of martial law by the Czech government. German intervention seemed imminent. Chamberlain, aged sixty-nine, had never flown before, but between September 15 and September 29 he made three flights to Germany in an attempt to appease Hitler at Czech expense and thus to avoid war. At Hitler's mountain retreat, Berchtesgaden, on September 15 Chamberlain accepted the separation of the Sudetenland from Czechoslovakia. And he and the French premier, Daladier, forced the Czechs to agree by threatening to desert them if they did not. A week later Chamberlain flew yet again to Germany only to find that Hitler had raised his demands: he wanted cession of the Sudetenland in three days and immediate occupation by the German army.

⁴Quoted by Alan Bullock in *Hitler: A Study in Tyranny* (New York: Harper & Row, 1962), p. 443

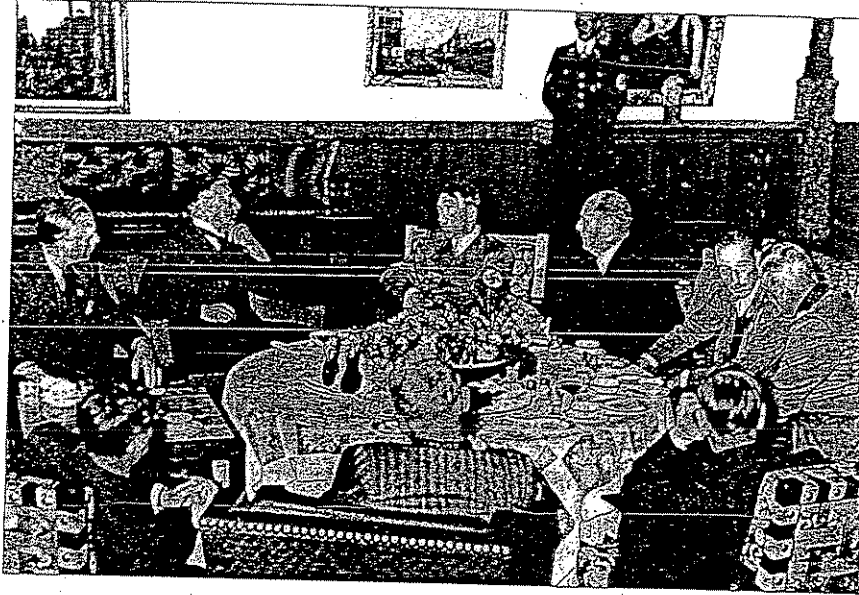


A Nazi poster of 1939 proclaims: "German women unite! German girls, you belong to us!" (Library of Congress.)

Munich

Chamberlain returned to England thinking that he had failed, and France and Britain prepared for war. Almost at the last moment Mussolini proposed a conference of Germany, Italy, France, and Britain. It met on September 29 at Munich. Hitler received almost everything he had demanded. The Sudetenland, the key to Czech security, became part of Germany, thus depriving the Czechs of any chance of self-defense. In return the powers agreed to spare the rest of Czechoslovakia. Hitler promised, "I have no more territorial demands to make in Europe." Chamberlain returned to England with the Munich agreement and told a cheering crowd that he had brought "peace with honour. I believe it is peace for our time."

Even in the short run the appeasement of Hitler at Munich was a failure. Soon Poland and Hungary tore bits of territory from Czechoslovakia, and the



On September 29-30, 1938, Hitler met with the leaders of Britain and France at Munich to decide the fate of Czechoslovakia. The Allied leaders abandoned the small democratic nation in a vain attempt to appease Hitler and avoid war. Hitler sits in the center of the picture. To his right is Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain of Britain. [Ullstein Bilderdienst]

Slovaks demanded autonomy. Finally, on March 15, 1939, Hitler broke his promise and occupied Prague, putting an end to Czechoslovakia and to illusions that his only goal was to restore Germans to the Reich. Defenders of the appeasers have argued that their policy was justified because it bought valuable time in which the West could prepare for war. But that argument was not made by the appeasers themselves, who thought that they were achieving peace, nor does the evidence appear to support it.

If the French and the British had been willing to attack Germany from the west while the Czechs

fought in their own defense, there is reason to think that their efforts might have been successful. High officers in the German army were opposed to Hitler's risky policies and might have overthrown him. Even failing such developments, a war begun in October 1938 would have forced Hitler to fight without the friendly neutrality and material assistance of the Soviet Union and without the resources of eastern Europe that became available to him as a result of appeasement. If, moreover, the West ever had a chance of alliance with the Soviet Union against Hitler, the exclusion of the Russians from Munich and the appeasement policy helped de-

stroy it. Munich remains an example of short-sighted policy that helped bring on a war in disadvantageous circumstances because of the very fear of war and the failure to prepare for it.

Hitler's occupation of Prague discredited appeasement in the eyes of the British people. In the summer of 1939 a Gallup Poll showed that three quarters of the British public believed it worth a war to stop Hitler. Though Chamberlain himself had not lost all faith in his policy, he felt the need to respond to public opinion, and he responded to excess. It was apparent that Poland was the next target of German expansion. In the spring of 1939 the Germans put pressure on Poland to restore the formerly German city of Danzig and to allow a railroad and a highway through the Polish Corridor to connect East Prussia with the rest of Germany. When the Poles would not yield, the usual propaganda campaign began, and the pressure mounted. On March 31 Chamberlain announced a

Franco-British guarantee of Polish independence. Hitler appears to have expected to fight a war with Poland but not with the Western allies, for he did not take their guarantee seriously. He had come to hold their leaders in contempt. He knew that both countries were unprepared for war and that large segments of their populations were opposed to fighting a war to save Poland.

Belief in the Polish guarantee was further undermined by the inability of France and Britain to get effective help to the Poles. An attack on Germany's western front was out of the question for the French, still dominated by the defensive mentality of the Maginot Line. The only way to defend Poland was to bring Russia into the alliance against Hitler, but a Russian alliance posed many problems. Each side was profoundly suspicious of the other. The French and the British were hostile to Russia's communist ideology, and since Stalin's purge of the officer corps of the Red Army, they

Winston Churchill Warns of the Effects of the Munich Agreement

Churchill delivered his speech on the Munich agreement before the House of Commons on October 5, 1938. Following are excerpts from it.

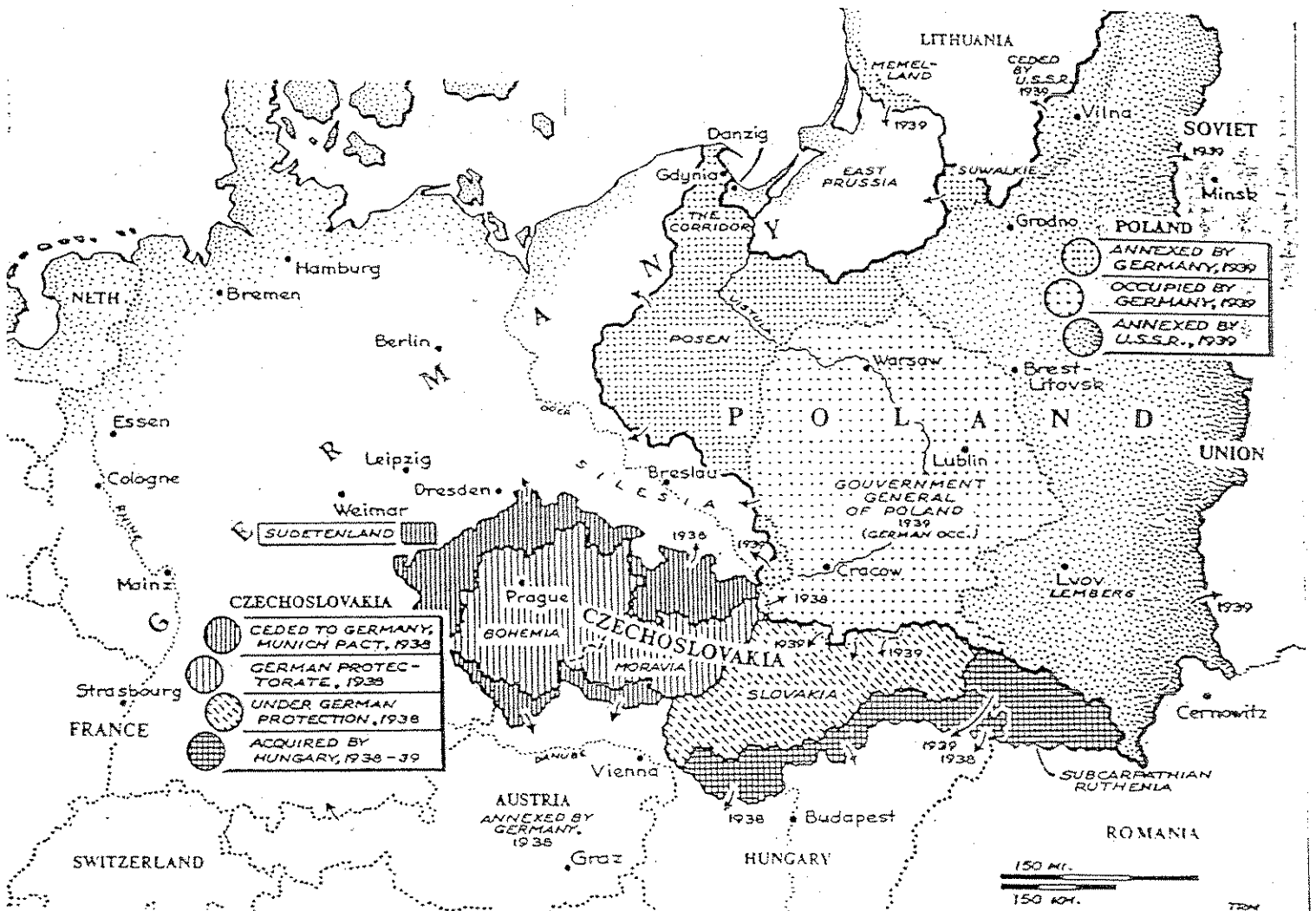
The Chancellor of the Exchequer [Sir John Simon] said it was the first time Herr Hitler had been made to retract—I think that was the word—in any degree. We really must not waste time after all this long Debate upon the difference between the positions reached at Berchtesgaden, at Godesberg and at Munich. They can be very simply epitomized, if the House will permit me to vary the metaphor. One pound was demanded at the pistol's point. When it was given, £2 were demanded at the pistol's point. Finally, the dictator consented to take £1 17s. 6d. and the rest in promises of good will for the future. . . .

I do not grudge our loyal, brave people, who were ready to do their duty no matter what the cost, who never flinched under the strain of last week—I do not grudge them the natural, spontaneous outburst of

joy and relief when they learned that the hard ordeal would no longer be required of them at the moment; but they should know the truth. They should know that there has been gross neglect and deficiency in our defenses; they should know that we have sustained a defeat without a war, the consequences of which will travel far with us along our road; they should know that we have passed an awful milestone in our history, when the whole equilibrium of Europe has been deranged, and that the terrible words have for the time being been pronounced against the Western democracies: "Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting." And do not suppose that this is the end. This is only the beginning of the reckoning. This is only the first sip, the first foretaste of a bitter cup which will be proffered to us year by year unless, by a supreme recovery of moral health and martial vigor, we arise again and take our stand for freedom as in the olden time.

Winston S. Churchill. *Blood, Sweat, and Tears* (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1941), pp. 56, 66.

stood unconvinced of the military value of an alliance with Russia. Besides, the Russians could not help Poland without the right of transit through Romania and the right of entry into Poland. Both nations, suspicious of Russian intentions, and with good reason, refused to grant these rights. As a result Western negotiations with Russia moved forward slowly and cautiously.



PARTITIONS OF CZECHOSLOVAKIA AND POLAND, 1938-1939

THE RISE AND FALL OF THE THIRD REICH

perhaps be longest remembered by the civilized world. For no other reason except to serve as an example to a conquered people who dared to take the life of one of their inquisitors a terrible savagery was carried out in this peaceful little rural place.

On the morning of June 9, 1942, ten truckloads of German Security Police under the command of Captain Max Rostock* arrived at Lidice and surrounded the village. No one was allowed to leave though anyone who lived there and happened to be away could return. A boy of twelve, panicking, tried to steal away. He was shot down and killed. A peasant woman ran toward the outlying fields. She was shot in the back and killed. The entire male population of the village was locked up in the barns, stables and cellar of a farmer named Horak, who was also the mayor.

The next day, from dawn until 4 P.M., they were taken into the garden behind the barn, in batches of ten, and shot by firing squads of the Security Police. A total of 172 men and boys, over sixteen, were executed there. An additional nineteen male residents, who were working in the Kladno mines during the massacre, were later picked up and dispatched in Prague.

Seven women who were rounded up at Lidice were taken to Prague and shot. All the rest of the women of the village, who numbered 195, were transported to the Ravensbrueck concentration camp in Germany, where seven were gassed, three "disappeared" and forty-two died of ill treatment. Four of the Lidice women who were about to give birth were first taken to a maternity hospital in Prague where their newly born infants were murdered and they themselves then shipped to Ravensbrueck.

There remained for the Germans the disposal of the children of Lidice, whose fathers were now dead, whose mothers were imprisoned. It must be said that the Germans did not shoot them too, not even the male children. They were carted off to a concentration camp at Gneisenau. There were ninety in all and from these seven, who were less than a year old, were selected by the Nazis, after a suitable examination by Himmler's "racial experts," to be sent to Germany to be brought up as Germans under German names. Later, the others were similarly disposed of.

"Every trace of them has been lost," the Czechoslovak government, which filed an official report on Lidice for the Nuremberg tribunal, concluded.

Happily, some of them, at least, were later found. I remember in the autumn of 1945 reading the pitiful appeals in the then Allied-controlled German newspapers from the surviving mothers of Lidice asking the German people to help them locate their children and send them "home."[†] Actually Lidice itself had been wiped off the face of the earth. As soon as the men had been massacred and the women and children carted off,

* Hanged in Prague in August 1951.
† UNRRA reported on April 2, 1947, that seventeen of them had been found in Bavaria and sent back to their mothers in Czechoslovakia.

the Security Police had burned down the village, dynamited the ruins and leveled it off.

Lidice, though it became the most widely known example of Nazi savagery of this kind, was not the only village in the German-occupied lands to suffer such a barbaric end. There was one other in Czechoslovakia, Lezhaky, and several more in Poland, Russia, Greece and Yugoslavia. Even in the West, where the New Order was relatively less murderous, the example of Lidice was repeated by the Germans though in most cases, such as that of Televaag in Norway, the men, women and children were merely deported to separate concentration camps after every building in the village had been razed to the ground.

But on June 10, 1944, two years to a day after the massacre of Lidice, a terrible toll of life was taken at the French village of Oradour-sur-Glane, near Limoges. A detachment of the S.S. division Das Reich, which had already earned a reputation for terror—if not for fighting—in Russia, surrounded the French town and ordered the inhabitants to gather in the central square. There the people were told by the commandant that explosives were reported to have been hidden in the village and that a search and the checking of identity cards would be made. Whereupon the entire population of 652 persons was locked up. The men were herded into barns, the women and children into the church. The entire village was then set on fire. The German soldiers next set upon the inhabitants. The men in the barns who were not burned to death were machine-gunned and killed. The women and children in the church were also peppered with machine-gun fire and those who were not killed were burned to death when the German soldiers set fire to the church. Three days later the Bishop of Limoges found the charred bodies of fifteen children in a heap behind the burned-out altar.

Nine years later, in 1953, a French military court established that 642 inhabitants—245 women, 207 children and 190 men—had perished in the massacre at Oradour. Ten survived. Though badly burned they had simulated death and thus escaped it.*

Oradour, like Lidice, was never rebuilt. Its ruins remain a monument to Hitler's New Order in Europe. The gutted church stands out against the peaceful countryside as a reminder of the beautiful June day, just before the harvest, when the village and its inhabitants suddenly ceased to exist. Where once a window stood is a little sign: "Madame Rouffance, the only survivor from the church, escaped through this window." In front there is a small figure of Christ affixed to a rusty iron cross.

* Twenty members of the S.S. detachment were sentenced to death by this court but only two were executed, the remaining eighteen having their sentences commuted to prison terms of from five to twelve years. The commander of the Das Reich Division, S.S. Lieutenant General Heinz Lammerding was condemned to death *in absentia*. So far as I know he was never found. The actual commander of the detachment at Oradour, Major Otto Dickmann, was killed in action in Normandy a few days later.

Such, as has been sketched in this chapter, were the beginnings of Hitler's New Order; such was the debut of the Nazi Gangster Empire in Europe. Fortunately for mankind it was destroyed in its infancy—not by any revolt of the German people against such a reversion to barbarism but by the defeat of German arms and the consequent fall of the Third Reich, the story of which now remains to be told.

HUS, JOHN (c. 1369–1415), Czech church reformer and national hero. Born at Husinec in southern Bohemia, he made his way through the University of Prague, receiving his A.B. in 1393, his M.A. in 1396, and his B.D. in 1404. Some of the logical works of John Wyclif were known in Prague in the early 1390s, and there is still extant a copy of a half dozen of Wyclif's philosophical works in Hus's hand, made in 1398. Wyclif's realism (*universalia ante rem*) found a warm welcome among Czech professors and students, not least because the German community at the university was strongly Ockhamist and Wyclif's vigorous defense of universals (prior to individuals) fortified the Czechs' position. He was deeply influenced by the Augustinianism of the Victorine school of the twelfth century.

Hus became well known and popular, partly for his teaching and partly for his preaching in the vernacular. In 1402 Hus was named stated preacher in the Bethlehem Chapel, and his sermons in Czech were well attended by Czechs of all classes. In October 1401 Hus was elected dean of the arts faculty and in 1403 rector of the university (though there is some uncertainty as to this first rectorate). By this time disputes over Wyclif's teachings had become acrimonious, and Hus with some of his friends undertook to defend Wyclif from charges of heresy against a party largely of German professors, who demanded strict condemnation of Wyclif's teachings. Hus continued his preaching and writing in the interest of reform, but in 1408 the Prague conservative hierarchy (mainly German) lodged specific charges of heresy against him. Soon thereafter the struggle for predominance in the university broke out between Czech and German. The Germans had three votes, the Czechs only one. Hus led the fight for a reversal of the proportion, and King Wenceslaus decided in the Kutná Hora decree of 1409 that the Czech professors and students should have three votes and all others combined, one vote. The Germans left in a body to form the University of Leipzig. Hus, as leader of the national Czech party, was elected rector of the university.

Opposition to Hus on the part of the conservative Czech clergy remained, and the serious charges of 1408 were renewed in 1409 and 1410. He disobeyed a summons to Rome and was excommunicated in 1411. Hus had formed his opinions clearly by then and was prepared to defend them under any conditions. He believed firmly in predestination and the unity of the church under the headship of Christ. He was deeply influenced by the teaching of Wyclif but in one important matter he categorically disagreed. He rejected Wyclif's teaching on the Eucharist, accepting completely the church's doctrine of transubstantiation. Realist philosophy was important in the formulation of his theological positions, and his competence in Scholastic exposition is evident in all his writings. From the excommunication of 1411 to his death four years later it was clear

that his position and that of the established hierarchy were irreconcilable. In 1412 King Wenceslaus reluctantly had to withdraw his protection, and Hus went into exile to relieve the city of Prague from the interdict. It was during his exile that he finished his most important work, the *De Ecclesia*, very similar to a book under the same title by Wyclif. He argued against the authority of the pope and the cardinalate over the church and their control of the means of salvation, basing his conclusions on the doctrine of predestination. "The church is the body of the predestinate." Inasmuch as only God knows who is predestinate, the pope's function and power are readily dispensable. The hierarchy could not tolerate so basic an attack on its existence. Hus appealed to the general council called for November 1414 at Constance and, receiving a safe-conduct from Emperor Sigismund, arrived in Constance on November 3. However, the safe-conduct was soon disregarded; Hus was imprisoned and interrogated at length. He asked simply to be shown from Scriptures or the Fathers where he was in error. The council demanded that he make a blanket recantation. No compromise was possible. Hus's concept of the church as the body of the predestinate, regardless of the decision of the pope and the hierarchy, was declared pure heresy. He was "relaxed to the secular arm" on July 6, 1415, and burned at the stake that morning. His martyrdom set off the Hussite Wars (1419–1434), which in turn isolated Bohemia from the rest of Europe for several generations. Hussitism, as it developed, took forms which Hus might not have approved.

Hus may not have been one of the leading minds of his century. On the other hand his commentary on the *Sententiae* of Peter Lombard, composed in 1407–1409, is a very impressive work and shows complete familiarity with the dominant currents of philosophical thought in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries and an easy ability in the handling of contradictory arguments. His realism is confident and precise.

Works by Hus

The early edition of his collected works (1558; reprinted in 1715) is still indispensable. Some of his works have been published in modern critical editions: *Opera*, V. Flajšhans, ed. (Prague, 1903–1912); and *De Ecclesia*, S. H. Thomson, ed. (Boulder, Col., 1956). Also indispensable is *Documenta . . . Mag. Joannis Hus*, Francis Palacký, ed. (1869) containing his correspondence and salient documents of his career.

Works on Hus

There are several useful biographies in English: D. S. Schaff, *John Huss* (New York, 1915); Francis Lützow, *Life and Times of Master John Hus* (London, 1909). Johann Loserth, *Hus and Wiclif* (London, 1882), is bitterly anti-Hus, arguing that Hus borrowed all his ideas from Wyclif. The classic study in Czech is by V. Novotný and V. Kybal, *M. J. Hus, Život a Učení*, 5 vols. (Prague, 1919–1931). See also two recent and important studies by P. de Vooght, *L'Hérésie de Jean Huss* (Louvain, 1960) and *Hussiana* (Louvain, 1960).

S. HARRISON THOMSON

Out Together, Dancing Czech to Czech

BY CHARLES S. DANERON

IN AUGUST 1990 at the invitation of Vaclav Havel, Czechoslovakia's recently elected playwright-president, the Rolling Stones came to Prague. More than 100,000 Czechs turned out in the rain for this watershed event, a shock of electricity for a nation whose energies had long been suppressed by a dear Communist regime. Promotional posters for the concert read, "The Rolling Stones roll in, the Soviet army rolls out."

Prague's fresh start was at the forefront of his mind when, one month later, a local architect named Vlado Milunic submitted his design for a new art gallery commissioned by President Havel. The gallery was to occupy a prominent location along the Vltava River, on a corner looking up toward Prague Castle, home to Bohemia's rulers for more than a millennium.

"Charged with internal energy, the building is bursting at its seams," Mr. Milunic wrote in his proposal. "The terrace protrudes like the tongue of the Rolling Stones logo stuck out towards, the Castle." His accompanying sketch included a doodle of the iconic tongue in an upper corner of the page.

The architect knew his client. President Havel, the former political prisoner who famously inaugurated his time as the castle's chief resident by riding through it on a scooter, loved the proposal. Mr. Milunic won the commission.

This was born the concept for what would become Dancing House, Prague's postmodern masterpiece designed in partnership by Frank Gehry and Mr. Milunic. With Dancing House, Messrs. Gehry and Milunic succeeded in giving architectural form to Czechoslovakia's Velvet Revolution, marking a singular moment of national transition and celebration.

Their unlikely collaboration wouldn't have happened without an act of capitalist intervention. Soon after Mr. Milunic submitted his proposal for a tongue-tormented gallery, the site—vacant ever since U.S. bombs destroyed its Renaissance Revival occupant during World War II—was bought up by Nationale-Nederlanden, the forerunner to Dutch financial-services conglomerate ING Groep NV of Nationale-Nederlanden. The company wanted a big name to design an avant-garde building for its Prague offices, a brash announcement of arrival in the newly opened Eastern Europe.

But Nationale-Nederlanden's representative in Prague, Paul Koch, was friends with Mr. Milunic, and liked his existing plans for the site. Mr. Koch urged his bosses to take a chance on the local architect by pairing Mr.

Giving architectural form to the Velvet Revolution in Czechoslovakia.

Milunic with a bigger international name. After Jean Nouvel turned them down, in 1992 Messrs. Koch and Milunic approached Mr. Gehry in Geneva, where Mr. Milunic showed off his concept sketches for the building. His plans focused on corner towers in varying states of distress and undress—the aforementioned concept of a tower "bursting at its seams," a tower with a simulacrum of its pants around its ankles, and a tower in the shape of a naked woman ("a Czechoslovak Jeanne d'Arc," Mr. Milunic said). All were meant to channel the creative energy of the Velvet Revolution. Mr. Gehry was convinced. The two archi-

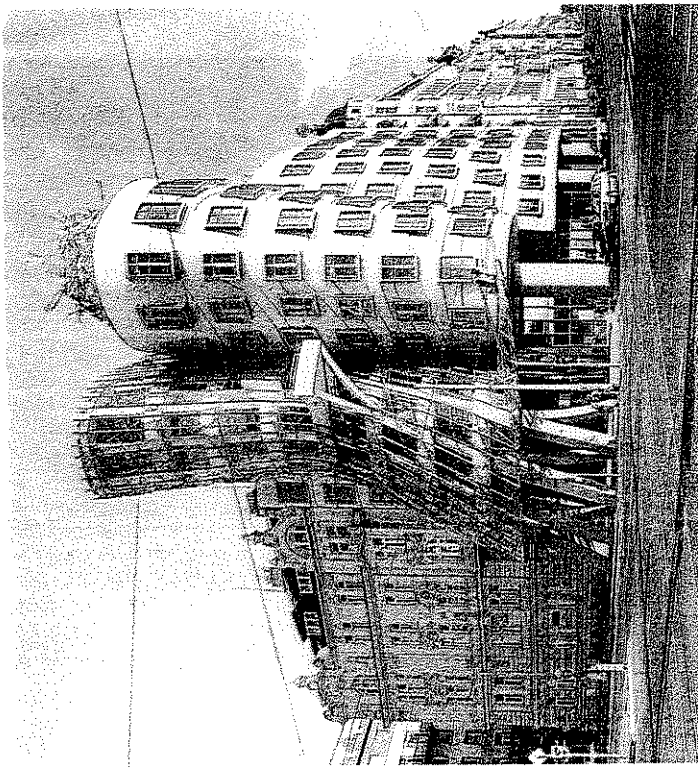
another, often topped by a monumental cupola. Mr. Gehry allowed the area's prevailing tradition by putting the focus on corner, and by topping Fred's his decorative "Methusa's" tower, whose form playfully echoes that of several domes sitting atop adjacent towers.

Then consider Dancing House's riverfront elevation, which provides an object lesson in the artful integration of building with its neighborhood. Rightly so, since Mr. Milunic literally a kid from the block. Both his and Mr. Havel's families had lived in the Secession structure next door, built by Havel's grandfather at the turn of the 20th century.

You have to step across Jiraskov Bridge to the Vltava opposite riverbank and take panoramic view of the House's environs to appreciate just how well Messrs. Gehry and Milunic captured the spirit of the landscape. Dancing House's stucco-work and pop-out windows elegantly match the windows and quoined and scooped terraces of the neighboring buildings. Dancing House grows naturally from its surroundings, its movement to the corner and to the river a surprising expression of its architecture.

Perhaps unavoidably whimsical atmosphere inspired Fred and Ginger over the years. Mr. Havel, this past December, marked the end of an era in Czech European history. But for Dancing House stands as a living reminder of a time when an entire nation shook off its inertia and kicked up its heels.

Mr. Danerón, a former *L. Bartley Fellow at the National Endowment for Radio Free Europe/Radio Liberty.*



FRANK GEHRY NICKNAMED the corner towers of Dancing House 'Fred and Ginger.'

topped by a bird's-nest-shaped mesh sculpture named "Medusa." Dancing House's naysayers focused their attention on the building's supposedly poor integration with the existing landscape, and lambasted it as the work of an American starchitect with little regard for Prague. One early Czech commentator called the work "a mess of postage, this time Californian."

Today, this line of criticism seems wildly off the mark. Mr. Milunic spent a great deal of time advising Mr. Gehry on the site's context, and the two delivered a final product that richly pays homage to Prague's architectural motifs. Start with the towers themselves; Prague's older city blocks are almost always bookended by towers of one kind or

another. The tower plays host to several levels of conference rooms, along with a restaurant and bar on the top two floors that provide expansive views of the Vltava. Naturally, Fred and Ginger's novel appearance offended local

partners. The distorted cylinder is

fects quickly hit it off as creative collaborators. The core of their design became Dancing House's yin-yang duo of corner towers: the dancing couple alluded to in the building's name. In the project's early stages, Mr. Gehry referred to the pair as "Fred and Ginger"—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers—before recalling out of fear that he would be accused of sullying Prague's landscape with Hollywood kitsch. But evocative as it is, Mr. Gehry's nickname stuck.

Fred, a masculine cylinder of concrete, stretches up and out, simultaneously leading the rest of the building into the abutting intersection and serving as an anchor for Fred's show-stealing partner.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHAEL O'NEILL

Simply the Best³
The Best of Prague
“The harder I work, the luckier I get.”

In this assignment each group will be asked to tackle ONE (1) of “The Best of Prague” lists below. As a group, you will identify and visit the three (3) best in your category. Then as individuals, you will create:

- a visual representation in your scrapbook of the three best in your category. You will need to briefly describe your visual representation in words, as well.

As a group, be prepared to present your list.

The List

The 3 Best Examples of Old Prague Architecture

The 3 Best Examples of New Prague Architecture

The 3 Best Facades in Prague

The 3 Best Examples of European Integration in Prague

The 3 Best Monuments that show Prague Commemorating its Most Recent Past

The 3 Best Churches in Prague

The 3 Best Hidden Gems of Prague

The 3 Best Reminders of the Cold War/Communist Past

The 3 Best Cultural Symbols of Prague

The 3 Best Memorials to the Nazi Occupation/World War II

The 3 Best Symbols of Globalization in Prague

Mission: Possible
Prague Scavenger Hunt
"All glory comes from daring to begin."

If you choose to accept it, please go with your group (4-5 people) to the assigned locations. You must:

1. Go as an entire group to the locations.
2. Provide evidence that you visited each location (brochure, picture, autograph, etc.).
3. Research the history AND significance of each location and be prepared to present to a group in an INTELLIGENT fashion your findings (3-5 minutes on each visited location).

If you or any member of your Prague team fails in your mission, the chaperones will deny your existence. Failure is not an option. This assignment sheet will self destruct in 7 days. Enjoy.

The Locations:

1. Archbishop's Palace
2. Astronomical Clock
3. Belvedere (Royal Summer Palace)
4. Cernin Palace
5. Charles Bridge
6. Church of Our Lady of Victory/Infant Jesus
7. Estates Theater
8. Hotel Europa
9. Jan Palach Square
10. Kafka Square
11. Loretto
12. Municipal House
13. Powder Tower
14. Rudolfinum
15. Schonborn Palace
16. Schwarczberg Palace
17. St. John Nepomuk Statue
18. Strahov Monastery/Library
19. Tyn Church
20. Jan Huss

Bonus: Czech "We're not American" Idols. Who are the following and what did they do?

1. Sister Anezka Ceska
2. Karel IV
3. Jan Amos Komensky
4. Bozena Nemcova
5. Frantisek Palacky
6. Ema Destinova
7. Tomas Garrigue Masaryk

THE CASTLE

Franz Kafka

NOTE: For another version of the opening paragraphs, see Appendix, pages 418-21. Asterisks (*) in the text show where Franz Kafka deleted passages; these passages will be found in Appendix IV, pages 429-81, with identifying text page numbers.



The First Chapter

IT WAS late in the evening when K. arrived. The village was deep in snow. The Castle hill was hidden, veiled in mist and darkness, nor was there even a glimmer of light to show that a castle was there. On the wooden bridge leading from the main road to the village, K. stood for a long time gazing into the illusory emptiness above him.

Then he went on to find quarters for the night. The inn was still awake, and though the landlord could not provide a room and was upset by such a late and unexpected arrival, he was willing to let K. sleep on a bag of straw in the parlor. K. accepted the offer. Some peasants were still sitting over their beer, but he did not want to talk, and after himself fetching the bag of straw from the attic, he lay down beside the stove. It was a warm corner, the peasants were quiet, and, letting his weary eyes stray over them, he soon fell asleep.

But very shortly he was awakened. A young man dressed like a townsman, with the face of an actor, his eyes narrow and his eyebrows strongly marked, was standing beside him along with the landlord. The peasants were still in the

room, and a few had turned their chairs round so as to see and hear better. The young man apologized very courteously for having awakened K., introduced himself as the son of the Castellán, and then said: "This village belongs to the Castle, and whoever lives here or passes the night here does so, in a manner of speaking, in the Castle itself. Nobody may do that without the Count's permission. But you have no such permit, or at least you have produced none."

K. had half raised himself, and now, smoothing down his hair and looking up at the two men, he said: "What village is this I have wandered into? Is there a castle here?" "Most certainly," replied the young man slowly, while here and there a head was shaken over K.'s remark, "the castle of my lord the Count Westwest."

"And must one have a permit to sleep here?" asked K., as if he wished to assure himself that what he had heard was not a dream.

"One must have a permit," was the reply, and there was an ironical contempt for K. in the young man's gesture as he stretched out his arm and appealed to the others, "Or must one not have a permit?"

"Well, then, I'll have to go and get one," said K., yawning and pushing his blanket away as if to get up.

"And from whom, pray?" asked the young man.

"From the Count," said K., "that's the only thing to be done."

"A permit from the Count in the middle of the night!" cried the young man, stepping back a pace.

"Is that impossible?" inquired K. coolly. "Then why did you waken me?"

The First Chapter

At this the young man flew into a passion. "None of your guttersnipe manners!" he cried. "I insist on respect for the Count's authority! I woke you up to inform you that you must quit the Count's territory at once."

"Enough of this fooling," said K. in a markedly quiet voice, laying himself down again and pulling up the blanket. "You're going a little too far, my good fellow, and I'll have something to say tomorrow about your conduct. The landlord here and those other gentlemen will bear me out if necessary. Let me tell you that I am the Land-Surveyor whom the Count is expecting. My assistants are coming on tomorrow in a carriage with the apparatus. I did not want to miss the chance of a walk through the snow, but unfortunately lost my way several times and so arrived very late. That it was too late to present myself at the Castle I knew very well before you saw fit to inform me. That is why I have made shift with this bed for the night, where, to put it mildly, you have had the discourtesy to disturb me. That is all I have to say. Good night, gentlemen." And K. turned over on his side toward the stove.

"Land-Surveyor?" he heard the hesitating question behind his back, and then there was a general silence. But the young man soon recovered his assurance and, lowering his voice sufficiently to appear considerate of K.'s sleep while yet speaking loud enough to be clearly heard, said to the landlord: "I'll ring up and inquire." So there was a telephone in this village inn? They had everything up to the mark. The particular instance surprised K., but on the whole he had really expected it. It appeared that the telephone was placed almost over his head, and in his

drowsy condition he had overlooked it. If the young man must telephone, he could not, even with the best intentions, avoid disturbing K. The only question was whether K. would let him do so; he decided to allow it. In that case, however, there was no sense in pretending to sleep, and so he turned on his back again. He could see the peasants putting their heads together; the arrival of a land-surveyor was no small event. The door into the kitchen had been opened, and blocking the whole doorway stood the imposing figure of the landlady, to whom the landlord was advancing on tiptoe in order to tell her what was happening. And now the conversation began on the telephone. The Castellan was asleep, but an under-castellan, one of the under-castellans, a certain Herr Fritz, was available. The young man, announcing himself as Schwarzer, reported that he had found K., a disreputable-looking man in his thirties, sleeping calmly on a bag of straw with a minute rucksack for pillow and a knotty stick within reach. He had naturally suspected the fellow, and as the landlord had obviously neglected his duty, he, Schwarzer, had felt bound to investigate the matter. He had roused the man, questioned him, and duly warned him off the Count's territory, all of which K. had taken with an ill grace, perhaps with some justification, as it eventually turned out, for he claimed to be a land-surveyor engaged by the Count. Of course, to say the least of it, that was a statement which required official confirmation, and so Schwarzer begged Herr Fritz to inquire in the Central Bureau if a land-surveyor was really expected, and to telephone the answer at once.

Then there was silence while Fritz was making inquiries

The First Chapter

up there and the young man was waiting for the answer. K. did not change his position, did not even once turn round, seemed quite indifferent, and stared into space. Schwarzer's report, in its combination of malice and prudence, gave him an idea of the measure of diplomacy in which even underlings in the Castle, like Schwarzer, were versed. Nor were they remiss in industry: the Central Office had a night service. And apparently answered questions quickly, too, for Fritz was already ringing. His reply seemed brief enough, for Schwarzer hung up the receiver immediately, crying angrily: "Just what I said! Not a trace of a land-surveyor. A common, lying tramp, and probably worse." For a moment K. thought that all of them—Schwarzer, the peasants, the landlord, and the landlady—were going to fall upon him in a body, and to escape at least the first shock of their assault he crawled right underneath the blanket. But the telephone rang again, and with a special insistence, it seemed to K. Slowly he put out his head. Although it was improbable that this message also concerned K., they all stopped short and Schwarzer took up the receiver once more. He listened to a fairly long statement, and then said in a low voice: "A mistake, is it? I'm sorry to hear that. The head of the department himself said so? Very queer, very queer. How am I to explain it all to the Land-Surveyor?"

K. pricked up his ears. So the Castle had recognized him as the Land-Surveyor. That was unpropitious for him, on the one hand, for it meant that the Castle was well informed about him, had estimated all the probable chances, and was taking up the challenge with a smile. On the other hand, however, it was quite propitious, for if

his interpretation was right they had underestimated his strength, and he would have more freedom of action than he had dared to hope. And if they expected to cow him by their lofty superiority in recognizing him as Land-surveyor, they were mistaken; it made his skin prickle a little, that was all.

He waved off Schwarzer, who was timidly approaching him, and refused an urgent invitation to transfer himself into the landlord's own room; he only accepted a warm drink from the landlord, and from the landlady a basin to wash in, a piece of soap, and a towel. He did not even have to ask that the room should be cleared, for all the men flocked out with averted faces lest he should recognize them again next day. The lamp was blown out, and he was left in peace at last. He slept deeply until morning, scarcely disturbed by rats scuttling past once or twice.

After breakfast, which, according to his host, was to be paid for by the Castle, together with all the other expenses of his board and lodging, he prepared to go out immediately into the village. But as the landlord, to whom he had been very curt because of his behavior the preceding night, kept circling around him in dumb entreaty, he took pity on the man and asked him to sit down for a while.

"I haven't met the Count yet," said K., "but he pays well for good work, doesn't he? When a man like me travels so far from home, he wants to go back with something in his pockets."

"There's no need for the gentleman to worry about that kind of thing; nobody complains of being badly paid."

"Well," said K., "I'm not one of your timid people, and

can give a piece of my mind even to a count, but of course it's much better to have everything settled without any trouble."

The landlord sat opposite K. on the rim of the window-seat, not daring to take a more comfortable place, and kept on gazing at K. with an anxious look in his large brown eyes. He had thrust his company on K. at first, but now it seemed that he was eager to escape. Was he afraid of being cross-questioned about the Count? Was he afraid of some indiscretion on the part of the "gentleman" whom he took K. to be? K. must divert his attention. He looked at the clock and said: "My assistants should be arriving soon. Will you be able to put them up here?"

"Certainly, sir," he said, "but won't they be staying with you up at the Castle?"

Was the landlord so willing, then, to give up prospective customers, and K. in particular, whom he so unconditionally transferred to the Castle?

"That's not at all certain yet," said K.; "I must first find out what work I am expected to do. If I have to work down here, for instance, it would be more sensible to lodge down here. I'm afraid, too, that the life in the Castle wouldn't suit me. I like to be my own master."

"You don't know the Castle," said the landlord quietly.

"Of course," replied K., "one shouldn't judge prematurely. All that I know at present about the Castle is that the people there know how to choose a good land-surveyor. Perhaps it has other attractions as well." And he stood up in order to rid the landlord of his presence, for the man was biting his lip uneasily. His confidence was not to be lightly won.

As K. was going out, he noticed a dark portrait in a dim frame on the wall. He had already observed it from his couch by the stove, but from that distance he had not been able to distinguish any details and had thought that it was only a plain back to the frame. But it was a picture after all, as now appeared, the bust portrait of a man about fifty. His head was sunk so low upon his breast that his eyes were scarcely visible, and the weight of the high, heavy forehead and the strong hooked nose seemed to have borne the head down. Because of this pose the man's full beard was pressed in at the chin and spread out farther down. His left hand was buried in his luxuriant hair, but seemed incapable of supporting the head. "Who is that?" asked K.; "the Count?" He was standing before the portrait and did not look round at the landlord. "No," said the latter, "the Castellan." "A handsome castellan, indeed," said K.; "a pity that he has such an ill-bred son." "No, no," said the landlord, drawing K. a little toward him and whispering in his ear: "Schwarzer exaggerated yesterday; his father is only an under-castellan, and one of the lowest, too." At that moment the landlord struck K. as a very child. "The villain!" said K. with a laugh. But the landlord instead of laughing said: "Even his father is powerful." "Get along with you," said K., "you think everyone powerful. Me too, perhaps?" "No," he replied, timidly yet seriously, "I don't think you powerful." "You're a keen observer," said K., "for between you and me I'm not really powerful. And consequently I suppose I have no less respect for the powerful than you have, only I'm not so honest as you and am not always willing to acknowledge it." And K. gave the landlord a

rap on the cheek to hearten him and awaken his friendliness. It made the man smile a little. He was actually young, with that soft and almost beardless face of his; how had he come to have that massive, elderly wife, who could be seen through a small window bustling about the kitchen with her elbows sticking out? K. did not want to force his confidence any farther, however, nor to scare away the smile he had at last evoked. So he only signed to him to open the door, and went out into the brilliant winter morning.

Now he could see the Castle above him, clearly defined in the glittering air, its outline made still more definite by the thin layer of snow covering everything. There seemed to be much less snow up there on the hill than down in the village, where K. found progress as laborious as on the main road the previous day. Here the heavy snowdrifts reached right up to the cottage windows and began again on the low roofs, but up on the hill everything soared light and free into the air, or at least so it appeared from below.

On the whole this distant prospect of the Castle satisfied K.'s expectations. It was neither an old stronghold nor a new mansion, but a rambling pile consisting of innumerable small buildings closely packed together and of one or two stories; if K. had not known that it was a castle he might have taken it for a little town. There was only one tower as far as he could see; whether it belonged to a dwelling-house or a church he could not determine. Swarms of crows were circling round it.

With his eyes fixed on the Castle, K. went on farther, thinking of nothing else at all. But on approaching it he was disappointed in the Castle; it was after all only a

wretched-looking town, a huddle of village houses, whose sole merit, if any, lay in being built of stone; but the plaster had long since flaked off and the stone seemed to be crumbling away. K. had a fleeting recollection of his native town. It was hardly inferior to this so-called Castle, and if it was merely a question of enjoying the view, it was a pity to have come so far; K. would have done better to revisit his native town, which he had not seen for such a long time. And in his mind he compared the church tower at home, with the tower above him. The church tower, firm in line, soaring unfalteringly to its tapering point, topped with red tiles and broad in the roof, an earthly building—what else can men build?—but with a loftier goal than the humble dwelling-houses, and a clearer meaning than the muddle of everyday life. The tower above him here—the only one visible—the tower of a house, as was now evident, perhaps of the main building, was uniformly round, part of it graciously mantled with ivy, pierced by small windows that glittered in the sun—with a somewhat maniacal glitter—and topped by what looked like an attic, with battlements that were irregular, broken, fumbling, as if designed by the trembling or careless hand of a child, clearly outlined against the blue. It was as if a melancholy-mad tenant who ought to have been kept locked in the topmost chamber of his house had burst through the roof and lifted himself up to the gaze of the world.

Again K. came to a stop, as if in standing still he had more power of judgment. But he was disturbed. Behind the village church where he had stopped—it was really only a chapel widened with barnlike additions so as to

accommodate the parishioners—was the school. A long, low building, combining remarkably a look of great age with a provisional appearance, it lay behind a fenced-in garden, which was now a field of snow. The children were just coming out with their teacher. They thronged around him, all gazing up at him and chattering without a break so rapidly that K. could not follow what they said. The teacher, a small young man with narrow shoulders and a very upright carriage, which yet did not make him ridiculous, had already fixed K. with his eyes from the distance, naturally enough, for apart from the school-children there was not another human being in sight. Being the stranger, K. made the first advance, especially as the other was such an authoritative-looking little man, and said: "Good morning, sir." As if by one accord the children fell silent; perhaps the master liked to have a sudden stillness as a preparation for his words. "You are looking at the Castle?" he asked more gently than K. had expected, but with an inflection that denoted disapproval of K.'s occupation. "Yes," said K. "I am a stranger here, I came to the village only last night." "You don't like the Castle?" asked the teacher quickly. "What?" countered K., a little taken aback, and repeated the question in a modified form. "Do I like the Castle? Why do you assume that I don't like it?" "Strangers never do," said the teacher. To avoid saying the wrong thing, K. changed the subject and asked: "I suppose you know the Count?" "No," said the teacher, turning away. But K. would not be put off and asked again: "What, you don't know the Count?" "Why should I?" replied the teacher in a low tone, and added aloud in French: "Please remember that there are inno-

cent children present." K. took this as a justification for asking: "Might I come to pay you a visit some day, sir? I am to be staying here for some time and already feel a little lonely. I don't fit in with the peasants, nor, I imagine, with the Castle." "There is no difference between the peasantry and the Castle," said the teacher. "Maybe," said K., "that doesn't alter my position. Can I pay you a visit some day?" "I live in Swan Street at the butcher's." That was assuredly more of a statement than an invitation, but K. said: "Right, I'll come." The teacher nodded and moved on with his batch of children, who immediately began to scream again. They soon vanished in a steeply descending bystreet.

But K. was disconcerted, irritated by the conversation. For the first time since his arrival he felt really tired. The long journey he had made seemed at first to have imposed no strain upon him—how quietly he had sauntered through the days, step by step!—but now the consequences of his exertion were making themselves felt, and at the wrong time, too. He felt irresistibly drawn to seek out new acquaintances, but each new acquaintance only seemed to increase his weariness.* If he forced himself in his present condition to go on at least as far as the Castle entrance, he would have done more than enough.

So he resumed his walk, but the way proved long. For the street he was in, the main street of the village, did not lead up to the Castle hill; it only made toward it and then, as if deliberately, turned aside, and though it did not lead away from the Castle, it led no nearer to it either. At every turn K. expected the road to double back to the Castle, and only because of this expectation did he go on;

he was flatly unwilling, tired as he was, to leave the street, and he was also amazed at the length of the village, which seemed to have no end—again and again the same little houses and frost-bound windowpanes and snow and the entire absence of human beings—but at last he tore himself away from the obsession of the street and escaped into a small side-lane, where the snow was still deeper and the exertion of lifting one's feet clear was fatiguing; he broke into a sweat, suddenly came to a stop, and could not go on.

Well, he was not on a desert island; there were cottages to right and left of him. He made a snowball and threw it at a window. The door opened immediately—the first door that had opened during the whole length of the village—and there appeared an old peasant in a brown fur jacket, with his head cocked to one side, a frail and kindly figure. "May I come into your house for a little?" asked K.; "I'm very tired." He did not hear the old man's reply, but thankfully observed that a plank was pushed out toward him to rescue him from the snow, and in a few steps he was in the kitchen.

A large kitchen, dimly lit. Anyone coming in from outside could make out nothing at first. K. stumbled over a washtub; a woman's hand steadied him. The crying of children came loudly from one corner. From another, steam was welling out and turning the dim light into darkness. K. stood as if in the clouds. "He must be drunk," said somebody. "Who are you?" cried a hectoring voice, and then obviously to the old man: "Why did you let him in? Are we to let in everybody who wanders about in the street?" "I am the Count's Land-Surveyor," said K., trying to justify himself before this still invisible per-

sonage. "Oh, it's the Land-Surveyor," said a woman's voice, and then came a complete silence. "You know me, then?" asked K. "Of course," said the same voice curtly. The fact that he was known did not seem to be a recommendation.

At last the steam thinned a little, and K. was able gradually to make things out. It seemed to be a general wash-day. Near the door clothes were being washed. But the steam was coming from another corner, where in a wooden tub larger than any K. had ever seen, as wide as two beds, two men were bathing in steaming water. But still more astonishing, though one could not say what was so astonishing about it, was the scene in the right-hand corner. From a large opening, the only one in the back wall, a pale snowy light came in, apparently from the courtyard, and gave a gleam as of silk to the dress of a woman who was almost reclining in a high armchair. She was suckling an infant at her breast. Several children were playing around her, peasant children, as was obvious, but she seemed to be of another class, though of course illness and weariness give even peasants a look of refinement.

"Sit down!" said one of the men, who had a full beard and breathed heavily through his mouth, which always hung open, pointing—it was a funny sight—with his wet hand over the edge of the tub toward a settle, and showering drops of warm water all over K.'s face as he did so. On the settle the old man who had admitted K. was already sitting, sunk in vacancy. K. was thankful to find a seat at last. Nobody paid any further attention to him. The woman at the washtub, young, plump, and fair, sang in a low voice as she worked; the men stamped and rolled about

in the bath; the children tried to get closer to them, but were constantly driven back by mighty splashes of water, which fell on K., too; and the woman in the armchair lay as if lifeless, staring at the roof without even a glance toward the child at her bosom.

She made a beautiful, sad, fixed picture, and K. looked at her for what must have been a long time; then he must have fallen asleep, for when a loud voice roused him, he found that his head was lying on the old man's shoulder. The men had finished with the tub—in which the children were now wallowing in charge of the fair-haired woman—and were standing fully dressed before K. It appeared that the hectoring one with the full beard was the less important of the two. The other, a quiet, slow-thinking man who kept his head bent, was not taller than his companion and had a much smaller beard, but he was broader in the shoulders and had a broad face as well, and he it was who said: "You can't stay here, sir. Excuse the discourtesy." "I don't want to stay," said K.; "I only wanted to rest a little. I have rested, and now I shall go." "You're probably surprised at our lack of hospitality," said the man, "but hospitality is not our custom here; we have no use for visitors." Somewhat refreshed by his sleep, his perceptions somewhat quickened, K. was pleased by the man's frankness. He felt less constrained, poked with his stick here and there, approached the woman in the armchair, and noted that he himself was physically the biggest man in the room.

"To be sure," said K.; "what use would you have for visitors? But still you need one now and then—me, for example, the Land-Surveyor." "I don't know about that,"

replied the man slowly. "If you've been asked to come, you're probably needed; that's an exceptional case; but we small people stick to our tradition, and you can't blame us for that." "No, no," said K., "I am only grateful to you, to you and everybody here." And taking them all by surprise, he made an adroit turn and stood before the reclining woman. Out of weary blue eyes she looked at him. A transparent silk kerchief hung down to the middle of her forehead. The infant was asleep on her bosom. "Who are you?" asked K.; and disdainfully—whether contemptuous of K. or of her own answer was not clear—she replied: "A girl from the Castle."

It had only taken a second or so, but already the two men were at either side of K. and were pushing him toward the door, as if there were no other means of persuasion, silently, but with all their strength. Something in this procedure delighted the old man, and he clapped his hands. The woman at the bathtub laughed too, and the children suddenly shouted like mad.

K. was soon out in the street, and from the threshold the two men surveyed him. Snow was again falling, yet the sky seemed a little brighter. The bearded man cried impatiently: "Where do you want to go? This is the way to the Castle, and that to the village." K. made no reply to him, but turned to the other, who in spite of his shyness seemed to him the more amiable of the two, and said: "Who are you? Whom have I to thank for sheltering me?" "I am the tanner Lasemann," was the answer, "but you owe thanks to nobody." "All right," said K., "perhaps we'll meet again." "I don't suppose so," said the man. At that moment the other cried, with raised hand: "Good

morning, Arthur; good morning, Jeremiah!" K. turned round; so there were really people to be seen in the village streets! From the direction of the Castle came two young men of medium height, both very slim, in tight-fitting clothes, and like each other in their features. Although their skin was a dusky brown, the blackness of their little pointed beards was actually striking by contrast. Considering the state of the road, they were walking at a great pace, their slim legs keeping step. "Where are you off to?" shouted the bearded man. One had to shout to them, they were going so fast, and they did not stop. "On business," they shouted back, laughing. "Where?" "At the inn." "I'm going there too," yelled K. suddenly, louder than all the rest; he felt a strong desire to accompany them, not that he expected much from their acquaintance, but because they were obviously good and jolly companions. They heard him, but only nodded and then were out of sight.

K. was still standing in the snow, and was little inclined to extricate his feet only for the sake of plunging them in again. The tanner and his comrade, satisfied with having finally got rid of him, edged slowly into the house through the door, which was now barely ajar, casting backward glances at K., and he was left alone in the falling snow. A fine setting for a fit of despair," it occurred to him, "if I were only standing here by accident instead of design."

Just then in the hut on his left hand a tiny window was opened, which had seemed quite blue when shut, perhaps from the reflection of the snow, and was so tiny that, when opened, it did not permit the whole face of the person behind it to be seen, but only the eyes, old brown eyes.

"There he is," K. heard a woman's trembling voice say. "It's the Land-Surveyor," answered a man's voice. Then the man came to the window and asked, not unamiably, but still as if he were anxious to have no complications in front of his house: "Are you waiting for somebody?" "For a sledge, to pick me up," said K. "No sledges will pass here," said the man, "there's no traffic here." "But it's the road leading to the Castle," objected K. "All the same, all the same," said the man with a certain finality, "there's no traffic here." Then they were both silent. But the man was obviously thinking of something, for he kept the window open. "It's a bad road," said K., to help him out. The only answer he got, however, was: "Oh, yes." But after a little the man volunteered: "If you like, I'll take you in my sledge." "Please do," said K., delighted; "what is your charge?" "Nothing," said the man. K. was much surprised. "Well, you're the Land-Surveyor," explained the man, "and you belong to the Castle. Where do you want to be taken?" "To the Castle," answered K. quickly. "I won't take you there," said the man without hesitation. "But I belong to the Castle," said K., repeating the other's very words. "Maybe," said the man shortly. "Oh, well, take me to the inn," said K. "All right," said the man, "I'll be out with the sledge in a moment." His whole behavior had the appearance of springing not from any special desire to be friendly but rather from a kind of selfish, worried, and almost pedantic insistence on shifting K. away from the front of the house.

The gate of the courtyard opened, and a small, light sledge appeared, quite flat, without a seat of any kind, drawn by a feeble little horse, and behind it limped the

man, a weak, stooping figure with a gaunt red snuffling face that looked peculiarly small beneath a tightly wrapped woolen scarf. He was obviously ailing, and yet only to transport K. he had dragged himself out. K. ventured to mention it, but the man waved him aside. All that elicited was that he was a coachman called Gerstacker, and that he had taken this uncomfortable sledge because it was standing ready, and to get out one of the others would have wasted too much time. "Sit down," he said, pointing to the sledge. "I'll sit beside you," said K. "I'm going to walk," said Gerstacker. "But why?" asked K. "I'm going to walk," repeated Gerstacker, and was seized with a fit of coughing which shook him so severely that he had to brace his legs in the snow and hold on to the rim of the sledge. K. said no more, but sat down on the sledge, the man's cough slowly abated, and they drove off.

The Castle above them, which K. had hoped to reach that very day, was already beginning to grow dark and retreated again into the distance. But as if to give him a parting sign till their next encounter, a bell began to ring merrily up there, a bell that for at least a second made his heart palpitate, for its tone was menacing, too, as if it threatened him with the fulfillment of his vague desire. This great bell soon died away, however, and its place was taken by a feeble, monotonous little tinkle, which might have come from the Castle, but might have been somewhere in the village. It certainly harmonized better with the slow journey and with the wretched-looking yet inexorable driver.

"I say," cried K. suddenly—they were already near the church, the inn was not far off, and K. felt he could risk

something—"I'm surprised that you have the nerve to drive me round on your own responsibility. Are you allowed to do that?" Gerstäcker paid no attention, but went on walking quietly beside the little horse. "Hi!" cried K., scraping some snow from the sledge and flinging a snowball, which hit Gerstäcker full in the ear. That made him stop and turn round; but when K. saw him at such close quarters—the sledge had slid forward a little—this stooping and somehow ill-used figure with the thin, red, tired face and cheeks that were different—one being flat and the other fallen in—standing listening with his mouth open, displaying only a few isolated teeth, he found that what he had just said out of malice had to be repeated out of pity, that is, whether Gerstäcker was likely to be penalized for driving him. "What do you mean?" asked Gerstäcker uncomprehendingly; but without waiting for an answer he spoke to the horse and they moved on again.

DRESDEN





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Ash Wednesday 1945: The Day the Old Dresden Died

by Robert A. Selig

Few military operations conducted by the Western Allies during World War II, with the possible exception of the bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, were and still are today as controversial and evoke as many emotions as the bombing of Dresden. Ever since this beautiful city – Germany’s Florence on the Elbe – went up in flames in the early morning hours of Ash Wednesday, 14 February 1945, killing upwards of twenty-five thousand people, the destruction of

Saxony’s capital has been used, and abused, for political purposes by historians, politicians, and demagogues alike whose political convictions run the gamut from the far left to the far right. *Bombenholocaust* shouts Saxony’s far-right National Demokratische Partei in a thinly veiled attempt at both a victimization of Germans and a concurrent relativization of the mass murder of six million people in the gas chambers of the Nazi regime. Before the Wall came down in 1989, the

East German Communists and their Soviet masters, and since then their political heirs in the *Linkspartei*, portray it as an example of the war crimes committed by the Capitalist system. Revisionist historians within Germany and abroad see in it the deliberate murder of innocent civilians in a city devoid of military value while more conservative historians defend it as a legitimate, if unfortunate, operation in a war that the Germans had after all brought upon themselves.

“Wollt ihr den totalen Krieg (do you want Total War)?” Joseph Goebbels, Minister for Public Enlightenment and Propaganda had screamed at the audience in one of his most famous speeches in the Sportpalast in Berlin on 18 February 1943. The answer had been a thunderous “Sieg Heil!” No wonder that Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur Harris, the much-maligned “Bomber” Harris, would, on 29 March 1945, in response to criticism of the bombing of Dresden, paraphrase Otto von Bismarck’s famous statement that “The whole of the Balkans is not worth the bones of a single Pomeranian grenadier.” Harris’ version read: “I do not personally regard the whole of the remaining cities of Germany as worth the bones of one British Grenadier.” Is it with a sigh of relief that the United States Air Force, in its official history, quotes Harris’ remark, adding that “the Americans, happily, cannot and would not claim credit for this aspect,” – the destruction of the city and the death of over twenty-five thousand people – “of the Dresden bombings” since it had been the Royal Air Force which had carried out the raid? At the same time, however, the United States Air Force feels the need to defend it as “the last of the instances during World War II in Europe when the shock effects of area bombing resulted in nearly total demoralization of a great enemy city.”

In this highly politicized and emotional debate, which focused more on why the city was bombed rather than on what happened or how it happened, that began almost since the day Dresden was laid in ruins, few bother, or are able to look dispassionately at the events of Ash Wednesday 1945. These emotions are best expressed in the memorable words spoken by Germany’s first Federal President Theodor Heuss, in 1955, that, on 8

May 1945, "we," that is - Germany and the Germans as well as Dresden and her inhabitants, "were both redeemed and destroyed." Not surprisingly then today, just as in 1945, politics and emotions threaten, as former German Chancellor Gerhard Schröder warned in a speech in Dresden on the anniversary of the bombing in February 2005, to obscure the facts, to reverse cause and effect. What, then, are the facts?

Late in the evening of 13 February 1945, two waves of close to eight hundred Lancaster bombers and nine De Havillands of the Royal Air Force left their bases in England for Dresden. Between 10:14 p.m. and 10:16 p.m., all but one of the two hundred forty-four Lancasters of the first wave had released their load of more than eight hundred tons of mostly high explosives over Dresden. In the second attack, conducted between 1:21 and 1:45 a.m. on 14 February, five hundred twenty-nine Lancasters dropped an additional eighteen hundred tons, this time mostly incendiary bombs. Royal Air Force casualties on the raids were minimal: a total of nine Lancasters did not return to their bases. Between 12:17 until 12:30 p.m., three hundred eleven American B-17s dropped an additional seven hundred seventy-one tons of bombs on Dresden. The next day, 15 February, American planes dropped an additional four hundred sixty-six tons of bombs, making the four-day total around thirty-nine hundred tons.

A German police report compiled shortly after the raids listed "24 banks, 26 insurance buildings, 31 stores and retail houses, 647 shops, 64 warehouses, 2 market halls, 31 large hotels, 26 public houses, 63 administrative buildings, 3 theatres, 18 cinemas, 11 churches, 6 chapels, 5 cultural-historical buildings, 19 hospitals and private clinics, 39 schools, 5 consulates, the zoological garden, waterworks and railway facility, 19 postal facilities, 4 tram facilities, 19 ships and barges" as having been destroyed.

Almost two hundred factories were damaged, most of them seriously. Also destroyed was the *Wehrmacht's* main command post. A British damage assessment at the time determined that seventy-eight thousand homes had been demolished, twenty-seven thousand seven hundred made temporarily uninhabitable but

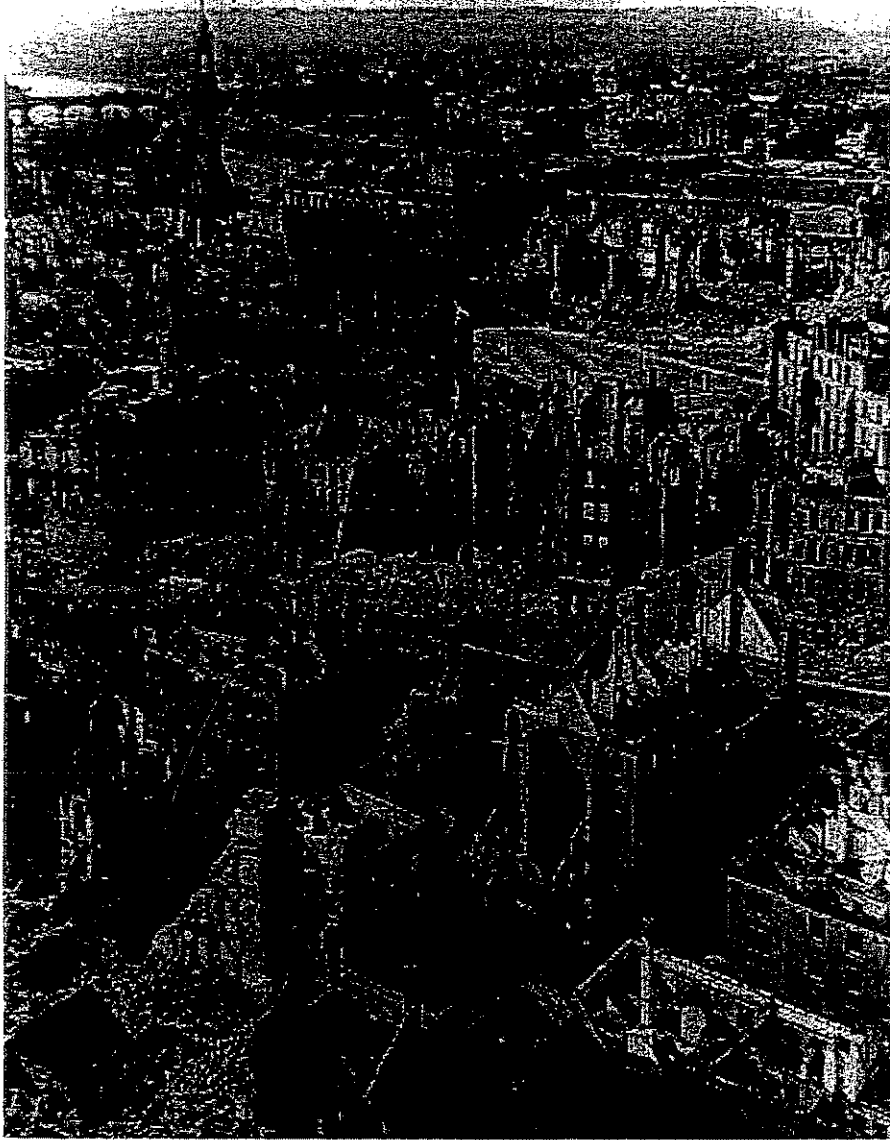


OPPOSITE PAGE: A view of Dresden from Brühlchen Terrasse toward the Frauenkirche taken in 1935. ABOVE: A similar view from Brühlchen Terrasse taken in September 1946 showing the devastation of the Ash Wednesday bombings.

repairable, while sixty-four thousand five hundred were repairable from minor damage. This meant that eighty per cent of the city's housing units had been damaged, fifty per cent of them demolished or seriously damaged. Leaving aside the highly inflated figure of more than two hundred thousand killed, distributed by Goebbels' Propaganda Ministry, the most reliable estimates today place the number of people killed, by bombs or incinerated in a fire-storm that had reached fifteen hundred degrees and generated a wind-storm that literally sucked people into the flames, at around twenty-five thousand to thirty-five thousand. This

included six thousand eight hundred sixty-five corpses cremated on open funeral pyres on Dresden's *Altmarkt* in the days immediately following the air raid.

From a purely military point of view, the raid had been a success. The railroad lines running through Dresden had been destroyed, the bridges across the Elbe river lay in ruins, and the German ability to throw troops from the Western front against the Red Army barely seventy miles to the East was severely hampered. However, the ethics behind the raid have dogged the Allies ever since. The funeral pyres were still burning on the *Altmarkt*



All in all, some thirty-nine hundred tons of bombs resulted in the destruction of eighty percent of Dresden.

when the first questions were raised about the reasons for and motivations behind the bombing. Goebbels' propaganda ministry had acted quickly and leaked horrific visual and verbal accounts of the carnage of Dresden to the neutral press. When, at a briefing at Supreme Headquarters Allied Expeditionary Force (SHAEP) two days after the raids, British Air Commodore Colin M. Grierson mentioned almost as an afterthought that the raid also helped destroy "what is left of German morale", an Associated Press writer reported that the Allies had resorted to terror bombing. Such reporting questioned the moral high ground of the Allies and put their political and military leadership on the defensive. Eventually,

even Winston Churchill, who had approved the raid, tried to distance himself from it when he wrote in a memo of 28 March 1945:

"It seems to me that the moment has come when the question of bombing of German cities simply for the sake of increasing the terror, though under other pretexts, should be reviewed. Otherwise we shall come into control of an utterly ruined land. ... The destruction of Dresden remains a serious query against the conduct of Allied bombing. ... The Foreign Secretary has spoken to me on this subject, and I feel the need for more precise concentration upon military objectives such as oil and communications behind the immediate bat-

tle-zone, rather than on mere acts of terror and wanton destruction."

Does that mean that the burning of Dresden was an act of wanton terror and needless destruction? Air Marshal Harris argued "Attacks on cities, like any other act of war, are intolerable unless they are strategically justified. But they are strategically justified in so far as they tend to shorten the war and preserve the lives of Allied soldiers. To my mind, we have absolutely no right to give them up unless it is certain that they will not have this effect." Harris has a point. Unless is it really reasonable to expect Churchill to be prepared to inform a mother and father in England that their son had been killed in action in Germany even though his death might have been avoided if only the city of Dresden had been bombed but that he had declined to do so because that would have meant killing a few Germans, and that Dresden was such a beautiful city that he could not get himself to give the order?

Critics of Churchill and Harris' position argue that terror bombings did nothing to destroy the moral of the Germans, that they never worked. Maybe, but one should also keep in mind the counter-terror carried out by the SS and the Gestapo to prop up morale, and they were much closer to the ordinary German than the planes flying high above. They also argue that by February 1945, Germany was defeated and attacks on her cities were therefore no longer necessary. Was that really that obvious in early February 1945? Since the "Battle of the Bulge" had begun in mid-December 1944, seventy-five thousand American troops had been killed, wounded, or captured. This had severely shaken the confidence of the Western Powers that the Third Reich lay in its last throes. Who could blame President Roosevelt for debating whether Dresden was worth the bones of a single American GI?

In the course of the war, British and American planes dropped around 3.7 million tons of bombs on German cities, the majority of them on 62 cities of more than 100,000 inhabitants each. More than forty of these cities suffered through fire raids similar to that of Dresden; some cities such as Berlin were subject to at least six fire raids, Hamburg, Munich, and Essen were attacked at least five

times, and Cologne at least twice. Aerial bombing raids killed an estimated three hundred five thousand people while wounding another seven hundred eighty thousand. In both, the amount of bombs as well as the percentage of people killed, the numbers for Dresden are not exceptionally large – if anything, they are on the low end of the scale. Almost sixty-eight thousand tons of bombs were dropped on Berlin, forty-five thousand tons on Cologne, thirty-eight thousand tons on Essen. That is ten times the close to thirty-nine hundred tons dropped on Dresden. When Hamburg burned in July 1943, almost forty-two thousand people lost their lives.

These cold numbers cannot begin to tell the misery, pain, suffering, and death for the inhabitants in all these cities who paid the price for the lunacy of the Nazi regime. Yet, somehow, Dresden has as much become the symbol of the horrors of conventional air war as Hiroshima has become the symbol of the horrors of nuclear annihilation. Why, or how, did the burning of Dresden touch a nerve in a way that the destruction of Berlin, Cologne, Hamburg, or Würzburg did not? What was so special about Dresden that these other cities apparently did not have? For one, the attack was unexpected. Cities such as Hamburg or Essen or Schweinfurt knew that they possessed military and industrial value and knew that they would be bombed. Dresdeners did not expect to be bombed, they somehow seem to have felt that the city was off limits because of its beauty, because the very name of Dresden evoked visions of culture and refinement in educated people all across Europe and the world over. If Dresden was not safe, what then were the limits to destruction?

In an interview with the German magazine *Der Spiegel* of 11 February 2005, British historian Frederick Taylor lamented, "The destruction of Dresden has an epically tragic quality to it." Dresden, said Taylor, "was a wonderfully beautiful city and a symbol of baroque humanism and all that was best in Germany." One could argue that, like all German cities, "It also contained all of the worst from Germany during the Nazi period." Dresden's Jewish population had been reduced to about one hundred sixty, forty of whom died in the raid. The rest, scheduled to

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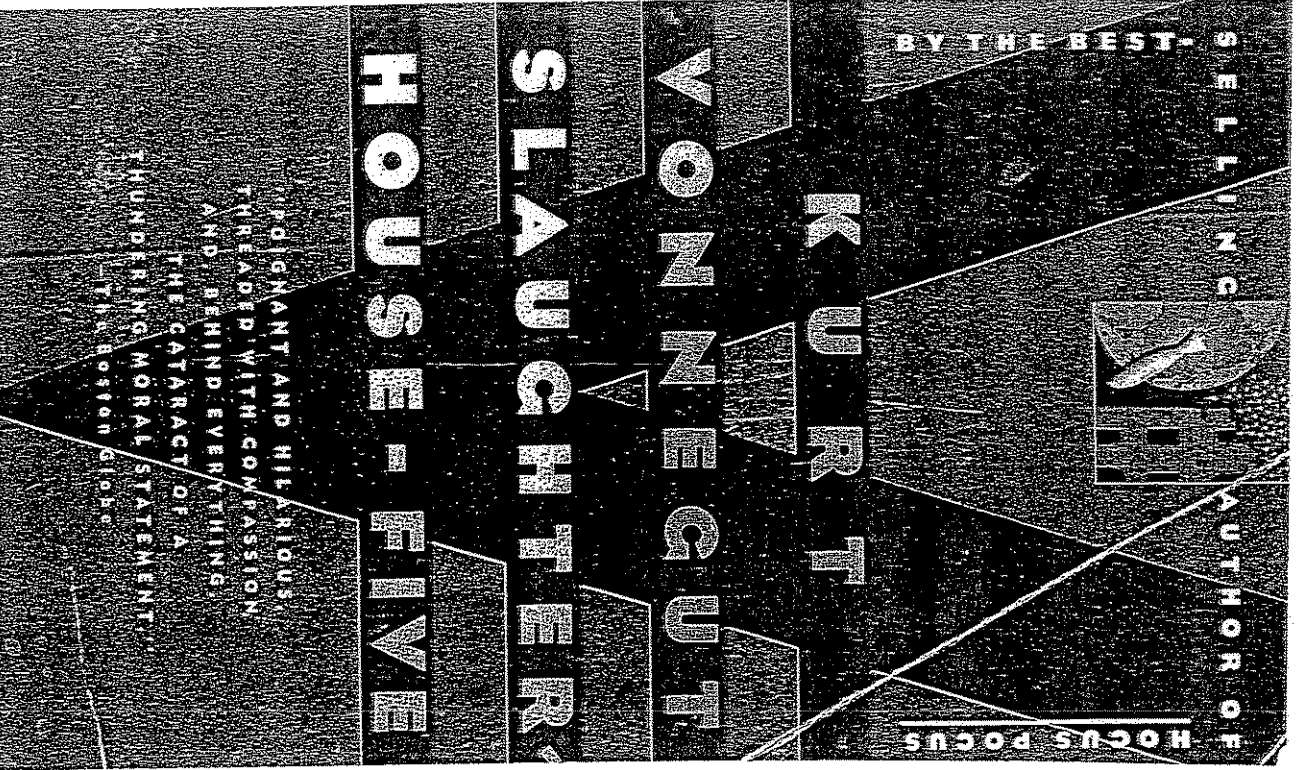
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be deported on 16 February, were saved from certain death by the chaos following the burning of the city. Did something good, therefore, come out of the bombing of Dresden? Maybe, but should not one life be as valuable as any other, should not the life of a German baby in Dresden be worth as much as that of a baby in Coventry or London? Yes, by building the gas chambers in Auschwitz, the Germans had themselves thrown all humanistic values out the window, but did that justify the same attitude on the part of the Allies? Yes, there were genuine and committed Nazis in Dresden but did the city and thousands of its inhabitants, therefore, deserve to die? If not, why not? Why should Dresden be spared but not Berlin or Hamburg or Cologne?

There are no easy answers to the moral dilemma posed by Dresden. And though we may not agree with the way they solved the dilemma, the Western wartime leaders were, nevertheless, very much aware of it. Today the answers to these questions will still differ from reader to reader depending on how he or she

decides to tackle that dilemma. For the fact remains that Dresden did die. It is also a fact that, after a fifty-year hiatus under a communist dictatorship equally as scornful of human rights, human dignity, and human life as that of the Nazis, a new Dresden arose out of the ashes. Nothing symbolizes that rise better than the re-dedication of the Frauenkirche in 2005. This new Dresden finally shares in the Four Freedoms proclaimed by President Franklin D. Roosevelt on 6 January 1941: Freedom from want, freedom from fear, freedom of speech, and freedom of religion. And no matter how much we debate the events of Ash Wednesday 1945, it is up to us to ensure that the ideology of intolerance of differing political viewpoints, of hatred of people who follow different lifestyles, and of murder of peoples deemed inferior, that died in the ashes of Dresden never raises its ugly head again. Because then, but only then, will Dresden have burned for naught. *ca*

Contributor Dr. Robert A. Selig received his Ph.D. in German history from the Universität Würzburg in 1988.



ONE

All this happened, more or less. The war parts, anyway, are pretty much true. One guy I knew really *was* shot in Dresden for taking a teapot that wasn't his. Another guy I knew really *did* threaten to have his personal enemies killed by hired gunmen after the war. And so on. I've changed all the names.

I really *did* go back to Dresden with Guggenheim money (God love it) in 1967. It looked a lot like Dayton, Ohio, more open spaces than Dayton has. There must be tons of human bone meal in the ground. I went back there with an old war buddy, Bernard V. O'Hare, and we made friends with a cab driver, who took us to the slaughterhouse where we had been locked up at night as prisoners of war. His name was Gerhard Muller. He told us that he was a prisoner of the Americans for a while. We asked him how it was to live under Communism, and he said that it was terrible at first, because everybody had to work so hard, and because there wasn't much shelter or food or clothing. But things were much better now. He had a pleasant little apartment, and his daughter was get-

ting an excellent education. His mother was inclined in the Dresden fire-storm. So it goes.

He sent O'Hare a postcard at Christmastime, and here is what it said:

"I wish you and your family also as to your friend Merry Christmas and a happy New Year and I hope that we'll meet again in a world of peace and freedom in the taxi cab if the accident will."

I like that very much: "If the accident will."

I would hate to tell you what this lousy little book cost me in money and anxiety and time. When I got home from the Second World War twenty-three years ago, I thought it would be easy for me to write about the destruction of Dresden, since all I would have to do would be to report what I had seen. And I thought, too, that it would be a masterpiece or at least make me a lot of money, since the subject was so big.

But not many words about Dresden came from my mind then—not enough of them to make a book, anyway. And not many words come now, either, when I have become an old fart with his memories and his Pall Mall, with his sons full grown.

I think of how useless the Dresden part of my memory has been, and yet how tempting Dresden has been to write about, and I am reminded of the famous limerick:

There was a young man from Stamboul,
Who soliloquized thus to his tool:
"You took all my wealth

And you ruined my health,
And now you won't pee, you old fool."

And I'm reminded, too, of the song that goes:

My name is Yon Yonson,

I work in Wisconsin,

I work in a lumbermill there.

The people I meet when I walk down the street,

They say, "What's your name?"

And I say,

"My name is Yon Yonson,

I work in Wisconsin . . ."

And so on to infinity.

Over the years, people I've met have often asked me what I'm working on, and I've usually replied that the main thing was a book about Dresden.

I said that to Harrison Starr, the movie-maker, one time, and he raised his eyebrows and inquired, "Is it an anti-war book?"

"Yes," I said. "I guess."

"You know what I say to people when I hear they're writing anti-war books?"

"No. What do you say, Harrison Starr?"

"I say, 'Why don't you write an anti-glacier book instead?'"

What he meant, of course, was that there would always be wars, that they were as easy to stop as glaciers. I believe that, too.

And even if wars didn't keep coming like glaciers, there would still be plain old death.

When I was somewhat younger, working on my famous Dresden book, I asked an old war buddy named Bernard V. O'Hare if I could come to see him. He was a district attorney in Pennsylvania. I was a writer on Cape Cod. We had been privates in the war, infantry scouts. We had never expected to make any money after the war, but we were doing quite well.

I had the Bell Telephone Company find him for me. They are wonderful that way. I have this disease late at night sometimes, involving alcohol and the telephone. I get drunk, and I drive my wife away with a breath like mustard gas and roses. And then, speaking gravely and elegantly into the telephone, I ask the telephone operators to connect me with this friend or that one, from whom I have not heard in years.

I got O'Hare on the line in this way. He is short and I am tall. We were Mut and Jeff in the war. We were captured together in the war. I told him who I was on the telephone. He had no trouble believing it. He was up. He was reading. Everybody else in his house was asleep.

"Listen—" I said, "I'm writing this book about Dresden. I'd like some help remembering stuff. I wonder if I could come down and see you, and we could drink and talk and remember."

He was unenthusiastic. He said he couldn't remember much. He told me, though, to come ahead.

"I think the climax of the book will be the execution

of poor old Edgar Derby," I said. "The irony is so great. A whole city gets burned down, and thousands and thousands of people are killed. And then this one American foot soldier is arrested in the ruins for taking a teapot. And he's given a regular trial, and then he's shot by a firing squad."

"Um," said O'Hare.

"Don't you think that's really where the climax should come?"

"I don't know anything about it," he said. "That's your trade, not mine."

As a trafficker in climaxes and thrills and characterization and wonderful dialogue and suspense and confrontations, I had outlined the Dresden story many times. The best outline I ever made, or anyway the prettiest one, was on the back of a roll of wallpaper.

I used my daughter's crayons, a different color for each main character. One end of the wallpaper was the beginning of the story, and the other end was the end, and then there was all that middle part, which was the middle. And the blue line met the red line and then the yellow line, and the yellow line stopped because the character represented by the yellow line was dead. And so on. The destruction of Dresden was represented by a vertical band of orange cross-hatching, and all the lines that were still alive passed through it, came out the other side.

The end, where all the lines stopped, was a beetfield on the Elbe, outside of Halle. The rain was coming down. The war in Europe had been over for a couple

of weeks. We were formed in ranks, with Russian soldiers guarding us—Englishmen, Americans, Dutchmen, Belgians, Frenchmen, Canadians, South Africans, New Zealanders, Australians, thousands of us about to stop being prisoners of war.

And on the other side of the field were thousands of Russians and Poles and Yugoslavians and so on guarded by American soldiers. An exchange was made there in the rain—one for one. O'Hare and I climbed into the back of an American truck with a lot of others. O'Hare didn't have any souvenirs. Almost everybody else did. I had a ceremonial Luftwaffe saber, still do. The rabid little American I call Paul Lazzaro in this book had about a quart of diamonds and emeralds and rubies and so on. He had taken these from dead people in the cellars of Dresden. So it goes.

An idiotic Englishman, who had lost all his teeth somewhere, had his souvenir in a canvas bag. The bag was resting on my insteps. He would peek into the bag every now and then, and he would roll his eyes and swivel his scrawny neck, trying to catch people looking covetously at his bag. And he would bounce the bag on my insteps.

I thought this bouncing was accidental. But I was mistaken. He *had* to show somebody what was in the bag, and he had decided he could trust me. He caught my eye, winked, opened the bag. There was a plaster model of the Eiffel Tower in there. It was painted gold. It had a clock in it.

"There's a smashin' thing," he said.

And we were flown to a rest camp in France, where we were fed chocolate malted milkshakes and other rich foods until we were all covered with baby fat. Then we were sent home, and I married a pretty girl who was covered with baby fat, too.

And we had babies.

And they're all grown up now, and I'm an old fart with his memories and his Pall Malls. My name is Yon Yonson, I work in Wisconsin, I work in a lumber mill there.

Sometimes I try to call up old girl friends on the telephone late at night, after my wife has gone to bed. "Operator, I wonder if you could give me the number of a Mrs. So-and-So. I think she lives at such-and-such."

"I'm sorry, sir. There is no such listing."

"Thanks, Operator. Thanks just the same."

And I let the dog out, or I let him in, and we talk some. I let him know I like him, and he lets me know he likes me. He doesn't mind the smell of mustard gas and roses.

"You're all right, Sandy," I'll say to the dog. "You know that, Sandy? You're O.K."

Sometimes I'll turn on the radio and listen to a talk program from Boston or New York. I can't stand recorded music if I've been drinking a good deal.

Sooner or later I go to bed, and my wife asks me what time it is. She always has to know the time. Sometimes I don't know, and I say, "Search *me*."

I think about my education sometimes. I went to the University of Chicago for a while after the Second World War. I was a student in the Department of Anthropology. At that time, they were teaching that there was absolutely no difference between anybody. They may be teaching that still.

Another thing they taught was that nobody was ridiculous or bad or disgusting. Shortly before my father died, he said to me, "You know--you never wrote a story with a villain in it."

I told him that was one of the things I learned in college after the war.

While I was studying to be an anthropologist, I was also working as a police reporter for the famous Chicago City News Bureau for twenty-eight dollars a week. One time they switched me from the night shift to the day shift, so I worked sixteen hours straight. We were supported by all the newspapers in town, and the AP and the UP and all that. And we would cover the courts and the police stations and the Fire Department and the Coast Guard out on Lake Michigan and all that. We were connected to the institutions that supported us by means of pneumatic tubes which ran under the streets of Chicago.

Reporters would telephone in stories to writers wearing headphones, and the writers would stencil the stories on mimeograph sheets. The stories were mimeographed and stuffed into the brass and velvet cartridges which the pneumatic tubes ate. The very toughest reporters and writers were women who had

taken over the jobs of men who'd gone to war.

And the first story I covered I had to dictate over the telephone to one of those beastly girls. It was about a young veteran who had taken a job running an old-fashioned elevator in an office building. The elevator door on the first floor was ornamental iron lace. Iron ivy snaked in and out of the holes. There was an iron twig with two iron lovebirds perched upon it.

This veteran decided to take his car into the basement, and he closed the door and started down, but his wedding ring was caught in all the ornaments. So he was hoisted into the air and the floor of the car went down, dropped out from under him, and the top of the car squashed him. So it goes.

So I phoned this in, and the woman who was going to cut the stencil asked me, "What did his wife say?"

"She doesn't know yet," I said. "It just happened."

"Call her up and get a statement."

"What?"

"Tell her you're Captain Finn of the Police Department. Say you have some sad news. Give her the news, and see what she says."

So I did. She said about what you would expect her to say. There was a baby. And so on.

When I got back to the office, the woman writer asked me, just for her own information, what the squashed guy had looked like when he was squashed.

I told her.

"Did it bother you?" she said. She was eating a Three Musketeers Candy Bar.

"Heck no, Nancy," I said. "I've seen lots worse than that in the war."

Even then I was supposedly writing a book about Dresden. It wasn't a famous air raid back then in America. Not many Americans knew how much worse it had been than Hiroshima, for instance. I didn't know that, either. There hadn't been much publicity. I happened to tell a University of Chicago professor at a cocktail party about the raid as I had seen it, about the book I would write. He was a member of a thing called The Committee on Social Thought. And he told me about the concentration camps, and about how the Germans had made soap and candles out of the fat of dead Jews and so on.

All I could say was, "I know, I know. I know."

World War Two had certainly made everybody very tough. And I became a public relations man for General Electric in Schenectady, New York, and a volunteer fireman in the village of Alplaus, where I bought my first home. My boss there was one of the toughest guys I ever hope to meet. He had been a lieutenant colonel in public relations in Baltimore. While I was in Schenectady he joined the Dutch Reformed Church, which is a very tough church, indeed.

He used to ask me sneeringly sometimes why I hadn't been an officer, as though I'd done something wrong.

My wife and I had lost our baby fat. Those were our

scrawny years. We had a lot of scrawny veterans and their scrawny wives for friends. The nicest veterans in Schenectady, I thought, the kindest and funniest ones, the ones who hated war the most, were the ones who'd really fought.

I wrote the Air Force back then, asking for details about the raid on Dresden, who ordered it, how many planes did it, why they did it, what desirable results there had been and so on. I was answered by a man who, like myself, was in public relations. He said that he was sorry, but that the information was top secret still.

I read the letter out loud to my wife, and I said, "Secret? My God—from whom?"

We were United World Federalists back then. I don't know what we are now. Telephoners, I guess. We telephone a lot—or I do, anyway, late at night.

A couple of weeks after I telephoned my old war buddy, Bernard V. O'Hare, I really *did* go to see him. That must have been in 1964 or so—whatever the last year was for the New York World's Fair. *Eheu, fugaces labuntur anni*. My name is Yon Yonson. There was a young man from Stamboul.

I took two little girls with me, my daughter, Nanny, and her best friend, Allison Mitchell. They had never been off Cape Cod before. When we saw a river, we had to stop so they could stand by it and think about it for a while. They had never seen water in that long

and narrow, unsalted form before. The river was the Hudson. There were carp in there and we saw them. They were as big as atomic submarines.

We saw waterfalls, too, streams jumping off cliffs into the valley of the Delaware. There were lots of things to stop and see—and then it was time to go, always time to go. The little girls were wearing white party dresses and black party shoes, so strangers would know at once how nice they were. "Time to go, girls," I'd say. And we would go.

And the sun went down, and we had supper in an Italian place, and then I knocked on the front door of the beautiful stone house of Bernard V. O'Hare. I was carrying a bottle of Irish whiskey like a dinner bell.

I met his nice wife, Mary, to whom I dedicate this book. I dedicate it to Gerhard Miller, the Dresden taxi driver, too. Mary O'Hare is a trained nurse, which is a lovely thing for a woman to be.

Mary admired the two little girls I'd brought, mixed them in with her own children, sent them all upstairs to play games and watch television. It was only after the children were gone that I sensed that Mary didn't like me or didn't like *something* about the night. She was polite but chilly.

"It's a nice cozy house you have here," I said, and it really was.

"I've fixed up a place where you can talk and not be bothered," she said.

"Good," I said, and I imagined two leather chairs

near a fire in a paneled room, where two old soldiers could drink and talk. But she took us into the kitchen. She had put two straight-backed chairs at a kitchen table with a white porcelain top. That table top was screaming with reflected light from a two-hundred-watt bulb overhead. Mary had prepared an operating room. She put only one glass on it, which was for me. She explained that O'Hare couldn't drink the hard stuff since the war.

So we sat down. O'Hare was embarrassed, but he wouldn't tell me what was wrong. I couldn't imagine what it was about me that could burn up Mary so. I was a family man. I'd been married only once. I wasn't a drunk. I hadn't done her husband any dirt in the war. She fixed herself a Coca-Cola, made a lot of noise banging the ice-cube tray in the stainless steel sink. Then she went into another part of the house. But she wouldn't sit still. She was moving all over the house, opening and shutting doors, even moving furniture around to work off anger.

I asked O'Hare what I'd said or done to make her act that way.

"It's all right," he said. "Don't worry about it. It doesn't have anything to do with you." That was kind of him. He was lying. It had everything to do with me. So we tried to ignore Mary and remember the war.

I took a couple of belts of the booze I'd brought. We would chuckle or grin sometimes, as though war stories were coming back, but neither one of us could remember anything good. O'Hare remembered one guy who got into a lot of wine in Dresden, before it was

bombed, and we had to take him home in a wheelbarrow. It wasn't much to write a book about. I remembered two Russian soldiers who had looted a clock factory. They had a horse-drawn wagon full of clocks. They were happy and drunk. They were smoking huge cigarettes they had rolled in newspaper.

That was about it for memories, and Mary was still making noise. She finally came out in the kitchen again for another Coke. She took another tray of ice cubes from the refrigerator, banged it in the sink, even though there was already plenty of ice out.

Then she turned to me, let me see how angry she was, and that the anger was for me. She had been talking to herself, so what she said was a fragment of a much larger conversation. "You were just *babies* then!" she said.

"What?" I said.

"You were just babies in the war—like the ones upstairs!"

I nodded that this was true. We had been foolish virgins in the war, right at the end of childhood.

"But you're not going to write it that way, are you?"

This wasn't a question. It was an accusation.

"I—I don't know," I said.

"Well, I know," she said. "You'll pretend you were men instead of babies, and you'll be played in the movies by Frank Sinatra and John Wayne or some of those other glamorous, war-loving, dirty old men. And war will look just wonderful, so we'll have a lot more of them. And they'll be fought by babies like the babies upstairs."

So then I understood. It was war that made her so angry. She didn't want her babies or anybody else's babies killed in wars. And she thought wars were partly encouraged by books and movies.

So I held up my right hand and I made her a promise: "Mary," I said, "I don't think this book of mine is ever going to be finished. I must have written five thousand pages by now, and thrown them all away. If I ever do finish it, though, I give you my word of honor: there won't be a part for Frank Sinatra or John Wayne.

"I tell you what," I said, "I'll call it 'The Children's Crusade.'"

She was my friend after that.

O'Hare and I gave up on remembering, went into the living room, talked about other things. We became curious about the real Children's Crusade, so O'Hare looked it up in a book he had, *Extraordinary Popular Delusions and the Madness of Crowds*, by Charles Mackay, LL. D. It was first published in London in 1841.

Mackay had a low opinion of all Crusades. The Children's Crusade struck him as only slightly more sordid than the ten Crusades for grown-ups. O'Hare read this handsome passage out loud:

History in her solemn page informs us that the crusaders were but ignorant and savage men, that their motives were those of bigotry unmitigated, and that their pathway was one of blood and tears. Romance,

on the other hand, dilates upon their piety and heroism, and portrays, in her most glowing and impassioned hues, their virtue and magnanimity, the imperishable honor they acquired for themselves, and the great services they rendered to Christianity.

And then O'Hare read this: Now what was the grand result of all these struggles? Europe expended millions of her treasures, and the blood of two million of her people; and a handful of quarrelsome knights retained possession of Palestine for about one hundred years!

Mackay told us that the Children's Crusade started in 1213, when two monks got the idea of raising armies of children in Germany and France, and selling them in North Africa as slaves. Thirty thousand children volunteered, thinking they were going to Palestine. They were no doubt idle and deserted children who generally swarm in great cities, nurtured on vice and daring, said Mackay, and ready for anything.

Pope Innocent the Third thought they were going to Palestine, too, and he was thrilled. "These children are awake while we are asleep!" he said.

Most of the children were shipped out of Marseilles, and about half of them drowned in shipwrecks. The other half got to North Africa where they were sold.

Through a misunderstanding, some children reported for duty at Genoa, where no slave ships were waiting. They were fed and sheltered and questioned kindly by good people there—then given a little money and a lot of advice and sent back home.

"Hoorary for the good people of Genoa," said Mary O'Hare.

I slept that night in one of the children's bedrooms. O'Hare had put a book for me on the bedside table. It was *Dresden, History, Stage and Gallery*, by Mary Endell. It was published in 1908, and its introduction began:

It is hoped that this little book will make itself useful. It attempts to give to an English-reading public a bird's-eye view of how Dresden came to look as it does, architecturally; of how it expanded musically, through the genius of a few men, to its present bloom; and it calls attention to certain permanent landmarks in art that make its Gallery the resort of those seeking lasting impressions.

I read some history further on:

Now, in 1760, Dresden underwent siege by the Prussians. On the fifteenth of July began the cannonade. The Picture-Gallery took fire. Many of the paintings had been transported to the Königstein, but some were seriously injured by splinters of bombshells,—notably Franck's "Baptism of Christ." Furthermore, the stately Kreuzkirche tower, from which the enemy's movements had been watched day and night, stood in flames. It later succumbed. In sturdy contrast with the pitiful fate of the Kreuzkirche, stood the Frauenkirche, from the curves of whose stone dome the Prussian bombs rebounded like rain. Friederich was obliged finally to give up the siege, because he learned of the fall of Glatz, the critical point of his new conquests. "We must be off to Silesia, so that we do not lose every-thing."

The devastation of Dresden was boundless. When

Goethe as a young student visited the city, he still found sad ruins: "Von der Kuppel der Frauenkirche sah ich diese heiligen Trümmer zwischen die schöne städtische Ordnung hineingesät; da rühmte mir der Küster die Kunst des Baumeisters, welcher Kirche und Kuppel auf einen so unerwünschten Fall schon eingerichtet und bombenfest erbaut hatte. Der gute Sakristan deutete mir alsdann auf Ruine nach allen Seiten und sagte bedenktlich lakonisch: Das hat der Feind gethan!"

The two little girls and I crossed the Delaware River where George Washington had crossed it, the next morning. We went to the New York World's Fair, saw what the past had been like, according to the Ford Motor Car Company and Walt Disney, saw what the future would be like, according to General Motors.

And I asked myself about the present: how wide it was, how deep it was, how much was mine to keep.

I taught creative writing in the famous Writers Workshop at the University of Iowa for a couple of years after that. I got into some perfectly beautiful trouble, got out of it again. I taught in the afternoons. In the mornings I wrote. I was not to be disturbed. I was working on my famous book about Dresden.

And somewhere in there a nice man named Seymour Lawrence gave me a three-book contract, and I said, "O.K., the first of the three will be my famous book about Dresden."

The friends of Seymour Lawrence call him "Sam." And I say to Sam now: "Sam—here's the book."

It is so short and jumbled and jangled, Sam, because there is nothing intelligent to say about a massacre. Everybody is supposed to be dead, to never say anything or want anything ever again. Everything is supposed to be very quiet after a massacre, and it always is, except for the birds.

And what do the birds say? All there is to say about a massacre, things like "Poo-tee-weet?"

I have told my sons that they are not under any circumstances to take part in massacres, and that the news of massacres of enemies is not to fill them with satisfaction or glee.

I have also told them not to work for companies which make massacre machinery, and to express contempt for people who think we need machinery like that.

As I've said: I recently went back to Dresden with my friend O'Hare. We had a million laughs in Hamburg and West Berlin and East Berlin and Vienna and Salzburg and Helsinki, and in Leningrad, too. It was very good for me, because I saw a lot of authentic backgrounds for made-up stories which I will write later on. One of them will be "Russian Baroque" and another will be "No Kissing" and another will be

"Dollar Bar" and another will be "If the Accident Will," and so on.
And so on.

There was a Lufthansa plane that was supposed to fly from Philadelphia to Boston to Frankfurt. O'Hare was supposed to get on in Philadelphia and I was supposed to get on in Boston, and off we'd go. But Boston was socked in, so the plane flew straight to Frankfurt from Philadelphia. And I became a non-person in the Boston fog, and Lufthansa put me in a limousine with some other non-persons and sent us to a motel for a non-night.

The time would not pass. Somebody was playing with the clocks, and not only with the electric clocks, but the wind-up kind, too. The second hand on my watch would twitch once, and a year would pass, and then it would twitch again.

There was nothing I could do about it. As an Earthling, I had to believe whatever clocks said—and calendars.

I had two books with me, which I'd meant to read on the plane. One was *Words for the Wind*, by Theodore Roethke, and this is what I found in there:

*I wake to sleep, and take my waking slow.
I feel my fate in what I cannot fear.
I learn by going where I have to go.*

My other book was Erika Ostrovsky's *Céline and His*

Vision. Céline was a brave French soldier in the First World War—until his skull was cracked. After that he couldn't sleep, and there were noises in his head. He became a doctor, and he treated poor people in the daytime, and he wrote grotesque novels all night. No art is possible without a dance with death, he wrote.

The truth is death, he wrote. Toe fought nicely against it as long as I could . . . danced with it, festooned it, waltzed it around . . . decorated it with streamers, titillated it . . .

Time obsessed him. Miss Ostrovsky reminded me of the amazing scene in *Death on the Installment Plan* where Céline wants to stop the busting of a street crowd. He screams on paper, *Make them stop . . . don't let them move anymore at all . . . There, make them freeze . . . once and for all . . . So that they won't disappear anymore!*

I looked through the Gideon Bible in my motel room for tales of great destruction. *The sun was risen upon the Earth when Lot entered into Zo-ar, I read. Then the Lord rained upon Sodom and upon Gomorrah brimstone and fire from the Lord out of Heaven; and He overthrew those cities, and all the plain, and all the inhabitants of the cities, and that which grew upon the ground.*

So it goes.

Those were vile people in both those cities, as is well known. The world was better off without them.

And Lot's wife, of course, was told not to look back

where all those people and their homes had been. But she *did* look back, and I love her for that, because it was so human.

So she was turned to a pillar of salt. So it goes.

People aren't supposed to look back. I'm certainly not going to do it anymore.

I've finished my war book now. The next one I write is going to be fun.

This one is a failure, and had to be, since it was written by a pillar of salt. It begins like this:

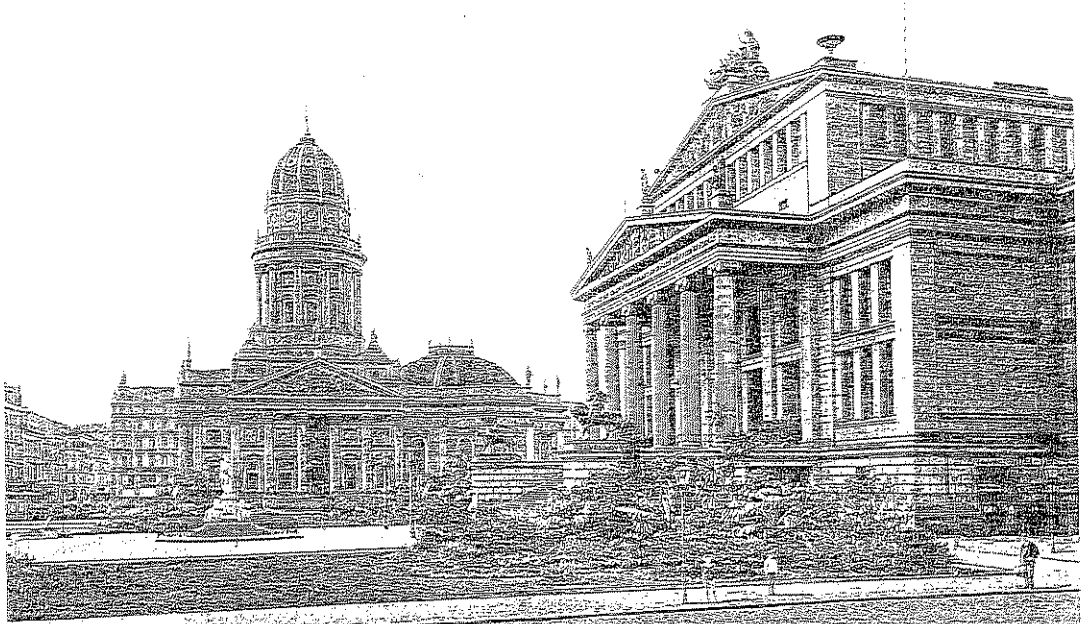
Listen:

Billy Pilgrim has come unstuck in time.

It ends like this:

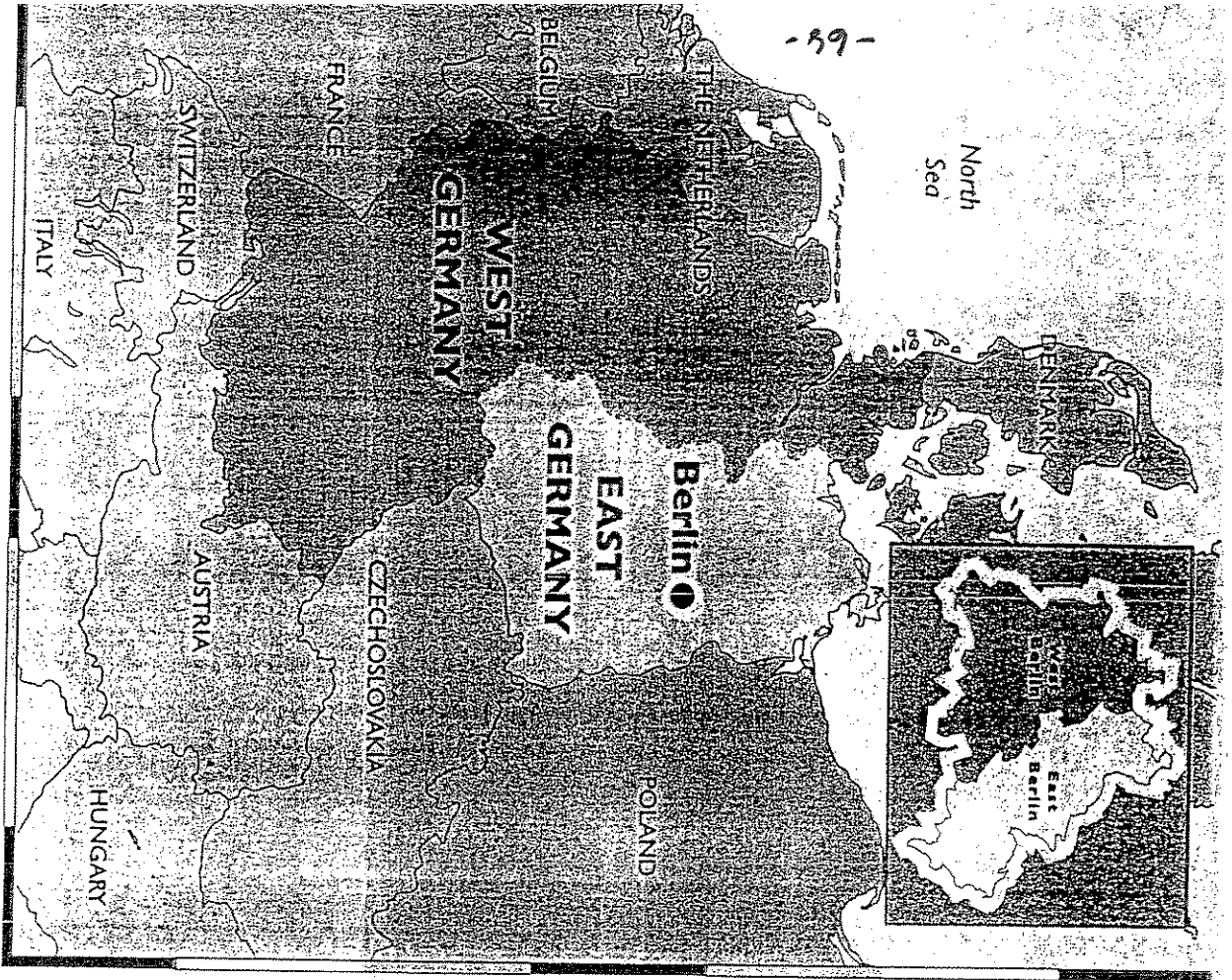
Poo-tee-weeep?

BERLIN



Berlin. Gendarmenmarkt mit Schauspielhaus und neue Kathedrale





In 1989, the city of Berlin was completely surrounded by Communist East Germany.

DATE

A Knock on the Door

November 9, 1989. A chilly evening in West Berlin. I was in my hotel room, writing furiously on my laptop. The stories were breaking fast. The Communist government in East Germany was in crisis. All through the autumn, East Germans had been fleeing their country in droves through Hungary and Czechoslovakia. Even greater numbers had been holding regular marches in East German cities, demanding reform. The government's authority was crumbling. Every day there were new changes, new announcements, new surprises.

I had just returned from a press conference in East Berlin, at which the Communist leaders had announced new travel regulations for East Germans who wanted to visit the West. That was big news: up to then, the majority of East Germans, like most Eastern Europeans, had been prevented from leaving the East. It was a good story, probably page one, so when somebody knocked on the door around midnight, I was annoyed. It was my assistant from East Berlin, Viktor Homola.

"I'm busy, Viktor," I barked. "Grab something from the minibar and wait."

"But, Serge..."

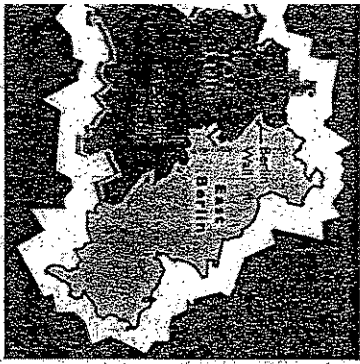
"Not now! Not now..."

Then it struck me: Viktor? He was an East German! He wasn't allowed to cross into the West; he'd never even been to the West.

"Viktor! What on earth are you doing here?"

"That's what I'm trying to tell you, Serge! The wall is down!"

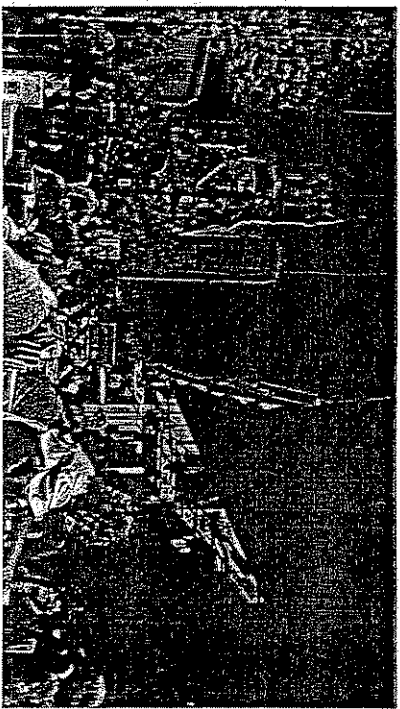
The Berlin Wall included West Berlin, dividing it from East Berlin and East Germany.



That began one of the most exciting stories I've covered as a foreign correspondent: the fall of the Berlin Wall. For many, the event has come to represent the end of forty years in which Eastern Europe was held captive by the Soviet Union. But it was not only a political story. It was also an intensely human story, about people rising up to break down a wall that had kept them brutally apart—a wall that had divided Germany, and all of Europe, into a free and democratic West and an East that lived under dictatorship. It was about people choosing freedom.

I grabbed my West German assistant, Tom Siebert, and with Viktor we jumped into a taxi. The streets near the Berlin Wall were quickly filling with celebrating Germans, and the police were trying to divert traffic. The taxi driver, a big woman with a bigger voice, was yelling out the window, "Ich habe hier drei Prasenzfizzel!"

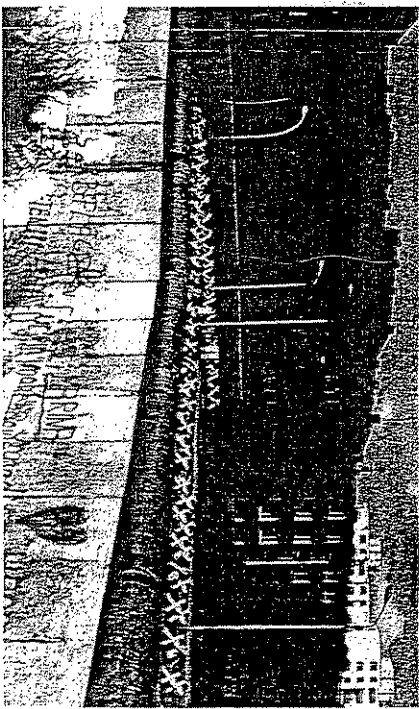
"I have three press guys here!"—and the police waved us through. We drove right up to the most important stretch of the wall—the spot where it passed by the Brandenburg Gate, once the very center of Berlin. The Berlin Wall was a frightening sight, a twelve-foot-high concrete barrier that divided one of the major cities of Europe right in half. It did more than that—since West Berlin was deep inside East Germany, the wall actually ran all around it, creating a large urban island of the free, democratic, and brightly lit West right inside the tightly controlled Communist-ruled East. The worlds inside and outside the wall were completely different—within its wall, West Berlin looked like any large Western city. Shiny Mercedes and BMW sedans cruised the neon-lit Kurfürstendamm—the grand Kurfürstendamm boulevard; store windows displayed the latest in fashions; restaurants and nightclubs were open late into the night. West Berlin had theaters, museums, a university, skyscrapers, an airport, a lake, rivers, canals, parks, even a zoo. West Berliners could easily



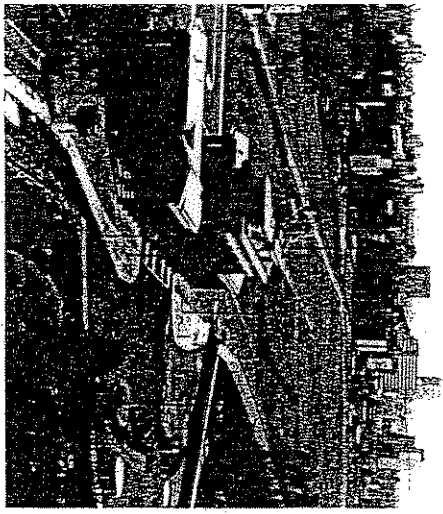
Diner sidewalks on the Kurfürstendamm West Berlin lively boulevard.

go to West Germany, or anywhere else in Western Europe, so they felt free and secure inside their walled-in island.

On the East German side of the wall, large blocks of anonymous apartment buildings loomed. There were far fewer shops, and everything seemed grayer and poorer. The East Germans heated their buildings with poor-quality coal, so everything was covered with soot. Still, parts of East Berlin had retained the old-fashioned charm of a central European city, recalling old black-and-white spy movies.



This is the typical view of apartment buildings in East Berlin.



The Brandenburg Gate was surrounded by a no man's land enclosed by the Berlin Wall (right) and police barriers to the east (left).

In other parts of Eastern Europe—and because of that they were much more frustrated. Though it was West Berlin that was encircled, many East German children grew up thinking the wall was around *them*.

The wall itself reflected the difference between the two governments it divided—from the Eastern side, it was like a prison wall, with watchtowers and glaring lights; from the West, or from inside, it was covered with bright and ever-changing graffiti.

Before Berlin was divided, the Brandenburg Gate had been the city's most famous landmark. Now, the gate was actually part of the Berlin Wall. The main wall ran past it on the west side, while police barriers on the east formed a no man's land around it. For decades, trying to cross that no man's land had meant possible death or imprisonment for East Germans.

Now, joyful East Berliners were scaling the barriers and running to the wall. On our side, West Germans were climbing up on top of the wall and reaching down to haul up their Eastern cousins. An observation platform on the Western side, built so visitors could look at the Brandenburg Gate, was full of dancing people.

"The wall is gone! The wall is gone!" people chanted. As we watched,

In fact, life in East Berlin was better than in Moscow and many other Eastern European cities. But the East Germans were always aware of the bright lights in the Western island in their midst. West Germany deliberately aimed radio and television signals eastward, so it was easy for most East Germans to receive them. East German teenagers were more savvy about what was happening in the West than teenagers

in other parts of Eastern Europe—and because of that they were much more frustrated. Though it was West Berlin that was encircled, many East German children grew up thinking the wall was around *them*.

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more and more East Germans poured over, and more and more West Germans gathered to greet them with tears and champagne. For thirty years, these people had dreamed of the day when they could be together again. Tom, a university student from Bonn who was my interpreter and assistant in West Germany, was seized by the excitement and started climbing up the wall to join the party.

I grabbed him by the foot and yelled, "Not tonight! Tonight we work. Tomorrow we celebrate!" And work we did. It was close to five a.m. when we finished filing the stories. The historic front page of the next day's *New York Times* had my story with a picture across the whole page of people dancing in front of the Brandenburg Gate. Over it, the huge headline read: "EAST GERMANY OPENS FRONTIER TO THE WEST FOR EMIGRATION OR VISITS; THOUSANDS CROSS."

East and West Berliners celebrate on the Berlin Wall on November 10, 1989.

In the popular German tabloid *B.Z.*, a headline screamed, "Die Mauer ist Weg! Berlin ist wieder Berlin!"—"The Wall Is Gone! Berlin Is Again Berlin!"



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A Forest of Pillars

By NICOLAI OUROUSSOFF

BERLIN — In the 15 years since the fall of the Berlin Wall and the reunification of Germany, the nation has struggled — painfully and sometimes defensively — to come to terms with its Nazi past. Nowhere has that been more evident than in Berlin, the restored capital, where a vast rebuilding effort has transformed the once-ravaged city center.

The new Memorial to the Murdered Jews of Europe, designed by Peter Eisenman, is the apotheosis of this soul-searching. A vast grid of 2,711 concrete pillars whose jostling forms seem to be sinking into the earth, it is able to convey the scope of the Holocaust's horrors without stooping to sentimentality —

Memorial to the Murdered Jews of Europe

Peter Eisenman

showing how abstraction can be the most powerful tool for conveying the complexities of human emotion.

The memorial's power lies in its willingness to grapple with the moral ambiguities arising in the Holocaust's shadow. Its focus is on the delicate, almost imperceptible line that separates good and evil, life and death, guilt and innocence.

The location could not be more apt. During the war, this was the administrative locus of Hitler's killing machine. His chancellery building, designed by Albert Speer and since demolished, was a few hundred yards away just to the south; his bunker lies beneath a nearby parking lot.

Covering five and a half acres in the center of Berlin, the memorial, which opens May 10, will be an unavoidable fixture of the city's life — reassuring those who see the Holocaust as a singular marker of human evil while upsetting those who feel that Germany has already spent too much time wallowing in guilt.

By putting to rest the fantasy that the Holocaust can be conveniently relegated to the past, Mr. Eisenman is clearly exploring these tensions. The memorial's grid, for example, can be read as both an exten-

Continued on Page 6

With a Forest of Pillars, Remembering the Unimaginable

Continued From First Arts Page

sion of the streets that surround the site and an unnerving evocation of the rigid discipline and bureaucratic order that kept the killing machine grinding along. The pillars, meanwhile, are an obvious reference to tombstones.

But the memorial's central theme is the process that allows human beings to accept such evil as part of the normal world — the incremental decisions that collectively lead to the most murderous acts.

There is no way to glean this from photographs; it can be understood only by experiencing the memorial as a physical space. No clear line, for example, divides the site from the city around it. The pillars along its periphery are roughly the height of park benches. A few scattered linden trees sprout between the pillars along the memorial's western edge; at other points, outlines of pillars are etched onto the sidewalk, so that pedestrians can actually step on them as they walk by.

The sense of ambiguity — the concerns of everyday life, a world of unspeakable evil — will only be amplified once the memorial opens to the public. It is not hard to imagine Berliners sitting on the pillars at the memorial's edges, reading books or sunning themselves on a spring afternoon. The day I visited the site, a 2-year-old boy was playing atop the pillars — trying to climb from one to the next as his mother calmly gripped his hand.

These moments speak to one of the Holocaust's most tragic lessons, the ability of human beings to numb themselves to all sorts of suffering — a feeling that only intensifies as you

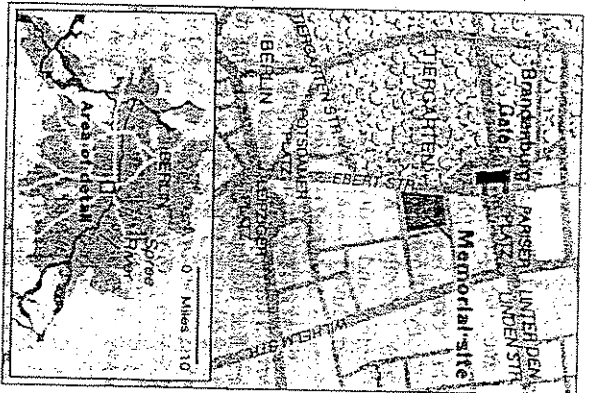
descend into the site. Paved in uneven cobblestones, the ground between the pillars slopes down as you move deeper in.

At first, you retain glimpses of the city. The rows of pillars frame a distant view of the Reichstag's skeletal glass dome. To the west, you can glimpse the canopy of trees in the Tiergarten. Then as you descend further, the views begin to disappear. The sound of gravel crunching under your feet gets more perceptible; the gray pillars, their towering forms tilting unsteadily, become more menacing and oppressive. The effect is intentionally disorienting. You are left alone with memories of life outside — the cheerful child, for example, balanced on the concrete platform.

This is a chilling moment. For me, it evoked Primo Levi's description of the death camps. "To sink is the easiest of matters," he wrote in "Survival in Auschwitz." "It is enough to carry out all the orders one receives, to eat only the ration, to observe the discipline of the work and the camp." Only through constant struggle and arbitrary luck was survival possible.

But it is only as you re-emerge from the memorial, rejoining the everyday world, that what you have experienced becomes clear. Mr. Eisenman, the architect, has said that his greatest fear was to sentimentalize the Holocaust. "I don't want people to weep and then walk away with a clear conscience," he explained.

Instead, he leaves you standing on the edge of the abyss. In so doing, he suggests that the parameters of guilt are not so easily defined: it includes those who looked the other way, continued with their work, refused to bear witness. It is true of Americans as well as Germans, Roman Catholic



The memorial is not far from where Hitler's chancellery stood.

clerics as well as Nazi secretaries.

Our collective responsibility cannot be neatly ignored or packed away. The threat of genocide continues to be a reality in many parts of the world; there are those who still deny the Holocaust or seek to justify Hitler's actions. Despite Mr. Eisenman's objections, for example, the pillars are protected by a graffiti-resistant coating because the government worried that neo-Nazis would try to spray paint them with swastikas. For Mr. Eisenman, graffiti would simply have testified to the memorial's impact. Similarly, Mr. Eisenman's proposal to locate the memorial's information center in Joseph Goebbels's bunker, buried be-

neath a corner of the memorial, was rejected for fear that it could become a pilgrimage site for neo-Nazis.

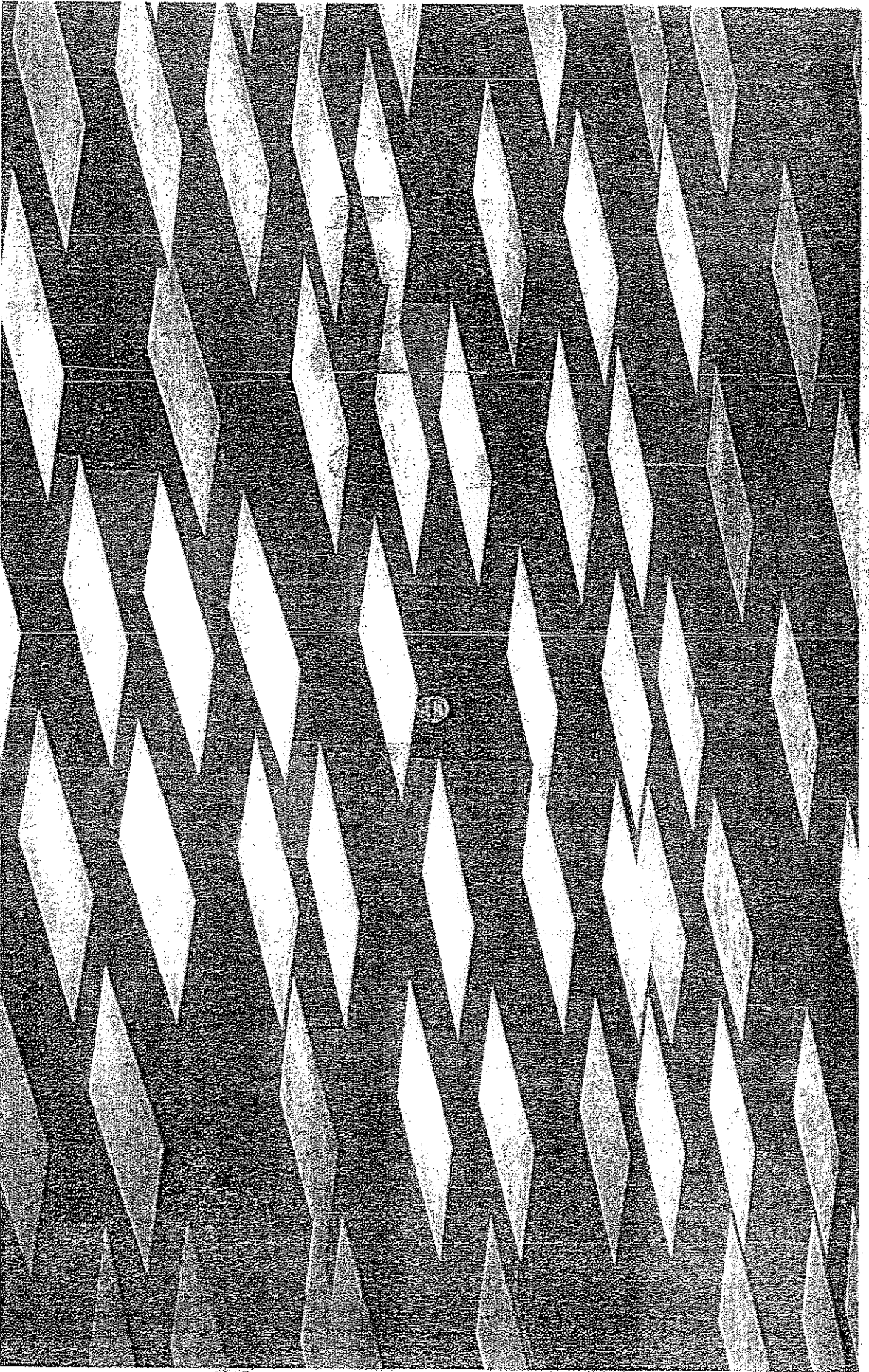
Such anxieties reverberate throughout the memorial. While the memorial is open to myriad interpretations, the information center, which ended up in a more discreet location at the site's eastern edge, is not. It begins with a timeline that lays out the history of the so-called Final Solution, from when the National Socialists took power in 1933 through the murder of 500,000 Soviet Jews in 1941 — numbers, the exhibition text says, that mark the transition to genocide.

The rest of the exhibition is divided into four rooms dedicated to personal aspects of the tragedy — the individual families, the letters thrown from the trains that transported them to the death camps.

Architecturally, the information center's strongest feature is its cof-fered concrete ceilings, whose undulating surfaces echo the pattern of the pillars and pathways above, so that at moments you feel as if you have entered the graves. But the exhibitions seem literal-minded, as if they were directed at people who cannot find the capacity to believe that the Holocaust occurred.

During the design process, Mr. Eisenman worried that such compromises would detract from the power of his design. But they don't; they only underline it. The quiet abstraction of the memorial — its haunting silence and stark physical presence — psychically weave the Holocaust into our daily existence in a way that the painstaking lists at the information center cannot. It memorializes past sufferings but also forces us to acknowledge that history's relevance today.

EVOKING HOLOCAUST VICTIMS' HELPLESSNESS



Germany dedicated its Memorial for the Murdered Jews of Europe yesterday in Berlin, an undulating field of more than 2,700 concrete slabs. Visitors will find themselves on an uneven, downward slope, their heads slowly disappearing amid the slabs as they walk.

AP PHOTO

Hitler's Secret Headquarters

