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The Holocaust as a Literary Experience

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MONNA AND OTTO WEINMANN LECTURE SERIES

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THE MONNA AND OTTO WEINMANN ANNUAL LECTURE focuses on Holocaust survivors who came to America, and on their families. Born in Poland and raised in Austria, Monna Steinbach Weinmann (1906–1991) fled to England from Vienna in the autumn of 1938. Otto Weinmann (1903–1993) was born in Vienna and raised in Czechoslovakia. He served in the Czech, French, and British armies, was injured in the D-Day invasion at Normandy, and received the *Croix de Guerre* for his valiant contributions during the war. Monna Steinbach and Otto Weinmann married in London in 1941 and immigrated to the United States in 1948. Funding for this program is made possible by a generous grant from their daughter Janice Weinman Shorestein. The Monna and Otto Weinmann Annual Lecture is organized by the Center for Advanced Holocaust Studies of the United States Holocaust Memorial Museum.

I have come a long way—from a hamlet called Radoszyna, and a shtetl of one hundred families, called Dobre—to this capital of the world—a world that the Jews of Dobre couldn't have even imagined. They didn't quite know even their own part of the world. They couldn't have imagined what it held in store for them, even in the nearest future. As one child survivor from Boryslaw said about her parents in one of my *Drohobycz, Drohobycz* stories: "They had no idea of the place where they had brought us into the world." The Jews of Boryslaw or Dobre were about as ignorant as most of the inhabitants of the 5000 Jewish communities that were destroyed by their European neighbors, who are now commonly known as "Nazis."

That unforgivable ignorance seems like an obvious argument for more knowledge, in accordance with the eighteenth-century belief that enlightenment solves all human problems. And indeed we, the victims, needed more knowledge. And we, potential victims, still need it. And this magnificent Museum serves that purpose very well. Yet, on the other hand, my past and present experience teaches me that mere education does not prevent haters from committing crimes against the Jews and humanity. On the contrary, it seems that the most dangerous hatred is the one taught in schools and at universities. Professors and students led the all-European pogroms of 1819, and called "Hep! Hep!" protesting against the emancipation of the Jews. Students burned books in bonfires as late as the 1930s. It was scholars who thought up "scientific" racism, and "scientific" antisemitism, and a hateful red Golem. Leaders of the Khmer Rouge who drowned Cambodia in blood were educated in

France. The perpetrators of the 9/11 genocide had studied at American and European universities. By the way, I don't know why such acts as 9/11, 2001, or 3/11, 2004, are not defined and prosecuted as genocide, crimes against civilization, crime against humanity.

Recently a U.S. college newspaper “depicted a man throwing a ball at another man sitting on top of an oven. The caption reads, ‘Knock a Jew in the oven! Three throws for one dollar! Really! No, REALLY!’” Reportedly, the editor of that “humorous” newspaper at New Jersey’s Rutgers University apologized, saying “the newspaper had failed in trying to convey the racist attitudes that led to the Holocaust.”¹ But the newspaper had also failed Basic Human Decency 101, and so did Rutgers University—if you ask a layman Holocaust survivor. Education? Such people should be kept as far away from the university as possible. On the other hand, I have known many decent people with no education at all, and they are the heroes of most of my stories.

I was born into a world of peasants, cattle, horses, and all the domestic animals. Clarence Thomas complained during his hearings before the Senate commission that, as a child in rural Georgia, he had to use an outhouse. Well, where I was a child—35 miles northeast of Warsaw—an outhouse was a privilege. When I revisited my native Radoszyna in 1966, the inhabitants asked me to use my “influence” in Warsaw so that they could get electricity and wouldn’t have to walk four miles, all the way to Solki, to watch TV. At a distance of just four miles from Radoszyna lay a Jewish world of mine: worn-out steps of little shops, patched roofs, tablecloths and bedspreads with modest patterns in dim colors, but beautiful, shining candlesticks. We went there for the Jewish holidays. On such occasions, the paths and sparse sidewalks had been swept and sprinkled with yellow sand. After prayers and the holiday meal, the people stood in front of their tidied-up little houses and gazed at the empty marketplace where no one was bargaining or arguing, for the principle of the Jewish holiday was peace, harmony, and good cheer. Years later I happened to travel through such little towns—Polish, Czech, Slovak. The little houses were still there, even the twisted steps, yet no one asked and no one told what had happened there, it was never mentioned in the guide information for those towns.

In order not to be sentimental, I admit: the synagogue full of bearded men wrapped in black gabardine was quite stifling, and the prayers were too long, too loud, too nervous, and too hurried. They had accumulated over the centuries and one had to recite them all if one

were an Orthodox Jew—hence the hurry. Furthermore, it was when a Jew prayed that he best knew how dangerous it was to be a Jew—hence the nervousness. An antisemite should dream sometimes that he is a Jew, so he can realize what courage it takes to be one. Those prayers disappeared one day along with the crowd of the faithful, the synagogue, the town, and the world that had stood there waiting for me, holding a place for me: either in the *shul* among the *kohanim*, or outside of it among the rebels. Nothing remained and there was no one to rebel against. It was necessary to forget, and become someone else. Such turns repeated themselves in my life time and again—there was no place to stay for long.

My father was a *pakhter*, kind of a dairy contractor-producer, a little more than Shalom Aleichem's *Tevye der Milchiker*, or Tevye of *Fiddler on the Roof*. My grandfather was the same kind of a dairyman in nearby Nowa Wies. They both were Orthodox Jews, although my father shaved and dressed like a Gentile. Both were in business with the respective squires of Radoszyna and Nowa Wies, and were doing quite well. My mother's father, who lived in Dobre, was a shoykhet and a glazier, whichever opportunity came first. He was a Hasid who totally relied on God in heaven, and wasn't doing well at all.

We knew very little about the world at large, but we were more fortunate than even the well-informed Jews of Warsaw, because insignificant places like Dobre, Radoszyna, or Nowa Wies attracted very little attention and for a long time were postponed in the plans of our enemies who walked and talked like Germans, so everybody called them Germans or *Niemcy*, or *Daytschn*—never “Nazis.” Even after we had learned that some of the killers in uniform were Ukrainians, Lithuanians, Latvians, or even Russians, no one called them “Nazis.” We didn't know such a word. By the way, Ukrainians, Lithuanians, or Latvians couldn't even be Nazis, and how many Germans were members of the Nazi Party? Perhaps ten percent at the most? We were the victims of killers from various ethnic groups, though mostly Germans and Austrians, and of various affiliations including the Nazis, though under Nazi leadership. What they had in common was their hatred of the Jews—as it was in the Middle Ages, and as it is today. That's how universal the Holocaust was. As universal as the hatred that led to it, and the myth that had taught the hatred. Thus the most common name of our murderers was not Nazis, but antisemites.

We were fortunate to be left out until the fall of 1942 when most of the Jews of Warsaw were already dead—something we, ignorant Jews 35 miles from Warsaw, and 30

miles from Treblinka, didn't know yet. Well, as a six-year-old at that time, I can't truly say how much we knew. But we had a gut feeling that we shouldn't obey the orders and shouldn't go where the enemies wanted us to go.

The research paper "On the Rescuing of the Jews by the Poles during the Nazi [sic] Occupation" (the occupation was definitely German) published in 1960 (*Biuletyn ZIH*, No. 35) says that escaping deportations and killings was "a mass phenomenon, especially in small towns and villages." The authors, Tatiana Berenstein and Adam Rutkowski, quote a commander of the SS and police of the Radom region (about 100 miles south of Warsaw) who, in a document dated September 21, 1942, wrote: "The experience of the last weeks has shown that it is from small Jewish settlements that the Jews escape from the ghettos in order to avoid evacuation, and these Jews are hidden by the Poles."

I can attest to that, because most of my relatives tried to escape, as did many other able-bodied Jews of Dobre. Why was it that people "from small Jewish settlements" escaped or tried to escape? Because, as the authors of the study explain, we were closely connected with the countryside, we knew the peasants, knew where to hide, where to go—and where not to go—for help. I know that also from accounts of the dozen survivors from Dobre and its vicinity, as I have tried to depict it in my non-fiction novel *The Jewish War*. Why only a dozen of us survived out of one hundred traditionally large Jewish families? Because such were our odds in that Jewish war. The other conclusion is that even ignorant and defenseless people, such as the Jews of Dobre, didn't obediently go like "sheep to the slaughter"—as the antisemites like to put it in an obvious attempt to blame the victims.

Escape sounds brave and dignifying. But it meant to become homeless overnight. And much worse than that, because homeless people usually don't need to hide and only occasionally get killed. Nobody was as homeless as the Jews in barns, attics, cellars, dugouts. It wasn't just filth and lice—worst of all was constant fear. After one fall and winter like that, my mother knew we had no chance, so she arranged "Aryan papers" for the two of us. My father's looks and speech were too Jewish for him to pass as a Gentile. My mother spoke Yiddish to my father, but always Polish to me—as if she had known. Children whose mothers spoke Yiddish to them didn't stand a chance. I can say that the Polish language my mother taught me saved my life.

Playing an "Aryan" meant fear and performance, like on stage, constantly, each day

and night. It was dangerous, as I knew, but for me the game became a reality. It was the chief game of my childhood, and I cannot complain: it did help my emotional as well as my artistic development, and certainly expanded my imagination. As a child I settled into my Aryan role so naturally and precisely that it practically replaced my previous identity. I became a true Christian. The magical Christian story was fascinating, especially for a child under constant threat of betrayal and death as was the vulnerable Jesus himself. How could one not love him? One had to. But at the price of: hating the Jews. The priest was a good and honest young man—my mother was almost sure he had guessed we were Jews—still the story was such that, even without the Holocaust, you'd never want to be a Jew again.

My mother and I returned to Dobre in the summer of 1944—less than two years from the day we had left. All the little houses and shops were still there, but from the one hundred Jewish families only two couples, four singles, and one child remained alive. So I recited the Catholic prayers with all the Gentile children in school, took an active part in the religious classes, and kept going to church like a stray sheep. Three widowed Jewish men from the Dobre area converted and married Christian women, and no one wondered—for how could anyone be a Jew again?

As I have described it in the sequel to *The Jewish War* entitled *The Victory*, one night, soon after the Russian occupying battalion left for the front, a little pogrom took place in Dobre. Fortunately, most of the Jewish survivors had moved on following the Russians. Our only Jewish neighbors managed to escape and hid in the attic, while their apartment was ransacked. I lay under my bed and heard the commotion and shooting, including the execution of a friendly policeman in our backyard. They shot through our window, too, shattered the glass but didn't try to break in. Perhaps because of my churchgoing and praying?

After that we moved on to Łódź—a big city 80 miles southwest of Warsaw—where most other Jewish survivors gathered. Commerce blossomed in the shops, great and small, on bazaar stalls and sidewalk stands. Store windows were full of canned food from the canteens of various armies, colorful candy, artificial jewelry. People were trying to make up for the lost years, as if someone opened a dam that had been holding back their energy. People mixed easily in crowds, both in civilian and military dress, or half-civilian and half-military—English, American, Russian, even German—only Jewish dress was missing. The Jewish survivors changed not only their clothing, but even their names to blend into the new reality.

But on the other hand, there were Jewish schools, orphanages, and sanatoria for children menaced by tuberculosis, all financed and supplied by the American Jews. So, materially and physically we were taken care of. The only thing missing was psychological help. Nobody even mentioned such a thing as post-traumatic stress syndrome.

Nothing is as clear in my memory as the beautiful spring of 1945—the first spring of my life. I say the first, because it seemed that the world began anew and we truly began to live. I couldn't possibly imagine then—none of us, children of the Holocaust, could—that one day anyone would again dare to march in the streets with Nazi (yes, Nazi) signs and slogans, with torches and threats; that anyone would dare to mock the victims and their ashes; or repeat the old, murderous lies, multiplying them in limitless, omnipresent new media.

On a sunny April day in 1946, the first spring *after*, our educator, Pani Pola Barenholc—a devoted follower of Janusz Korczak—took us out for a field trip into a flowering meadow, and suddenly said something about those who did not live to see this beautiful spring day. When later the same day she sat us down and told us to write about our impressions from the outing, I wrote about those who did not make it. The page was displayed on the board on the wall for everyone to read. The subject given to me then, assigned to me, has never left me and that's how I became a writer.

Studying journalism at the Warsaw University, I took my first summer internship with the Yiddish daily *Folks-Shtimme* or "People's Voice." My instinct drew me toward a people who were no more. But I didn't know the language, and someone had to translate what I wrote. Pani Pola would reproach me: "Why don't you write in Yiddish?" But that she couldn't ask of me. I. B. Singer had stubbornly claimed that Yiddish was only seriously ill. I knew it was murdered.

I graduated with an M.A. in journalism, but didn't go to work for the press that was mainly a tool for propaganda. Instead, I joined the Yiddish Theater as an actor. In my stage debut, I revealed myself as a Jew in a peasant hut, and from the proscenium, above the heads of the audience, I spoke of the town murdered with all of my relatives. The part required no acting. The main purpose of the miraculously revived Yiddish Theater was to bring the dead back to life, or at least to make them "less dead"—as Oriana Fallaci would put it.

That experience had also motivated my prose and poetry, which I started to write at about the same time. At first I tried to run away into a Hemingwayan sphere, which became

fashionable after Hemingway's Nobel Prize in 1956. I tried even satire. But to no avail, *my* subject followed me like a shadow. Pani Pola hit the right note and she gave me a homework for life.

My mother left Poland in 1957, but I stayed behind. I went to see her in Israel, and later on in California, but each time returned to my Polish language and my Yiddish theater. Until 1967, when Poland betrayed me by a nation-wide antisemitic campaign and censorship of my writing in a manner that obviously would disallow me to continue my subject. So I took the very first opportunity, which was a tour of our Jewish Theater in New York, and this time I did not go back.

I felt no nostalgia. On the contrary, I woke up each morning with relief that I wasn't waking up in Poland. I called it anti-nostalgia and collected it in a volume of poems under the same title. This anti-nostalgia unfailingly helped me whenever chips were down. "At least you are no longer in Poland," I would say to myself. I missed the Jewish Theater and its Yiddish language. But I still had my Polish, the language of my writing. My friend Anna Frajlich, a Polish-Jewish poet who lives in New York, says that the poet's language is his or her country. That country I have never left. Besides, I have taken with me my wounded Jewish soul—so what else did I need?

Most Polish antisemites are convinced that all the Jews of the world are focused on Poland. And there is something to it. I suspect that the Jews do not really descend from Mesopotamia, or Arabia, or Egypt. I suspect they descend from Poland. Including those who claim they are from Russia or Austria, and those who think they come from Germany or even France. You scratch a Russian and you see a Tartar. You scratch a Jew and you find Poland—if not in the first generation, then in the second, or in the third. In 1968 half a million Jews lived in Los Angeles. I received invitations from organizations, synagogues, social clubs—they all wanted to hear about Poland. They listened, asked questions, wanted to know. My then-wife worked as a make-up artist in an elegant Century Plaza hotel. I would drop her off and pick her up. One day I saw her working on the face of the famous French actress Simone Signore who also turned out to have a Jewish soul and asked questions, wanted to know.

Almost every Jew lost somebody in Poland, most often somebody in the plural, very plural. There is a Ladino song about a key to a home, a home left hundreds of years ago in

Spain, a song with a nostalgic refrain: *España, España...* Most Ashkenazim have left such a home in Poland. The key from that home is too heavy to carry, but they do carry something. Last year while speaking from this podium about the fate of children during the Holocaust, I quoted a Polish song that starts with the line: “little children, a sister and a brother, are walking down the road: *Ida sobie dzieci droga, siostrzyczka i brat...*” and the audience responded, “*i nadziwic sie nie moga, jaki piekny swiat,*” or “they are beyond themselves—what a beautiful world...” Later on I gave a lecture on the same topic at the Jewish Studies Center in Los Angeles and guess what—the same reaction from the audience—like *España, España...*

To survive the Holocaust, the most extreme human condition since the Flood, required mental fortitude. My mother was supported in the hardest moments by her maternal instinct to save her child. A fourteen-year-old narrator of a story in my *Drohobycz, Drohobycz* was helped in Auschwitz by the thought that her father would need her because no one else of the entire family had survived. Dwojra Zielona, a simple Jewish woman from Nalkowska’s *Medaliony* wanted to survive in order to tell: “Let the world know what they have done.” Another moral imperative was saving one’s dignity—even without hope of survival, against all odds and to the very end, the way Janusz Korczak did in the Warsaw ghetto and on his way to the Umschlagplatz. In the conditions of the Holocaust—when all the basic moral norms were broken—such acts were even more difficult than armed resistance.

The same moral imperative motivated the people who rescued the Jews. Rescuer Irena Staskowa testified: “I couldn’t imagine how one could not do that without an insult to one’s dignity,” and she added: “we have to act like that if we want to save that which is human in us.”² There was a farmer near Dobrze named Gryz who acted the same way: on his own accord he offered free shelter to Jews and asked people to send him anyone who needed help. A young Jewish girl said that the actions of her rescuer “not only saved people from certain death, but also sustained the spark of hope in the Jewish victim...that not all good was lost, that there were still a few human beings worthy of that name.”³ I don’t know a better explanation of the dictum that he “who saves one human life, saves the entire world”—the old Talmudic teaching that became known to the world only after most of the Talmudic scholars were annihilated. The enemy had at his disposal the terror of a police state with a powerful

propaganda machine and a sanctioned, institutionalized system of genocide. The genocide known as the Holocaust began with the killing of the human being *within* the human being. So our losses were much greater than the number of direct victims. In this sense the Holocaust was indeed a crime against humanity. Therefore, in this disastrous defeat, each of those few victories was all the greater.

Let me go back to my own somewhat complicated identity. I am a Jew who lives in America and writes in Polish about Jewish fate. For the Poles I am a Jewish writer, for the Americans a Polish writer, for the Jews a Polish-Jewish writer, for the Chinese—an American writer. Julian Tuwim, a leading Polish poet and an uprooted Polish Jew, said that his homeland was his Polish language. I have—besides that homeland—my Polish-Jewish towns and villages. I know they are no more, but Tuwim didn't have them even when they did exist. There is nothing more intimate than the language, and estrangement in such relationship hurts, but I—a Jew from Dobre—have bigger worries now. Assimilationists, such as Tuwim, went literally beside themselves in an effort to be accepted. I, a survivor, repeat after Shlomo Carlebach, the independent singer: “Do me a favor—don't do me favors!”

My soul is Jewish, and Polish, and Polish-Jewish, but my mentality has become American. Americans are my brothers, with the Jews I share my fate, with the Poles—my language and wounds (without my wounds I could perhaps forget to be Jewish). I am a child of the Jewish fate who has been adopted by America, but the most important part of myself has remained in my Polish language. I am an orphan like every refugee, particularly a Jewish refugee. America has adopted me and her asylum protects my sanity. The best caretaker of orphans, America has sheltered me both physically and mentally, has opened my mind. I am grateful to the ocean that separates me from the bloody old continent, but I cannot do without my maternal words that I spill every day, like my blood, which is Jewish like my memory.

Of course, it would be better to write in English, French, or Spanish. I would be much happier writing in Hebrew, and much better off if I wrote in German. But my medium, my main ingredient, is the words I had received from the lips of that beautiful young woman from Dobre and they are deeply embedded in me. A scientist can be born from a test-tube, but a poet has to come from a mother. In a doctoral dissertation I was called a “Jewish writer writing in Polish” and a “Jewish poet writing in Polish.” Antisemites used to gall Tuwim—who

was one of the masters of Polish poetry— like that, wounding him deeply. But I don't feel wounded. It's an honor to belong to Polish literature, but it's not so bad to be part of Jewish literature, either. Polish poetry has been read at the universities for some time now, while Jewish poetry has been read, recited, and sung in all the synagogues and churches—all the time. In Tuwim's time in order to become a Polish poet, one had to abandon one's Jewish heritage. In my time this is no longer true, and even Tuwim changed his mind after the Holocaust calling himself a "Jew *doloris causa*."

I graduated from the same high school in Łódź that he had attended. Another graduate of the same high school was Jan Karski—a "Jew *honoris causa*." The Helena Rubinstein Auditorium at the United States Holocaust Memorial Museum was designed by Marek Zamdmer, my schoolmate from Łódź Jewish middle school. He was born during the Holocaust in a German labor camp in Deblin—some 60 miles southeast of Warsaw. He had emigrated from Poland to Venezuela where he studied architecture in Caracas, and then came to New York and worked for I. M. Pei. His supervisor, James Freed, sent him to Washington, D.C., to photograph the location for the Museum. Marek arrived in the evening, stayed with me overnight, and the next day I drove him around the site. He took pictures from many angles, distances, and heights, including the slopes of Arlington cemetery. While he was taking pictures, I was taking notes for a poem entitled "Monument on the Potomac," which I have dedicated to Marek Zamdmer. Here it is:

Banished a lifetime ago
born where it wasn't desired
we travel the lands and the seas
with eyes and ears fixed at the silence
and the error of birth on our shoulders

a thousand desolated towns
and bottomless oblivion of rivers
we charge with a naked pen
and a fast-shooting camera —
our point of reference will be
a tall and memorable chimney
of the obelisk

we were given an empty lot
for the forsaken home
of our dead town

a monument of absence
on the Potomac
under the eye of America
in the very pupil of law
we shall lay the ashes of crime
and the defenseless memory
in asylum

we've emerged from the past at dawn
but the sun sets continuously
with a bloody glow
so we stake out a position
amidst those most fallen
of the Arlington cemetery
with a view of the dome of democracy
and the smoke that is veiling its outlines
the smoke following us
from our past

we shall raise the emptiness high
enclosed by an Auschwitz bond
with smoke hanging on it
and face to face with the well-earned and worthy
deaths of Lincoln and Jefferson
we shall lay this least deserved least deserving
and least expected
in the drawing room of humankind
(translated from the Polish by Judith Michalski and the Author)

I am a writer of Polish Jews who by now are almost nowhere but in my thoughts. Yet I keep looking for them. I persuade them and sometimes they come back to exist a while longer on my pages. People say it's about the Holocaust, I say it's about antisemitism. People say it's about antisemitism, I say it's about cannibalism. A timeless subject.

“You love life, and we love death”—declare the cannibals, which is nothing new. They share their feelings with Hitler, whose fascination with death is obvious to psychiatry. Call them psychopathic or plain evil, such instincts exist universally. The main purpose of ideologies, such as Nazism, Bolshevism, or their Islamic versions, is to legitimize a sickly desire for murder, and antisemitism has historically been their best opportunity. That's how it looks from the point of view of a survivor of the most voracious cannibalism in the history of the food chain. They devoured our hair, and skin, and fat, fertile bones, clothes, shoes, golden

teeth, even gravestones—not to mention bank accounts.

Isaac Bashevis Singer said that after Treblinka we shouldn't be surprised by anything. But we are. We thought—as Alvin H. Rosenfeld has noticed: “that the scandal of the Holocaust was so great as to inhibit public manifestations of anti-Jewish feelings for generations to come.”⁴ Guess what? Does history repeat itself? Not quite. Antisemitism, the bland tool of murder, after the Holocaust is a symptom of *further* atrophy of impulses that used to be called human. What repeats itself is naivety. We hear again that the cannibals are marginal—but they were marginal before 1933, too. We hear they lose in elections—but they never needed parliamentary majority. To Singer's comment, I add only a warning that after Treblinka we simply can no longer afford surprises.

I am grateful to my incredible fate that has brought me here all the way from my Treblinka neighborhood and allowed me to speak to you, my fellow survivors, fellow Jews and *Mitmenschen*—the word means fellow human beings in German (no other language I know has a more appropriate word). Out of a million Polish-Jewish children only five thousand survived the cannibalism known as the Holocaust. As one of them, I am grateful to my American foster home. Here is an illustration:

“American Home”

Built of silence and loneliness
it floats through my nights and my days
under sky-scraper oaks

it opens its friendly arms
when I manage to return from a journey
and shelters me from cold glances

hello home I love you I say
when it rocks me like a mother
for an eternal sleep

under sky-scraper oaks
still climbed by the wild ivy
of Indian souls

And let me finish with a few words to children:

“To Children”

Seems like just a few years
but it's every year taller
that Virginian tree behind my window
and every year deeper its roots
and my Virginian children
went to Virginian schools

but the Spring rages here with Radoszyna lilacs
with burning sow-thistles and marsh marigolds
over juicy green of Radoszynian childhood
where the grass grows as high
as my father lies deep

hey children make merry
and ask me no more ...

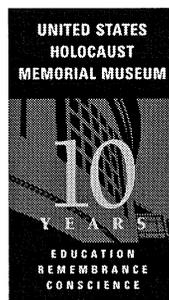
Notes

1. "College Paper to Apologize," *Washington Jewish Week*, April 29, 2004.
2. Tatiana Berenstein and Adam Rutkowski, "O ratownictwie Żydów przez Polaków w okresie okupacji hitlerowskiej," *Biuletyn ZIH* 35 (1960).
3. Ibid.
4. Alvin H. Rosenfeld, "Anti-Americanism and Anti-Semitism: A New Frontier of Bigotry" (The American Jewish Committee, 2003).

The Center for Advanced Holocaust Studies of the United States Holocaust Memorial Museum promotes the growth of the field of Holocaust studies, including the dissemination of scholarly output in the field. It also strives to facilitate the training of future generations of scholars specializing in the Holocaust.

Under the guidance of the Academic Committee of the United States Holocaust Memorial Council, the Center provides a fertile atmosphere for scholarly discourse and debate through research and publication projects, conferences, fellowship and visiting scholar opportunities, and a network of cooperative programs with universities and other institutions in the United States and abroad.

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