

**Shin, Lamad, Mem**

“the deepest desire that can only be filled by the god of Peace”

roots. salom, sallam, shlomo, shalem, salma, salim, salima, Shulamite, Islam, shalom. complete.

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cleaning and need a rest before finishing.

During *Kristlnacht*, shops were broken into, smashed,  
 (“Did you see or hear it? ” No, I overheard people talk)  
 men in the family deported, everyone walking on eggs  
 People trying to leave,  
 my aunt sent her children to England,  
 there was *Save your Children*

Besides my mother, there were two who survived out  
 of three brothers and two sisters, so one of each.

Heard fear in everyone’s voice, terror

My mother tired, says, I was

I scrawl *terror terror terror* and  
 draw cages around each entire word, add a

few rays ☺

Leaving was scary,

we went on a train through Germany

My parents were stateless, you know, had no citizenship protection from anyone;

not that that would matter, of course

We stayed on the train until Sweden

This was in 1939

We went to a pension HIAS,

the Hebrew Immigrant Aid Society, found us a house on a fjord an hour from Stockholm  
 lived there for the summer, in September they moved us to an apartment in the city—was  
 pretty nice, went to school, learned to speak Swedish, went sleigh-riding people were  
 very nice.

“What language did you first

learn to read?”

We spoke German, I spoke German with my family

In America I learned to speak English

We also spoke Yiddish and my parents spoke Polish between themselves

“When did you know you were

Jewish and that that was a problem?”

I didn’t understand until I was older

My mother was pushing my sister in a stroller,

they both were dark-haired, I was light  
Heard a woman say, "What is that dark-haired woman  
doing with that Aryan child?"

I heard about the parade in the street  
I was six,  
my grandfather was very scared  
He was very Jewish,  
he had a long beard  
There was fear; my mother, too

I overheard phone conversations between my mother, her sisters, brothers

My aunt was living with us she lived in Palestine, had come to Vienna  
for medical attention  
They were very worried about their parents and siblings in Poland  
For a while, my mother sent kosher food to her family in Poland,  
where they couldn't get any

I didn't understand until I was older,

The parade was the claim claim  
that Austria was part of Germany  
that German-speaking people are the same

At night we had blackouts

"Electricity off?"

We had to close the curtains so there wouldn't be any light outside

My father was in America to settle an inheritance,  
then he came back November of 1938  
That was *Kristilnacht*.

My grandfather lived alone, he would babysit us during the day,  
and go back home to sleep  
He came in one morning, my mother was trying to get us to school he had a  
*sefer torah*  
in his hand, this was a big deal, he'd rescued it I  
didn't go to school that day.

SS people came to the door and arrested my father, grandfather, and Uncle Carl and deported  
them to the Polish border

Somehow they made their way back to Vienna  
There was a struggle to get papers I kept hearing *quota number* over and over again  
I don't remember going back to school

My sister got sick, she was four  
and needed to have her appendix removed,  
but the hospital wasn't taking Jewish patients

The hospitals were run by churches, the nurses were nuns  
I had had my appendix removed maybe  
they remembered being treated well then, maybe  
that's why they agreed to take my sister in

The war started in September and we left in July  
I knew we were leaving because we were Jewish,  
everyone afraid we were going to be hurt

the line under the period's circle.

hurt.

I didn't understand until I was older;

When we got to America,  
I knew we were going to stay there  
We heard about the camps on the radio in America  
Heard people were being killed  
The radio was always on the radio was always on

experience?"

Our life style was different in Vienna, my parents were established, there was a graciousness about their lives had to start with nothing, it was difficult for my parents to acculturate themselves, hardest for my father would have had a very different social circle, more pleasant and gracious lives my parents were very disappointed with their daughters' marriages I would have had relatives and an extended family

around the word

I need to travel light, never wanted a house,  
have what I need, no extra possessions can walk away any time

I have to  
Never wanted to be rooted

and give a wing to the infinitive, dash— — —  
a needle pricking the seamless white

I underline *be hurt* and extend

"Killed?"

"Was your life affected by this

I write terror and scrawl a cage

I underline *to be rooted*,

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< classical Latin *pax*, stem *pc-*, parallel form of *pg-*, stem of *pgina* (also *pag-*, stem of *pangere*) to fix, fasten, see *page*

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Shalom, yes,  
I can talk now, but not long,  
we're getting ready for a special talk this afternoon  
with Holocaust survivors. Yes, they're coming from all over.

I was born in Israel in '77, left three years ago.

“War must be very familiar to you?”

Yes, war’s always been happening on some level

there was the '82 war Gulf War '92 Intifada A big long war, that’s what I call it

you live with it

as a student, I took the bus every day from Tel Aviv to the university there were buses blowing up weekly, it was frightening, but I couldn’t afford a taxi or other transportation

You don’t think about it, don’t think, *I might explode today* “You mean, you block it out?”

No, blocking means there’s something you think and push away. *This is your reality* you don’t know any other way

I had other battles; difficult family, self esteem, eating disorders; not necessarily related to war. Losing faith in yourself, love, what you are,

It’s a battle to survive in Israel, you need to work very hard, the war makes the economy hard.

Here, in the U.S., if you work, you make good, maybe not great, but you make money to live well.

“Is there a lot of poverty?”

No more than anywhere else. Every third child in Israel lives below the poverty line, it’s a socialist state so they’re helped, but war hurts most people who don’t have much. People who could afford to went to hotels in Tel Aviv during the last bombing, people who couldn’t stayed and lived in bomb shelters. Differences in social status show up during war

I felt relieved when I got here *culture shock* when I first got here there was a big article about *Ladybugs* on the front page of the newspaper I thought it was a joke *Fall’s Coming, the Bugs Are Here* front pages were for buses exploding

“How does war affect Israeli people, in other ways?”

Stressed, always in a rush, like there’s no tomorrow Do things you wouldn’t *normally* do like be in debt, doing drugs, smoking cigarettes everyone smokes in Israel what are you going to say it’s not healthy? who cares?

The attitude towards life is people want entertainment no one has patience for messages They won’t be generous, nice in the street, “People are more rude than in the Midwest?”

Yes, but they can be much warmer too,  
“More passionate, then, in general?” Yes, because to achieve, succeed, means more.  
You battle more it’s very extreme.

You’re trained to be tough,  
go to the army at 18, men and woman both,  
you’re told, *Stretch your limits, Do more, Run,*  
*Be without your family:* this is the Israeli image—  
no way you’re going to be different.

You’re more aware of people around you, contacts, the state of mind is *stick together*.

It leaves emotional scars, see people die in front of you

I chose to do the most difficult things  
in the army felt the need to prove I’m tough  
*the country needs me* learned a lot from the army, but  
maybe could’ve done other things like go for my BA at  
18 instead,

“How did you view the enemy?”

I grew up in an atmosphere of hatred, as do people on either side  
of the conflict. Eventually you see a whole picture. But when someone  
close to you is in danger, *yes*.

“Do you see there ever being peace in Israel?”

What is *peace*? I don’t know what peace is. Can’t imagine peace.  
Israelis don’t how to live with peace anymore.

I struggle all the time; the cause of that, I don’t know. It’s a relief here  
but don’t feel there’s peace.

What is it, a dream, metaphor? something *not reachable*?

Oh but then I’m going to say  
you need to find peace in any situation in war, this is how you survive.

Have to go now, shalom.

October, 2006