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Verein Palais des Beaux Arts

2018

# ◊ PALAIS DES BEAUX ARTS ◊

RUDOLF-VON-ALT-PLATZ 1 / 1030 WIEN

21.03.18

**LEGACY AND LATENCY:  
PALAIS DES BEAUX ARTS WIEN**

Interview published on Temporary Art Review between Sarrita Hunn (Temporary Art Review, editor), Seth Weiner and Bernhard Garnicnig around issues surrounding the transition of directors, occupation and the future of the Palais.

19.04.18

**PALAIS DES BEAUX ARTS  
IS PLANTING:  
RUDOLF-VON-ALT-PLATZ TOUR**

Guided tour and discussion of the role of public space surrounding the Palais with Seth Weiner, Nikola Hansalik and Fabian Faltin.

27.06.18

**VOLKSKUNDEMUSEUM WIEN:  
PALAIS DES BEAUX ARTS  
COLLECTION DISCUSSION**

Presentation and discussion of the PdBA digital collection in relation to traditional collection formats and the agency of objects with Herbert Justnik (Volkskundemuseum Curator of the Photography Collection), Georgia Holz, Ricarda Denzer, Judith Pichlmüller, Nikola Hansalik, Ryan Crawford, Alexandra Wanderer and Seth Weiner.

23.11.18

**VIENNA ART WEEK  
PRESENTATION: TIRED EYES**

Performance and presentation at the Salon für Kunstbuch by Alexandra Wanderer of Seth Lower's 'Instagram Inner Sanctum' commission, introduction of the PdBA by Seth Weiner.

14.12.18

**SHRINKING CINEMA:  
PALAIS DES BEAUX ARTS WIEN**

Presentation and discussion at the Belvedere 21's Blicke Kino of commissioned works from Juniper Foam, Nikola Hansalik, Carlos Carcaré, Seth Lower, Alexandra Wanderer and Tom Lonner, followed by a performance from Lucrecia Dalt. Introduction by Seth Weiner and Claudia Slanar.

18.01.19

**ATELIER BACHWITZ'S  
MODERNE WELT:  
THE SHIFTING GRID**

Lecture by Seth Weiner at the Kunstuniversität Linz Space & Design Strategies class about the Moderne Welt publications produced at the Palais des Beaux Arts building from 1919-1939.

25.02.19

**DATA LOAM. SOMETIMES HARD,  
USUALLY SOFT**

Release and display of Sophie-Carolin Wagner's commissioned work 'Palais des Beaux Arts Publishing' in a group exhibition in Vienna at AIL (Angewandte Innovations Lab).

08.03.19

**FREEDOM IN A PLATFORM**

The new version of the Palais des Beaux Arts website will be launched and occupy a corner of the The Luminary's website as part of the group exhibition 'Freedom in a Platform' (St. Louis, USA).

22.03.19

**A CATALOG OF VOIDS:  
PALAISDESBEUXARTS.AT**

For a solo show at the Cecille R. Hunt Gallery, the Palais des Beaux Arts will travel to St. Louis and transform the gallery into a screen-saver by treating the light from the newly designed website as a sculptural material.



Collection #22

*Memo Manual (your only failure was your idea of success)*

Bernhard Garnicig

Collection #23

*Palais des Beaux Arts Wien: Legacy and Latency*

Temporary Art Review

Collection #24

*Palais des Beaux Arts is Planting (Router Garden)*

Seth Weiner, Nikola Hansalik and Fabian Faltin

Collection #25

*Collection Discussion*

Volkskundemuseum Wien (Austrian Museum of Folk Life and Folk Art)

Collection #26

*Moderne Welt URL*

Atelier Bachwitz / ÖNB (Austrian National Library)

Collection #27

*My Blood Strangers*

Thomas D. Lonner

Collection #28

*Instagram Inner Sanctum*

Seth Lower

Collection #29

*Tired Eyes*

Alexandra Wanderer

Collection #30  
*Remainder Mixes*  
Lucrecia Dalt

Collection #31  
*The Trembling Hand*  
Nikola Hansalik

Collection #32  
*Sketchbooks*  
Carlos Carcaré

Collection #33  
*Grid for the Modern World*  
Juniper Foam

Collection #34  
*Shrinking Cinema*  
Blickle Kino / Belvedere 21

Collection #35  
*Palais des Beaux Arts Publishing*  
Sophie-Carolin Wagner

Collection #36  
*Advanced Studies in Southern California*  
Anthony Carfello

( ... )

*To whom it may concern:*  
If you are doing something  
wrong, please make it right.

(also spend less than you earn)

*Companies*  
*have*  
*to*  
*learn*  
*how*  
*to*  
*dance*

don't tell me the truth  
MAKE ME FEEL REAL

As the Palais des Beaux Arts was in the process of transitioning between Artistic Directors, Bernhard Garnicnig generously prepared several inspirational and cautionary memos for the next generation of custodians.

NEVER FORGET

A DEADLINE IS JUST A DAY  
WE ALL LOOK FORWARD TO

AN APPOINTMENT IS A MOMENT WE AGREE TO ENJOY

IF YOU CAN'T ENJOY THIS MOMENT,  
NOW (yes, right now) IS THE RIGHT TIME  
TO EXPLAIN WHY

Envy is the admission of your own inferiority.

**You're better than that.**

always turn a yawn  
into a stretch

PALAIS DES BEAUX ARTS WIEN:  
LEGACY AND LATENCY

TEMPORARY ART REVIEW

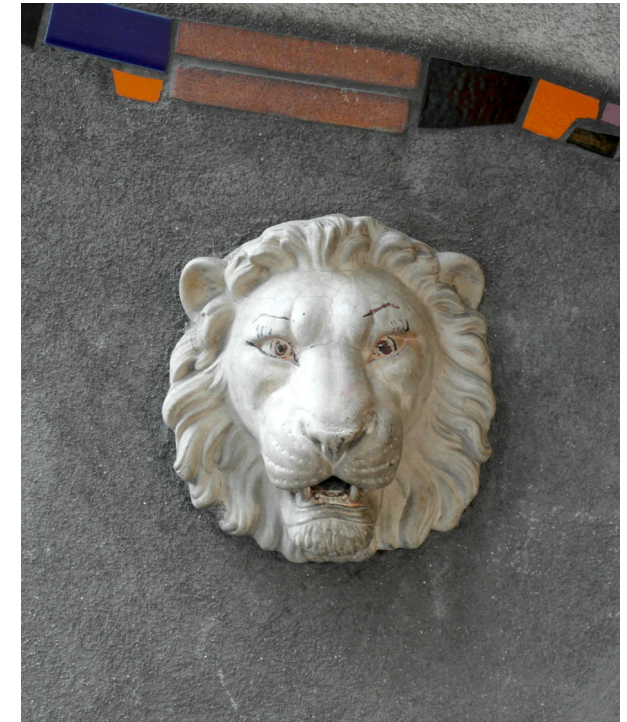
( ... )  
The name  
Palais des Beaux Arts  
is a multiple.





## PALAIS DES BEAUX ARTS WIEN: LEGACY AND LATENCY

TEMPORARY ART REVIEW



As part of *Temporary Art Review's* ongoing feature on 'instituent practices', Sarrita Hunn (*TAR* Editor) discussed issues surrounding the transition of directors, occupation and the passing future of the Palais des Beaux Arts with Seth Weiner and Bernhard Garnicnig.

(Published 21.03.18)

[temporaryartreview.com/palais-des-beaux-arts-wien-legacy-and-latency/](http://temporaryartreview.com/palais-des-beaux-arts-wien-legacy-and-latency/)



The Palais des Beaux Arts Wien is a historic surface dedicated to the projection of past, present and future alike. Hosting a collection of commissioned artworks and texts on a wireless router, the Palais surrounds an Art Nouveau building built in 1908 of the same name with a cloud of data. As a site, it folds time into today. As a host, it questions how what has changed also seems to repeat itself in everyday life; political cycles, socio-economic divisions, media and the art that both inspires and is absorbed by these untethered, wireless and invisible technologies. Creating a conceptually unmarked space between the history of the building in Vienna and its environment, data becomes the interface for the reproduction and representation of art and institutionality in the post-digital age. At the Palais des Beaux Arts, the vernissage is on the trottoir, exhibitions are more-or-less always open, and can be copied, carried around in your pocket and even deleted.

The name Palais des Beaux Arts is a multiple. Popularized in the 19th century as an architectural container for primarily Western European aristocratic wealth and its colonial exploits, this dangling signifier continues to be emptied and filled with varying degrees of intensity across the globe – Madrid, Belgium, Mexico City, Rio de Janeiro, Lille. In 2014, Bernhard Garnicnig came across the Palais des Beaux Arts on Löwengasse in Vienna's third district on his way to the supermarket. At first struck by its ornate presence and the two sculptural globes on its roof that bear an uncanny resemblance to browser icons and dot.com logos, Bernhard began to dig into the building's history with the help of Herr Schleiffer (an antiquarian from across the street) and Eva-Maria Mandl (a cultural historian that grew up in the surrounding neighborhood). Motivated by a desire to explore new forms of collaboration and rewrite the dynamics of institution-artist relationships, Bernhard then began reinstituting the Palais des Beaux Arts by experimenting with how the building's facade and historic graphic identity might comprise the surface of an institution, using a website to express and further format the project as a kind of site-

non-site. While its institutionality is validated by search engine optimization, a community of artists, and an ongoing program of events, Palais des Beaux Arts Wien in fact has no keys or official access to the Palais des Beaux Arts on Löwengasse. The Palais des Beaux Arts didn't always exist as a paradox though, and because of the overwhelming historic conditions it has inherited by adopting this particular building and this particular name, it's important that the project continues to address institutional forms of matter, memory and void.

To start, a rough timeline: 1898; Atelier Bachwitz is founded in Vienna by Arnold Bachwitz and begins publishing and distributing lifestyle magazines and fashion catalogs internationally. 1908; Palais des Beaux Arts is built on Löwengasse 47 as the central headquarters for Atelier Bachwitz where it also hosts fine art exhibitions. 1930; Arnold Bachwitz dies of natural causes. 1938; Because of the family's Jewish heritage, Atelier Bachwitz falls under the rule of the Nuremberg Race Laws and undergoes Aryanization. As a result of this seizure, their publishing rights to several internationally distributed fashion magazines are revoked. At this time it has around 320 employees. 1942; Rosine Bachwitz, primary caretaker of the Atelier and wife of Arnold Bachwitz, is murdered in the Theresienstadt concentration camp. 1945; Rosine and Arnold's daughter Alice Strel dies under unknown circumstances during a death transport from Prague. 1946; Atelier Bachwitz becomes the property of the Republic of Austria, the company existing almost exclusively on paper and only publishing minimally. 1958; Atelier Bachwitz is officially dissolved. 1991; The Palais des Beaux Arts building is renovated and put under historic protection. 1998; The Generali Insurance Company purchases the building as one of their real estate holdings. 2003; 20,000 outstanding shares of the company's stock are returned to descendants of the Bachwitz family and their relations. 2014; Palais des Beaux Arts is reinstituted as an immaterial institution by Bernhard Garnicnig.

In 2017, Bernhard invited Seth Weiner to work on a project for the Palais based on a series of watercolors he had been doing in his basement that related to catalogs produced by Atelier Bachwitz. Throughout the process of researching and working on the commission, they began to discuss how different meanings and intentions behind the term 'occupation' collide in the Palais des Beaux Arts. On the one hand, occupation is part of the logic of fascism that ultimately led to the genocide that the Bachwitz family were victims of under National Socialism. Inversely, it's part of a post-'68 logic and used as a conceptual, situationist strategy that assumes an alternative set of values in relationship to ownership; here, appropriation becomes emancipatory, and occupation, a form of political resistance. In both cases, 'occupation' implies a set values that is meant to upend an accepted order, but used to very different ends and through very different means, and with very different intentions.

Already by 2017, Bernhard had begun to feel he had reached the limits of where he could take the Palais project and had become somewhat exhausted by building and maintaining the collection and acquiring the necessary funds. Based on what he had been thinking about conserving the collection and solidifying its relationship to the site, the ongoing discussions about occupation, and the need for the institutional past to be addressed more directly in light of the current Austrian right-wing government's ties to a history of anti-semitism, Bernhard invited Seth to continue his involvement with the project as Artistic Director.

*The following is an edited conversation between Sarrita Hunn (Temporary Art Review, editor), Seth Weiner and Bernhard Garnicnig around some of the issues surrounding the transition process.*

## Sarrita Hunn (SH)

When I first heard about Palais des Beaux Arts Wien and how it was going through this particular transition, one of the things it reminded me of was an article James [McAnally] published here on Temporary, “The Work of the Institution in an Age of Professionalization,” a kind of “Manifesto for an art organization we can live in and with” – specifically point number eight:

*VIII. To age well, to sustain or end well. An organization is also a kind of organism and it must not simply last, but live. As it ages, it must either retain an essential vitality through evolution of concept or form or it must end appropriately, supporting others still in its fall.*

There comes a point when, for a lot of projects and institutions, it is no longer sustainable for the founder or the director to continue and it must be decided whether the institution needs to end or make a significant transformation or transition. So, I wanted to start by asking Bernhard: What were your thoughts behind the decision whether to end, transform or transition the project?

## Bernhard Garnicnig (BG)

For me, the Palais des Beaux Arts Wien was a way of researching what an institutional model and practice for web-based art could be. Before the Palais, I’d worked through several temporary organizational structures for art production; artist-run spaces, the construction of artist identities and convening ideas and spirits in collective exhibitions and experiences . What is really special about the Palais building is that it has been there before me.

So, there wasn’t really ever a choice of not continuing – the Palais is an ongoing thing.

One of the qualities of modern institutions as we know them is that they seem to be instituted with the idea that they will always exist – compared to artist-run spaces, which are more temporary expressions of what a group of artists deem necessary to develop their audience, practice and community. Other theories around institutionality propose the Institution as a social imaginary, expressions of desires and intentions which have always existed because we as a people want them to exist – like the institutions of Law, Libraries or Marriage. Once I understood that perspective of the institutional, there wasn’t a choice not to continue. The only choice was to figure out how the legacy that the Palais process has created would be stabilized and in which other version it could continue after the four years I had worked on it.

**SH:** The ninth point of this manifesto is to “To create a continuity of history.” It seems like both you and Seth are focusing the transition around that to some extent – both within the project itself and also the project’s relationship to the site. What is the role of the ‘continuity of history’ in relationship to this project? And how are you approaching it similarly, or differently, or trying to coordinate that?

## Seth Weiner (SW)

One of the things is that there are multiple strands of history and intentions at play. On the one hand, you have the building and the name Palais des Beaux Arts, which is also sort of detached from itself. The name is physically attached to the building as signage, but what is the name? There’s the history of the family

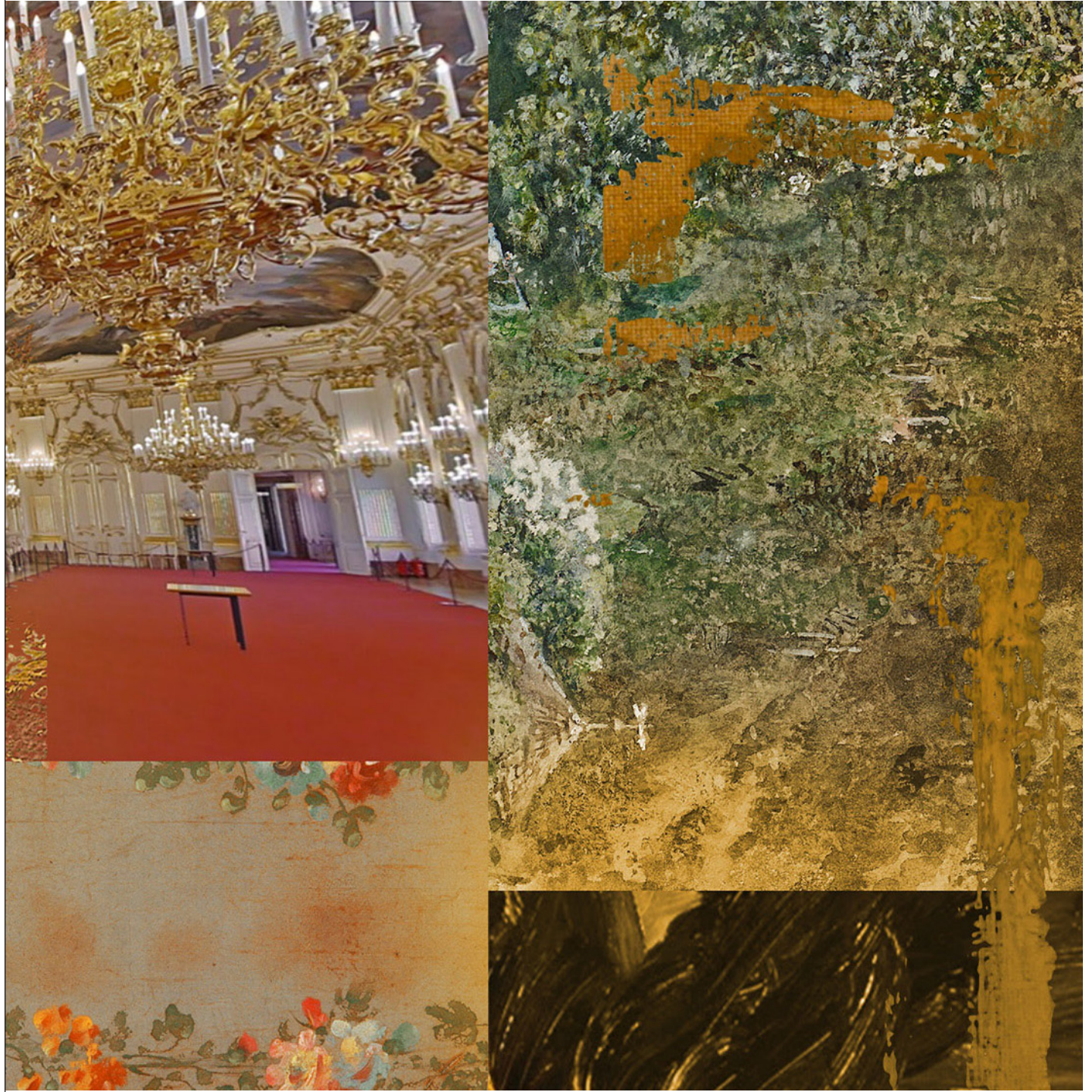
that initiated it, the history of the neighborhood surrounding it, the political history which created several gaps that become a part of that continuity, then there’s Bernhard’s work and representation of it. It’s a really complex question. Because of these multiple strands of history taking place, for me the name on the building becomes a site where they all overlap; or at least meet in a somewhat fragile way. Bernhard picked up a certain history and to some degree is continuing it, but he’s also creating a new history that’s nested within it.

One of the difficulties for me coming in as the new Artistic Director is the question of how to create continuity with an awareness of its impossibility and its destructiveness. What are some of the ways multiple strands of history and intentions can be represented and carried on, however much they seem to be at odds with one another? I’ve been trying to define what the institution’s mission was before I was asked to be a part of it, along with some of the ways I interpret not only Bernhard’s intentions, but also what Atelier Bachwitz had done after having adopted and reconstructed the Palais des Beaux Arts name, then what was done in their name (while they were being forcefully occupied), and then how it came to be that the building was just hanging around. An important point for me is to try to recuperate and represent these layers while simultaneously looking forward, without becoming moralizing.

**BG:** This is really exciting when going back to the idea of passing on an institution as a way of introducing instability into the way it’s run. Passing something on is a way of destabilizing a process and introducing new questions to it. What I’m really excited about, through seeing how you [Seth] have started to pick up the project, is how the institution reveals itself as having these multiple layers of



Joe Hamilton  
*Appraisal* (Excerpt),  
Collection # 004  
Palais des Beaux Arts Wien





histories – and continuing multiple histories is how you are manifesting that into projects that continue to build the institutional character. Instead of seeing the institution as something that has been given to someone, it has been passed on to you to care for and realise your own intentions. It only prescribes the continuation of a transformation in the same way that I've picked up the history of the building, but also in how during my time we disregarded some of the historical aspects that were already there when I started. In a certain way, the institution was also passed on to me as it is being passed on to you. It's always happening and I think it's interesting in how that manifests in this project specifically.

**SW:** Yeah, and also for me it was about thinking into the future of it as well. You [Bernhard] first encountered it, or kind of picked up the institution, from the neighborhood where it had been sitting in a somewhat neglected state. The idea of legacy within this project could also maybe be thought of as latency, and I would like to see it become a model for an institution that continually questions its own structure. Maybe it's picked up for some years, transformed, and then gently placed back on the shelf for someone else to adopt. The Palais survived without someone directing it for quite a while. Yet, how does it go back to being in-between states after having been fostered for some time? I would hope that although the name's relationship to its site and past remains somewhat unstable, it continues to accumulate, absorb and even reject the trajectories and pressures placed upon it.

**SH:** To build on this direction, the full text of the ninth point in the manifesto says:

*IX. To create a continuity of history. We aren't operating to sustain ourselves in a perpetual present: we inherit complex histories, we are a home for a time, and we propose alternate futures. We do not always need to live into the futures we propose: this is the after-life of the institution, embedded in its present.*

I'm really interested in this way you're talking about the relationship between the past, the present, and the future, but I also feel like there's a sort of implicit future in how the Palais is organized. Maybe that future is defined by how you're dealing with the past in a sense, but I'm interested to know if either one of you (Seth in particular) feels like there is this kind of implied future (or 'social imaginary' as Bernard has mentioned before). I'm trying to think of how your relationship to the site – as an institution – is very different than other institutions' relationships to the site. What is particular about your iteration of the Palais des Beaux Arts in its relationship to these past, present, and potentially futures?

**SW:** Are you asking: Do I have some sort of ultimate goal or is there a specific social imaginary envisioned at the end of it? I would say nothing monolithic other than that the building will continue as it is and the idea would be to start to re-attach some of its histories to the site more directly.

**SH:** To reframe the question in a different way: Why do that? What's the point? I understand what the project is trying to do, but I'm trying to get more to the why. Why put these histories in relationship to this site? There's an implied reasoning for that and I wanted to know if maybe you could articulate that a little bit further.

**BG:** It's not something that I came up with but Deleuze's take on instincts and intuition is that we try to find satisfaction for our tendencies as humans in the institution. Reflecting on the research that I've done in the past few months, I came to the point where I'm highly doubting that Palais des Beaux Arts Wien has anything to do with an institution in the sense of a cultural or social institution. I don't think it has been an institution in itself before – I think it is a manifestation of a kind of built thing that exists in an environment that leads us to ask questions and say things about institutionality and about other institutions and about the nature of institutions. I think what Seth is doing now is to try and find satisfaction for his tendencies in an institutional form. Those tendencies are manifold and come from very different personal sources and directions. It's not about building an institution, because maybe institutions can't be built? Perhaps they all exist already and they are just a synthesis of our desires and our tendencies?

**SW:** One of the ways I think about this project is that it provides a structure for some of my own tendencies as well as raises questions about Vienna's current relationship to the past. The building, and name attached to it, house a confluence of political and artistic impulses by embodying a conflict between the history of a place and the drive for producing a present amidst, and in spite of, that contest. It's hard for me to interpret the project in a conventional sense as an institution, but it does become a site where the components of multiple institutions collide. There's this urban-mysticism aspect in the idea of it being latent, a violence in its history that is invisible in its loss, and there's the situation where works are being commissioned for a digital collection that is under seemingly constant construction. How do you deal with these components when you don't have a physical

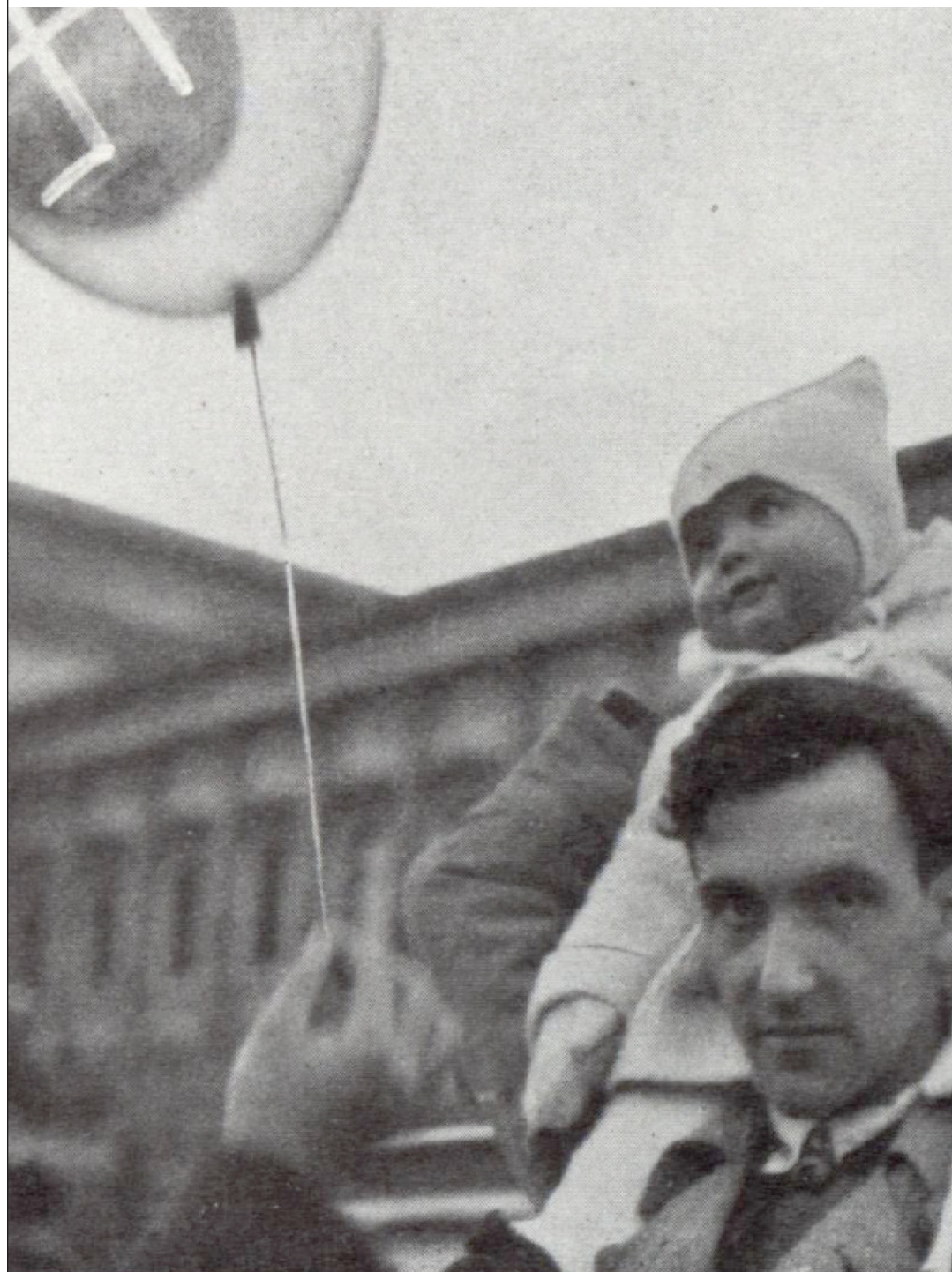
*Die Moderne Welt* # 7, 1938,  
Published by Atelier Bachwitz

(L) Excerpt from Page 8  
Original Caption: Ein Blick in die Zukunft.  
(A look into the future.)

(R) Excerpt from Page 40  
Original Caption: Das Geheimnis der  
Schlanken Wienerin ist Waldheims Entfettungs-Tee.  
(The secret of the slender Viennese  
is Waldheim's slimming tea.)

In 1938, the administrative board of Atelier Bachwitz fell under the rule of the Nuremberg Race Laws and underwent Aryanization. As a result of this seizure, the board – comprised mostly of the Bachwitz family – was replaced, their publishing rights to several fashion magazines revoked.

Issue # 7 of *Die Moderne Welt* (The Modern World) has several pages celebrating the Nazi party's arrival in Vienna on March 13th of 1938. Based on the lack of historical records available about Atelier Bachwitz, it's unclear if the editorial process of this issue was based on a more general Austrian mandate or a result of the publishing company's direct occupation. The representation of idealized female figures however runs throughout the entire output of the company and is primarily framed by a male gaze.



space? What is the form for this immateriality? How do you access it, share it, and experience it in a collective way – if at all? As more works are formalized into a collection that mimics some of the more traditional forms of artistic institutions, but doesn't use the same tools, values, or points of access; how does the project of the Palais become something that's accessible in ways that it previously wasn't? Whose history is represented in its projection? Whose history is omitted and maybe even destroyed in the process? For me, this is one of the tendencies; to look more closely at the context, construction, history and performance of a site.

But why use this building? Why do these sorts of things using the name? I think in some ways it's because the narrative of this building and its family has survived a series of gaps and interruptions that I feel connected to because of being Jewish. Also, in its beginning phase, Arnold Bachwitz used the name Palais des Beaux Arts in an act of appropriation. The building was never intended to house the spoils of the aristocracy, instead it was thought of as a sort of factory where the Beaux Arts would be produced. If you look at what this collection is doing now, it's not that there's a whole department of experts who have studied art history and decide what gets bought, sold, traded and shown. It's essentially one person: Bernhard. He's worked through his tendencies by commissioning a group of different positions that were surrounding him, ones he'd been influenced by and excited about, then somehow tried to find a way for that work to continue beyond the opening, beyond the traditional exhibition format and climate-controlled storage room, and onto a hard drive (where most of our ideas live anyhow). In terms of the institutionalization of art in this way that things are collected, preserved and curated, I think the strategy

of adopting a name that just barely survived a hostile takeover, then using data as the material, makes sense in a kind of perverse way. The collection and history is somehow living, and can now self-replicate and spread beyond conventional understandings of material.

**BG:** It's really interesting that you bring up the collection because it solely consists of commissioned artwork that have been specifically made for that place by artists engaged (through their work) with the site. To date, we have a collection of eleven browser-based artworks stored in an offline environment and five texts online. One of my intentions was to take web-based art out of the infinite scroll and content engagement optimisation that had taken over a primarily community driven the web by then. By producing these artworks, we're also producing displays and re-produce their framings, attempting to create a vantage point that we all share – because there is no 'inside' of this institution. We are all outside; nobody has a key! Making these works was an impassioned attempt to figure out what that place is and what it means.

In a sense, the work you [Seth] are doing now is finding the ways the institutional enters a place, a site, a work or a history. In this case, it seems to be about the way we institutionalize History and how that plays out in our consciences and consciousnesses. We intend to be that what allows us to do that which we would like to live among. I think that's where I see the relation between the institutional and the institution and the question, Why the hell do that? The collection (or the commissions) is essentially a situation created to allow a place like this to be made.

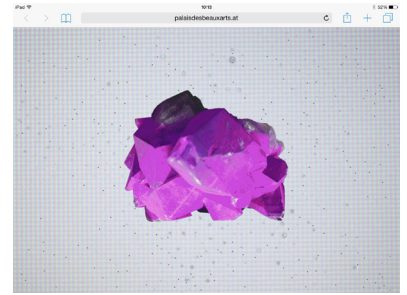
**SW:** For me, it hasn't been a question of why. That was clear right away when I encountered the project and what was exciting about it. How, though, is still unresolved and I think this is where new questions of 'why' will continue to infect its representation in an almost Talmudic spiral of questions. The production of place is going to come from different positions on what constitutes a place, and in searching for different ways of approaching that production. Not only to inhabit the multilayered site of the Palais but rearrange and construct it to some degree. And then I would say collecting these positions, or making that work somehow legibly, is where it gets difficult and really interesting as to how this becomes tied to the physical brick-and-mortar structure of the building, which is maybe one of the more persevering institutions of the whole project. So, how does this process become tied to a material? In a way it's like renaming, using different artistic positions to highlight and challenge aspects of the very material it references. For me, the ideal situation would be for the project to continue accumulating different positions about what constitutes place by working with the palimpsest of its institutional surface; and somehow in the process keep the Palais des Beaux Arts signifier dangling...

*For more on Palais des Beaux Arts Wien see the recent Issue 7.1 / 2018 of continent., edited by Bernhard Garnicnig and Maximilian Thoman.*





Joe Hamilton  
*Appraisal* (Excerpt),  
 Collection # 004  
 Palais des Beaux Arts Wien



Rosemary Lee  
*Artifacts* (Excerpt),  
 Collection # 008  
 Palais des Beaux Arts Wien

Museum of Internet  
*Object* (Excerpt),  
 Collection # 003  
 Palais des Beaux Arts Wien



PALAIS DES BEAUX ARTS  
IS PLANTING

SETH WEINER, NIKOLA HANSALIK  
AND FABIAN FALTIN

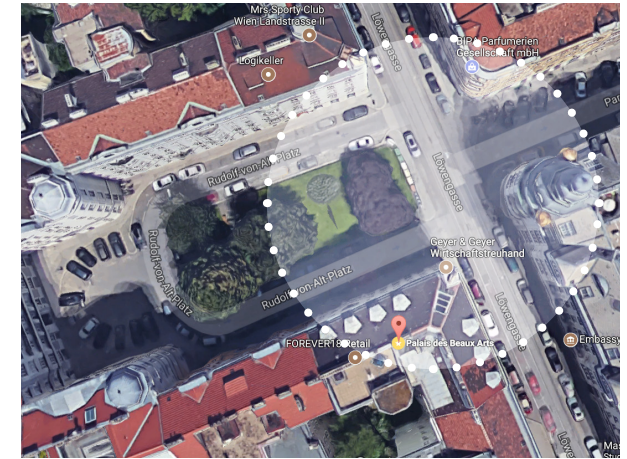
( ... )  
Data being treated  
as a monumental  
material much  
like stone.





## PALAIS DES BEAUX ARTS IS PLANTING (ROUTER GARDEN)

SETH WEINER, NIKOLA HANSALIK  
AND FABIAN FALTIN



Directly across from the Palais des Beaux Arts building is Rudolf-von-Alt-Platz, a grass covered public space used primarily by dogs, the occasional transgressive pedestrian, and a ring of parked cars. Much like planted matter, data needs to be tended to and cared for. Discussions began about how the space could be transformed into a living monument to the Bachwitz family, who had built and worked from the Palais des Beaux Arts until it was Aryanized. Through the construction of a “router garden” that references fashion publications from Atelier Bachwitz, the axis of the park would be redirected toward the entrance of the Palais, data being treated as a monumental material much like stone is now.

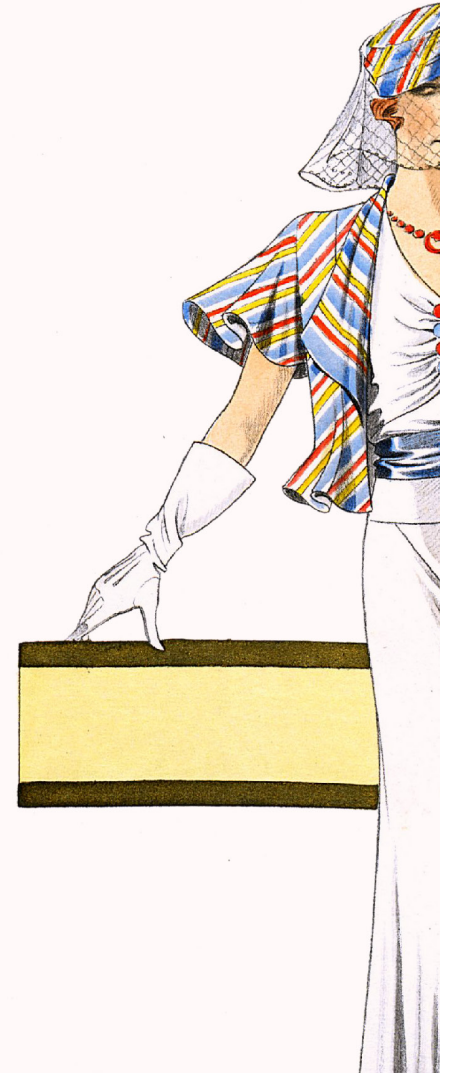




PALAIS DES BEAUX ARTS  
IS PLANTING (ROUTER GARDEN)

SETH WEINER, NIKOLA HANSALIK  
AND FABIAN FALTIN

Élégances  
d'Été



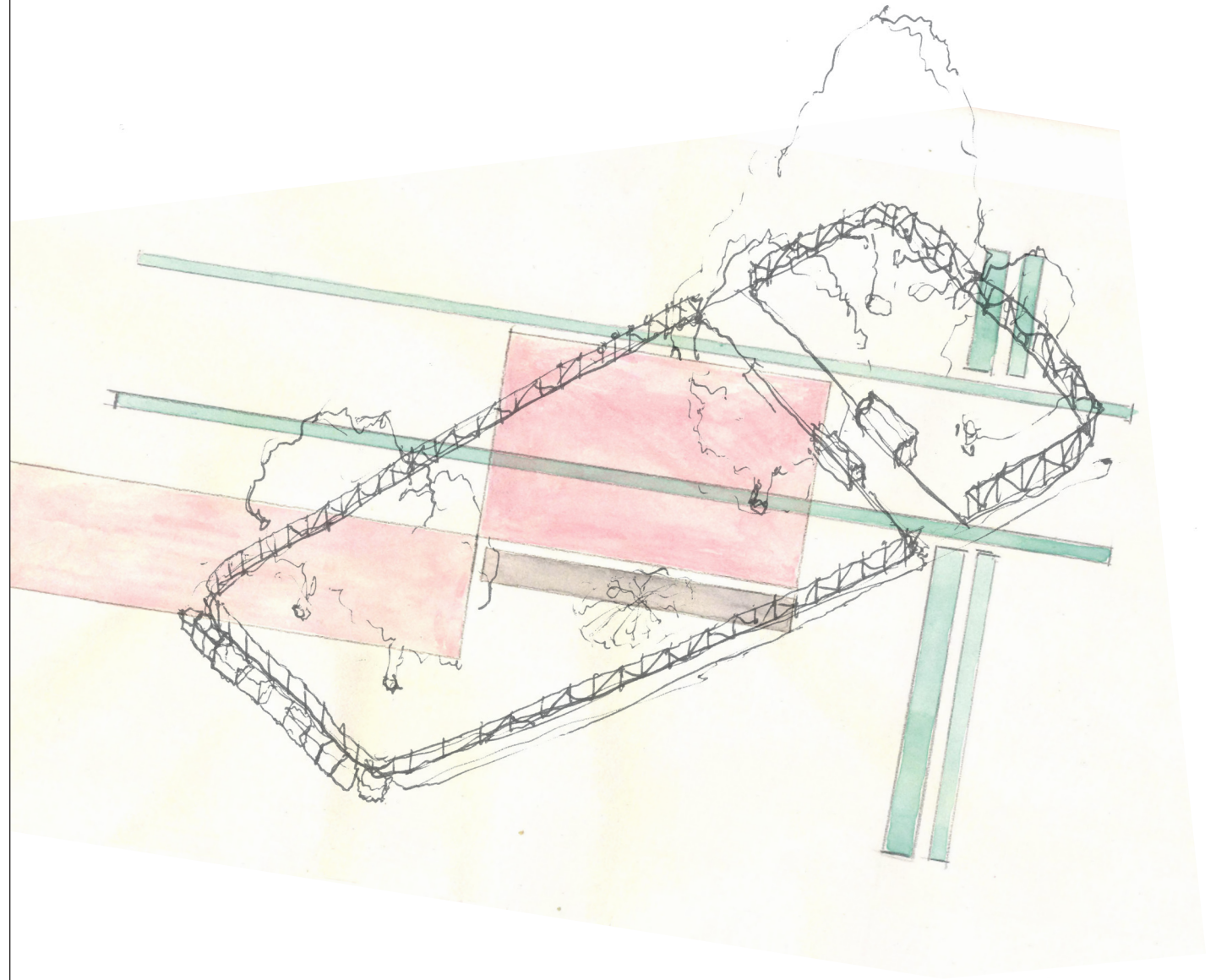


shape/texture of fabric =  
shape/texture of plant

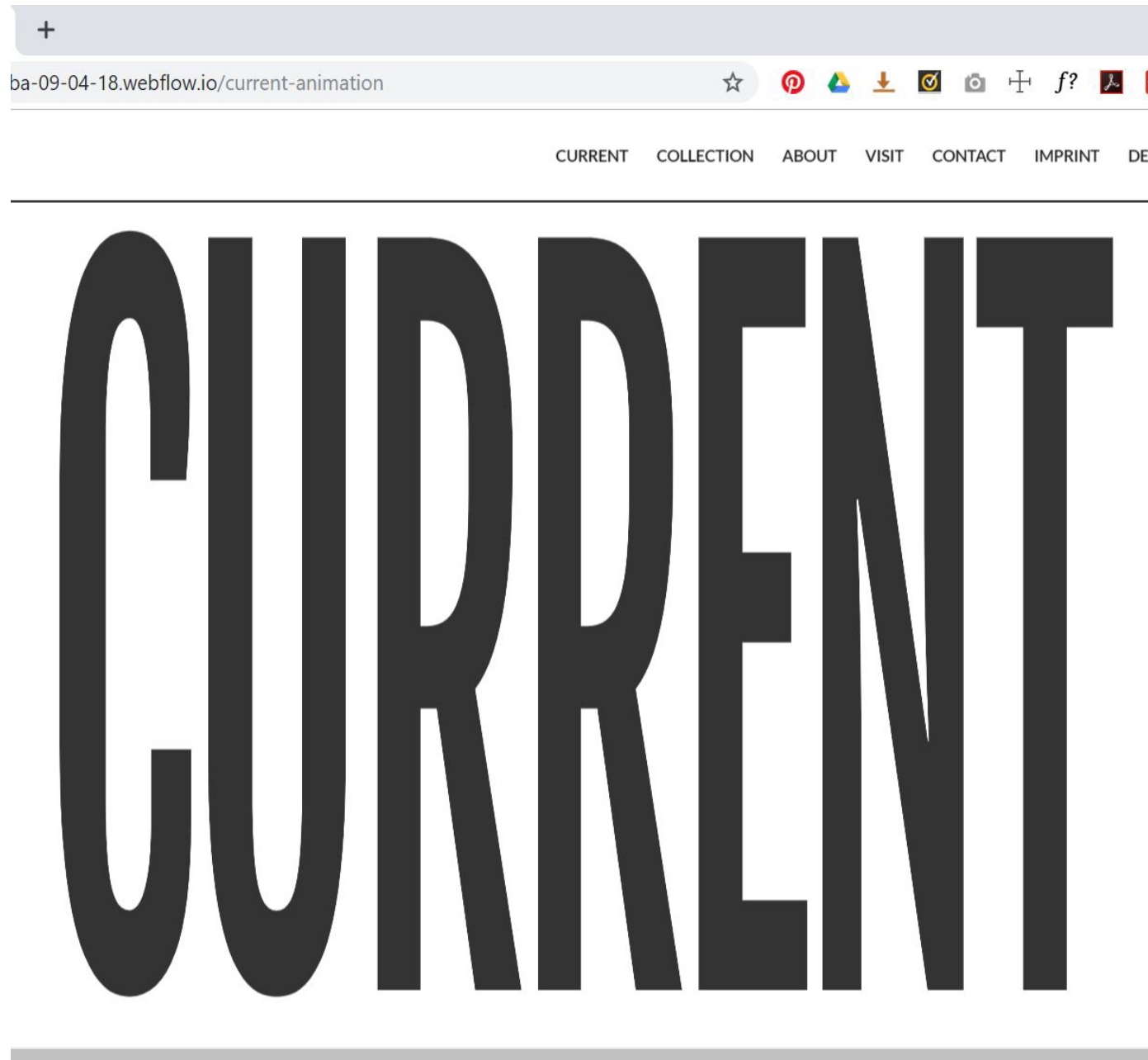


## PALAIS DES BEAUX ARTS IS PLANTING

SETH WEINER, NIKOLA HANSALIK  
AND FABIAN FALTIN



( ... )  
PdBA's  
Verein status  
should be held  
by a server...



## COLLECTION WORKSHOP

VOLKSKUNDEMUSEUM WIEN



After a presentation about the Palais des Beaux Arts and its historical context, a discussion followed about the conceptual and material possibilities digital collections present when related to traditional collection formats.

With Herbert Justnik (Volkskundemuseum Curator of the Photography Collection), Georgia Holz, Ricarda Denzer, Judith Pichlmüller, Nikola Hansalik, Ryan Crawford, Alexandra Wanderer and Seth Weiner.

27.06.201



*protocol - 27 06 18*

can you call the pdba  
“collection” a collection, is it  
more of an archive, database,  
wormhole?

what quantifies a “collection”?

what is the relation between  
the physical space (building  
and its history) and the pdba?

what happens if you turn  
the questions pdba raises  
questions as a catalyst, how  
are the types of questions  
symptoms of contemporary  
problems?

how data is owned?  
could the website > router  
dynamic be reversed?

long-term loans

(ex. 25 year loan for the  
generali collection = they  
don't pay for the artworks  
themselves they pay to  
maintain and show them)

how to avoid conventional  
modes of using, showing,  
commissioning for the  
collection?

what do these forms look  
like?

use stable and tested format  
vs. creating (rewriting  
something vs. transforming a  
diagram)

regime of conversations  
regime of conservation -  
fictional idea of creating  
stability around an object, the  
archive, reproduction, saving  
processes...fiction that you  
really can keep something for  
future generations  
(icom) international council  
of museums

shifts from private to public  
collection

instead of treating data  
deterritorialized what  
happens when it becomes  
wholly territorial, tied to  
material - *papa*

ie. garden becomes a space  
not for routers but servers, a  
space where the immaterial  
material lives...and if it  
becomes a legal subject, the  
server and ai becomes the  
owner of the collection

transfer verein status, the  
router becomes the obmann,  
the algorithm the board

could the server claim  
restitution and ask to become  
the rightful owner of the  
building...if it is the one  
caretaking the narrative and  
data it becomes like adverse  
possession

*(provenance)*

(...) This is a complicated story, as much of real history and biography is. Many such stories start, as with mine, backwards, from the present, such as it is, to some arbitrary point in the past. But this is all I think I know at this time (06/18/2018).





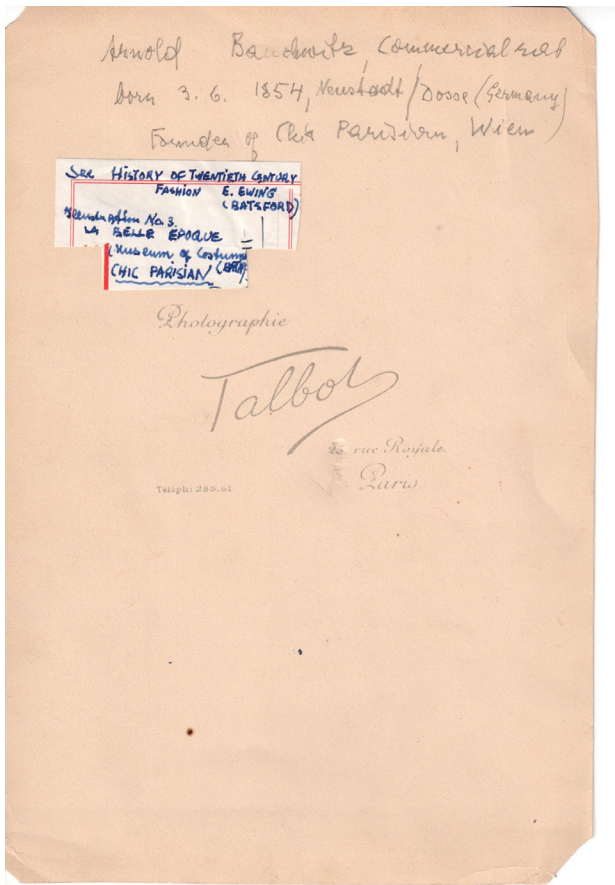
## MY BLOOD STRANGERS

THOMAS D. LONNER



The great-grandson of Arnold and Rosine Bachwitz, Thomas D. Lonner wrote an essay in the form of a story about his family, their company Atelier Bachwitz, and the Palais des Beaux Arts building. Based on all of the evidence that he could piece together from retold fragments, fugitive documents and books, the text represents the most comprehensive portrait of the Bachwitz family to date.





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**My Blood Strangers: The Rise and Loss of a Viennese Family**

Thomas D. Lonner, Ph.D.  
October 23, 2018

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## Chapter One How I Came to Write This Essay/Story

This is a complicated story, as most of real history and biography is. Many such stories start, as with mine, backwards, from the present, such as it is, to some arbitrary point in the past. Also, and more to the point, this is all I think I know of this story at this time.

You don't know me, there is no reason that you should. I am not a celebrity, a novelist, an historian. But, if you are standing in this complex of buildings and in the lovely Palais Des Beaux Arts Wien itself, I have a story to tell you. The building is a part of me or, perhaps better said, I am a part of it even though we met only in 2018 and for very briefly, lovers meeting only at the very end of the movie just before the credits roll.

This is an essay in the form of the story of the family that built this confection of a building and hovered over its wonderful creations for half a century and then died. In its death, it was both a microcosm of its apocalyptic time and insanely typical of millions of other deaths.

The story is my version of only a part of my family -- my great-grandfather Arnold Bachwitz, my grandmother Grete Bachwitz Lebach, her son Theo Gottlieb, her second husband Willi Lebach, their friend Albert Einstein, and Theo's wife Lisa. Other characters, important in their own right, appear only as walk-ons in this version -- siblings, spouses, descendants, victims, and Nazi perpetrators -- but the six persons above play the leading roles. If you keep these in focus, the story will unfold clearly (I hope).

The evidence on which this all is based is all that I could piece together from retold fragments, fugitive documents, historical documents, and books that have come to me over time from a variety of surprising sources about my family, their company, this building, and Vienna 1938-1942. At various points in the text I have quoted at length from these works in italics as they have depicted conditions far more clearly and poignantly than could I.

Let us start from my beginnings rather than the story's beginning. As an American, I knew nothing of my ancestors in 20<sup>th</sup> century Germany and Austria for reasons that will become clear in the telling. Being reasonably well-read, though, I had a passing familiarity with modern European history from 1860 onward. Born in 1942 and growing to adulthood in California, I thought little that what was "over there" and "back then" had any bearing on me. But then, a series of serendipitous circumstances sent me on a journey I could not have predicted. I never intended to research or write this story. It was merely ordained or circumstantial, take your pick.

My father Theo, of Germany and Austria, passed away in 2001, in his mid-90s in New York City. In 2003, after both my mother and father had passed away, I was contacted by phone, unexpectedly, by a very dedicated Orthodox Jewish gentleman in New York who acted as an intermediary for American descendants of Holocaust victims in placing claims against the Austrian General Settlement Fund. This was a fund negotiated between the Austrian and American governments to keep claimants from suing the Austrian government and its key institutions in sympathetic American courts. This intermediary

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agent had read my father's obituary and extensive profile in the New York city newspapers and thought that I might have inherited my father's claim for significant reparations from Austria.

This agent worked with me and Berlin-based attorneys and others diligently, intelligently, and exhaustively to develop the evidentiary basis underlying my claim for my father's stolen property in Austria, a significant share of a large, prosperous international publishing company and fashion house Bachwitz AG. While the very lengthy claims process and outcome were tedious, ultimately unsatisfactory, and did not produce an endearing attachment to Austria in my heart, they did produce a precise but incomplete picture of part of my father's past, as well as those of other preceding family members, the company itself, and the stories and fates of many individuals.

My claim was based on the financial and real properties that had been confiscated from my family in 1938-1939 as part of Austrian aryanization policies and laws. The claim itself, prepared by my lawyers, was supported by documents that detailed these takings; all this evidence was created by the Nazi administration itself and faithfully conveyed the individual disasters that befell each family member who could or would not escape their fates at the hands of this same regime. It opened a door into a universe that I had not known.

I was gratified to know this information and see copies the original Nazi documents that chillingly recorded all of this. "Gratified" is an odd expression. I read the resulting claim with mounting horror and sadness. Because I am a scientist, I am always moved by the "discovery" of true things, however that discovery occurs, whoever peels back the blinders to those things, and what they mean. But I had no reason to pursue this history beyond this record.

I signed the claim, mailed it, laughed ruefully at the tiny reparation I received, and put the entire business behind me. I did not comprehend, at that time, what the family had left that was still in existence, the original Palais Des Beaux Arts Wien itself, decades of extraordinary fashion magazines and journals produced by Bachwitz AG, and a story that seemed worth reconstructing from its several pieces.

As part of our inquiries, my agents uncovered, in the Wiener Stadt- Und Landesbibliothek, a cache of twenty-five 1938-1939 issues of Chic Parisien, an international high fashion design magazine published by Bachwitz AG, founded by my great-grandfather Arnold Bachwitz and owned at that time by my great-grandmother, grandmother, and grandaunt. These magazines were part of the estate willed to Theo and his stepfather Willi. Subsequently, the library sent this cache to me. The designs were, indeed, chic, many plates were water-colored by hand (a process called pochoir), and the issues were in pristine condition. For permanent safekeeping of these issues, I, in turn, sent them as a collection to the Fashion Institute for Design and Marketing, a not-for-profit educational center and library in Los Angeles. The Institute was ecstatic at the gift, as it had previously possessed only one issue. I was amazed at the beauty created by my ancestors and their staff and intended that it would survive me safely and in perpetuity in that library.

When I received the small settlement amount in 2005, it was not accompanied with an explanation from the General Settlement Fund (GSF) officials as to why it amounted to a few thousand dollars US. I knew that there were about 19,000 GSF claimants overall so I surmised that each restitution was apportioned based on its relative scale of loss. Clearly, the Hapsburg family lost more castles and meadows than my family had lost. I had to laugh at this result.

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Later, re-reading the Nazi documents of 1939 and onward, it dawned on me that I had an Austrian governmental rationale for why my shares were valued at a penny on the dollar, or pfennig on the mark, if you prefer. The Nazi government and its semi-private commissioners confiscated a highly-valued commodity, Bachwitz AG, ran it rapidly into the ground financially, and transferred its almost worthless shares and its ultimate ownership to the government after the war destroyed its international market. That was probably Austria's basis for calculating what my family had lost, at that historically-low and legally-defensible point of transfer. It owed me only a small proportional amount of a totally devalued commodity at its lowest value ever.

I am hoping that, when I have the chance, I can sit down with those Hapsburgs over a coffee or a lager and have a hearty laugh over how clever officialdom remains long after a wartime defeat.

Of course, I was happy to receive those last issues of Chic Parisien. The 1938-9 publication dates held little meaning to me at the time but the quality of the work was amazing and lay as a tangible relic of my family's existence and accomplishment in my hands. If the Austrian National Library archives website is to be believed, it has a larger treasure trove of year after year after year of Bachwitz AG issues. Thank God for that. So why did it return only 1938-1939 issues to me? Why not the earlier and then remaining 1940-2 issues? I can only surmise that, legalistic and officious as always, Austrian authorities determined that my issues were only those issues published after the confiscation of all Bachwitz AG shares by a putative public-private ownership action following Anschluss but before the government itself officially took the company. Makes sense, in a way.

I do hope that the Library locates, catalogues, retains, digitizes, protects, loans, and maintains the pre- and post-Anschluss issues for future generations. Not tangentially, it was somewhat incongruous that my best professional years were spent as a museum director charged with the protection, exhibition, interpretation, and repatriation of Alaska Native arts to their families and clans. Now I tangibly understand how important it was to have returned some tangible evidence of family and cultural past to the family in the present.

This, I thought, was the end of the inquiry.

But then more unforeseen circumstances kindled my interest in, collection of, and sharing of materials that, colored shards in a mosaic, have meaning only when put together – documents, publications, stories, letters, photographs. Many pieces are still missing and may remain absent from this mosaic forever. So, forgive the gaps in time, the real but two-dimensional figures, and my speculative explanations; I would do the same for your stories.

During the lengthy Austrian claims process, again without any effort or initiative on my part, I was contacted by a representative of the Swiss government who informed me that my father Theo was deserving of a small reparation payment for being displaced from his apartment in Zurich in 1933 and deported back to Germany even though he appeared to have had refugee status. That, in combination with my awareness of lifetime Austrian social security payments to Theo and my mother Lisa, was interesting as a gesture but otherwise insignificant. But it validated my confidence in what Theo had told me about his past and that of his family.

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Then, in 2010, I was contacted by a cousin in Geneva, Switzerland, whom I had not known existed, who found me in his online genealogical search. He was adding to and verifying the genealogy of the extended Bachwitz family history, including me. An assiduous and inquisitive man, he valued my understandings, questioned others, and, with other cousins, used extensive internet-based resources to document whether what I knew or thought I knew had an evidentiary basis.

We pooled what we knew, clarified some matters, contemporary documents, and facts, hypothesized about others, and were left with more questions and assumptions than we had before. In particular, we were startled by the key role of Albert Einstein in that history. Within a year, our joint inquiries crawled to an end, lacking new facts.

During that year, I was startled by an e-mail from an archivist-researcher from the City of Wuppertal, Germany, who was embarking on a project (discussed below) documenting the history, contributions, and fates of prominent local Jewish families, from their early origins in the 1700s through the post-World War II period. Among these families and companies was Gebrüder Lebach, one of whose heirs was Willi Lebach, Theo's stepfather. The history of this family, as with the Bachwitz family, was tragic and fascinating, bearing critically on the survival of Theo and Willi. Together and separately, the archivist and I pursued allied questions until she had as much information as she could use to complete a portion of her very detailed project. My inquiries also stopped about 2012, as I again thought I knew enough to start a rough narrative memo for myself.

In early 2015, I received an email, an inquiry from an historian/reporter and a documentary filmmaker in Sweden who were planning a feature-length documentary film about my one uncle Harry Schein, my mother's only sibling, who had been sent alone as a boy from Vienna to Sweden via Kindertransport to escape what was coming; he became quite a wealthy, accomplished and celebrated man in Sweden before his death in 2006. They asked if I would contribute what I knew about his early life. Although I knew him in a limited way, both directly and through my mother's stories and reflections, what I did have were a number of letters that he had retained and sent to me from his mother, his aunt, my mother Lisa, and a handful of others over three decades, beginning about 1938 from Vienna. I had had these letters translated from German to English by a close friend, a German-American interpreter in the Nuremberg war crimes trials. I reviewed the texts again in greater detail to address issues identified with the filmmakers to be discussed in a story-like memo and in filmed face-to-face interviews.

By profession, I have been both a social researcher and a museum director. In both, I have had matters to convey to many very different audiences. When I could, I tried to organize and present my findings or conclusions as stories rather than reports, narratives rather than arguments, individuals rather than organizations or "forces," active efforts rather than passive events, and contrasts rather than truths. So, a facsimile of "real" history. My career was based on my ability to explain things or merely present things in a story form, like a parable. I offered my conclusions but never demanded that anyone share them. The story became a skeletal structure to which more and better information could be attached in the future.

Was it now about time to do something with all this information?

Maybe not. Until I was in my own 6<sup>th</sup> decade, I had no special interest in my family history, as I possessed little of it, mostly bits and pieces, and no prospect of finding more through mining in German

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and Austrian records. Because my family was Jewish (although also good Germans and Austrians) and I had only passing familiarity with the German language, I thought I lacked an access port through which to enter that past world of people I never knew, my blood relatives but strangers to me.

More to the point, I had no particular reason to look into their past that was not my past. I knew that almost the entirety of my parents' ancestors, whoever they might have been, had either died of natural causes before the Nazi era or died in the Holocaust. My parents spoke of it very little and reluctantly, a natural response to their own dreadful experiences, memories, and losses; I had no surviving relatives with a different attitude toward memory, so this past appeared closed.

It never dawned on me, an obviously incurious person, that but for this family history, I would have never come into existence. And that by a thread, as the only son of an only son of an only son of an only son.

Because I am no longer a child, I do not need this story for my own identity. I have become, over the decades, my own identity without contact with or reference to my ancestors, other than my own parents. So I cannot explain to you why I feel impelled to write this story but remain hopeful that you will read it. Finally, something I cannot explain.

As of now, I am still struggling with my rationale for pursuing this Viennese history as far as it will go. All the people that I am writing about are long dead, the victims as well as the perpetrators. I have no idea why I am pursuing the truth of the past if there is one. I am not a revanchist bent on revenge or recovery. The bloody greedy hands back then are gone now as are their victims, a drama of greed without limit and hatred without reason, hopefully dead but more likely just waiting. Their like will, no doubt, pass this way again soon enough.

As these dead are strangers to me, I can't explain why I care. As Mark Twain has Huckleberry Finn say in the novel of the same name, "...she let it out that Moses had been dead a considerable long time; so I didn't care no more about him, because I don't take no stock in dead people."

Unlike novelists, I am unable to fill the missing personalities and decades of my forebears; I will not fill these characters with words they did not speak nor create speculative, unevidenced myths or legends. I now know much about what happened to my family members without being able to say anything about who they actually were in terms of personality, character, or temperament. It is difficult to summon up emotion for these strangers, except in my empathy for their likely situations -- the stuff of nightmares.

You would think that those I knew personally and for years would have introduced me, in a second-hand way, to those they knew so well in their past. I recall as a child asking my mother Lisa often about her life in Vienna and my Austrian heritage. She spoke wistfully but little about her Jewish Austrian princess childhood, her teenage brother posing as the urbane daring Viennese princeling (by, for example, smoking cigarette on the sidewalk, but holding an ashtray in his free hand), nothing about her mother except as a loving person, nothing about her father or stepfather or home life, only a touch here and there -- dancing in the Corps de Ballet of the Vienna State Opera, her work as a nurse to the elderly Jewish men and women forced to be housed in her mother's apartment by Nazi authorities, and so on. I could not tell if she did not remember or would not remember in order to protect herself or me-as-a-

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child. It was as if her life began only when she and my father Theo reunited in California just prior to America's entrance into World War II.

Even those that I knew well, I knew too little. As a young child, I met my stepfather Ernest when he was in his 40s. We loved each other, we talked all the time, I worked with him day and night in his theater, yet I am now unsure of his real name. I knew he was a master of his profession as a theater director, but I learned absolutely nothing of who or what he was in Germany and Austria. It is almost entirely empty space and time. Other than his mentioning in passing some work in the theater and film, with Erwin Piscator and Max Reinhardt, I gleaned no information about his family, home life, education, upbringing, social life, or anything else. I did not know whether he and Lisa had agreed to keep these realities from me. So, it was as if his life began when he arrived in New York as a middle-aged man speaking no English.

He did tell me one story during his escape/expulsion from Austria, a sojourn in Switzerland, on his way through Italy to America. He and a friend spent their time in the movie theater, watching American movies to learn some English. One afternoon, they were watching an American film and Ernest jumped up and shouted, "I can understand English!! I know what they just said!" His friend replied, "Sit down, idiot! The film is dubbed into German."

My parents' friends in the United States were, I understand now, wartime refugees from Germany, Austria, and Poland, people restarting their lives in the arts, producers and character actors in Hollywood films and stage productions, photographers, musicians, and singers. My being one of the very few children in their current lives, none spoke to me of what had come before.

Reintroduced to my father Theo much, much later in his and my life, Theo was more forthcoming about his past in Europe before the war, probably because he would not have been moved to "protect me" from those realities. I assume that he was quite used to telling at least some part of his story to his closest friends and to strangers, to reporters, critics, biographers, publicists, even his audiences, as part of his professional persona, a theatrical creation of his dubbed "Brother Theodore." It was only after his death and Lisa's death, however, with the rivulet of documents and questions that appeared without asking from various researchers that I could begin to explain the hows and whys of my parents' lives and those of my ancestors.

Theo both lived in and apart from America, probably because New York City is its own country and has its own cultures. Theo found that in New York, he could construct a European life he was familiar with, filled with familiar characters and situations that fed his curiosity and sardonic humor. And, somehow, he could find a way to transmit his bizarre comic performances very effectively to American audiences who, if not always understanding what the performances meant, dark sermons that could have been illustrated by Otto Dix or Kaethe Kollwitz followed by German horror-filled children's fairytales twisted into comic endings, could be mesmerized by his performance itself.

I now believe that becoming a displaced person is far more tragic, lonely, and disorienting than I, growing up in America, had ever imagined. Being displaced means displacement not only from country but from home, language, culture, family, career, familiar sights and sounds and meanings, and so on. Lisa always pined for Austria, for Vienna, for her pre-war way of life. While becoming a successful American, she never really liked America or Americans compared with the Vienna she knew or recalled



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of it, decades later. Her most important late-in-life travel was returning to Vienna and renewing her childhood friendship with a Catholic girlfriend.

Only my stepfather Ernest seemed at home in America. As a theatrical director steeped in the dynamic issues in pre- and post-WWI European plays, he was fully aware of the violent abyss that he had barely escaped. But life in his theater was more prominent than anything else but his sons (my two step-brothers and me). He despised the very idea of Austria, with the exception of symphonic masterpieces and opera. He came very late and older to the United States and with no English, but was, oddly, the most American, even with his thick accent. He adored FDR and what he saw as social democracy in this country. He was as passionate about baseball as he was about anti-fascism. He was generous to the poor, egalitarian to a fault, forgiving (except for actors whom he often considered cattle), as if care and feeling for the dispossessed reminded him of who he had been when his homeland collapsed into Nazi horror. He was devoted to his boys, his wife, his pets, his commitments and obligations. What sustained him, as with Theo, was his passion for the theater, his theater, creating something out of nothing but words, gestures, and sets. That core enabled these two men to continue regardless of their pasts; like survivors in the desert, they dealt with the future as one step followed by the next followed by the next. Ahead of them lay production after production, rehearsal after rehearsal, performance after performance. And what sustained Lisa and Ernest was that they built things together, including their theaters and their sons' futures.

And, in the end, I, too, felt oddly displaced, even though I was born in San Francisco. Here I share an e-mail I sent to Seth Wiener, Director of the Palais des Beaux Arts Wien in 2018, after he invited me to visit while I was in Vienna:

*I am, frankly, confused. Growing up as a child with my mother and my stepfather, I knew very little of their history or that of my father. Divorced from him, my mother spoke of him seldom, but spoke to him in her very last days on earth. We lived in Santa Monica, California postwar. The little coastal city was still a war industry town and my classmates of every color also came from somewhere else. I asked my parents where I came from and why I had no living ancestors. They said, Vienna, Austria. Oh, a famous grand empire (my stepfather remembered seeing the emperor in person), music, art, dance, architecture, high culture. My pride was overflowing. Only later did I discover, bit by bit, how this culture had sunk into an abyss of its own making. Later, I worked at finding out more and more and more; the more I looked, the more I separated from my Austrian to my American identity. Less and less I had any desire to walk the streets of Vienna, except to visit where my mother and her small family had lived, the cathedral where she had worshiped, and where my great grandfather had built and managed his amazing company (which I did not learn about until 14 years ago).*

*My wife and I decided on a river cruise in Europe for something completely different and I saw that Vienna was on the itinerary. Having avoided it deliberately for my entire life, I sighed. I thought I had buried it after saying goodbye to my father, reading about my grandmother in biographies of Einstein, sharing family information with an archivist in Wuppertal (a small city in Northern Germany and home to the Lebach clan), participating in the General Settlement Fund activities that unearthed my family's company and its demise, receiving about 22 copies of Chic Parisien from the Wiener Stadt- Und Landesbibliothek, collating the websites discussing my father as an artist, and writing up what I intended to be a coda on my family, a written history without any probable audience. A 2016 film made about my uncle Harry Schein,*

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*also deceased, by the Swedish Film Institute dragged me back into family matters as an interviewee; I discovered I am not as beautiful on film as I thought I was. OK, then it was over, over, over.*

*How was I going to kill time in Vienna, read a book on the boat? I might have a coffee with the Austrian archivist who is researching my stepfather, a filmmaker and theatrical director before the war. Then what? So, I returned to documents, what ever happened to that building I saw in 1930s photographs? What had become of it? It could not have been destroyed in the war. It probably was not leveled to make way for condos or supermarket. So maybe I could still touch it, match its DNA with mine. I looked it up on the internet and there it still was, in all of its glory and rebirth, an incubator of exciting and wonderful art forms and artists, much as it had a long time ago, with the 300 employees and 700 contract artisans of Bachwitz AG.*

*So, I wrote to you. I will still never make peace with what I had lost or those who were responsible (pretty much everyone). I want nothing more to do with being a tourist, a time traveler through the Holocaust, a forgiver and forgetter of what happened. But the Palais and Bachwitz AG, those are worthy of a dispensation, I would think.*

People always say that someone should remember, either for the dead or the actions they took or did not take, or as object lessons about something terrible or wonderful. If one is going to keep the flames alive for the victims, no doubt someone else will keep the flames alive for the perpetrators. We reverentially keep eternal flames for mostly mythic reasons. The victims and perpetrators in my story are now almost forgotten, except for my mythology of good and evil, which I share with you in Appendix III. You can thank me later.

## Chapter 2 Which Finally Brings Us to the Story Itself

My families' story has all of the components of the epic novels of the last century – love, art, beauty, celebrity, evil, fear, greed, loss, escape, war, more evil, death, separation, reunification. It is embedded in World War I, the end of empires and the decline of aristocracies, the rise of the middle classes and the celebratory arts, the rise to power of envy, greed, and racism in an economic depression, the creation of the genocidal license to kill and steal on a grand scale, countries torn by isms, World War II and the Cold War.

My families' story is a microcosm of all this but particular to a city – Vienna – and a time – Anschluss. I have tried my best to be clear in the telling. There will be some deserved excursions and certain parts will be entirely too personal or too political for everyone's taste. Feel free to glide guilt-free over those sections.

It is beyond my skills to write my families' stories in novel form. Lacking "data" on the real characters, they may appear as flat or two-dimensional as they do to me, yet I cherish these characters for the pale images they left behind.

Let me give you a brief roadmap to the narrative. We start with a consideration of the Bachwitz family and its fashion world publishing company, its founder and my great-grandfather Arnold Bachwitz, and

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one of his two daughters, my grandmother Grete who was an heiress to a significant part of the company. I depict the early story of the publishing company, note its role in the creation of the Palais Des Beaux Arts Wien as its headquarters, my grandmother's marriage to Emil Gottlieb, the birth of their son Theodore (Theo), and their subsequent divorce.

Next, I relate the entrance of Willi Lebach, Grete's second husband, and Theo's new stepfather. His successful family built, owned, and directed a very large company, Gebrüder Lebach and Lebach and Company, which dealt in advances in fashion and women's wear. (Their detailed story appears as Appendix I)

I then relate what is known about my father Theo and his life as a child and interesting young adult. Then, in 1926, another interesting character enters the scene and plays a critical role in unfolding events in the person of Professor Albert Einstein.

This finally brings us to the 1938-1942 part of the story where Austria and Vienna begin their descent into the Nazi abyss, the taking and/or destruction of the two companies, the taking of the lives of the two families, and the survival, by a hairsbreadth of luck, of my father Theo, his wife Lisa, and his stepfather Willi to the United States.

#### A) Let Us Start with the Bachwitz Family, Shall We?

My great-grandfather, Arnold Bachwitz, was the founder and president of Bachwitz AG, which produced international fashion magazines, special issues, and independent women's wear designs domiciled in Vienna. Arnold was born on June 3, 1854 in Neustadt/Dosse (Brandenburg). He married Rosine Kraus (born September 2, 1863, died October 30, 1942 in Theresienstadt concentration camp). Arnold founded Bachwitz AG in 1898 and remained owner/publisher in Vienna, where he was a prominent businessman and citizen, until his death in 1930. Until I read Eva-Maria Mandl's introduction to the Palais ([The Palais Around the Corner from Musil and Wittgenstein](#)), I knew nothing of him, his personality, his interests, and his dedication to fashion and the arts. Mandl writes:

*The man who had commissioned this remarkable building was Arnold Bachwitz, who was born in 1854 and arrived to Vienna from Halle an der Saale. He was intensely interested in fashion and opened the studio for fashion drawings on Hoher Markt. Soon, he undertook regular trips to Paris in order to visit presentations there. Bachwitz must have had an extremely good sense for future trends; his business in Vienna flourished during the "Grunderzeit," a period of massive growth for the capital of the Danubian monarchy around the turn-of-the-century. This is how the new building in Lowengasse came about; Bachwitz needed space for what he called the Chic Parisien fashion albums and wanted spacious rooms.*

*The busy pair of brothers Anton and Josef Drexler tackled the task: "what is the building to look like?", they asked. "Grand!" explained their enthusiastic commissioner Bachwitz. "Like in Paris! And a little romanticizing!" And so it was done. Bachwitz had created a French enclave in the Viennese district of Landstrasse near the Danube Canal, where hundreds of people had found employment. There were diligent colorists – every issue was hand-colored... Staff members were busily manning the telephones in the export department, constantly collecting information on the sales of the issues and recording new orders from the general representatives*

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*of the Bachwitz products in London and New York. The studios were located in the light-flooded rooms facing the interior courtyards on the top floor. This is where those very designs for blouses, dresses and coats were created that would go on, as drawings and patterns, to enchant both the sophisticated ladies and many Viennese tailors. The lower ground floor facing Lowengasse housed the printing press for many years, while the garage where Arnold Bachwitz himself also parked his car faced Paracelsusgasse. The publisher's private family apartment was, as would be expected, located on the first floor, just above the Palais' noble inscription. The last floor facing the street front, finally, held a gallery that was open to the general public every day; it showed works by the likes of Hans Canon, Hugo Charelemont, Hugo Darnaut, Friedrich Gauermann, and Moritz von Schwind, and offer them for sale. Let us not forget that Arnold Bachwitz was also one of the donors for the Kunstlerhaus... Arnold Bachwitz, who is described as a generous and terribly kind boss by descendants of his former employees, lived and worked at the Palais De Beaux Arts until his death in 1930.*

These reflections and memories of Arnold Bachwitz are the only evidence that I have about his passions, personality, taste, and generosity. Before Ms. Mandl penned these words, all I had were some photographs of him, a serious-looking, successful businessman standing for a portrait, on a vacation in Norway, and a photograph sitting among his business peers for a newspaper article. I am very grateful for her very good work.

I would add my personal impressions. Unlike current design houses whose designs intend to create an elite trend and a rarified market, I think that [Chic Parisien](#) and its Bachwitz AG siblings intended to take the best of the trends and make them quickly available in the great cities worldwide. The way they are portrayed is flattering, elegant, and romantic. The graphics (magazine, now prints and posters) are so dazzling that they are now collectors' items, not merely of historical fashion interest. I invite anyone to merely Google any of the publications below and be transported by panel after panel of the best fashions from 1898-1939.

Arnold Bachwitz was first mentioned as the publisher of an art exhibit and fashion publishing house in 1898. His 24 topical and seasonal journals included "The Fashion Designer," "Chic Parisien" (1898-1939), "The Large Mode" (1900-1922), "The Elegant Woman" (1900-1929), "The Coming Season" (1920-1938), and "Les Tailleurs Charmants" (1939), with agents listed in Paris, Vienna, London, Berlin, Brussels, Milan, Lisbon, New York, Prague, Bucharest, Madrid, Auckland, and Warsaw. In addition to merely illustrating the styles, these journals provided requisite information for ladies' and children's tailors, seamstresses, and milliners.

These journals and special issues were available in numerous languages, some were trilingual. Their production relied on approximately 1000 skilled personnel, 700 of whom were contractors and 300 domestic and foreign staff, persons who designed the fashions and hand-painted the colors (pochoir) on the models (before fashion magazines were printed on slick paper and relied on chromatography and photography). In all, the magazine was routinely available in 55 countries around the world. Original copies of these issues are available in private hands as well as in the collections of the Austrian National Library, the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, the Fashion Institute of Design and Marketing in Los Angeles, and the DuMontfort University collections.

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The main branch of the publishing house was in Vienna, the luxurious Art Nouveau building at 3 Lowengasse 47, which Arnold had had constructed and was described in architectural issues in 1908/1909, designed by architects Anton and Josef Drexler. When completed, the building received accolades as an adornment to the City. The building was described as a corner building richly decorated with a globe supported by three female figures flanking the corner tower. It has a richly furnished circular shaped floral vestibule with stucco and stone pillars set in a fruit basket form. In the staircase it has a relief with female characters and also has its original elevator and ornamental glass windows. (For a more full description of the building and its history, please read Eva-Maria Mandl's work noted above). The building housed offices, production facilities, and family residence, while the company had branch offices in Paris, New York, Madrid, and Lisbon, and presence elsewhere, such as Berlin.

Arnold Bachwitz was the director of the Vienna fashion exhibition which was held several times around the turn-of-the-century for the Vienna Horticultural Society. In 1915, the Austrian Emperor Franz Josef I, expressed his appreciation to the painter Ludwig Koch celebrating the warrior brotherhood of Hungarian and German forces in a painting purchased by Arnold Bachwitz for reproduction and sale, the proceeds going to the welfare of soldiers and the painting going to the City of Vienna. The company Arnold left, because of its international sales, had become a significant regular source of hard foreign currency coming into Austria, something of great importance during the economic depression.

One of Arnold and Rosine's two daughters, Grete (Margarethe Kraus Bachwitz) was born in 1885 in Vienna; she was to be my grandmother. At her marriage, she resided at Wien I, Wipplingerstrasse 2. Grete married Emil Gottlieb (born July 24, 1881 in Vienna) on September 5, 1905; little is known about him as no letters or clippings have survived. A photograph of a beach party with him in swim shorts is the only image of him found. He was to be my grandfather

Grete and Emil had a son, Theodor Amadeus Gottlieb (Theo, who was to be my father), born November 11, 1906. According to the research conducted by my distant cousins in London, I am descended from my great-grandfather on my father's side, one Theodor Tobias Gottlieb (1827-1900); his sister Zofia (Sophie) Gottlieb Benis (1835-1917) was my other great-grandmother.

Grete is later recorded as residing at Wien II, Taborstrasses 21. My grandparents' marriage ended in divorce June 17, 1913; stories have it that Emil was a talented nonprofessional pianist, but also a playboy during his marriage, which may account for its end. Emil died in Theresienstadt concentration camp, October 10, 1942 of "enteritis."

Subsequent to the divorce, on March 15, 1914, Grete married Willi Lebach, part-owner and director of a large prosperous women's wear materials company. [See Appendix I] They resided at Wien III, Untere Weissgerberstrasse 9. A photograph of them much later is available, but nothing is known of their attachments, interests, or their life together. No letters between them are believed to have survived. Actually, little is known directly of Grete other than that she had a natural aptitude for the piano. More is known of Willi; he had a reputation as a good business man with an interest in the industrial applications of materials science. More details include his expulsion from the Third Reich to the United States and his subsequent life in the United States. Willi never adopted Theo for some reason, probably related to business and family inheritances, so remained Theo's stepfather. They were never close.

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Finally, little is known of the young boy-then-man Theo; ultimately a very complex person and personality, his early years (e.g., schooling, employment) are documented but who he actually was well into his 30s remains unknown.

## B) Theo's Early Life in his Own Words

At some point following the March 1914 marriage between Grete and Willi, Grete and her 8 year-old son Theo apparently moved into Willi's home in Düsseldorf. It is difficult to determine where they actually lived at different points in time because the records fail to differentiate between the residences and business addresses where people were legally registered. For example, in Berlin, Willi was registered under the Gebrüder Lebach company with his brother Carl from 1910 to 1920, but may have actually resided in Düsseldorf.

Theo left a sort of written curriculum vitae when, at some downturn in his theatrical career ("a quicksand business going from bad to worse") in the US, possibly in the 1970s or 1980s, he applied to become a teacher of German, most probably at Berlitz. It reads as follows:

*1913 My mother divorced my father Emil Gottlieb, Vienna Austria and remarried Mr. Willibald Lebach who lived in Duesseldorf, Germany. Thus, Mr. Willibald Lebach became my stepfather. I was brought up in his house and was known to most people under the name Theo Lebach-Gottlieb, although my legal name remained Theodor Gottlieb. I entered the Prinz Georg Gymnasium in Duesseldorf and stayed in that school for the next 12 years. (his later note: a "humanistic" Gymnasium where the emphasis was on classical education: Latin, ancient Greek, high German, middle German, etc. I passed my exams at 18, summa cum laude [except in mathematics]).*

*1925 I received my Arbitrenten-Diploma which was signed by the Director of that school, Professor Martin.*

*1926 I attended for one year the Preussische Fachschule Fuer Textil-Industrie (bandwebemaschinen) in Barmen (now Wuppertal). [for the textile industry, offering manufacturing courses in ribbon and fabric weaving, braiding, and trim assembly]*

*1927 I worked as an apprentice in the firm of Frank & Lehmann, Koeln, Untersachsenhausen (two years)*

*1929 I studied, for one-half of one year, German literature, German Theatre at the Duesseldorfer Schauspielhaus under the Intendatur of Dumont-Lindeman and passed my Deutsche Staatliche Pruefung as an actor. (The certificate now being in the file of Dr. Ettinger)*

[In 2018, a generous young Düsseldorf journalist conducting background research sent me the following notes:]

*I went to the archive of the Düsseldorf theatre today. They have three letters by Theo Lebach-Gottlieb, as he called himself then, written to Louise Dumont and her husband Director Gustav Lindemann. They were a famous thespian couple who ran their own private theatre with an*

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*acting school in Düsseldorf. On a visit to Dusseldorf, Theo applied for a few months' voluntary practicum in acting there; he studied there for about three weeks, sometime between September and November 1931. In his application, he notes that he has taught drama for some time and that he has studied acting in Berlin and has a diploma from the Bühnengenossenschaft. He writes in the last letter to Lindemann that due to urgent circumstances, he has to return to Berlin and thanks him again but hopes to make a greater commitment to him at a later time.*

[In May 1929, there is evidence Grete moved to Charlottenburg to join Willi, where he continued in company management, although the name was changed to Lebach and Company, Women's Fashion, probably driven by the joining of fashion magazine and manufacturing interests (presumably because Bachwitz AG was well known for its contacts among fashion capitals served by its fashion magazines). In 1931, the company appears under Lebach & Company in fashion magazines. In 1924, Willi also became a director on the Bachwitz AG board.]

*1929 to 1933 I worked in the offices of "Chic Parisien, Bachwitz A.G., Modejournalverlag Generalvertretung fuer Deutschland in Berlin." I've lost contact with everyone there since the end of 1933.*

[While the dates from Theo's letters are at variance with those in his CV, the substance of his memory and the letters coincide. He lists his addresses as Berlin W.50, Schaperstrasse 29 and, on Willi's stationery, Kneesebeckstr.68, Berlin-Charlottenburg.]

*To my great chagrin I cannot remember the exact name under which the firm was listed...this could be ascertained by the authorities in Berlin. The immediate predecessor [sic] of the "Generalvertretung" was Albert Schalscha, Modejournale. He had this business for decades until his death until the firm for which I worked took over.*

[Other documents note that Albert Schalscha was, in fact, Arnold Bachwitz's brother-in-law.]

*1933 to 1938 I moved to Vienna where I worked for the motherhouse (of Chic Parisien).*

*As of this point in time I could only find one witness who is still alive and can verify my statements. He went to school with me in Duesseldorf, visited me quite often in Berlin and other places in Germany. His name is ---- and his address is Emmen, Holland.*

[Subsequently in this same document, he entered the following revealing information, but again the dates appear a bit uncertain.]

*Having always been attracted to the study of languages, to literature, drama and especially the spoken word, I enrolled for two years at the Deutsche Hochschule Fuer Dramatische Kunst, a subdivision of the Duesseldorger Schauspielhaus which, under the direction of Dumont-Lindemann, had become the acknowledged center of the Arts and Philosophy in Germany. I then continued my studies at the University of Koeln where I studied "Germanistic" with the intent of getting a doctorate in Philology...a way of life I distinctly preferred to the alternative of entering my stepfather's textile firms. But the advent of Hitler interrupted my studies just before their completion. Being of Jewish ancestry I left Germany and, after living for a while in Zuerich,*

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*Suisserland [City of Zurich records read: Influx to Zurich from Berlin (Germany) on 12 June 1933, Departure from Zurich to Berlin (Germany) on 10 October 1933], I returned to my native, yet almost forgotten Austria, where on a freelance basis I wrote essays and [publicist] articles for some of my Grandfather's (Arnold Bachwitz) publications.*

*I also took on students for instruction in drama and elocution and helped youngsters to overcome nervous speech defects.*

*In 1938 Hitler decided to follow me into Austria.*

*I spent seven months [sic, calculating 11/38-5/39, slightly longer than official documents state], without any great enjoyment, in Dachau, and then managed to immigrate, via England, to the United State where I worked for a few years as a shipyard worker at the Marine Shipyard at Sausalito near San Francisco. Shortly after the end of the war I left San Francisco for Hollywood where, for a while, I was engaged in a variety of film and theatrical enterprises. In 1948 I moved to New York and have been living here ever since, trying – and until recently succeeding – to make a livelihood as a writer and performer and occasional lecturer in colleges all over the country.*

There are some fuzzy areas and missing pieces in this rendition of Theo's own biography. Absent clear evidence to the contrary, I tend to believe Theo's own brief rendition of his life, particularly the sequencing. Some exact dates may represent his best memory, given that he had no surviving papers from his pre-war years. One must search government files and correspondence to find exactitude.

For example, after his being returned from Zurich, Switzerland to Berlin, Germany in 1933, I have no independent information whether his exit from Austria or Germany to Switzerland was impelled by official police action, immediate threatening conditions, or simply his natural reaction to the larger social, political, and legal circumstances around him.

Similarly, while some sources suggest that Theo was born in Dusseldorf, I accept his version and documents that he was born in Vienna. I also cannot place where exactly, in the sequence of events, he pursued his advanced studies in Dusseldorf; in one version it is 6 months, in another it is 2 years. For example, records in the Dusseldorf Holocaust Memorial site indicate that Theo moved to Prinz-Georg-Str. on May 29, 1914 where Willi and Grete had established their residence. In 1918, they moved to Humboldtstr.49 where Theo resided until 1927. In January 1928, it was recorded that Theo moved to Paris, consistent with his memories of becoming a writer/publicist for Bachwitz AG publications, including a time in Paris. However, this rendering conflicts somewhat with his own telling of acting school in Dusseldorf in 1928 and teaching acting students in Berlin. He seems to have been a jack-of-some-trades for a few years, perhaps an obligatory stint for his grandfather's company or merely making a living but pursuing a theatrical career on his own.

Very interesting was Theo's aside about the change in Bachwitz AG management not long after the death of Arnold Bachwitz in 1930. The structure, personnel, and dynamics of the family's management from 1930-1939 remains unclear to me, absent other internal business documents. Such documents from



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a Jewish company have likely been destroyed. Nazi-era documents, on the other hand, focus extensively on their own later ownership and management of the company.

Given that Theo's document was a job application, he naturally elided some parts of his short version of his history, much as he did with his lengthy transit stay in a "Kitchener National Service" camp near Manchester, England, his job in Palo Alto, his marriage and divorce, and so on. As I found him a largely honest and frank person, I do not view these elisions to be significant or misleading.

However, there is no support for an Austrian document that Theo and his new wife Lisa left Vienna together; the 2009 Vienna State Magistrate's Archives, relying on contemporaneous documents, show Theo and Lisa emigrating Vienna for London together via Belgium on July 23, 1939. The Archives have no additional information, nothing to indicate Lisa's totally improbable return to Vienna, a much later documented departure for the United States via Lisbon, or Theo's reaching London. What, Austrian precision fails just when I have learned to rely on it?

Finally, unlike much of the hagiography published about Theo after his death which mingled his personal and professional personae entirely, his own detached and ironic rendition is, in my experience of my father, just like him. Theo's stage creations were just that, bizarre and sometimes frightening creations of a lively, sophisticated, introspective, and ill-used artist, but not the gentle, edgy, insatiably curious man himself.

Theo's history and that of his elders is embedded in the documented history of Germany and Austria. In Germany in 1932, the assaults on and boycotts of Jewish shops and professionals, such as doctors and lawyers, became quite serious and in 1933 became deadly and highly organized, supported by an agitated public. In 1933 Hitler was appointed Chancellor, even though the Nazi party was a minority of the Germany electorate and representation. The government immediately began the marginalization and disenfranchisement of the Jewish population in law, policy, and practice. In addition to the boycotts and physical terror, the Jews began to lose their jobs as civil servants, scientists, and artists. The Nürnberger laws of 1935 determined the Jews to be "non-Aryans" and, in a state-engineered future, without political rights at all. These events eventually washed into Austria, first informally, then officially and immediately with Anschluss.

Here, I apologize for summarizing the Austrian and, in particular, the Viennese aspects of the history of Jews before, during, and after Anschluss, to place my family's microcosmic story into the larger context of that time and place. A few years after World War II ended, the Jewish Claims Commission issued a summary report -- History of the Austrian Jewish Community-- from which I have borrowed below:

*In January 1938, there were approximately 190,000 Jews living in Austria. One-third of these were no longer alive in May 1945.*

*The pre-1938 Austrian Jewish community was strong not only in numbers, but also in breadth and spirit. Before 1938, there were actually 34 Jewish communities in Austria. For example, in Vienna alone, (there were) 22 synagogues, over 50 prayer houses, a Jewish museum, Jewish libraries, schools, hospitals and medical clinics, orphanages, sports clubs, theaters, kosher kitchens, Zionist organizations, political associations, newspapers and journals and many charitable foundations.*

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*As a minority, Jews made up 3 percent of the Austrian population, but 10 percent of the Viennese population. In Vienna, they were disproportionately highly represented in the professions, especially in textiles (according to a June 1944 report by the "Survey of Foreign Experts" in New York, 80 percent of the 1st Republic's knitted-wear manufacturers and 60 percent of the rayon knitted-wear manufacturers were Jewish-owned). The arts and in academia (boasted) Sigmund Freud, Karl Kraus, Victor and Alfred Adler, Arthur Schnitzler, to name just a few.*

*Whereas Prime Minister Kurt Schuschnigg's 1934 to 1938 Austrofascist and clerical government was by no means particularly disposed towards the Austrian Jewish minority, the real terror for most of the Jewish population only began on March 12, 1938, when Germany's 8th Army marched into and annexed the 1st Republic of Austria – the Anschluss (Annexation). A plebiscite in Austria on April 10, 1938 resulted in over 99 percent of the eligible population – Jews and other "unwanted" citizens were not allowed to vote – voting in favor of the Nazi German annexation. Of an eligible 4.3 million voters, 4.287 million voted in favor. A mere 12,000 voted against.*

*In mid-March 1938, the Nazis and their followers (Austrian and German) began a wild and rapid expropriation of Austrian Jewish property, hand-in-hand with the extreme intimidation of and violence towards all Jewish persons.*

*On April 27, 1938 all Jews with total assets (in real estate, personal possessions, bank or savings accounts, securities, insurance policies, pension payments, etc.) worth more than ATS 7,500 (\$2,000) were ordered to declare them by the end of June 1938 (Vermögenserklärungen). These assets of 47,768 valid declarations totaled over \$800 million at that time. The Nazi authorities wanted to loot these assets, which would contribute to their war preparations. Private Nazis looted these assets as contributions to their own pockets.*

*The night of November 8-9, 1938 there were violent riots, wild arrests, and the burning of synagogues and Jewish prayer houses (known as Kristallnacht – or "the night of broken glass"). Some Jews were sent to the Austrian concentration camp Mauthausen. Others were sent to firms, construction sites, etc. as forced laborers.*

*By December 3, 1938, there was an "order regarding the use of Jewish assets." By February 1939, the head of a major Nazi-controlled Austrian bank consortium, Hans Rafelsberger, noted that 77.6 percent of the aryanization of Jewish shops and businesses (of a total of more than 36,000) that were to be kept functioning (about 4,000) had been achieved. The majority had gone to Nazi Party members.*

*Soon, SS 2nd Lieutenant Adolf Eichmann (like Adolf Hitler, a native of Austria), established a system, a "model" in Austria for solving "the Jewish problem": evict the Jews and keep as much of their assets as possible. He set up a Central Office of Jewish Emigration. Letter from SS Untersturmführer Eichmann to Herbert Hagen, May 8, 1938:*

*"...All Jewish organizations in Austria have been ordered to make out weekly reports...The first issue of the Zionist Rundschau (ZR) is to appear next Friday...I am now on the boring job of censorship... In any case, I have got these gentlemen on the go,*

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*you may believe me. They are already working very busily. I demanded an emigration figure of 20,000 Jews without means for the period from April 1, 1938 to May 1, 1939, from the Jewish community and the Zionist organization for Austria, and they promised to me that they would keep to this."*

*Between 1938 and 1941, expenditures of the American Jewish Joint Distribution Committee for swift Austrian Jewish emigration amounted to close to \$2 million. The funds, administrated via the official Israelitische Kultusgemeinde Wien (IKG) – the only Jewish organization allowed to function following the Anschluss – benefited more than 130,000 persons. Other organizations, such as the Council for German Jewry, London, and HIAS also contributed funds – up until the Americans' entry into the war (Pearl Harbor, Dec 7, 1941). At this point, U.S. relations with Austria were completely severed. For those lucky enough to escape, the price was heavy: special taxes of all sorts (for visas, passports, health certificates, etc.). Some had to renounce ever returning to the "land of the German Reich." Most left everything behind.*

*The first deportations of Austrian Jews began in October 1939, when about 1,500 Jews were deported to Nisko. Few returned. Between February and March 1941, another 5,000 altogether were deported to Poland. By December 1940, there were still about 50,000 to 60,000 Jews living in Vienna. They were mostly unemployed, evicted from their homes and living with other families, crammed into "collective" apartments, their bank accounts blocked or frozen; in short, they were barely surviving.*

*October 15, 1941 marked the beginning of the first systematic deportations of Jews from Vienna to the Lodz Ghetto (Litzmannstadt). Soon thereafter, deportations to Minsk, Riga and Terezin (Theresienstadt) followed. July 17, 1942 was the first deportation of 995 persons directly to Auschwitz. The deportations continued into 1945. By the end of the war there were approximately 5,000 Jews left in Austria.*

The period between April-November 1938 begins with Nazis seizing many of the ownership shares from Arnold Bachwitz's wife and daughters and ends with Theo being swept up in the November Pogrom. After the November 1938 pogrom, it was clear to many that there was no future due to the systematic elimination of Jews entirely from the economic and social life of the German society; others, like Lisa's mother, continued to deny that their world was coming to its end with no escape. Intangible hope became their last lifeline

After plumbing the little direct information I had of Theo's arrest, detention, experiences, and later release from Dachau and expulsion from the Third Reich, I had no idea how common or uncommon his experience was. Here, Offenberger (p.101) provides the most useful map:

*The scale of Nazi terror unleashed against the Jews of Vienna peaked for the first time after Anschluss in late May and early June 1938. Large-scale raids swept throughout the city, the Austrian police arrested hundreds of Jews, and SS men loaded them into special trains headed for the first German concentration camp, Dachau, near Munich.*

*Contemporary reports inform us that from the very moment at which the Germans removed these men from their homes, they set out to keep them calm and hopeful, yet break them down physically and spiritually, and assume full power over them. "Dachau is a place where we will*

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*teach your father to work and become a useful member of society..." As the Germans removed these men from their families and the greater community, they left behind a terrible scar on the community. At the outset of these random arrests, the Nazis had already attained an initial goal: cooperation and obedience had been established; retraining courses were over-flowing; the emigration system was well underway: Vienna's Jews were looking toward a future for their families outside Austria. The first wave of arrests helped to move the process along even more efficiently: Vienna's Jews appeared more vulnerable and proved even more willing to cooperate with their German oppressors for the chance to leave...While the terror of the Anschluss pogrom soon persuaded Vienna's Jews that it was necessary to cooperate with the Germans and follow an organized emigration procedure, a few still hoped and believed they lived in a society where a basic rule of law still applied and/or that Hitler might not last. This was a false construct. The German decree from May 24, 1938 called for the immediate capture of "criminal" and "asocial" Jews, igniting a wave of over 1,800 arrests throughout the city of Vienna in a matter of weeks. Thus, in June 1938, Nazi persecution of Jews in Vienna intensified yet again, but this time started on a private and individual basis. The decree targeted innocent men and summoned them to spontaneous arrest, questioning, holding, transfer, and deportation to the concentration camp Dachau, outside of Munich, Germany. In contrast to the public display of violence that ignited during the Anschluss pogrom, these arrests were acts of terror camouflaged by decency and deception. (Offenberger, p. xi-xii)*

*The arrests and transports in May and June increased the turmoil in the already panic-stricken Jewish community. If the political and social figures rounded up after Anschluss might have anticipated their arrest due to the shift in government, the second wave of men could not...they were caught off guard, brutally uprooted from their daily activities, seized from their families and community. The arrests were so sudden and random that when they occurred, many victims did not even know or understand at first that they were being arrested, nor did their families, or the community at large. According to one survivor of the operation...it seemed that not even the Austrian police carrying out the detail knew exactly "what was happening and what process they were helping along." But the arrests, on the contrary, were an officially orchestrated measure, ordered directly by Hitler and planned and carried out by the Austrian police, Gestapo, and SS. Wanting manpower, Hitler expressed his wish to have all "criminal" and "asocial" Jews arrested and used for forced labor to help rebuild Germany.<sup>9</sup> Gestapo headquarters in Vienna issued and distributed a Schnellbrief (urgent circular) dated May 24, 1938 to all the police district precincts in Vienna:*

*It has been ordered that unpleasant Jews, especially those with prior criminal convictions, are to be arrested and transported to Dachau Concentration Camp. The arrests are to be carried out through the individual district police commissioner's offices. Only Jews of German (Austrian) nationality and stateless Jews are to be considered. Jews over fifty years old are only to be arrested if they have a particularly heavy charge against them. Jews clearly unfit for arrest are not to be considered.*

*This command led to the unprecedented arrest and deportation of some 1,800 Viennese Jewish men—and, ultimately, to the end of their lives in Austria. This transition, from secure life at home to incarceration in Germany, did not happen overnight. A long and painful journey stretched between the point of initial arrest and the men's arrival in Dachau. The unjust and cruel measures implemented by the Austrian police and Gestapo, starting*

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*with the initial arrests, carried over into police stations and holding spots in Vienna and climaxed on the train journey. By the time the men arrived in the camp, the authorities had stripped them of their most basic civil rights and turned them into helpless beings. Somewhere during this experience, they reached a breaking point where they realized life in Vienna had come to an end, but this harsh reality was difficult to accept and registered with them at different points along the way, usually not until they were on the train or set foot in the camp.*

*Why did it take the men so long to realize the danger they were in? First, at no point were they given information about what was happening, why, or what was yet to come. And as they did not understand the perilousness of the situation, they did not try to run, hide, or resist in any way. They did not anticipate their arrest or consider themselves criminals. They had no way of recognizing their last moments of freedom quickly slipping through their hands. Once arrested they maintained false hope and they were often deceived—encouraged to believe—that they might be released and permitted to return home soon. Surviving victims documented their harrowing arrest and deportation experience in letters, diaries, testimonies, and legal statements in the days, months, and years following their release from a concentration camp. Each victim described the piercing injustice he had encountered and feelings of frustration, anger, disbelief, and helplessness. While each victim experienced the arrest and transport differently—depending on age, health, previous war experience, and personal background—all agreed that this arrest marked a pivotal moment in their lives. (Offenberger (pp.102-04)*

There was a deliberate tactical randomness in the violence and threats in the early days following Anschluss -- who was targeted, why, where, when, and how -- whether actions in the street, arrests at businesses, arrests at homes.

*The destruction of the Jews did not begin in the death camps; it ended there. The new order that governed the streets of Vienna in 1938 revealed a breakdown in the rule of law; Nazism opened the door to public violence and terror and for the complete dehumanization of the Jew. No one came to their aid. Those who witnessed these acts of barbarity—the bystanders—cheered on the perpetrators, sanctioning and encouraging their actions...These events were an alarm bell that no one heard or knew how to interpret. (Offenberger, p.43)*

*While some Jews tried to remain calm and keep faith in their Austrian heimat, they could not prevent hysterical depression from spreading. Many people saw no future—in or outside of Austria—and turned to suicide. The atmosphere in the spring of 1938 drove an unprecedented number of Viennese Jews at an abnormally fast pace to end their lives by suicide. Over five hundred people killed themselves within the first two months. This was no secret at the time...the new regime forbade newspapers to publish accounts of suicides. The New Republic described the situation in Vienna as “the most sickening spectacle of Nazi barbarity in one of the most highly civilized cities in the world,” and prodded its readers to consider the Jewish despair in Austria: “Is it any wonder that prominent men and women—including skilled doctors and writers—have killed themselves rather than endure this senseless persecution?” Members of the American consulate shared similar sentiments in their reports to Washington, relaying how the new environment had created an explosion of suicide led by mostly wealthy persons and skilled professionals...Those who committed suicide were already convinced in spring 1938 that there was no way back and no way out—Jewish Vienna had come to an end.*

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*The fact that so many resorted to suicide so quickly—at this time when they still had other options—reveals the devastation created by Anschluss. Indeed, these suicides reflect what we now know constituted a pre-genocidal period in history. (Offenberger, p.49-51)*

*The spontaneous, unconstrained violence and chaos of Anschluss did not continue for long. On April 23, Hitler appointed Josef Bürckel Reich Commissioner for the Reunification of Austria with the German Reich and ordered him to take control over affairs in Austria and put an end to the public violence. The Nazi dictatorship was eager to implement a process of systematic expulsion and expropriation of Austrian Jewry. With this change, open persecution and plundering petered out, the terror of the pogrom dissipated, and suicide numbers decreased. Some Jewish victims, praying for a restoration of stability and order, felt reassured by Bürckel’s appointment. But for most the damage had been done: Hitler’s Anschluss had convinced a majority that Austria was no longer their home. Anschluss and the weeks directly following should be recognized as the Vienna Pogrom of spring 1938. During those months, the Nazis and their friends humiliated and dehumanized Austrian Jews and created such an atmosphere of anxiety, fear, and distrust that Jews were willing to do anything “just to get out!” (Offenberger, p.55)*

According to Offenberger, there appeared to be no clear rationale for early Nazi action vis a vis arresting and removing one Jew male at a time (p.101-4). Some appeared to be taken at random, off the street or in their homes and businesses, to either engender terror and flight or to provide young manpower for forced labor. Others were taken for very defined specific reasons – to compel them to relinquish their wealth and/or to punish and humiliate them for being professionals, office workers, shopkeepers, and other “non-laboring” workers. This would appear to be clearly the case for Theo who was arrested in the November wave.

November 1938 witnessed the second pogrom on Viennese Jews (emphases are added that highlight conditions that most probably affected Theo).

*Emigration may have been the agreed solution to the misery of Vienna’s Jews, but it was nevertheless an extremely difficult process, one that proved impossible for many. Emigration required patience, diligence, and cooperation, as well the ability to make difficult decisions and take extreme risks under unfamiliar circumstances...there were no guarantees, and often individuals were given a chance to leave, but at the last minute there was a problem: for example, a family member fell ill and only one ship ticket could be filled instead of two. Thus, individuals faced the agonizing dilemma of leaving loved ones and relatives behind. Would the separation be only temporary? Or permanent? Some took the leap. They seized the opportunity to emigrate, fled the Nazi web, and prayed to reunite with their family members after the war’s end. Most left Vienna determined to facilitate emigration possibilities for their family once they had reached a safe haven. All too often this was not how the trajectory played out. Rather, some family members escaped; others were left behind—and trapped...Why some got out and others were caught in the Nazi web is another question that has burdened many Viennese Jewish refugees and their descendants to this day.*

*The aftermath of the November Pogrom posed serious challenges to the organized emigration effort due to the permanent destruction it left behind. Vienna’s Jews may have been shocked by*

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*the terror of the pogrom (the physical destruction of property, the burning of synagogues, the arrests and deportations) but they were more devastated by the results of this destruction which destroyed some people's chances for escape...the physical damage to Jewish property posed financial challenges upon individuals and the community causing people's emigration plans to fall apart. Addressing the plight of Vienna's wealthiest Jews, we see that in fact they were not so lucky to have assets and property at this time.* (Offenberger, pp.xii-xiii)

*Different from Anschluss, the November Pogrom revealed to Vienna's Jews (and the outside world) the might and scope of the Nazis' racial antisemitism and terror. Likewise, its aftermath—the arrests, destruction, and financial regulations—turned an already difficult situation into a horrific one. Desperation to save themselves and their family members made Jews even more vulnerable and willing to cooperate with the German authorities. Thus, in the aftermath of the November pogrom, the Germans pulled the Jews deeper into the vicious—and growing—cycle of victim/perpetrator cooperation, which would eventually assist the genocide, but that in the meantime continued to enable emigration. The onslaught of setbacks brought by the pogrom might have discouraged individual hopes, but it did not deter the IKG (Israelitische Kultusgemeinde Wien – the only Jewish organization allowed to function following the Anschluss) from continuing its mission to get all able-bodied Viennese Jews out of Austria as quickly as possible. Emigration continued in the months that followed, and certain foreign actors helped sustain its efforts. Whereas the outside world had been most apathetic to Hitler's invasion of Austria and the ensuing Anschluss pogrom, media coverage following the November pogrom against all of German Jewry raised awareness and concern in some corners of the world, particularly the island of Great Britain.*

*England was one country that made a difference in the future of Viennese Jewry, opting to ease its immigration policies by allowing for the immediate admission (although not permanent residence) of an increased number of Jews via the Kindertransport action, the erection of transit camps, and permitting Jews to enter if they had secured positions as domestic help. The English government by itself could not help everyone, but its willingness to provide massive assistance kept hope alive in the despairing community. After witnessing the terrors of the November pogrom, Vienna's Jews did not collapse under German demands, but became ever more determined to find ways to get out of Austria. It was at this time, in their bleakest moment since the invasion, that through cooperative efforts with each other and the IKG, Vienna's Jews managed to resist Nazism and organize to enact some small miracles. Together, the people and the IKG arranged the release of many arrested and deported men from concentration camps.*

*The Germans deported over 7,000 Jewish men from Vienna to Dachau from the Anschluss through the November pogrom. **More than 5,000 were released between December 1938 and March 1939** due to the combined efforts of their loved ones and the IKG, and the ability of both to cooperate with and function under the increasingly oppressive German authorities. **Inmates who could prove that they could emigrate immediately could be released from the camp.***

*The Richborough refugee camp in Kent, England stood as an important destination, a short-term transmigrant haven for persons who urgently needed to get out of the Reich—primarily, although not limited to, men trapped in Dachau and Buchenwald...There was not room in Richborough to accommodate everyone. The IKG, which received the thousands upon*

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*thousands of letters begging for acceptance into these camps, was again faced with the heavy burden of determining which case was more pressing than the next... The IKG understood that while transit camps allowed some to leave immediately, they could not help enough.* (Offenberger, p. 185-8)

*Upon arrival in Vienna, most newly released men were forced to say their final goodbyes to family members almost immediately. They had been freed upon condition that they would leave the Reich within a specific period of time, ranging from a fortnight to six weeks. Extensions were sometimes granted to men whose papers were in order and awaited a US quota number but, more often than not, people left within the predetermined time or they were picked up and incarcerated again.* (Offenberger, p.190)

*Austria had a very high survival rate due to the Germans' early policy of forced emigration, which was designed and implemented in Vienna. Over 120,000 Austrian Jews had already escaped the Greater German Reich before the Nazi administration decided upon the final solution to the Jewish question... While it is legitimate to remember Vienna's thousands of Jewish émigrés as the "lucky ones," the many ways in which they were also not so lucky, are important, too. Fortuitous circumstance may have helped them to escape, but many did not feel fortunate to have survived, and this became evident particularly after the war. Many Jews felt condemned to live in the shadows of the final solution through which their families were brutally annihilated.* (Offenberger, p.299-300)

So, in Vienna, the Jewish Problem in 1938 was dealt with as a temporary, nasty, visible, immediately excisable cancer. It started with great intensity – threats and realities of physical violence, loss of civil rights and legal status, followed by self-expulsions, wealth expropriations, detainments in concentration camps and jails, and then final deportations. One would have thought that the huge decline in Jewish numbers remaining would have reduced the original Nazi intensity of "get out!" There seemed to be some exhaustion of interest as the Jewish numbers declined rapidly, although the reality of violence remained.

I share Offenberger's surprise why, if the expulsions and threats continued apace, the Nazi Party and the government threw up countless official, procedural, and financial roadblocks to departure – exit permits, entry permits, passports, visas, fines, fees, releases, flight taxes, wealth taxes, property damage costs due to Nazi depredations of Jewish assets, papers, papers, days-long lengthy lines waiting to be processed, delays, fees required to be in hard foreign currency, lost fees, rapid inflation in shipping ticket prices, expiring tickets before permits processed, unavailable tickets, separated families, health examinations -- that slowed some individuals down but netted many others, leaving perhaps 3% of resident Jews left. Could it be only the remaining money? Or the need by the Party and government to continue to have at least some real live targets in Vienna to focus public attention, anger, and remaining violence away from other matters?

*At the same time as Jews wrote to family members and friends abroad, they stood on line at the consulate of the country of destination to apply for an immigration visa. Some began this process days after Hitler invaded Austria. While corresponding with far-flung kin carried its own challenges (sometimes communicating in a second language), it did not rival the difficulty of trying to speak with a representative at a foreign consulate. Applying for a visa was a major ordeal that lasted anywhere from hours to days, and it exposed applicants to danger. While the*



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lines were certainly longer outside the American consulate than the Ecuadorian consulate, for example, they stretched beyond all consulates' doors, because people wished to go anywhere and everywhere. In summer heat or winter snow, Jews stood hours awaiting entry to these offices. And as the consulates offered them no protection while they waited outside the doors, they stood as easy targets for Nazi thugs and random Gestapo arrests. Sometimes people came the night before and slept outside; other times they arrived very early in the morning. It was not uncommon to stand all day only to reach the entrance just as the office closed. Then one had to return the next day and start the process all over. Some people, particularly the elderly, could not stand in these lines at all, and so they paid or bribed someone younger to stand for them.

All of this waiting and anticipation was just to get inside these consulates where, for ten minutes, even Jews might still be treated as full human beings and offered the chance of getting out. This was not always the case, however. Sometimes people waited and waited and learned only when they got inside that they were not even eligible for emigration to that country, or that their chances of getting a visa were extremely slim. For those potential emigrants who found hope within the walls of the foreign consulates—hope that they would be able to obtain a visa sometime in the near future—life seemed brighter for a brief moment. But they exited with no guarantees at all of getting out, and little more than perhaps a number of their file-in-process. As they stepped off the grounds of foreign sovereignty and back onto the streets of Nazi Vienna, they returned to a hostile environment that was no longer their home.

Jews needed to do a lot more than get through the doors of a consulate in order to receive an immigration visa. This was the case for all countries and applied particularly to immigration to the USA, which stood “as one of the most important countries of destination” ... The ZR noted a huge demand for immigration to the USA, reporting that in the ten days immediately following Anschluss (March 21 to April 1) over 25,000 people inquired at the US consulate for immigration visas. This did not mean that the USA was opening its doors to the refugees or easing any of its immigration policies...the USA was not only the most desired country of immigration, but the most difficult into which to gain entry. A major difficulty of immigrating to the USA that did not apply to other countries was that in order to register for a visa, one needed a financial guarantor in the USA to send an official written statement, an affidavit, to the consulate or the IKG on one's behalf. This condition for entering the USA was established in 1930 due to the depression...Guarantors had to prove their financial standing to the US government and provide a notarized document with this information for the potential refugee.

Obtaining an affidavit was just one of the problems Jews faced in their struggle to enter the USA. Those fortunate enough to have one in hand sought a number on the US consulate's waiting list or quota. Each year a designated number of people were given permission to enter the USA if they satisfied all the regulations. With the start of the new fiscal year on July 1, a new quota was opened, starting at zero. One hoped that by the time one made it to the top of the queue at the US consulate, there would still be room in the current year's quota, but this was rarely the case. The quotas were too small and always over-subscribed. For example, the quota established by the USA for Austria in the beginning of 1938 had only 1,413 slots; 25,000 Jews lined up outside the American consulate in the first two weeks following Anschluss.

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For many people, the greatest hurdle was not getting permission to immigrate but clearance to emigrate. Jews needed a visa to enter a foreign country, and they needed official government clearance to leave Austrian soil. Obtaining exit papers was as difficult as securing immigration permissions. The Germans made the exit process particularly difficult, imposing steep financial demands upon Jews and instituting special tax requirements for them to fulfill prior to their departure. Although their aim was to make the country “Judenrein,” their policies remained exigent, even when these requirements held Jews in Austria. As a result, some 800 people with permission to enter over 40 countries in Europe and overseas (other than the USA) were stuck in Vienna in November 1939, and this was not an isolated occurrence.

Jews were unable to obtain emigration clearance for a variety of reasons. Some did not have a valid passport and could not get one. Before the establishment of the Zentralstelle, Eichmann's Central Office for Jewish Emigration, only the head of police, located in Vienna's fifth district, could issue passports. This office was insufficient to serve the tens of thousands of Jews needing a passport to emigrate. And the long lines stretching the length of the city block stood as prime targets for vicious Nazis...Passport regulations were particularly problematic for Austrian Jewry due to the region's history. As people entered the IKG and filled out emigration questionnaires, they encountered the following questions: Do you have a valid passport? Where was it issued? What is the date of expiration? The answers to these straightforward questions revealed that the new German legislation on passports was confusing and that few people understood exactly what it meant and how important it was to have a valid passport. Many people replied that they had a valid passport, issued by the head of police in Vienna, which they believed was valid for up to five years. The expiration date, however, indicated that it was an old passport for Austria that was actually not valid anymore. This kind of confusion complicated the strategic process of emigration and obstructed one's ability to get out.

When Germany annexed Austria, it was understood that Vienna was now part of Germany and that the citizens of Austria would soon become Germans. And indeed, Austrians got German citizenship on July 3, 1938. If they were interested in traveling out of the country, they needed to replace their Austrian passports with German documents. This was also the case for the thousands of Jews seeking to emigrate; they too needed German passports. These passports would not be granted to everyone, however, because many people had been born outside the First Austrian Republic and did not qualify for a German passport. If one was born in a region of the former Austro-Hungarian Empire but obtained Austrian citizenship after World War I, one could reapply and get a German passport. But if one had not acquired Austrian citizenship during the interwar period—and many people simply had not—one now had to apply for a passport at the consulate of one's respective country of birth. In some cases, these people were temporarily more fortunate than others, as they could travel to their native country on their old passports.<sup>77</sup>

In August 1938 a new German law prompted by negotiations with Switzerland, required all German passports held by Jews to be stamped with a red “J.” So marked, Jews were barred from entering neighboring countries. This new passport requirement presented new obstacles to the emigration. The date the passport was issued or modified with the “J” was printed next to the stamp and the passport bearer was given exactly 365 days to leave. In contrast to previous passports and passports held by Aryans which were valid for five years, these new passports

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were valid for one. This created an added layer of difficulty regarding timing and coordination of documents. Then too, for those who had already gone through the process of exchanging an Austrian for a German passport, and whose immigration papers were close to being dispatched, this new requirement was a major setback which could prove detrimental to their chances of emigrating. When people appeared at the passport office for this modification to be applied, it was possible that their other documents would be found to have expired, or that some other problem would be found.

The flood of regulations the Nazis imposed on Jews, and especially financial restrictions, posed a great challenge in the struggle to get out. **The German principle was that the Jews should leave the country, but only after they forfeited their assets to the German state.** In order to obtain permission to leave the country, people needed to go through a bureaucratic obstacle course to provide proof that they were in good financial standing, had handed over all their assets, and paid all their taxes. Only with proof of completion—after they received a tax clearance certificate (*Steuerunbedenklichkeitsbescheinigung*) from their local district tax office—could emigrants be issued a passport from the head of police and dispatched with funding and assistance from the IKG. It was very important that once the document had been received the person did not let it expire, but the tax clearance certificate—like the quota number, affidavit, visa, and passport—was valid only for one year. As time passed and the Germans imposed further taxes, Jews' financial situations deteriorated, making it more difficult, if not impossible, to receive this essential document. Obtaining and preserving a tax clearance certificate was thus another tricky factor in the twisted route to departure. (Offenberger, p. 149-51)

Let us leave this insane trap for Viennese Jews and return to an earlier and happier time that set the stage for Theo, Willi, and others to depart Austria, indeed, Europe itself before the terrible conflagration to come.

#### C) A Detour Back to 1926 with Albert Einstein and Grete

The purpose of discussing Albert Einstein (yes, that Albert Einstein) at some length in this memo is not due to my admiration for the world's most recognized man, nor his great achievements themselves, nor for my grandmother Grete's illicit relationship with him, nor an interest in attaching myself to this celebrity, but for his role in my very existence. No, really. My existence is independent of his scientific and speculative theories, either proved or replaced, but his contributed to ensuring Theo's future. Let me tell you the documented family story, revelatory of what interesting lives these supposedly staid bourgeois folks lived, cosmology and astrophysics aside.

During 1926-1933, Grete and Albert, both married, struck up a friendship/romance that was not a well-kept secret. (Highfield and Carter, 1993) In later years, Theo reported that Einstein visited with the Lebachs in Dusseldorf for three weeks in 1926. Theo reports playing chess with Einstein in this period, a claim that some doubt given Einstein's aversion to the game. So much for first-hand testimony from Theo, an accomplished chess player himself.

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The relationship between Grete and Albert is well established in letters and biographies. The beginning of the friendship/affair could not be exactly dated. Some of the letters which are located at the Albert Einstein Archives are dated 1926.

*After his return from South America, and possibly in response to pressure from Elsa, Einstein hired a male secretary, Siegfried Jacoby. A few months later, while lodging with friends in Düsseldorf, Elsa apparently reacted with jealousy to the way Einstein described his hostess. Einstein replied insensitively: "What funny business are you writing there about Mrs. Lebach? You think that I would be capable of being disloyal in such a way to a splendid man whose hospitality I was enjoying and with whom I was socializing as a friend?"* (Buchwald, p.152)

This seemed to be a three-party (Albert, Grete, Willi) friendship but a two-party affair. The affair probably occurred between 1928-1933, after which time Einstein departed Germany.

There is no way of knowing whether Willi knew or cared about the affair between Albert and Grete. I know of no correspondence between my grandparents or from Willi to Albert about this topic, even though there is some significant correspondence between and among them over the years. There is nothing contemporaneous that reports on the Grete-Willi marital relationship, so unlike that inside of the Einstein household and well-known outside at the time.

But there are clues about friendship and affair. I don't know the degree to which I would place confidence in letters in the private market attributed to Albert Einstein and involving my family. I found two such letters for sale just this year in reputable online and brick-and-mortar dealers of rare books. They are interesting. In one, dated 1929 from Düsseldorf, Einstein wrote "an autographed untitled poem in German to Willibald and Margarete Lebach. One sheet, on verso of a typed letter signed to Einstein from German humorist Emil Schrader, dated 18 April 1929, dated in pencil by Einstein's secretary, Helen Dukas, in the top margin... Einstein had a gift for impromptu light verse, as is shown in this poem written to thank his friends Willi and Grete Lebach for their hospitality when he attended a conference of the German Physical Society in Düsseldorf in 1929. The poem dates from around the time that Einstein and Margarete Lebach became lovers, a relationship that appears to have lasted until Einstein left Germany permanently in 1933... Next to the poem, in what may be Margarete Lebach's hand, is a penciled inscription in German which can be translated as 'You can have so much beauty in you/that the others around you are beggars.'" (*ViaLibri*)

In another site, I found a letter signed by Elsa Einstein to Margarete Lebach estimated to have been written between 1929-1933, which is described as "38 lines of handwritten text on two sides of one plain sheet... With a translation from the German. Elsa offers to meet Lebach – one of Einstein's mistresses – in a public spot, such as a pastry shop, rather than on the sailboat or in Einstein's apartment (Albert's idea, *sic*). Elsa tells Lebach about their trip to America in January after which Albert would be returned to Lebach happy. Interesting personal content especially since Elsa reportedly married Einstein in 1919 after being his mistress since 1912!... The letter mentions their house in Caputh, which was built in 1929 or so, and they emigrated to the United States in 1933, so this places the date of the letter in this timeframe." (*John K, King, used and rare books*)

I would have tried to acquire these pieces, but I found their asking prices to be high and their provenance unknown to me, so I failed to pursue them.

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One of the biographers of Albert Einstein and the science editor of The Telegraph wrote under “Einstein’s Theory of Fidelity”, July 7, 2006) wrote:

*Letters in which Albert Einstein openly discusses his girlfriends and moans to his wife how they showered him with “unwanted” affection were made public for the first time yesterday. The large collection reveals the private life of a much younger and good-looking Einstein, the man who talked about his extramarital affairs with his second wife even though she accepted his philandering only reluctantly.*

*The letters were released yesterday by the Albert Einstein Archives at the Hebrew University of Jerusalem. Spanning almost 3,500 pages, the correspondence encompasses letters to and from his first and second wives and his two known children between the years 1912-1955 and confirm a more rakish and human image of Einstein that first began to emerge two decades ago with private correspondence and the use of suppressed manuscripts. Einstein’s dalliances feature in the almost daily letters he wrote to his second wife Elsa, herself once the subject of his extramarital attentions, and to her daughter Margot while away from home. Although Einstein’s philandering will not in itself be news, the letters fill in many details and create a more detailed picture of Einstein than that offered by the iconic image of an old man with wild, white hair. In 1923, he fell in love with Betty Neumann, the niece of a close friend. Einstein did his utmost to integrate her into his family life. He failed. His parting words to Betty are remarkable and touching: “I must seek in the stars what was denied to me on earth.” Between the mid-1920s and his immigration to the United States in 1933 he flirted with various women, including Margarete Lebach, a blonde Austrian... The letter to his wife Elsa reads [about another mistress]: Mrs. M definitely acted according to the best Christian-Jewish ethics: 1) one should do what one enjoys and what won’t harm anyone else; and 2) one should refrain from doing things one does not take delight in and which annoy another person. Because of 1) she came with me, and because of 2) she didn’t tell you a word. Isn’t that irreproachable?”*

Enter here, as convenient as anywhere in this narrative, Willi’s brother, Hans (Heinrich) Lebach the prominent chemist. In addition to sales and manufacture, Gebruder Lebach, via Hans, became an innovator in the chemical development of a synthetic silk, in competition with Bakeland (also the developer of the highly-successful resin-based plastic precursor, Bakelite). Perhaps Albert and Grete were introduced to each other through Hans’, Willi’s and Albert’s shared interest in the 1920s in materials science, synthetic fabrics, and plastics; Willi’s continuing interests would have been in commercial applications. Since some of the field’s professional meetings were held in Dusseldorf, Einstein was a three-week’s guest with the Lebach’s for at least one of these meetings. Hans appears to have owned corporate interests in these applications but was rewarded for his efforts later by being locked up in Dachau concentration camp for one half year, called “protective custody.”

Grete was described by most Einstein biographers as the “beautiful blonde Viennese” and the relationship caused considerable grief in the Einstein family, as did his relationships with subsequent girl-friends/mistresses, considered to be an open secret by local people. Apropos of nothing, I fail to understand why most Einstein biographers refer to Grete as a “blonde beauty;” it makes her sound more like a Hollywood siren, bombshell, or bubblehead when she was none of those. Would the tale have been less lurid had she been only brunette?

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Frequently, Grete and Albert went sailing alone at his summer home near Caputh, on the Tummler (“Porpoise”), his lovely little sailboat; there are numerous published photos of Albert and Grete on the boat, a 50<sup>th</sup> birthday gift from some wealthy friends. Einstein’s wife Elsa went shopping in the city whenever a visit by the “Osterreicherin” threatened, which was often weekly according to the gossips, household servants mainly, whose writings and interview testimony are the only record of this complicated household life.

*Then there was a blonde Austrian, Margarethe Lebach, who became a weekly visitor to Einstein summerhouse in 1931. She too brought edible offerings for Elsa – vanilla pastries that she baked herself. Einstein celebrated their delicate flavor in verse, writing that they made “the Little Angels Sing.” Frau Lebach enjoyed great liberty in his company, as Waldo has explained; when she came, Frau Professor would always go into Berlin to do some errands or other business. She always went off into the city early in the morning and only came back late in the evening. She left the field clear, so to speak. The Austrian woman was younger than Frau Professor, and was very attractive, lively, and like to laugh a lot just like the Professor.*

*The couple’s relationship [she visited the house almost every week according to Denis Brian, pp.180-1] was an open secret among local people, who would see them sailing together. But vanilla pastries can buy only limited wifely sufferance. Others overheard a passionate argument about the Austrian interloper between Elsa and her daughters. Einstein was angry, and the maid listened through the wooden walls of the summerhouse as the girls told their mother she must either put up with the relationship or seek a separation. They spoke of Einstein merely by his first name, rather than their usual and more affectionate “father Albert”. Elsa was in tears, but she made her decision. The trips into Berlin continued.*

*It was this kind of humiliation that drove Elsa into fits of jealous rage. Once, after a sailing trip at Caputh, Einstein forgot to bring back from the boat some clothes that needed washing. His conscientious assistant Walther Mayer volunteered to fetch them, and brought back a bundle that Elsa took away to sort out. Shortly afterwards, Einstein was summoned inside and the guests overheard a sharp exchange of words. It emerged that Mayer’s bundle included an elegant and very low-cut bathing dress, which he had wrongly assumed to be Margot’s (Albert’s daughter). Conrad Wachsman, who recounted the story, added that the outfit belonged to “a good acquaintance” of Einstein, and that Elsa became “monstrously worked up.” Without naming the woman, he went on:*

*Her appearances in Caputh brought vexation with her every time, above all because the people in the village chatted about it. True to say, I understood the anger of Elsa Einstein, which I was very sorry about, because everything in Caputh was always poisoned for a few days after the visits of this beautiful woman.*

*Einstein joked that he preferred “silent vice to ostentatious virtue,” but there was little that was furtive about his affairs. Either they were conducted in open view, or easy clues were left for Elsa to discover.*

*In 1933, the Einsteins departed from Germany setting up a temporary home on the Belgian coast. Micha Bettsek, [Einstein’s godson] vividly remembers the presence of a beautiful Viennese in her early 40s. This was Margarethe Lebach, the same woman who had caused Elsa so much heartache in Berlin. “She was a very nice-looking lady who was a very close friend of*

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*Einstein's and who many years later my mother and father more or less implied that it was rather more than that," says Bettsek.*

Einstein simply saw his flings as non-serious affairs that didn't interfere with his feelings for his spouse. "Out of all the women, I am in fact attached only to Mrs. L who is absolutely harmless and decent, and even with this there is no danger to the divine world order," he wrote in a letter in the 1930s to his second wife Elsa's daughter Margot, whom he relied upon to keep Elsa from becoming angry about it all. (According to biographer Isaacson, "Mrs. L" was an Austrian woman Margarete Lebach, with whom Einstein had an extramarital affair. ([Albert Einstein's Theory of Infidelity](#), Genius Article, National Geographic Channel.)

In a letter that even I find scarcely plausible, on a website called "Einsteinwrote", dated December 23, 1930 from Pasadena, California, Einstein writes

*Just met with Eddy Hubbell. He was eager to talk to Elsa and I about his huge telescope. He claims it is the largest and most powerful telescope in the world. Quite insistent about it. Showed us pictures. He carries newspaper clippings describing his big telescope. Elsa seemed quite intrigued by his report. Took him off to have a look at the stars from the deck here. He says his big telescope has confirmed my prediction that the universe is indeed expanding. I didn't have the heart to tell him that I just pulled that idea out of my ass when I needed an "amazing" way to conclude a presentation at the Berlin Academy. But I am happy to take full credit. I am after all not a genius for nothing. Coincidentally I got a letter from my lovely Miss Lebach with a photo of us out sailing last summer. Such memories. If only she knew how much she had contributed to my expanding universe prediction. A real blonde shiksa and me. Now that's a universe that's expanding."*

The evidence for the relationships among Albert, Grete, Willi, and Elsa is contemporaneous, that is, in letters and photographs from the late 1920s through 1953; there are also letters from Albert to other correspondents about his attitudes towards women in his life. The letters may be more or less reliable than the stories from biographers' interviews with Einstein's servants and guests but they all point to the stormy relations between Albert and Elsa over his relationships with Grete and other mistresses over the years, much of which is well-documented.

Einstein's executor destroyed many personal letters, so that some of the record is blank. In addition, his daughter Margot held the release of many of his letters until 20 years after her own death. But other extant letters include those between Albert and Willi before and after Einstein's departure, after Willi's departure to the United State, and from Albert to both Willi and Grete. There are also letters from Elsa to Grete and from Albert to Elsa. There are also a small number of published photos of Albert and Grete aboard his own little sailboat Tumbler at his home in Caputh and another off Long Island, New York. His home in Caputh as well as the boat were confiscated in a German police raid.

#### D) A Fun Detour But to What End?

The key to this story, for me, if no one else, is not that the famous man and my grandmother had a long affair or friendship, cool as that is, and on a lovely sailboat, cool as that is. It is that Einstein was the

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intended exit instrument for Grete (almost) in 1937 and an actual instrument for Willi, and Theo to arrive safely in the United States shortly before the war broke out in Europe.

I think I can safely conclude the following. History shows that Einstein in America worked hard to save many Jews in his social and professional circles (both quite large) in Europe. According to Brian, Einstein had many people asking for his political and financial assistance and was lucky enough, in America, to have an income and other resources (e.g., auctioning his books and papers, supporting fundraisers) that enabled him to support larger efforts and lend a helping hand to individuals but not long-term financial support, efforts opposed by his university.[Isaacson, pp.429-31]

To bring specific persons out of Nazified Europe, he encouraged the US State Department to arrange the safe passage across the Atlantic for some of his relatives, professional colleagues, and close friends (that is, not those safely in Switzerland and, far less safely in hindsight, in France, Belgium, Denmark, and Holland). His amiable relations with the Roosevelts and the administration were helpful in this regard. To be effective, he had to vouch for their character and their ability to be financially secure in the States. He (and they) also had to demonstrate that they had established their relationship to Einstein prior to Einstein's departure to America. Frequently, this was evidenced by letters and photos of Einstein with the person in social settings, in professional meetings, and on his sailboat.

Clearly, Grete, Willi, Hans, and Theo, fit into these formulae. All could be sponsored by Einstein during this period of his great influence based on his well-known relationship with Grete, pictures of them together on the boat, and motivated by his regard for Grete, her husband, and their son. All three listed Einstein's address in Princeton, New Jersey as their immediate destination on the ships' manifests on their voyages to the United States between 1937-1939. I would also argue that Einstein was able to guarantee Willi's financial condition based on his German-American business involvements (noted in extant letters between them) and ensure Theo's financial independence by asking his colleagues in the Princeton-Stanford physics "club" to find any job for Theo.

In 1936, Grete, living at Gustav-Tschermak-Gasse 1, was diagnosed with breast cancer in Vienna. In the last year of Grete's life, she visited Albert in the United States, aboard the [SS Champlain](#) which arrived in New York from Le Havre on June 11, 1937. The ship's manifest lists her destination as "Friend, Prof. A. Einstein (112 Mercer Street, Princeton, NJ)." The manifest states she will return to Austria and gives her husband Willi's address as Vienna 15 Wohllebengasse. It was probably her first and only trip to the United States. She was shortly to have her photos taken on holiday with Albert in Huntington, Long island NY on his borrowed sailboat that same year. It was their last sojourn together before she returned to Vienna and, sadly, died on August 17, 1938 aged 53, of cancer. There is no way for us to know whether this was clearly an inescapable farewell visit between lovers and friends or a chance to arrange her emigration from Austria or both.

The timing and exact purpose(s) of this tiring trip are unknown and subject only to speculation. It is unknown how long she stayed before her return, but, after starting the American process for immigration, she returned to Austria, dying in Vienna before the process could be completed. According to Herrfurth's notes to me, the Albert Einstein Archives in Jerusalem holds at least two letters in their collection to demonstrate that in the spring of 1938, Grete had begun the process of a June 1938 immigration to the United States and that preparations for it had been made in the United States.



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Grete was, as a Jew, denied needed surgery by Nazi authorities in Vienna. She wrote her will, designating that Willi and Theo would each receive half of her estate (which was ½ or 1/3 of outstanding Bachwitz shares, shared with her mother Rosine and her sister Alice). Grete died on August 17, 1938 at the Hospital of the Jewish Community, Vienna 18, Wahringer Gurtel 97. Her body was cremated at Vienna's Central Cemetery.

Two months after her death, Theo was arrested in Vienna and held in Dachau and not released until March 25, 1939, when he surrendered his claim to his estate for 10 Reichsmark and was subsequently released from Dachau. The 2003 US equivalent value of his 1938 shares in the company was \$3,400,000. At the time, Bachwitz AG was considered one of the principal sources of foreign currency inflow in GrossDeutschland, since 65% of their production was exported to countries ranging from Argentina to Britain to Sweden to Romania.

#### E) The End of Bachwitz AG and the Bachwitz Family of Vienna

Earlier, I noted the rapid confiscation, by various legal and illegal means, of the businesses, properties, and personal belongings of Jews and the requisite payment of the flight tax in order to escape Greater Germany in the late 1930s and early 1940s. The proceeds of the sale of these commodities were, eventually, retained by various levels of government. These takings were confiscated for the benefit of the German Reich under laws first promulgated in 1933 and later that took from all German Jews, at a stroke, their German nationality and their entire wealth, both real and financial. In 1939, all established business activities by Jews in the Reich were prohibited. Later, in 1941, laws were promulgated which dictated that all the wealth of German Jews currently living or traveling abroad or who had moved across any frontier was confiscated.

For example, in 1939, Willi and other Lebach family members had to relinquish all their property and personal wealth. In return for surrendering all of his ownership of these companies and his household, and paying the flight tax required by emigrating Jews, Willi was allowed to leave the Third Reich at approximately the same time as Theo. Among Willi's personal household items meticulously listed in the confiscation were his wedding rings, an electric stirrer, an electric iron, and three sets of pajamas. All the proceeds of the sale of these items were retained by, first, a bank and then government.

I take some comfort that those who confiscated this property from my family had worn or operated them well and then had their rewards turn to ashes. So, I suppose I am not a nice person, I have not learned to forgive and forget. Particularly, when I read the details of their confiscations from these families, through their precise and dutiful accounting as privateers and rag pickers to their overseers. And these were not strangers but neighbors.

"Escape" itself was premised, of course, on the conditions that individuals could pay the requisite flight tax, complete other national confiscations, assure their transportation costs and possessed the entry papers to a receiving country. The chemist brother Hans Lebach and his wife paid their flight tax and took ship to New York via Cuba in 1938, also accompanied by their dachshund. They moved to Newark, New Jersey where Hans was in correspondence with Albert Einstein at Princeton, New Jersey; their existing correspondence is maintained by the Albert Einstein Archives in Jerusalem.

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On March 16, 1938, immediately after Anschluss, an Alfred Leithe-Jasper arrived with associates and a squad of Austrian SS-type men in the company offices of Mrs. Rosine Bachwitz (Arnold's widow and Grete's mother). Leithe-Jasper, a printer, had been the main supplier and a creditor of Bachwitz AG. With threats of immediate incarceration by the SS-type men, he was able to intimidate Mrs. Bachwitz, her daughters Grete and Alice, and her sons-in-law Adolf Strel and Willi Lebach, to immediately give him their Bachwitz AG ownership shares. This looks, to my modern eyes, like outright personal greed under the color of state or Party authority using a thin facsimile of due process and law. Leithe-Jasper first relied on his financial dependence to demand lower prices and the shares. On March 17, 1938, Leithe-Jasper was appointed by Nazi authority as supervisory commissioner of the company, charged with aryanizing the company and turning its publishing functions into propaganda.

The sudden, unexpected, and forceful raid on the company resulted in the suicide of Adolf Strel (Alice's new husband and a director of the company) the following night and the imprisonment of Willi. Alice was arrested and deported on June 10, 1942 to Prague and was "lost" in Tallinn, Estonia. All the shares were taken from Jewish hands and transferred to the acting majority commissioner, Leithe-Jasper; the intimidation and extortion was so dramatic and drastic even for Austrians, that he came under investigation for these immediate post-Anschluss activities. It was a ruthless taking, even for Austrian Nazis. On the other hand, the happy taking was communicated in a congratulatory memo from one State Commissioner in Vienna to another regional official in Cologne, under the salutation "Heil Hitler!"

As a result of the Party investigation, as well as his inexperience in directing such an enterprise, Leithe-Jasper withdrew from Bachwitz AG management within several months. Another Nazi, Adolf Luser, finally shared the directorship and management of the company. The main task seemed to be the dejudaising of the company. The correspondence, the governmental and nongovernmental orders, and instructions deal mainly with this task. Thus, the directors fired all the Jewish technicians and artists who worked for years in the firm and who helped in its development. They substituted certified Aryans, who were racially correct, but had neither the years-long experience nor the capabilities of the fired Jewish staff.

The new management received orders to continue to dejudaise the Bachwitz firm name as well. The name was changed in 1941 to Wiener WeltMode Verlag AG., Vienna Fashion World Publishing Company. Nazi authority became the owner of this firm upon purchasing the 20,000 Bachwitz AG shares on November 4, 1942 and converted the company into a publicity and propaganda firm for the regime. This brief history is consistent with Hachtmann (2012) who, in his lengthy tome, depicts key industries taken or nationalized by the Third Reich and applied to the national purposes 1933-45. The section I reviewed is a subsection devoted to the expropriation and use Austrian and Sudeten book and magazine companies, including Bachwitz AG, itself based in part on the writing of Ursula Schwartz (pp.343-350).

I am not competent to detail the complex Nazi expropriation of publishing and printing firms, their interim management by Austrian and German parties, their closure or formal nationalization and management, and incorporation of other uses. The pattern appears, in large, similar within and across different industries dependent on the roles and locations of these industries and companies within Greater Germany. When it touches upon Bachwitz AG as a very significant and profitable enterprise based on an international market, it briefly depicts the somewhat masked transformation of some

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financially valuable private Austrian properties and enterprises, such as Wiener Chic Parisien-Bachwitz (the name, the markets, the women's fashion products, the salon), its post-Anschluss integration into the centralized state authority, its aryanization, its ultimate isolation from the outside fashion world, and its name changes both as a company and its many fashion products, including designs and beautiful women's wear. These had produced more than 90% of its revenues abroad, thus hard foreign currency. The magazine publishers were an integral and key part of the very large Vienna textile and fashion industries. I did discover in a brief note that, in 1942, the authorities had considered removing the salon to Paris, then in Occupied France, likely to improve or recover its international exports markets.

Following Grete's death, on September 1, 1938, Willi (one of her heirs in her recent will and a director of the company since 1924) applied for his inheritance but it was revoked by the Austrian authorities immediately. Like Theo, Willi was compelled to remain in the Reich until he surrendered his entire claim to Grete's estate as a "flight tax," required by the Third Reich's Flight Control Unit, as a prerequisite for leaving the country. He had already transferred his ownership of Lebach and Company. The tax was a confiscatory tax, severely limiting the number of Reichsmarks able to be exchanged or taken from Germany. Willi requested immediate confirmation in writing to be registered as having been cleared by the tax office for his payment of the flight tax and other charges to leave the country. He was committed to depart the territory within the month, which he did on October 25, 1938.

Grete's mother Rosine, then deemed to be Willi's successor to Grete's estate, and Theo, were each compelled to refrain from any claim to the Bachwitz estate "absolutely and without reservation." They signed documents, of which I retain copies, to deny any claim of inheritance to shares in the company, without reservation, for which Theo was remunerated 10 German Reich marks. This was recorded by the District Court on 31 March 1939. Theo had been taken into custody nearly 2 months after his mother died and remained in Dachau until 25 March 1939 when he was released with the stipulation to leave the Reich within 30 days. In 1942, Rosine was taken to Theresienstadt concentration camp where she died five months later. The gravesite of some of these family members is located in Vienna's Central Cemetery and is marked with a large headstone.

The fate of my family is a microcosm of what happened to countless Jews and others in Germany, then Austria, and then bordering countries, as Nazism flourished and, later, the Nazi war machine changed those early expulsion and deportation orders into the Holocaust's extermination enterprise. The term "microcosm" is frequently used and misused in the depiction of how the "personal" tracks with the "societal" in Vienna from 1938-42. In Appendix III, I discuss these ties by reference to a handful of the most current works on these subjects.

The first step was the removal of civil identity, then civil and property rights from these people, followed then expulsion from German-dominant spaces to spaces east, then selective killing of males not able to provide productive labor, then reducing the burden of "useless mouths" from the Nazi economy, and then killing for its own mad sake.

So, in my family, first the older members, who would or could not emigrate, were taken and, given the privations of their camp conditions and treatment, died of "natural causes." Members who could surrender wealth, like Theo and Willi, and pay the "flight tax," obtain exit and entry documents, and afford transportation, could accept the "gift" of expulsion. Shortly thereafter (literally, a matter of

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months) those numerous family members who merely waited, unbelieving or incapable of swimming against this tide, were sent east to camps where their deaths were later recorded.

These extorted relinquishments (by Grete, Alice, Rosine, Willi, Theo) was the basis for my claim, six decades later, to the Austrian General Settlement Fund.

#### F) Theo "Escapes"

Theo spoke frequently about having emigrated to Switzerland in 1933, only to be deported back to Berlin, Germany for working illegally (playing chess for money) in Switzerland in contravention of his visa status. Theo's story left the impression that his emigration to Switzerland was a flight from ascendant Nazism in Germany. Yet, strictly speaking, he was only briefly in Switzerland, some four months, arriving in Zurich from Berlin on June 12, 1933 and returning to Berlin October 10, 1933, according to the Zurich city archives. No other Swiss sojourn has been recorded. There is no concrete evidence of what he did between 1933 and 1938, but his own CV states that he returned to Bachwitz AG in Vienna.

Theo was arrested and detained at the Dachau concentration camp for about 4 months 11/14/38-3/21/39; the dates vary with different documents, but are consistent with the history and purpose of the November Pogrom. Much of the objective of the November 1938 and the detentions in Dachau, approximately 7000 men, was specifically to create chaos and fear among both the arrestees and their families outside, to develop a source of young manpower, and to encourage wealthier Jewish citizens to sign over their material wealth to the state, where they would be released if committed to leave the Reich immediately without property. In the end, five of every seven men "detained" in Dachau were eventually deported somewhere. (Offenberger, pp. xiv-xv)]

In Dachau, Theo was seriously abused, his front teeth knocked out, and his nose broken. He had to witness the terrible abuse of others in the camp, depicted in Offenberger's book and summarized elsewhere in this paper, and suffered throughout his life from the dreams and memories, as well as his own injuries, of what he saw and experienced. The purpose of his arrest appears clearly to pressure him to legally and "voluntarily" revoke any claims to his own and his mother's estate, a legal nicety.

Having the signed revocation documents, the Gestapo ordered Theo released under an expulsion order that then required him to leave the country in 30 days or be re-arrested with what turned out to be deadly consequences for many. This process was typical for hundreds of wealthy Austrian Jewish males detained and processed in Dachau during the November Pogrom. Unlike the bureaucratic and financial nightmare, described by Offenberger, facing Jewish applicants for emigration in both the Third Reich and the intended host countries, it is likely that the Gestapo order to release individuals cut through all such procedural requirements and delays to facilitate the expulsion; additionally, since Theo was an international traveler for his work, he may also have carried, unlike many other Austrian Jews, a current passport that simplified his departure.

It is also likely that the IKG provided direct assistance to these men in transiting Belgium, entering Great Britain, and waiting in Kitchener Camp for visas, tickets, quota openings, sponsors, and other assistance to the United States and other receiving countries. Finally, it is likely that, for Theo, Albert

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used his influence with the State Department's consular service, the IKG, and his own financial and residential resources to facilitate Theo's meeting those requirements and getting him to the United States. I believe this is what Theo meant when he reported that Einstein was responsible for his "escape."

Theo always reported that Einstein got him out and he was in a position to know; this is reported as a fact or conclusion, however, in Calaprice, et al, 2015:

*Einstein had tried to help them [Willibald, Grete, and the boy Theodore] leave Austria for the United States after the Anschluss, the annexation of Austria by Germany in May 1938. A death notice printed by her husband and son announced that she had died prematurely after a long illness... Because there are photographs of Einstein and Grete sailing in Huntington, Long Island, taken by well-known photographer Lotte Jacobi in 1938, a year before Margarete's death, she must have come to the United States on a visit." (p.103)*

But there is no way of knowing exactly how much of Willi and Theo's escapes was due to the "pushing" forces of the Nazi expulsion policies, the "pulling" forces from the United States, itself becoming increasingly anti-Semitic and anti-immigrant, or financial and transmigration support of the IKG. Theo was silent on these matters except for the unspecified help of Albert.

After his release from Dachau in 1938-9, Theo reconnected with Elizabeth Kitty (Lisa) Garfein Schein (born Vienna May 22, 1921), the 17 year-old daughter of yet another Viennese family. Theo had been a frequent and long-term visitor in Lisa's parents' house, as she was a child of 13 when they first met. We do not know exactly how the beautiful young Lisa and the much older Theo courted and decided to marry. He was somehow a friend of the family and became infatuated with her while she was madly in love with this romantic, exotic, urbane older man. Lisa was a very interested and interesting person. In her youth, she was clever, insightful, moody, a member of the Corps de Ballet of the Vienna State Opera, as well as a skier and a skater. She loved music, art, dance, opera, and theater; she was always in the heart of "the scene." This did not seem to be primarily a marriage of convenience or an arranged marriage, but its timing was critical.

On April 15, 1939, the much older Theo married the much younger Lisa. She was the daughter of Ida Garfein and Ida's recently deceased husband Marcel Schein who died of a heart attack in 1936. Ida was remarried in 1938 to Ludwig Langbank, but in 1940, this couple and many of the Langbank family met their deaths in concentration camps. Lisa related being driven somewhat in marriage at Ida's (her mother) insistence and instigation, who had denied to herself until too late the seriousness of the Nazi state. This was not atypical in the age and social class to which she belonged nor the stress and danger of the times. While pinning her own future on hope, Ida wanted Lisa to marry a grown man who could take care of her as her father had. While the marriage probably came as a major relief to Ida and Ludwig, there was no indication that they had arranged this marriage, particularly as Theo was at the lowest point in his life having lost almost everything and everyone he relied on, had just been released from a concentration camp with the proviso that he exit the country almost immediately. The parental discussions must have been extraordinarily anxious for Lisa's welfare.

Theo emigrated alone via Belgium and England where he was maintained in the Richborough Transit Camp, a refugee camp formerly the Kitchener Army Camp, waiting for his papers and travel to the US were authorized. Letters from Lisa's aunt in England report Theo's stay there first in the camp, then a

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few weeks' stay with her, followed by a stay in a local guesthouse in England until finally his American visa was issued. [*The Richborough Transit Camp existed from March to August 1939 and served as a temporary stay for some 1,600 people between the ages of 18 and 45, particularly men who were released from Dachau. The IKG helped to erect this camp together with the Council for German Jewry in December 1938.*] (Offenberger, p.166, footnote)

Importantly, the aunt's letters record that it was only Theo's arrival in England that provided the diaspora family with complete news of the remaining family and deteriorating conditions in Vienna, as mail between the Axis and Allied powers was first censored and later stopped. There is no information whether Theo's eight-month delay in transit in England was unusually long or short. How long it took for any one refugee to obtain requisite papers from different authorities differed by individual and other forces such as resources, quotas, and situation. Not long after Theo's arrival in England, war broke out between the UK and Germany, probably changing, temporarily, Theo's status from "refugee" to "enemy alien" and from "transiting" to "interned." In addition, the United States, a neutral power, began to reduce immigration from Europe significantly by ordering US consuls to delay visa approvals on national security grounds. Finally, ships transporting civilians across the Atlantic were frequently torpedoed with the consequent deaths of hundreds, thus making more extended stays in English camps a more humane alternative.

Theo's visa was finally issued by London on April 8, 1940 and he departed Liverpool for New York on the SS Samaria on May 22, 1940 and arrived June 1, 1940; he immediately filled out a petition for naturalization. The manifest for the SS Samaria listed Theo heading for Albert Einstein at 112 Mercer St. in Princeton. According to the ship's manifest, Theo was born in Vienna and reports his father Emil as his nearest relative, at Marc Aurel Strasse 3, Vienna, where Emil apparently was living before he was sent to Theresienstadt. This suggests that Theo's relationship with his biological father had not ended with his parents' divorce so many years earlier or his acquisition of a stepfather. Theo's stated intention was to stay and become a US citizen. Upon arrival, Theo received his mail through Willi Lebach (1472 Broadway, New York), then, in 2/41, through a Miss Lee Morgen (640 Mason Street, Apt. 407, San Francisco).

When Theo departed alone in 1939, the situation in Vienna was very bad and getting worse. Lisa continued to reside with her mother at Wein Lower Weisgarberstrasse 9, perhaps an apartment required by the Nazi authorities, not necessarily the residence previously occupied by her family. Letters of the time suggest the forced removal of some Jewish persons and extended families from their apartments and being squeezed into others, preliminary to later expulsion East. The Schein family in Vienna was compelled to take in "patients," elderly and ill Jews who were required to leave their own apartments and care institutions. Lisa worked there as a sort of in-home practical nurse. But, literally, I cannot account for Lisa's life in Vienna from the time that Theo left to the time that she departed.

The extended Garfein-Schein family had already begun to scatter to the United States, England, Palestine, Shanghai, Sweden (Lisa's only sibling Harry departed alone in 1938 as a 14 year-old for Sweden) and elsewhere. Those who fled survived the war. Those who remained in Vienna and were the subject of still-extant family correspondence died in concentration camps between 1941-1943. The long listing of these aunts, uncles, and cousins is a horror to read today.



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Theo arrived eventually at Stanford University where Einstein had presumably arranged his employment as a janitor or elevator operator, relying on the physicists' international club. I said "presumably" because, as yet, there is no specific documentary basis for this presumption; there is no other explanation for this employment, given the US government's insistence on immigrants' self-sufficiency. Theo's transit experiences were shared with many others during a narrow window of time, until the outbreak of war.

Subsequently, Theo became a shipyard worker for five years in the naval shipyard in Sausalito. He kept waiting to "become a favored, wealthy man again." Instead, he experienced poverty and remaining in constant uncertainty.

#### G) Einstein Saves Willi

Before leaving Einstein and Theo, and recalling Grete's last visit in 1937 with Einstein in the United States before her death of cancer, there were other effects of the three-cornered relationship among Albert-Grete-Willi. It is unclear how this seemingly amicable relationship actually worked across the period from 1926-1938. In correspondence on the website of the Princeton University Press is an excerpt related to the Lebach family in 1932 in which Einstein put his thoughts about a coming war to them, shortly before his own departure to Belgium in 1933.

Based on correspondence and transport documents in the Albert Einstein archives in Israel, it is clear that Willi immigrated to the United States with Einstein's help and sponsorship. Will's ship, the SS France, left for the United States on October 20, 1938 and arrived in New York on November 2, 1938, very shortly after Grete's death. The manifest stated that Willi was bound for Albert Einstein's house at 112 Mercer Street, Princeton. The manifest noted that Willi had lived in the United States from 1892-1897, age 19-24, possibly indicating that he attended university there.

As with Albert and Grete, there is no way for us to know how Willi and Grete parted their lives at the end nor how either Albert or Willi felt about Grete or each other when they both resided in Germany or the United States and corresponded in ensuing years. Indeed, we know little of the friendship bond or social bond that preceded their emigration. From the first, however, Albert's tone in his letters appear warm, supportive, and generous. Willi's letters are clear that he relied on Albert's support to depart Germany and use of Albert's same home residence to assure American authorities that he had a place to stay. Most revealing about their friendship was the telegram from Albert to Willi on November 2, 1938, aboard Willi's ship, with warm greetings and telling Willi that Albert's friend will meet him at the pier and take him home to Princeton.

When Willi immigrated, he was already 65 years old and destitute. Willi had a very difficult time establishing himself in America and following through on Einstein's assistance was not smooth. Both were put in awkward situations because Willi did not stick to his agreements. Albert's tone was also exacerbated by Willi's seeming inability to follow Albert's advice and Willi's prior agreements. The Harry Ransom Humanities Research Center at the University of Texas at Austin campus holds a number of letters from Einstein to Willi, some handwritten and undated, some typed and dated, some long and some short, most dealing with Willi's attempts to establish himself in New York City. [See Einstein letters in William Ransom files].

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Willi and Theo, by contrast, had very little contact with each other in these later years; Theo talked about Willi as a distant uncle or as a man who had committed suicide. Theo remembered Willi as a great businessman but knew nothing of any opportunities that Willi may have followed or developed in terms of the American affiliates in the plastics industry or the fashion industry. A long-term friend of Theo's from the 1950s was once asked in the 1980s about Willi. He believed at the time that this might be a different Willi Lebach, not the stepfather, it was such a cool relationship. This may have been due to Theo's response to Willi's not formally adopting him after Willi's marriage to Grete and giving him his name. It is possible that adopting a son would have affected ownership or inheritance rights inside the Lebach family and companies or between the Bachwitz and Lebach families; whatever the reason, it became a lifetime resentment and grudge of the younger Theo. It may also provide some clue about the relationship between Willi and Grete.

I think that it may take more years for all of Albert's correspondence to be digitized and computerized and studied for their content. This topic of my family's relationship with and specific reliance on Einstein for emigration will be of little significance to future biographers so not much more is likely to be revealed on this topic. Given the fact that major biographers of Einstein have long repeated the larger Einstein-Lebach story in their books, I can now stop walking around wearing a disguise to hide my shame and embarrassment that my grandmother had both loose moral standards and good taste in men. But, also, my belated thanks at long last to Albert.

#### H) Lisa Escapes from Austria

Like her mother, the young Lisa was disinclined to leave Vienna as they believed that the situation would improve, that any war would be short, and so on. Both mother and daughter were headstrong that way, to their great peril. There were possibly imposed delays starting before the outbreak of war in Europe in 1939, including possible financial and bureaucratic constraints. Theo had not yet established residency in the United States. Lisa became seriously ill with some form of jaundice or anemia throughout 1940 and had exit documents problems at the same time.

As the situation looked increasingly dire, Lisa hoped to obtain a visa for Japan in March 1941 in order to emigrate to the United States from Kobe, but then the Japanese stopped that practice. Somehow, I know not how, she finally received a visa in Vienna on May 14, 1941 and her travel tickets to Lisbon. The story of how she got from Vienna to Lisbon is unknown. She arrived in Lisbon in late May, 1941. As Lisa told me, her stay in Lisbon was the first time she functioned as a person independent of her parents. As she told it, she loved Lisbon with a passion that bespoke more than just a few days of transit in that city waiting for her boat. But it may have been such a breath of free air that it made a greater impression on her. On June 3, 1941, she boarded the SS Nyassa for New York, arriving ten days later. She gave her mother Ida Garfein's address in Vienna as Wiesingerstrasse 3. She stayed in New York with her aunt until she continued her trip to California.

Lisa fortuitously exited Austria and Europe just before the entry of the United States into the war, otherwise her fate may have been sealed. We do not know, and she may not have known at the time, what forces came together to allow her to exit when she did. There is no evidence of further intervention by Einstein. I doubt that my mother, then a naïve and dependent teenage bride in Austria,

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knew or wrote to Einstein. Einstein was a friend, variously, of Theo, his mother Grete, and his stepfather Willi, and may have contributed to her escape, if required. It is more likely that she obtained her requisite papers once she met the basic conditions of Theo's having established American sponsorship, finances, and residency and the American quota for that year not yet filled. And I have no clue as to how these legally-impooverished individuals, hard-pressed even to buy stamps for their correspondence, paid for their transit through and from Europe and the time they spent in foreign cities. My guess is that sponsors, such as the IKG, aunts and other relatives already resident in foreign lands or other philanthropists fronted these costs as they could.

Of course, sheer luck may also have played a role. Theo and Lisa made their escape when so many other displaced persons were stymied entirely by the most complex and often seemingly minor bureaucratic and chance variables in governments' processing of people. I instantly flash back to the film "Casablanca" and the desperation to find passports, visas, and tickets.

In August 1941, Theo was rejoined by Lisa in San Francisco. Lisa worked briefly as a salesgirl at the City of Paris department store, the most elegant in San Francisco. In May 1942, their son Tom was born, the ultimate and well-reasoned purpose of the entire enterprise. Lisa joined Theo at work in the naval shipyard in Richardson Bay near San Francisco.

I know considerably less about my mother's side of my family, not because they are less interesting or accomplished than the Bachwitz or Lebach families, but because their history has not been formally or thoroughly researched as far as I know. I cannot find researchers whose shoulders I can stand on and am too lazy and/or old to start an entirely new quest. And Lisa did not leave significant tracks to begin the search. What I have is a sketchy tale of her brief young life in Vienna that is fleshed out only as I grew up as her child. Perhaps my much younger step-brothers...?

#### I) Lisa and Theo in America

In 1945, Theo started a one-man show in a little theater in San Francisco, with his horror tales, entitled "Laughter from Hell," which was artistically acclaimed. Nonetheless, he moved, in mid-1945, to Hollywood without Lisa or me to seek more stable theatrical employment. Lisa moved to Hollywood in early 1946, leaving me briefly with friends and encountering typical post-war housing problems for families (6703 1/2 Sunset Blvd, then 2510 N. Beachwood Drive). Shortly thereafter, all three were together in Los Angeles, where Theo tried, with some but limited success, to pursue his career and livelihood in theater. He appeared in a few films and performed his one-man show at the Blackguard Theater (4212 Sunset Blvd.) and had other theatrical enterprises detailed on various websites and newspaper ads and reviews.

The first intimations of my parents' marriage starting to fray began in 1946. Our little family had moved so that Theo could pursue his acting career in a much larger theater and film environment, filled with similar expatriates (actors, directors, producers, musicians, composers). Lisa obtained a job as a cigarette girl at Grauman's Chinese Theater. That coincided with an interest taken by Orson Welles in her; he would call Lisa at home to go out when Rita Hayworth was out of town and Theo was performing. I remember Theo's performing, as among my earliest memories of my childhood are Theo's

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black hat, cape, and walking stick as he said goodnight to me over my bed and of my mother's warmth and endearing smile the remainder of the time.

At some point in this long-ago time, Theo and Lisa allowed another older refugee, Ernest B. Lonner (aka Loewy) who was very poor but also from the German and Austrian theater, to live in their basement room. I don't know if or how the three of them knew each other in Europe or in New York before they all were together in California. One story was that Ernest had been Theo's acting coach but no evidence of where or when. Of course, Lisa and Ernest began a romantic affair. I know, I know, romantic threesomes were becoming a family tradition. But, this time, Albert was not involved, that I know of.

Theo and Ernest actually fought over Lisa in our back yard, a picture I have imagined my entire life, two short, middle-aged, barrel-chested Jewish artists with their long sleeves rolled up, disliking each other's politics as well as their woman's affections, punching each other to little avail, when I was about 4-5 years old. This fight was clearly not my fault, although I am sure I blamed myself at the time, I cannot remember. It stemmed entirely from Lisa being such a beautiful, kittenish, and smart woman. Theo departed and my parents divorced.

At that point, Theo moved to New York, became a widely acclaimed one-man show in theaters and, eventually, on television and worked as a writer, actor, and lecturer in universities around the country. He had guest appearances on national television on the late-night talk shows of Johnny Carson, Merv Griffin, Joey Bishop, Dick Cavett, Steve Allen, and David Letterman among others. A summary of his film work and filmed acts can be found at [www.brothertheodore.net](http://www.brothertheodore.net) as well as Youtube. An independent film biography of his life was produced by Jeff Sumerel, entitled "To My Great Chagrin; The Unbelievable Story of Brother Theodore." Numerous tape recordings and scripts of his shows remain in private hands and should at some time be donated to New York museums.

Theo disappeared entirely from my life as a custodial condition of the divorce. Forty-five years or so later, I found him at his apartment. A friend of mine happened to see and tear down a handbill from a utility pole in New York City and gave it to me, "Didn't you say that Brother Theodore was your father?" I wrote to his playhouse in Greenwich Village and he replied. I sent him a videotape of a public presentation of mine; he had his friends over and they all watched it together, surprised that I was so handsome. We began, very carefully, what was to be a close and interesting friendship for the remainder of his life, even though I was not looking for a father and he was not looking for a son.

Theo and his lady celebrated his 90th birthday in New York with my wife and me. He and I spoke frequently on the phone, issues and questions about our past and current lives tumbling out far too fast. I did not join the unusual coterie of friends and admirers of Brother Theodore, I was satisfied being a late-life confidante.

Theo died on April 5, 2001 at age 94 of pneumonia at the Mount Sinai Hospital in New York City and was buried at Mount Pleasant Cemetery in Hawthorne New York. An obituary for him appeared in the New York Times on 6 April 2001. A heavily attended memorial service among his friends and theater colleagues was held in the Center for Ethical Justice in New York City followed by a much more heavily attended service hosted by Dick Cavett at the Museum of Modern Art.

Since you have come so far, let me tell you one last story, one read at Theo's memorial service:

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*Unlike all of you here, I am not attached to Theo by choice, by friendship, or by admiration for his intellectual or artistic gifts. I am attached to him by an apparently huge amount of genetic material and a distant history. Theo's line ends with me, since I am the only son of an only son and have no children of my own.*

*I expect that you who know him well know something of the story of Theo, my mother Lisa, and my stepfather Ernest, who was also Theo's drama coach and a stage and film director of some note in Austria and Germany as an assistant to Max Reinhardt and Erwin Piscator.*

*Although I know all three versions of their story, one each per actor, I am convinced of nothing about it.*

*Like the wood-cutter in Roshomon, I know there are actually four versions of the story; the wood-cutter's version and mine are no more accurate than those of the menage a trois distantly observed.*

*I was around during that strange time among the three of them, but was too small a child to be aware of the dramas around me. I was not even aware that all three had heavy German accents. Suffice it to say that, at about age three or four, Theo had left, my parents had divorced, and my mother was marrying a man who made me eat peas, for which I hated him.*

*I had no contact with Theo after he had left, as my mother was strongly disinclined to talk about him and when she did, it was spiteful and disdainful. However, I grew up with loving parents and wanted for nothing that a child of Jewish refugees needed to have to become a whole person in the United States.*

*When my stepfather died in the 1990s, almost 50 years had passed since I had seen my father. While not needing a father at that time, I was curious about what impact his genes had on who I was, both physically and intellectually. So, I found him and he, reluctantly, agreed to meet with me in his apartment for one hour, a visit which stretched into five hours of questions and answers. One thing we did share was curiosity. It was gracious of him, during this visit and subsequent talks, not to present me with his public face which fascinated so many, but merely an older man to a younger man.*

*Not being a New Yorker, I did not join his coterie of friends and acquaintances but still was supportive of his hopes and ambitions. Nice to have ambitions in one's nineties. As well as an attractive and intelligent "girlfriend"; I read about this "girlfriend" in the Times.*

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*so it must be true.*

*What I want to share with you is this. In my discussions with Theo, he often asked about my mother, a woman who, in his mind, had not aged a day since they separated when she was a startling beauty in her early 20s. He could not imagine her a woman in her 70s and I did not try to create that image for him. I had brought a current family picture of Lisa and her entire family, including my step-brothers and their families; I could not bring myself to show him this picture because the picture in his mind was so perfect, pristine, indelible.*

*In the mid-1990s, a few years after my stepfather's death, my mother suffered a relapse of a serious cancer. Due to this illness, she aged 30 years in three months and her impending death was certain. I talked to Theo about this on the phone and, generally, encouraged him to talk to her once again.*

*So, picture this. My mother is lying on the couch, without the strength left to even play with her grandson. I am sitting next to her, reading a magazine. We are marking time, in the way that everyone understands with the term "inexorable." The phone rang and I answered it. "Tom, this is Theo. How is Lisl?" "Not at all well, do you want to talk to her?" As if, after 45 years of no contact, he would call out of sheer curiosity. "Ja." "Lisa, it's a friend." "Who?" "Just answer it."*

*I handed her the phone, she still a little cautious about my evasiveness. She listened a moment, her face softened and even beginning to blush, and her voice reverted to a girlish, tender, even romantic sound I had not heard for decades but was truly the sound of my mother's voice as it had been when I was a very small child. "Oh, Teddy."*

*They began to speak as they had spoken many, many years earlier and I moved away to give her privacy. Perhaps ten minutes later, she put down the phone and smiled. Something had come full circle in her life, thanks to a real person, not an actor, not a bio, but a person.*

*That is how I will remember him, as a real person, with his eyes wide open, seeing clearly, and understanding what he saw and felt.*

Thus endeth the entire European chapter of almost my entire Viennese family and company as I know them. Many other players, including the nameless employees, did not survive; they left our world in the hands and records of the Third Reich, in concert with the Soviet Union and others to destroy tens of millions in what Snyder (2010) calls the "Bloodlands." My family's story in Vienna ends in the Spring of 1941, before or just at the requirement to wear the yellow star, but only because they disappeared to their fates in the Bloodlands. Had I had more direct knowledge of what happened to my direct



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antecedents of these two families, I would have reported it here. More distant cousins, in the main, scattered to other countries to restart their shattered lives and build new families.

The story of my mother and my stepfather in America is another story of passion, accomplishment, assimilation, loss, guilt, and many other feelings and experiences, not atypical of political (how could they be otherwise?) artists who escaped the Reich and restarted their personal careers and their own nuclear families in new lands. My mother and my stepfather lived rich full lives against very powerful odds, in the face of major cultural, linguistic, age, financial, and other barriers, by dint of their equally powerful passion, focus, and labor. But that is a different story to be written by our pets who see us as we really are under their constant gaze.

## Appendix I The Lebach Family

The inclusion of a brief version of the Lebach family is integral to that of the Bachwitz family. The families were tied by marriage (Willi and Grete), company management, attachments to Albert Einstein, and the escape of family members to the United States

In brief, the history of the Lebach family (starting in the late 1700s), its properties and company (starting in 1856) and its several properties are the subject of Michaela Herrfurth's published manuscript -- Michaela Herrfurth, "History in Wuppertal", including local history and the Holocaust. Editors are the Bergische Historical Association, Department of Wuppertal, Wuppertal Historical Centre, City Archives, Wuppertal, Wuppertal City Library, Uwe Eckardt, Volkmar Wittmütz. Her report records the company's complex history and ultimate loss to the Nazis, but also documents the family's early progress and fortunes, its role in Jewish institutional and community and civic life in Elberfeld, and supports to the arts and architecture. It also documents the murder of many of the Lebach family in concentration camps.

My attorneys' materials for my reparations claim were considerably enhanced by Herrfurth, who was commissioned privately to reconstruct the history of prominent Jewish families in the history of Mainz, Elberfeld, and other communities in the region. Her searches took her to claims and other materials I provided, local community residential and corporate registers, newspapers, fugitive documents in Einstein archives in Israel and the United States, and published biographies of Albert Einstein, including helpful photographs.

Her focus was largely on Willi Lebach's family but, when she encountered the marriage to my grandmother and later their ownership and directorship roles in Bachwitz AG, she added and pursued both persons with diligence. Herrfurth began drawing together documentary materials in her creation of a manuscript on the Lebach and other families as examples of the experience and contributions of Jewish families in the Wuppertal-Elberfeld region of Germany from the late 1700s on through the present. Herrfurth's thesis is in German and details many aspects of the Lebach family -- genealogy, history of the textile and fashion companies, civic involvements, properties and locations, and some personal histories (to the degree they can be reconstructed).

Herrfurth was excited but quite apologetic to inform me that she discovered my grandmother Grete was publicly known to be a friend and lover of Albert Einstein. I told her that was OK, my grandmother's

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personal morality and deviation from accepted social norms was perfectly acceptable to me; it made Grete much more real to me, along with the photographs of the two friends/lovers on Einstein's little sailboats and stories about the two of them in Einstein biographies and, later, letters. I should note that marital infidelity seemed more commonly accepted in my family than I had presumed. I was so naïve about mid-century Europeans.

Gebrüder Lebach was formed in September 1856 by brothers Louis and Julius Lebach in Elberfeld and, later, Berlin, a successful firm over many decades. In 1868-70, the company was located at Louisenstrasse 102 Elberfeld; by 1874, the company was listed at Kronenstrasse 33 in Berlin. In 1888, it was registered at Greifswald Strasse with an additional owner Robert Lebach as a fabricator of mother-of-pearl buttons; in 1892-3, it was listed under Robert at Burdorfer Strasse 3, Charlottenburg, followed in 1894, by a buffalo horn button factory at Spandau Weg 4 in Charlottenburg. From 1875-1927, the family residence was a handsome building at Aue 3, Elberfeld; it was demolished in 1942 due to a roadway expansion (which later proved a traffic-unfriendly failure).

Four of Louis's seven sons joined the firm and ultimately inherited and directly managed it, in Düsseldorf, Berlin, Brussels, and London. Another brother, Hans (Heinrich), a renowned chemist is key to this family story and is depicted elsewhere in this document.

Willi Lebach, one of those four sons, was born on 6 December 1873 in Elberfeld. On 18 May 1911, he married Amelie (Mally) Rosenstiel in Neustadt. She was the daughter of a Jewish wine handler. They lived in Düsseldorf from 7 July 1911 until February 1912, when Amelie died of a short illness, noted on the registries in Wuppertal.

## Appendix II My Personal Journey into This History

I am certain that thousands of Jewish families, speaking different languages, who survived the Holocaust, wrote and left narratives similar to mine. Thousands more narratives exist of the non-Jewish victims of other genocides in the Soviet Union, China, and elsewhere before, during, and after World War II. The world scarcely needed one more such narrative. My purpose was only to satisfy my curiosity. In my research career, I cannot recall when I last conducted an investigation that entirely came from inside me rather than the needs and interests of clients.

Writing this story, putting pen to paper so to speak, was never a conscious decision. I merely started to write, as I usually do. The passion to complete it emanates from some part of me to which I have no access. And I won't pay anyone to help me find that portal. I was deeply into this past (not my past) before I ever questioned why. And I still have no answer. But it is like a painting -- at some perhaps some point, one has to wash the brushes and set the canvas out to dry as a complete product, if only for private use. (Although a friend of mine who, after retirement, began to paint without tutoring and then sold a seascape for \$200. He is beginning to find his attitude toward artistic commercialism changing.)

Perhaps it was all for you, the visitor to the Palais, and what you might decide you need. You may have asked or would have asked or should have asked or will ask and here is an answer of sorts. Perhaps you will keep me immortal for an hour or two, at least. Or maybe, I need an association with beautiful

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things, with new things, with interesting things, with things out of time, things out of place and things we cannot see clearly yet. As, I am sure, do you.

As an institution, idea, and building, this Palais endures and it should not remain silent; indeed, telling its story may help to ensure its future. This story is useful, even instructive, as it explains why this building was built, who designed, owned, and lost it, who took it and kept it, and why the arts that it supports can continue. Seth Wiener, the art director of the PDBA, asked me to write about my relationship to this building. He surely may regret this request now.

Arnold Bachwitz was the father of the Palais and also my great-grandfather. But for the particularities of the Austrian legal system before, during, and after World War II, I might have been owner or part owner; the building would have been a great place to hang the paintings I collect and for our cats to play in. Seth and I, between us, could not agree on the tie between the Palais and me now. Seth suggested “sisters,” but I remain uncertain.

Clearly, the Palais had parents, Arnold Bachwitz and its designers, Anton and Josef Drexler. Can we know what did Arnold set out to do or achieve? Did it emerge, over time, into something much more for him and his merry men and women, talented and skilled artisans? Or did he plan it all with exactitude? In my imagination, this entire enterprise in fashion and arts, in exhibitions and journals, in hand painted plates and posters, in products of the atelier, must have run away with him, at least from time to time, to his surprise, pleasure, and deep satisfaction. I cannot know that, only imagine it. Were I in his place, I would have felt quite smug.

When I first became aware of this story of my families in my reparations claim, I did not start with the dim mists of genealogy of the 1850s but with the end, also somewhat dim except for Nazi record-keeping, in the end of my families and their companies. As I learned more over time, I kept going back farther and farther based on a smattering of unorganized photographs, documents, letters, books, archives, and personal memories of long ago.

The story, if made into a movie, would project long sections of blank film where I had no information. There would also be long, very jumpy sections because there were many missing people, elements, or connections. Most movies are based on moving forward quickly with thousands of still images organized and projected through time as if they were unbroken. They present something is not quite real, in the same way that history does, limited to a set of conditions, characters, dates, and settings impersonating and explicating something past. If I rushed through my story quickly enough, hardly anyone would notice the many missing frames and sections, and my movie could, as a consequence, be entered into the smaller film festivals.

Routinely, as a professional social researcher, I would be dissatisfied with my reliance on so many, so varied, and so partial sources of information, with major gaps in contemporaneous documentation, the mixture of testimony and partial documents, the lack of surviving witnesses, and the need to make judicious decisions to fill in the gaps, not the least of which is my lack of any fluency in the German language (actually, I can pronounce it, I just don’t understand it). On the other hand, my cousins with similar family reconstruction interests have been far more stymied by the lack of textual evidence to flesh out the skeleton of names, dates, locations, births, deaths, and marriages.

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Today we call this a “low information environment,” where we rely on probabilities more than we intend. But where there is some information, there is life. For example, in some letters from 1938-9, I can see my mother, a girl/woman of 17 huddling with her loving mother in their chilly Vienna apartment awaiting dreadful things just outside the door. How odd it is to know with some confidence that many Jews in Vienna at the time were quite aware of the conditions and persons leading to the fates rushing toward them but could not even try to get out of the way.

Information dissipates rapidly, beyond our ability to inquire and be satisfied. This dissipation is not merely philosophical but actively physical and psychological. Much can never be retrieved, it is ephemeral even within our own lifespans. Memory reorganizes itself around certain inescapable elements, whether fear, loss, torture, escape, but leaving volumes of missing information in their wake.

When an artist is painting and is without burnt sienna, he or she paints a different painting. The same is true for survivors of a broken Europe. And when one is without many needed missing dates, names, events, personalities and motives, and relationships, historical “truth” is also irretrievable. As my friends tell me, “live with it.”

Remembering someone else’s past, not our/my own, what does that memory mean? When I look at all those people of long gone, I am not sure what lessons are embedded here, if any. I seem to be blowing gently on the black embers of the past, expecting perhaps just a brief orange glow somewhere in that pile, not a roaring fire but a tiny bit of warmth or light, a surprise, then colder embers again. Something with meaning.

I know that some readers will be unhappy about some missing dates and addresses, although I provide many of them. I will ask the same question that I asked when I was a high school boy in history class – what is in a date? Given the flow of time, isn’t one date very much like another because it is past? Take, for example, May 27, 1942. What does it really mean? Nothing. Oh, wait. I was born on that date. Now what does it mean? Still nothing. All that means today, in the end, is that I am older than you are.

I started this essay-story with how I came to find and peer into the past, itself a surprising set of events that continues to unfold. Even as I write these words, I have just received an inquiry from a German journalist asking questions about my father who died 17 years ago. Like cards flowing slowly from a baccarat shoe, more events and persons suddenly appear one at a time with an unexpected value, more questions become important, and more sources of information come almost without the asking. I keep telling myself, “That is all that there is, there is nothing more to be known.” And I keep being wrong, at every blind turn in the road.

I did not start these family inquiries out of idle curiosity or some deep-seated need to contact those with the same DNA who came before me. While I had always been intrigued and sometimes amused by my parents’ occasional stories of the past, I was actually puzzled as a child about why, unlike my friends and classmates, I had no experience of my grandparents, aunts, or uncles. I often felt that as a loss of something important but unknown. I also could not make out what it meant that I was of Austrian ancestry; was that a good or a bad thing for an American?

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My immediate forbears left a very partial understanding of their own lives before I entered those lives. As a child, much of what I understood was colored by my mother's friction-laden views of her first husband and only brother and my step-father's clear views of Austria, Austrians, and the Viennese.

I did not approach my biological father Theo until my step-father Ernest had passed away (I was a loyal son and he was my best friend) and I was a completely formed and independent adult. In the main, I was curious about the health history of my blood relatives to know more about my own health prospects. It was only after Theo told me of how many family members' lives on both sides of our family tree were destroyed in the Holocaust that I began to comprehend why no parent had sat me down and explained why things were the way they were. All I had known were rumors of a few deceased Austrians, not of all those who had actually mattered to them.

So, what to do with all of this? A few years ago, when I was still working in my profession, I had contemplated writing a book about my three parents and two other friends, Holocaust escapees, who survived to become successful human beings and had somewhat satisfying artistic and social welfare careers in America. Even as riddled as the Holocaust is by missing data, bad data, destroyed data, fictions, mis-interpretations, faulty self-representations, and so on, I decided to write separate stories such as this one on the Bachwitz-Lebach-Gottlieb families, another one on my uncle Harry Schein, another one on my mother Lisa Kitty Schein and her second husband Ernest B. Lonner, and a final one on married friends, a fine German-American painter Henry (Heinrich) J. Dietrich and his wife Martha, all of whose lives were equally fascinating. This earlier generation of Holocaust survivors/escapees, passionate their various careers, were too interesting to be allowed to pass without more notice.

In looking at their lives, I discovered something about my own values, that I cared much more for who my long-deceased (and too often murdered) ancestors were, what they created, how they lived, and so on, than for the vital statistics that appear in genealogy charts or their characters as published in the press. What I discovered was their common strength in the face of great adversity, frightening events, loneliness, loss, displacement, homelessness (in the deepest sense), friendlessness, foreign tongues and practices, destitution, uncertain futures, loss of family, Nazism. They knew or discovered their unwillingness to give up and their ability to persevere.

What I had inherited from my inquiry was both the knowledge of the tragedy that overtook my families for no fault of their own as well as my reasonable but unreasoning anger at the perpetrators of the tragedy. The perpetrators had terminated people with ongoing rich and productive lives and left people like me to begin their lives without a history, even a good myth. To the degree that people derive pleasure or meaning from having families and histories, we had no such pleasure or meaning.

So, I was very angry to have to come face-to-face with the details of this history later in my life. Having bored my wife and friends with this saga after my 2003 reparations experience, I thought I had exhausted my anger and could resume my life. Then the archivist in 2011 and the Swedish film makers in 2015 entered the scene and drew my attention back to more old and fugitive documents and letters, the detritus of my family members, that, when compiled and analyzed together, produced a story that, for an instant, brought the dead to life but as pale shadows.

### Appendix III Small Evil Embedded in Immense Evil

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I now take my final detour to discuss my feelings and understandings about what had happened to these relatives.

#### A) Personal and Impersonal Evil

When I began my inquiry, I knew, very generally since I had a liberal arts education, that the last five centuries of European, American, and Asian histories were replete with ethnic cleansing, religious cleansing, genocide, and other forms of mass destruction of societies, some internal to states and others between states, some within religions and some between religions. But I had not realized that, even in our largest wars, with tens of millions of dead, civilians rather than combatants were the overwhelmingly predominant victims by multiples of five or more. I also had not realized that in the 1980s and 1990s, some researchers in the study of "ethnic cleansing" and Holocaust victims had, quite realistically, statistically separated the victims between "democide," the destruction of citizens by their own governments, of which genocide would be one significant competing subset among others – religious, economic, social class, linguistic, ethnic, and others. In other situations and conflicts, any one of these factors could supply the rationale, if one were needed, to explain genocide and ethnic cleansing at the interpersonal, community, and nongovernmental levels, that is, not state policy but revenge, fear, anger, greed, revanchism, and so on.

So, at the end of the writing of this story, I came to a complete stop. I had a fairly small family in Vienna in 1938. Robbing and imprisoning them was a small and easy Austrian process, not the industrial enterprise that Third Reich genocide became; indeed, both the German and Austrian Jewish populations in 1933 were a minute percentage of their total national populations, and even smaller by 1938. It did not require a large administration, extensive camps, and the killing technology that was soon developed and employed to destroy despised civilian populations throughout Europe, a huge industrial undertaking but, concurrently, still a largely personal and interpersonal enterprise. (Snyder, 2010, p.xi)

I perceived some difference between government direction and personal license. Both explanations try to impose meaning on disorder and disordered thought. The behaviors of otherwise ordinary citizens may or may not be directly attributable to a newly totalitarian semi-state, releasing their latent hatreds and greed, but just don't call their behaviors explicable, understandable, or expectable. If anything, they are a return to medieval times in the same old places, mobs wreaking their barbaric energies in the night and individuals in the calm light of day, pens scratching on paper as just a form of violence.

New laws enacted by Nazi administrations did not necessarily inspire individuals or mobs to act, but they provided license to release those energies and ambitions in concert with governmental purposes, with just enough restraining police force to avoid excess which may later have come back to damage that government and its monopoly on the use of force or the economic enterprises that it required. In Austria and Germany, that license raised "taking" to an art form.

Who, exactly, ordered or authorized the initial taking of Bachwitz AG is unclear, even though various authorities quickly congratulated one another in writing for undertaking and accomplishing it. The popular but disorderly intermingling of a new state authority, an energetic local Nazi Party authority, and the greed of business associates, banks, and others taking advantage of the immediate opportunity to seize what was not theirs combined in the worst possible way for my family. The state had become nothing but a set of new laws placed at the service of criminality at the personal and enterprise levels in the community.



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Current analysts report that Austria became a special case of a special assault on its Jewish citizens, in a combination genocide (killing based on race/ethnicity) and democide (exclusion and then killing by a government of its own citizens). Timothy Snyder (2015) notes that in the 1920s and 1930s, Hitler's

*National Socialist party, including its paramilitary arms, the SA and SS, were active in Austria as well as in Germany. In Austria especially, it was obvious that the work of these racial organizations was directed toward something more ambitious than an internal transformation of Germany... The prospect of their unification – Anschluss – was the part of the Nazi program that was most relevant to Austrians... On March 11, 1938, the Austrian state in effect ceased to exist... Popular opinion assimilated the meaning of the end of Austria far more quickly than even Nazis in Vienna or Berlin expected. That same evening crowds appeared on the streets, shouting Nazi slogans and looking for Jews to beat. That first night of lawlessness in Austria was more dangerous for Jews than the preceding two decades of Austrian statehood. Their world was gone... The symbolic destruction of Jewish status was accompanied by an enabled theft from Jews. On March 11, 1938, about 70% of the residential property on the Ringstrasse, the beautiful circular avenue that encloses Vienna's first district, had belonged to Jews. From the dawn of 12 March, that percentage decreased by the hour. Jewish businesses were marked as such, and the automobiles of Jews were stolen. The SA had made lists of Jewish apartments that their members wanted for themselves, and this was their chance... Austrian Jews began to commit suicide: 79 in March, and then 62 more in April... Austrians separated themselves from their fellow citizens and the disappearing state not only by their behavior and by their expressions, but also by their lapel pins... Not only Nazis but also people who had been Social Democrats or Christian Socialists before March 11 began to wear Nazi lapel pins... [What these communicated were] the Jews were responsible for Austria, for that old order, not us. Their punishment is now proof of their complicity then. Our separation [from them] is proof of our innocence. Thus, responsibility was perfectly excised, in perfect bad faith. In an instant, violence organized by race replaced two decades of political experience... The end of the Austrian state brought violence against Austrian Jews in five weeks that was comparable to the suffering that German Jews had endured under Hitler over the course of five years. The organizers in Austria were usually Nazis, but they were operating in conditions of state collapse that allow their revolution to proceed further and faster... [They] exploited the anarchy created by the SA and turned it to their own purposes. On March 28, Herman Goring required an orderly redistribution of stolen Jewish property. Some four-fifths of Jewish businesses in Austria were aryanized by the end of 1938, far surpassing the pace in Germany itself. In August, Adolf Eichmann... established in Vienna a Central Office for Jewish Emigration. In 1938, some 60,000 Jews left Austria as compared to some 40,000 who left Germany. And most of those German Jews emigrated after Nazis applied the lessons that had been learned in Vienna... Austria's Jews no longer enjoyed any state protection and were victimized by a majority that wished to distance itself from the past and align itself with the future. Statelessness opened a window of opportunity for those who were ready for violence and theft. By the very logic of Anschluss, the Nazi state itself had to close that window, since Austria was meant to become part of Germany, and anarchy fomented by the SA would undo its own ability to rule. But even a moment of temporary statelessness had profound consequences. March 1938 was the first time that Nazis could do as they pleased with Jews, and the result was humiliation, pain, and flight." (Snyder, 2015, pp. 82-4)*

Snyder (2015) also points out that

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*"whereas Germany under the Nazis accumulated huge budget deficits, Austria under the [pre-Anschluss] Fatherland Front pursued a tight fiscal and monetary policy, jealously guarding its foreign currency and gold reserves. From Hitler's perspective, this was one more reason, and an increasingly depressing one, why Austria needed Anschluss with the Reich. Germany needed the money." (p.80)*

Money, money, money.

Unlike the impersonality and anonymity of battlefield combat, how shocking it must have been for my family members to be turned on, stripped of their belongings by neighbors and business, professional, and civic associates, and local governments, personal, face-to-face, and intentional, to be followed shortly after by arrest, imprisonment, expulsion or deportation, and death. This was hardly the first time in European history that ethnic cleansing has occurred and clearly may not be the last. But, for the victims, each had to be simply shocked by the actions of perpetrators they knew or thought they knew. Imagining Austria and Vienna through my relatives' eyes, I could begin to guess at the shock, horror, and dismay they must have felt at the reality of their not being considered Austrians or Jewish Austrians but merely Jews to be expelled, even at their advanced years. I could not know how common my families' last experiences were, a microcosm not of World War II but of a German-Austrian genocidal and "democidal" political order and personal license. In other words, evil.

*"In my work with the defendants (at the Nuremberg Trials 1945-1949) I was searching for the nature of evil and I now think I have come close to defining it. A lack of empathy. It's the one characteristic that connects all the defendants, a genuine incapacity to feel with their fellow men. Evil, I think, is the absence of empathy." (Captain G. M. Gilbert, the Army psychologist assigned to watching the defendants at the Nuremberg trials. Nuremberg Diary, 1995, p.5)*

I understand empathy as the ability and willingness to imagine oneself in the position of someone else, in this case individual Austrian Jews whom one knows. But, if lack of empathy is that one shared characteristic of genocide, then it hardly makes a difference whether the victim is one, eight, twenty, a thousand, six million, or the twenty million estimated to have died at the genocidal hands of numerous countries, armies, governmental authorities, and private parties before, during, and after WWII. Evil is evil, whether the final score is one or one multiplied by a million. We seem to repeat our fascination with numbers and the highest score every time there is an ethnic cleansing, a mass migration, an epidemic, or a natural disaster.

Yes, millions died, but what does that mean? Lacking imagination, I cannot imagine millions dead, I doubt anyone can. Does multiplying a horror by some large factor, creating an anonymous mass, make it more or less horrible or otherwise meaningful?

My personal unresolved quandary is how to imagine and usefully consider each death empathetically as it deserves, one at a time, person by person, experience by experience. Each and every one died as an individual person in his or her own time, each had a solitary self-awareness of existence intentionally cut short by someone else serving the technology of total war, extermination, and total social disorder. If one can imagine one's own violent death in the dust, like a shattered bull in the bullring conscious of the last thing it sees and will ever sense, can one imagine with empathy another's death by starvation, in a

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gas chamber, or toppling into a trench filled with others or being battered by farm implements, knowing what was to happen and happening?

I cannot visualize numbers higher than eight, so I am restricted to visualizing the eight family members I “know,” for examples, my mother’s mother huddling in her apartment anticipating the knock on the door for her “transportation,” my father’s months in Dachau not knowing his fate but physically and emotionally suffering the “early days” of that camp, my father’s stepfather doing everything he was told he had to do to transfer all his property instantly to the Nazis and maybe then he could leave with his life, my cousin who committed suicide the day after the company he directed was taken over by Party thugs, my grandfather, elderly great-grandmothers, and great-aunts taken to concentration camps and to their deaths, and so on.

Only if the local perpetrators lacked face-to-face personal empathy could they do or engineer those things. The Nazi administrators, lawyers, and bankers could not have been more bloodless in their approach to the lives of others whom they knew. The perpetrators could not, perhaps would not, empathize with these people at the time. But, even though I do not have the imagination to turn this story into a novel, I have enough imagination to place myself, even if momentarily, in the position of my family members and imagine the foreboding and terror they felt as they left or were taken from their homes, apartments, and businesses.

In reading about my family and what really happened to them at the hands of other real named people, I finally have a much better understanding of evil, of the concreteness of a sophisticated criminal conspiracy put at the service of primitive appetites. Since starting my family inquiry, I have scanned some of the many excellent analyses of the origins and ingredients of totalitarianism, fascism, and racism; the books on these subjects fill libraries.

Even a partial acknowledgement of the critical explanatory topics is exhausting:

- economic threat -- macro-economics and micro-economics, wealth inequity, unemployment
- history, political disarray, ancient grudges, inquisitions, pogroms, forced conversions
- threat or loss of war
- disasters – drought, famine, physical displacement
- geography and demography – vulnerabilities, permeable borders, natural resources, underpopulation, overpopulation, ethnic and racial displacement
- mass psychology, delusion
- culture – tribalism, gender, language, accents, physical appearance, the collapse of high culture (a weak reed) in the face of mundane threats
- social class – traditional class distinctions, associations, roles, obligations, pieties, and failed and illusory assimilation
- belief systems – race, tribe, clan, religion, dogma
- physical appearance, language, and gender
- power – dictatorship, master/servant, master/slave, majoritarianism, government disorder
- laws and legal systems – exclusions that perpetuate and enshrine social/racial imbalance, immigration, land ownership, settlement boundaries, education, health care, entry into professions and occupations, wealth acquisition and accumulation
- “isms” – nationalism, totalitarianism, authoritarianism, fascism, despotism

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- a “natural,” capacity to become a murderous or bloodless victimizer of the Other -- yesterday’s victims can, in a different situation, become today’s perpetrators

Much as I admire the ability and nerves of the published researchers in this topic, living with these issues and facts day-by-day for years, when it comes to what happened to my family members in Vienna, these evidence-based theoretical formulae seem too remote and mythic for me. I prefer the much shorter two-page mythic poem by Dr. Seuss, published in The Sneetches and Other Stories in 1953, in which the Star-Belly Sneetches and Plain-Belly Sneetches must come to terms with their essential identities and each other. Or a one-sentence explanation for the attack on the Other, something like – we hate those who have more or are less?

Most of my adult life I have been a cultural relativist, willing to acknowledge in others the legitimate if absurd foibles, manners of thinking, behaviors, and motives that I would hope that they would acknowledge in me. I also believe in the social construction of certain parts of reality, that we bring to certain situations our personal or professional explanations that may or may not have any relationship to a more real reality.

Somehow, however, the more information and understanding I acquired in researching and writing this retrospective piece, the more I arrived at a position of taking it all personally – don’t forgive, don’t forget – the opposite of truth and reconciliation. I have to live with my own cognitive dissonance, I suppose, and admit, in the end, that my emotions dominate as well. An unrepentant Sneetch, I would be a big disappointment to Dr. Seuss and me.

I am not trying to convince you of any of this; I am trying to explain it to myself. I found that am skeptical of any of the social apologetics as the roots or spur to the Viennese immoral, greedy, officious behavior at the personal and interpersonal level depicted above. My step-father, when he rarely spoke about it as both a Berlinese and a Viennese, told me that he vastly preferred the Germans to the Austrians. While both were despicable Nazis, “at least the Germans really believed in their crap.” Greed and envy in the hands of one’s neighbors, operating singly, opportunistically, and not part of fervent mob, do not seem to require the spur of higher orders of politics, economy, history, sociology, anthropology, psychology, ideology, or philosophy.

Money, money, money.

#### A) Making the Case for Evil: Expulsions and Genocides

I have read some of the rationales for the German and Austrian expulsion of Jews and others to the East, initially to put them beyond the boundaries of the Third Reich, later to serve the occupiers’ interests in moving them farther and farther East, and, finally, to eliminate them as a food and manpower burden on their armies in the East. (Snyder, 2015, p.115) Officials’ explanations for expulsion and extermination suggest that there are reasons for evil behavior, as if one mark of civilization is the ability to behave evilly but with rationales. “Yes, we realize this looks bad, but our philosophy says that it is inevitable, our condition says that it is necessary and immediate, and our new laws say that it is procedurally correct.” Any reading of the self-representations of Nazis in the dock of the Nuremberg Trials will

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provide a host of such rationales. They start with a baseless but convenient premise and every stated purpose and action that follows is logical, necessary, and sufficient.

My own view is that any and every nation that acts this way or encourages its citizens to act this way is engaged in evil irreconcilable with its averred historical values and self-represented high culture; those justifications and stated values are mere theater masks for “I want...” In my profession, I have been forever involved in comprehending the gap between “what we say” and “what we do.” When compelled to believe one or the other, I believe behavior.

In the instance of both mass murder and personal murder, everyone seems to have an explanation, a reason, a rationale, an economic, cultural, historical, religious, or psychiatric theory, or a powerful myth, but the “real” purpose of their endeavor remains silent, perhaps even to them (but unlikely). There is no plausible “because” for thousands or millions of genocidal or democidal deaths, whether they occur in pre-war, war-time, or post-war times. The slaughter does not differentiate among its perpetrators whether they be German, Austrian, Russian, Polish, Japanese, Chinese, Turkish, Vietnamese, Khmer Rouge, American, Mexican, and others. Yet “everyone does it” or “it is the human condition” do not exonerate those who actually choose this kind of evil.

At the “personal” level, state information archives in Vienna have provided 55 pages of the history and taking of Bachwitz AG in exquisite detail, from 1938-1941. Evincing the Austrian cultural attachment to legal proceduralism and thoroughness, they record the names of the officers of this family business before the business was confiscated, the proportion of sales by country of its income, the various magazines and special issues it published, and so on, and the officials who oversaw the “privatization” process of the company, its assets, its value over time. Page after page of Nazi documents report on its changing values, its taking, and the stock shares owned by its changing ownership. It could easily be inferred from this correspondence that the Austrian Government itself was absent, this was a discussion among Austrian National Socialists and their German overseers. The documents are written by Austrian lawyers, more Austrian lawyers, the Office of Gauleiters, bankers, state police, private individuals and to officials in Berlin, the Reich Commissioner for Propaganda, Reich Commissioner for Economy and Labor, self-congratulatory memos on their fine foreign currency acquisition from the Jews, almost all within the first half of 1939. For my personal taste, there were far too many salutations of “Heil Hitler!”

This pattern of law-filled lawlessness is entirely consistent with the later observation by Arendt and others that

*“the first essential step on the road to total domination is to kill the juridical person in man. The easiest way to deprive a Jew of law and to instruct non-Jews in lawlessness was to destroy entire jurisdictions, as with Austria... The Jews were threatened more than any other by the sudden collapse of the system of nation states. Above all, Jews were placed in peril by the collapse of the states of which they were citizens.”* (Snyder, 2015, p. 117)

*“As some Nazis learned in Vienna, the suspension of state authority itself creates a political resource, since suddenly almost no one wishes to be identified with the old regime and everyone wishes to be supported, or at least spared, by the new one. When the new regime was a Nazi one, racism permitted much of the population to separate itself, by way of public performances, from its own actual political history. The public and ritual identification of Jews with the prior regime delegitimized both at the same time in a close circle of condemnation that left the majority*

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*outside and relatively safe. If the regime had collapsed, and the Jews were the regime, then their downfall was the logical consequence. Just as people must be concentrated before they can be murdered en masse, so must responsibility be concentrated before it can be abolished. Thus, Jews and only Jews were to answer for the past. And when they were assembled and murdered, the responsibility went up in smoke.”* (Snyder, 2015, p.154)

Several times, Offenberger notes the shock and dismay of the collapse of the social contract in Austria between Jewish citizens, their government, and other citizens. The greater that certain Jews believed in that contract, the longer that they remained in the city, the greater their risk and, quite frequently, the damage they experienced.

*By the 1930s, Jews owned some 33,000 of Vienna’s 146,000 businesses. They participated in the social, political, and cultural activities of the city, and held an unusually high proportion of positions in the trades and professions, making up 51.6% of the dentists and physicians, 23.7% of university professors (45% of the medical faculty), and 62% of the lawyers. These types of successes encouraged Austrian Jews to see themselves as citizens like all others. Despite their diverse backgrounds, the majority considered themselves, as one survivor explained “Viennese first and Jewish second. One had nothing to do with the other.”*

*Jews continually reflected upon their achievements (past and present), assuring themselves they served as an asset to Austrian society and their government and countrymen would protect them if needed. Did they recognize that among the larger gentile population were many who regarded them with fear and envy? They were correct that they were an asset, but the conclusion they drew—protection if needed—was erroneous. This misjudgment became particularly dangerous as the Nazis took over Germany in 1933 and permeated the Austrian underground. Jews did not feel as safe and secure as they had in the days of the monarchy, but they still believed that the Austrian government would uphold its end of the social contract and guarantee their basic civil rights. This mistake became their principal weakness in the face of Nazism. They did not accept that the perceived social contract collapsed overnight (March 11–12, 1938), and they did not know any way to respond to government authority other than as law-abiding citizens. “What most Austrian Jews forgot was that they had survived popular outburst of anti-Semitism because they had enjoyed the protection of emperors, bishops, abbots, and aristocrats,” Bruce Pauley has observed. “Under Hitler, however, legal authority changed from being the protector of the Jews to their persecutor.”<sup>42</sup> The Jews could not survive the brutality of Nazism by reacting and responding as civilized, law-abiding citizens, yet they knew no other way to engage with the government.*

*Exposed and vulnerable to the Nazis’ every whim, and without protection from the state, most Jews nevertheless continued to respond to the new dictatorship as they would to any legitimate government: as civilized and obedient citizens. They tried to rationalize even the most irrational demands and to uphold their end of the social contract, even after its abandonment. This firm belief that the Austrian government would protect them crushed the hopes of Jewish community from the outset of Anschluss. (Offenberger, p.13)*

It is with this disbelief and only some relief that I can now return to the last topic -- “escape.”



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## B) The Concept of Escape

In this memo, I used the concept and word “escape” several times and far too loosely. In considering my family victims of this time in this place, I never understood why some family members and other Austrian Jews in comparable situations, with comparable resources, escaped the approaching horror and others did not. I know now that many could not imagine nor believe what was coming and so suddenly; others were too aged, too young, too infirm, too monolingual, too committed to family or community, and so on, to “pull up stakes” and leave their beloved Austria. In my blithe or cavalier way, I was critical of those who “chose” not to escape, as if choice itself were a clear option.

I also believed too much in the concept of “escape” itself, in part, a cultural bias of being American. The history of the United States was fundamentally, until very recently, based on escape from Europe, Asia, and elsewhere — from economic disaster, religious intolerance and persecution, and famine to find new lands, new resources, new freedoms, new opportunities, and so on. “Escape” was a virtuous state or act in my country, particularly when immense “unsettled” or “unoccupied” lands to the West remained. It was a chance to restart a life or a family.

But, as apparent in reports of those times, escape from Germany in 1933 and Austria in 1938 was a different matter. For many, it was “taking advantage” of the initial governmental policy and laws removing citizenship, employment, and property and adding expulsion, a semi-open window to survival. The Nazi policy at that point was not to round Jews up, concentrate them, transport them, and murder them, but to put them as rapidly as possible outside the borders of the Third Reich which later came to include Austria. In other words, “ethnic cleansing.”

*Before 1937, the 180,000 Jews had led, on the whole, a comfortable and pleasant life. After 1945, perhaps 6000 Jews remained, perhaps one-quarter and one-half or 3,000 old and sick who are supported solely by outside relief. Those that remained faced rampant and obdurate public and governmental anti-Semitism and a consequent lack of personal, professional, and financial justice.*

These post-war/post-Allied Occupation figures generally accord with those of the US Holocaust Memorial Museum’s [Holocaust Encyclopedia](#): Austria had about 200,000 Jews (in 1938, about 10% of the inhabitants), about 176,000 in Vienna. By 1939, 121,000 in Austria and 113,000 in Vienna; by 1941, 28,000 in Austria; by 1942, approximately 8,000 remained on Austrian soil, down to 6,000 in 1944 after 1900 were deported. In 1946, 25,000 resided on Austrian soil, many of whom emigrated at the war’s end and with Soviet occupation. In the 1990s, there were 7000.

So, as I came to understand this Austrian history, from Anschluss to the entry of the United States into the war, tens of thousands of Jews emigrated from Austria, heading out of Europe if possible, both east and west. My understanding of this population movement was not “emigration” in the value-free or positive sense of that word but “expulsion.” They were threatened, encouraged, or required to accept expulsion. Many, anticipating the next stage of Nazification based on the German example, left of their own volition or timing through this window.

One critical element here is that it was not sufficient to escape the Third Reich only but to escape Europe itself. Tragically, many if not most who did not “escape” Europe itself were soon followed by

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the Wehrmacht into neighboring countries until they had no place left to run and were destroyed by German and other soldiers, civilians, and extermination facilities in the Bloodlands. The chances of a Jew, German or non-German, anywhere from France through the Soviet Union, whether Poland, Hungary, Croatia, the Balts, the Low Countries, or others, by military, paramilitary, partisan, religious, or other forces, being killed during the war were much higher than for Europeans as a whole.

*“The Nazis probably murdered in cold blood 16,315,000 people because of their race, religion, ethnicity, or sexual preference, possibly even as many as 23,974,00...Overall, the Nazis probably murdered one out of every eighteen Europeans they controlled during the war.”* (Rummel, 1992, pp.99-100)

The preponderance of those who could not or would not “escape” Europe did not survive the war. Since the European conflict broke out in 1939, there was a narrow window of time to escape across the Atlantic to the Americas. In any event, these movements east and west accounted for about a 90% drop in Vienna’s Jewish population. So, when any of the principals in my family’s story “escaped,” they, like Einstein before them, were only a few steps ahead of ultimate arrest and transport.

As a young person, but not brought up in the Jewish religion or a Jewish community, I had read some of the better European histories, but I did not read them as a Jew, merely as a curious reader of history. Since then I have tended to avoid reading in the specific history of the Holocaust, particularly the destruction of the religious and secular Jews of Vienna, as I had been dimly that some “ancestors” had been caught up in that destruction. I have also tended to avoid going to films on this destruction, whether documentaries or fictions, and, of course, to Holocaust museums, never knowing which gaunt face in the hopeless crowd on the wall was actually an unknown, deceased, but close relative. I have avoided going to plays or reading novels that portray, on an individual basis, the triumph or transcendence of humor, music, cunning, spirit, or philosophy over the trials of expulsion or the horrors of concentration and extermination camps.

I even have difficulty reading [about](#) these stories, not the stories themselves. For example, in the July 23, 2018 issue of [The New Yorker](#) magazine, Ruth Franklin wrote an article “Transported,” reviewing how children may be introduced to the Holocaust or other inhumanity through fiction, fantasy, magic, miracles, or fairytales written for them. I am in no position to assess the quality and effect of these fictional representations, but they would be far too mythical, escapist, or even uplifting, for my elderly pragmatic brain, as if murder, horror, genocide, and democide could ever be overcome by the transcendence and triumph of the human spirit over actual reality. Perhaps for someone, but certainly not for these blood strangers of mine.

So, I seemed to have escaped, too, haven’t I?

Oh, Austria escaped, too. After the war, lawfulness did not seem to return to Austria which occupied a paradoxical international status of both victim and perpetrator of Nazi aggression:

*A large obstacle preventing legal justice, from the point of view of Jewish and other persecuted victims, was that the State of Austria relied on the 1943 Moscow Declaration by the Allies, which claimed the State of Austria as the first victim of Nazi aggression – and thus without any legal obligation to make reparations for Nazi crimes. Expediently overlooked if not ignored at the time, however, was that the Declaration also stated that Austrians, as a people, were co-responsible. In other words, the Moscow Declaration also gave Austria the status of “enemy*

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state” – and thus the need for the 10-year “Allied” occupation. (American Jewish Joint Distribution Committee (JDC) report dated January 8, 1949 (Paris Letter No. 2194, JDC Archives, 45/64 file #194, p.5)

#### Appendix IV References and Notes

I relied on the following few books, all recent publications, for a view into the policies, procedures, and results of the Third Reich’s initial program of the exclusion of German-Austrian Jewry through expulsion, expropriation, emigration, deportation, and mass execution. While the following intention of the Third Reich was the subsequent planned destruction of all European Jews, Poles, Slavs, and others in the occupied countries, that was simply beyond their immediate capacity and timeframe.

These books demanded nerves and some emotional stability to read from beginning to end in order to understand my family’s experiences in the practical context of the 1938-1942 program. I discovered that these experiences were essentially typical for most Viennese Jews from 1933-1942, even though each individual in Europe had a unique pathway or story.

The bibliography below constitutes a black treasury of facts, analysis, stories, and conclusions. I relied on it because it captures the best research and analysis available to me in English. When I look into their interviews, references, and indexes, I am astounded at how much human effort went into the search and communication for the truth from within earlier works. One result is that each is exceptionally well-written and worthy of careful reading. When even the statisticians with their tables of the destruction of human life are compelled to vent their feelings on these pages, one begins to comprehend the feelings that are generated by this lifetime research. I recommend these books as starting points but probably, in the main, ending points for those willing to take the journey. I ended my families’ narratives and my incorporation of these other works as of 1942, when my Viennese relatives passed into the Nazi, Soviet, and other conflagration in the Bloodlands.

Buchwald, Diana Kormos, ed. Albert Einstein, Volume 15 et al. Princeton, NJ: Princeton University Press, 2018.

Denis, Brian, Einstein: A Life, New York; John Wiley and Sons, 1996

Calaprice, Alice, Daniel Kennefick, Robert Schulmann (Author) et al. An Einstein Encyclopedia, Princeton, NJ; Princeton University Press, 2015

Hachtmann, R. Das Wirtschafts des Deutschen Arbeitsfront 1933 bis 1945. Gottingen; Wallstein Verlag. 2012, pp. 343-350

Highfield, Roger and Paul Carter, The Private Lives of Albert Einstein, St. Martin’s Press, 1993-4

Isaacson, Walter, His Life and Universe. New York; Simon and Schuster, 2007

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Offenberger, Ilana F. The Jews of Nazi Vienna, 1938-1945: Rescue and Destruction. Cham, Switzerland: Palgrave/Macmillan, Palgrave Studies in the History of Genocide, 2018

Rummel, R.J. Democide: Nazi Genocide and Mass Murder. Transaction Publishers: New Brunswick and London, 1992, pp.99-100)

This is an excellent, if chilling book on the statistics and demography of World War II deaths by Nazis in Europe. Democide is defined as those persons killed by their own governments, genocidal or not.

*In total, the war killed 28,736,000 Europeans, a fantastic number. But the democide of Hitler alone adds 20,946,000 more. Were Stalin’s democide during the war of 13,053,000 people to be included, the number of people murdered by just the Nazis and Soviets alone would exceed the total European war-dead. When we think of Nazi killing, genocide immediately comes to mind, particularly that of “6 million Jews.” But they also murdered for reasons other than race or religion. For one, the Nazis slew those who opposed or hindered them, whether actually or potentially. This was why Hitler assassinated hundreds of top Nazi SA’s in June and July 1934... Executed perhaps 5000 Germans after the 1944 plot on his life and attempted coup d’état. Indeed, it is why critics, pacifists, conscientious objectors campus rebels, dissidents, and others throughout the 12 year history of the regime in Germany, were executed, disappeared, or slowly died in concentration camps. The Nazis thus killed some 288,000 Germans, not counting Jews, homosexuals, and those forcibly “euthanized.” If these are included, then the Nazis murdered at least 498,000 Germans, probably 762,000...one out of every hundred Germans. (pp.14-15)*

*By genocide, the murder of hostages, reprisal raids, forced labor, “euthanasia,” starvation, exposure, medical experiments, and terror bombing, and in the concentration and death camps, the Nazis murdered from 15,003,002 to 31,949,000 people, most likely 20,946,000 men, women, handicapped, aged, sick, prisoners of war, forced laborers, camp inmates, critics, homosexuals, Jews, Slavs, Serbs, Germans, Czechs, Italians, Poles, French, Ukrainians, and many others. Among them 1,000,000 were children under 18 years of age. And none of these monstrous figures even include civilian and military combat or war-deaths. (p. 11)*

*The Nazis killed in cold blood nearly one out of every six Polish or Soviet citizens, including Jews, under their rule... If one includes the 5,200,000 German civilian and military war-dead, the average German’s likelihood of dying from the regime was slightly better than one out of 11 – extremely low odds for a life. (p.16)*

*Annually, the Nazis killed 6 to 7 people out of every hundred in occupied Europe. The odds of a European dying under Nazi occupation were about one in 15. This is twice the odds of an American dying from one of the nine worst diseases, specifically stroke, heart disease, diabetes, chronic obstructive lung disease, lung cancer, breast cancer, cervical cancer, colorectal cancer, and liver disease. The annual odds of being killed by the Nazis during their occupation were almost 2 ½ times that of Soviet citizens being slain by their government since 1917; over nine times that for Chinese living in communist China after 1949. (pp.19-20)*

Rummel, R. J. Death by Government. New Brunswick and London: Transaction Publishers, 2008

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Snyder, Timothy. Black Earth: The Holocaust as History and Warning. New York; Tim Duggan Books, Penguin Random House, 2015

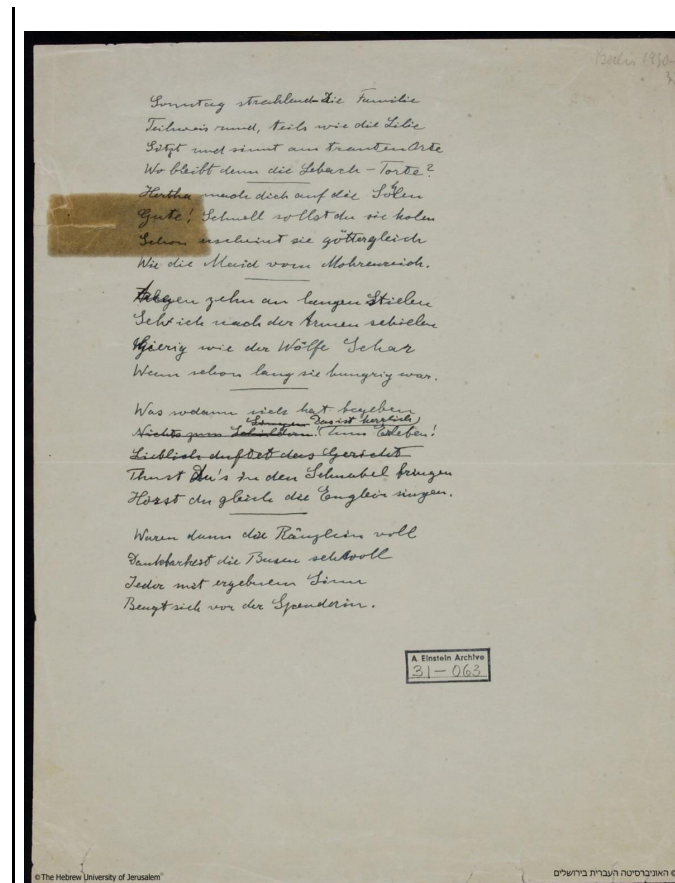
Snyder, Timothy. Bloodlands: Europe between Hitler and Stalin. New York: Basic Books, 2010

This book is another chilling study of Europeans killed by Nazi and Soviet regimes in the region between them from the German attack on Poland to beyond the nominal end of the war.

*In the middle of Europe in the middle of the 20<sup>th</sup> century, the Nazi and Soviet regimes murdered some 14 million people. The place where all of the victims died, the bloodlands, extends from central Poland to Western Russia, through Ukraine, Belarus, and the Baltic states. During the consolidation of National Socialism and Stalinism, the joint German-Soviet occupation of Poland, and then the German-Soviet war, massive violence of a sort never before seen in history was visited upon this region. The victims were chiefly Jews, Belarusians, Ukrainians, Poles, Russians, and Balts, the peoples native to these lands. The 14 million were murdered over the course of only 12 years, between 1933 and 1945, while both Hitler and Stalin were in power. Though their homelands became battlefields midway through this period, these people were all victims of murderous policy rather than casualties of war. The Second World War was the most lethal conflict in history, and about half of the soldiers who perished on all of its battlefields all over the world died here, in this same region, in the Bloodlands. Yet not a single one of the 14 million murdered was a soldier on active duty. Most were women, children, and the aged. None were bearing weapons. Many had been stripped of their possessions, including their clothes.*

*The German mass murder of Jews took place in occupied Poland, Lithuania, Latvia, and the Soviet Union, not in Germany itself. Hitler was an anti-Semitic politician in a country with a small Jewish community. Jews were fewer than 1% of the German population when Hitler became chancellor in 1933, and about 0.45 % by the beginning of the Second World War. During the first six years of Hitler's rule, German Jews were allowed (in humiliating and impoverishing circumstances) to emigrate. Most of the German Jews who saw Hitler win elections in 1933 died of natural causes. The murder of 165,000 German Jews was a ghastly crime in and of itself, but only a very small part of the tragedy of European Jews, fewer than 3% of the deaths of the Holocaust. Only when Nazi Germany invaded Poland in 1939 and the Soviet Union in 1941 did Hitler's visions of the elimination of Jews from Europe intersect with the two most significant populations of European Jews. His ambition to eliminate the Jews of Europe could be realized only in the parts of Europe where Jews lived. Most of these Jews died near where they had lived, in occupied Poland, Lithuania, Latvia, Soviet Ukraine, and Soviet Belarus. The Germans brought Jews from elsewhere to the Bloodlands to be killed. Jews arrived by train to Auschwitz from Hungary, Czechoslovakia, France, the Netherlands, Greece, Belgium, Yugoslavia, Italy, and Norway. German Jews were deported to the cities of the Bloodlands before being shot or gassed. (pp.vii-ix)*

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Letter to "Peg" attesting to affair

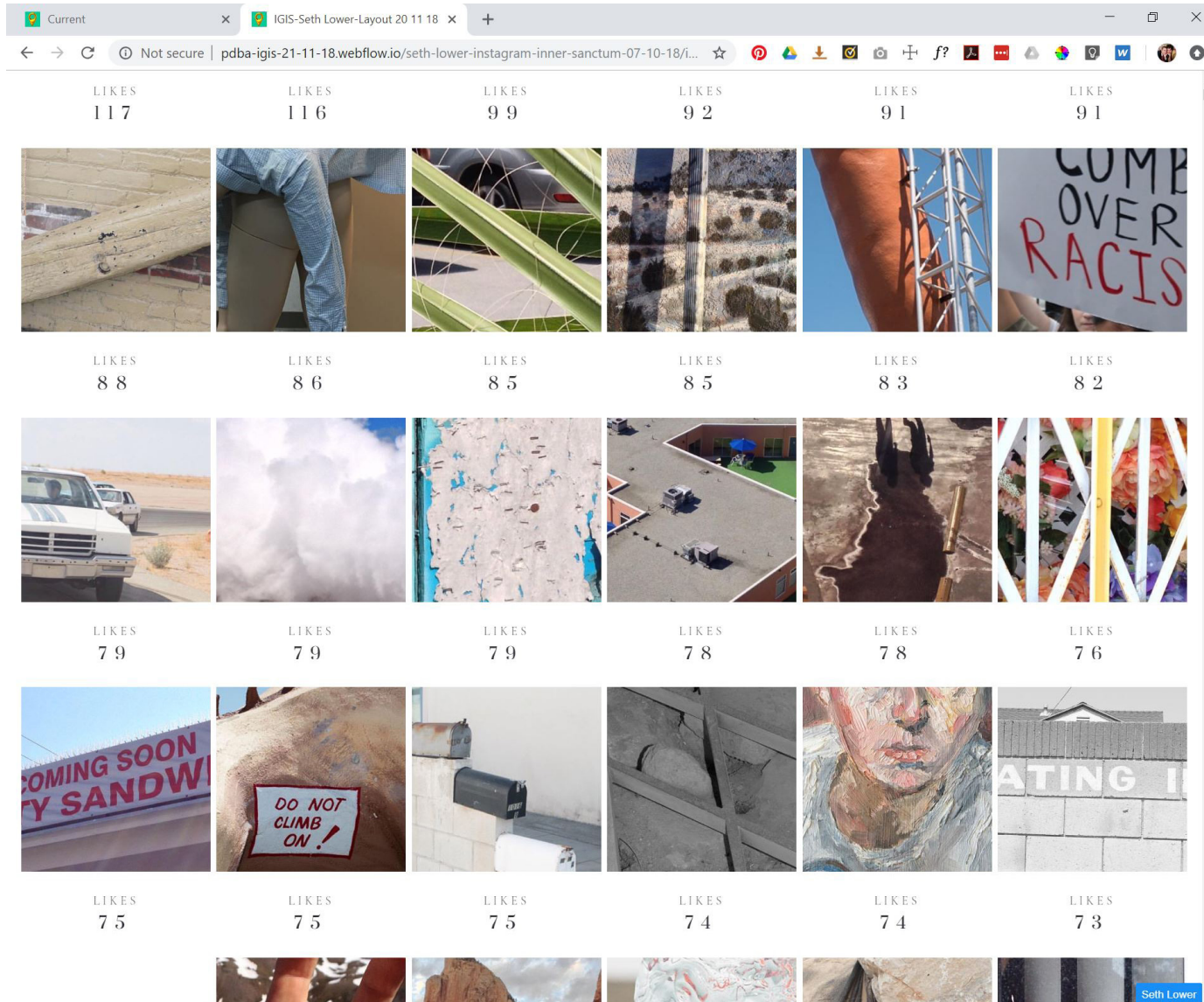
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Albert and Grete aboard Tumbler



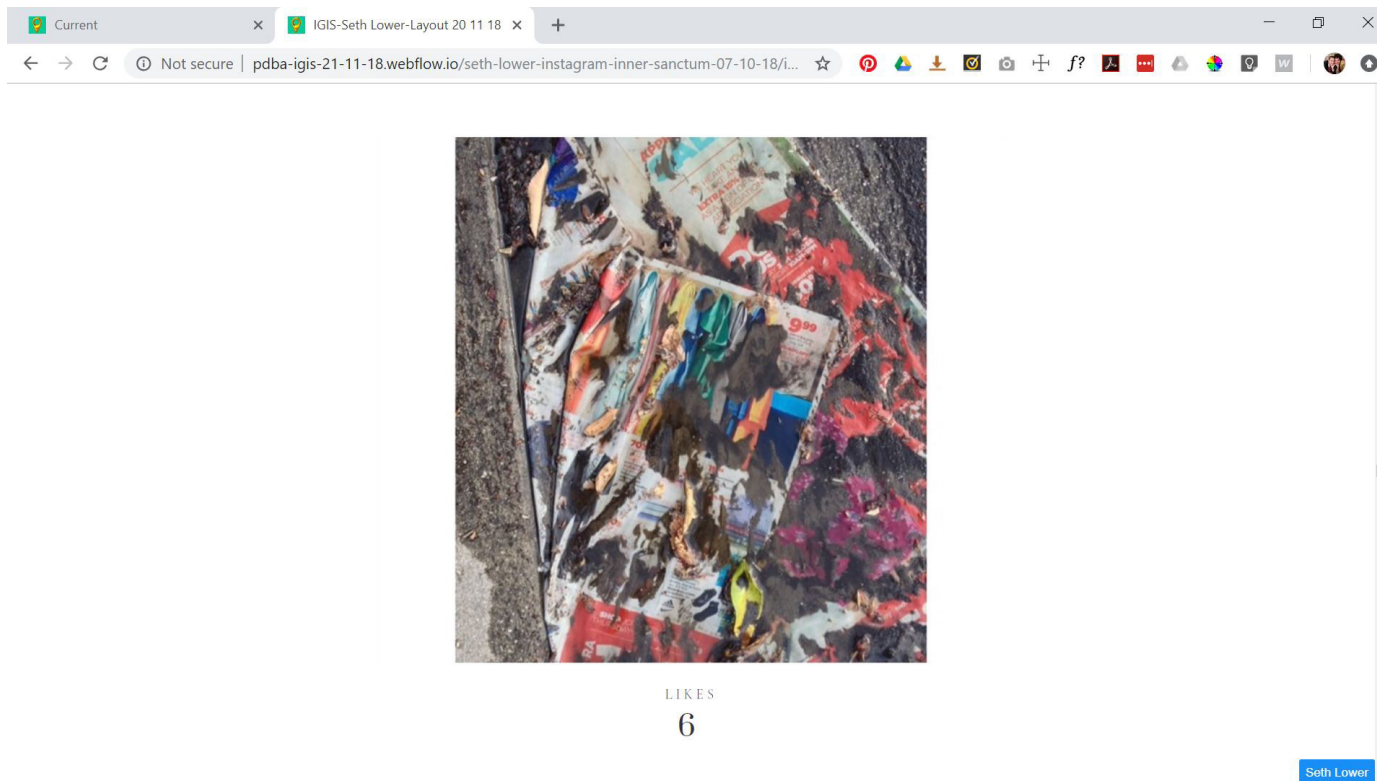
(...) The consequence of having work acquired is that it will no longer be on display in the feed, halting its likeability.



Seth Lower has become allergic to pixels. When using screens, Lower has been experiencing optical migraines and bouts of vertigo, creating a crisis not only within his artistic practice but also one of social and economic mobility. In 2018, the Palais des Beaux Arts began collecting the most and least liked portions of Lower's Instagram feed, a site he has used to explore threads of absence and autobiography since 2014. The images that move to the Palais des Beaux Arts collection must be removed from Instagram, the site of his work spreading between the two platforms.

## INSTAGRAM INNER SANCTUM

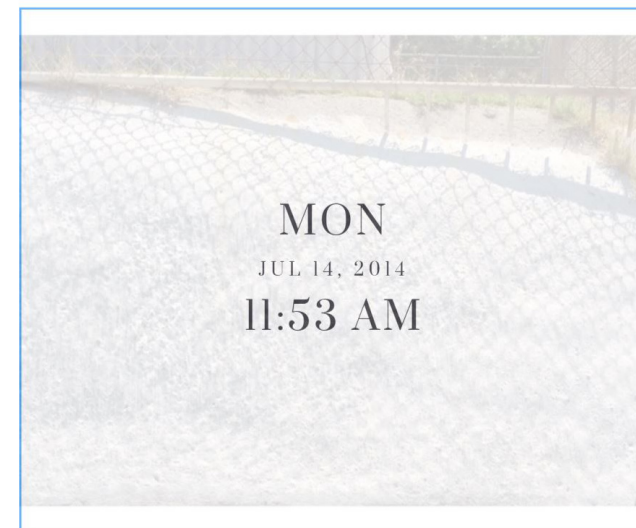
SETH LOWER



During the summer of 2017 a flood occurred, causing water damage in one of my storage areas, making it necessary to divide the archive between an outdoor shed and a closet within a closet known as *The Inner Sanctum*.

At the time of the flood I was in the 8th month of an unexplained illness, which caused vertigo, migraines, heart palpitations, and visual artifacts. With time and experimentation, I came to realize that computer screens, especially screens showing colorful moving content, were causing or worsening the symptoms. The phenomenon is known as photophobia and is associated with migraines and certain neurological or autoimmune conditions. Around the time of the flood I began experimenting with an app to filter light emanating from the computer, reducing its effects. Since then, whenever possible, I use an anti-color or anti-blue filter on all screens. This makes sorting and editing color photographs difficult, however, and has reshaped my photographic practice.

SETH LOWER



LIKES  
3



LIKES  
79

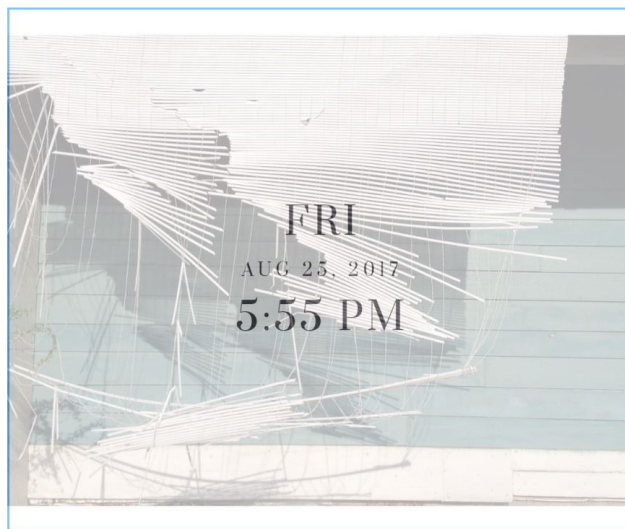


This aversion can cause difficulties, as I post color images to social media without ever seeing their colors. Sometimes this process fails, resulting in unsuccessful posts. At some point in every project I need to sacrifice my health to spend time looking at them. When I pause the app I am often shocked by the moment of the color's returning, and as a result of this, I've developed a low-level anxiety about color itself, so that when I'm looking at an analog book I sometimes have to remind myself that it isn't harmful to look at physical analog images, only digital ones. This creates an interesting hierarchy in which, after years immersed in digital capture and editing, I now once again prefer to have direct experience with physical books, prints, and publications.

Twice per year I access *The Inner Sanctum* to document and choose several items to take back with me on the airplane. Although this process makes me feel closer to my items, reducing bifurcation, it makes me sad to think that the process of touching them may be putting the items in jeopardy.

\*To be included in the collection, images must be in either the 80 most-, or 80 least-, liked Instagram posts. These will, naturally, change over time, and the archive will be updated periodically to reflect that. Each photographic file is considered singular so it may exist in only one instance or form at a time. Works in the collection must be removed from the Instagram feed, and works in the collection must be removed if they are subsequently exhibited, posted,

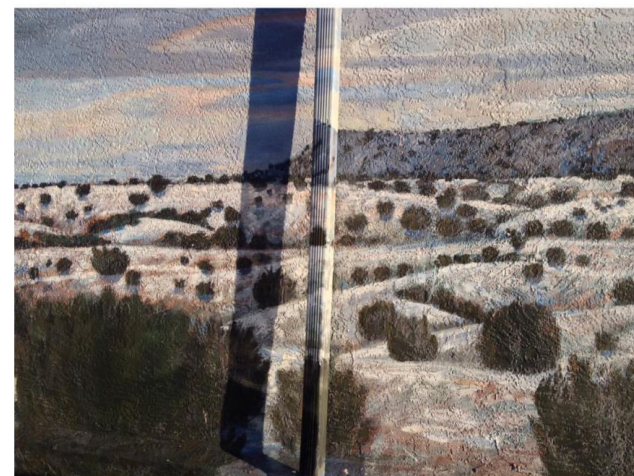
SETH LOWER



LIKES  
116



LIKES  
117



LIKES  
85



LIKES  
91





LIKES  
7



( ... )  
Taking Pictures  
that Talk.  
Animistic Objects.  
Media-Item Collage.  
Sinks.





After combing through all 861 Instagram posts of Seth Lower's, Alexandra Wanderer, having never met Lower, created an analysis of his artistic persona as that of a "North American Flaneur". Wanderer continues to expand her presentation as Lower's feed grows, her performance as an intermediary having begun at the Salon für Kunstbuch and continuing to the Shrinking Cinema event at the Belvedere 21's Blickle Kino.

23.11.18 - Salon für Kunstbuch / Vienna Art Week Presentation

14.12.18 - Blickle Kino, Belvedere 21 / Shrinking Cinema

## TIRED EYES

ALEXANDRA WANDERER

...One dude asked me to  
present another dude's work.  
They're both named Seth.  
They're both American. I've  
never been to the U.S. but I  
have been to Canada. And  
guess what, this broke ass  
Romanian woman said...yes.







And sometimes,  
he doesn't just stop  
but he actually  
parks his car...







REMAINDER  
MIXES

LUCRECIA DALT

( ... ) A film score for  
a movie which will  
never exist.

Sonata for Tuba  
Sonata for Alto Horn  
Suite Danzante en Jazz  
Esquisses de Jazz  
Improvisations on a Hungarian Peasant  
String Quartet No. 3 - In memoriam Holocaustus  
Die Tote Stadt  
Fragments  
Der Kreidekreis\_ Act I Am ufer hinter  
Der Freischutz, J. 277\_ Overture  
Frühlingsstürme\_ Vozu die sehnsucht\_  
2 Romanian Dances  
Vier Lieder: Licht in der nacht  
Echoes from Austria, Op.166: VII Largetto  
Ode to Napoleon, Op. 41 Live

# REMAINDER MIXES

LUCRECIA DALT

Paul Hindemith  
 Paul Hindemith  
 Erwin Schulhoff  
 Erwin Schulhoff  
 Bela Bartok  
 Ruth Schönthal  
 Enrich Wolfgang Korngold  
 Ruth Schönthal  
 Alexander von Zemlinsky  
 Alexander von Zemlinsky  
 Jaromir Weinberg  
 Bela Bartok  
 Alma Mahler  
 Ernst Krenek  
 Arnold Schoenberg



Using samples from composers exiled under National Socialism, Lucrecia Dalt constructed a film score for a movie that will never exist. Dalt performed her modular composition in the dark at the *Shrinking Cinema* event at the Belvedere 21's Blickle Kino.

14.12.18 - Blickle Kino, Belvedere 21 / Shrinking Cinema

THE TREMBLING  
HAND

NIKOLA HANSALIK

sculpture



scroll



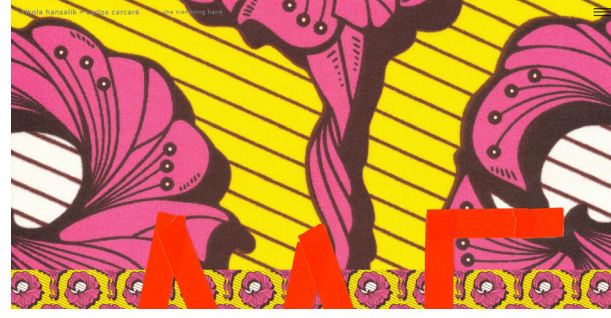
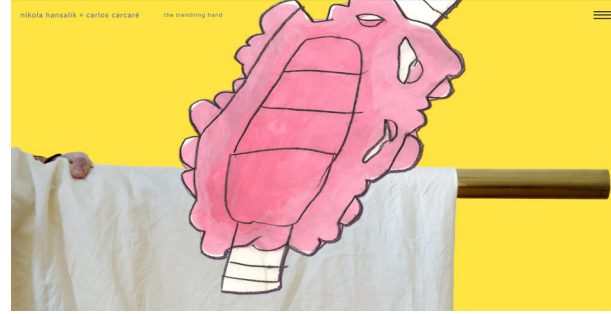
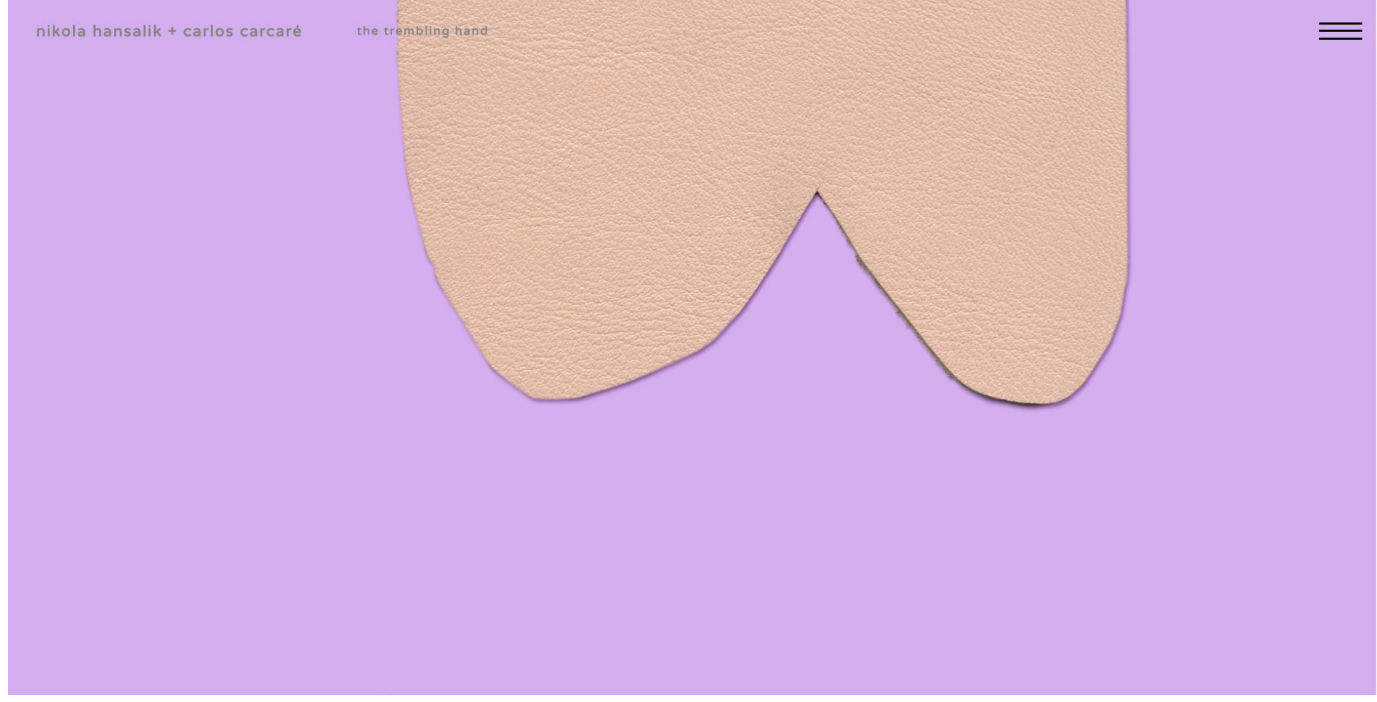
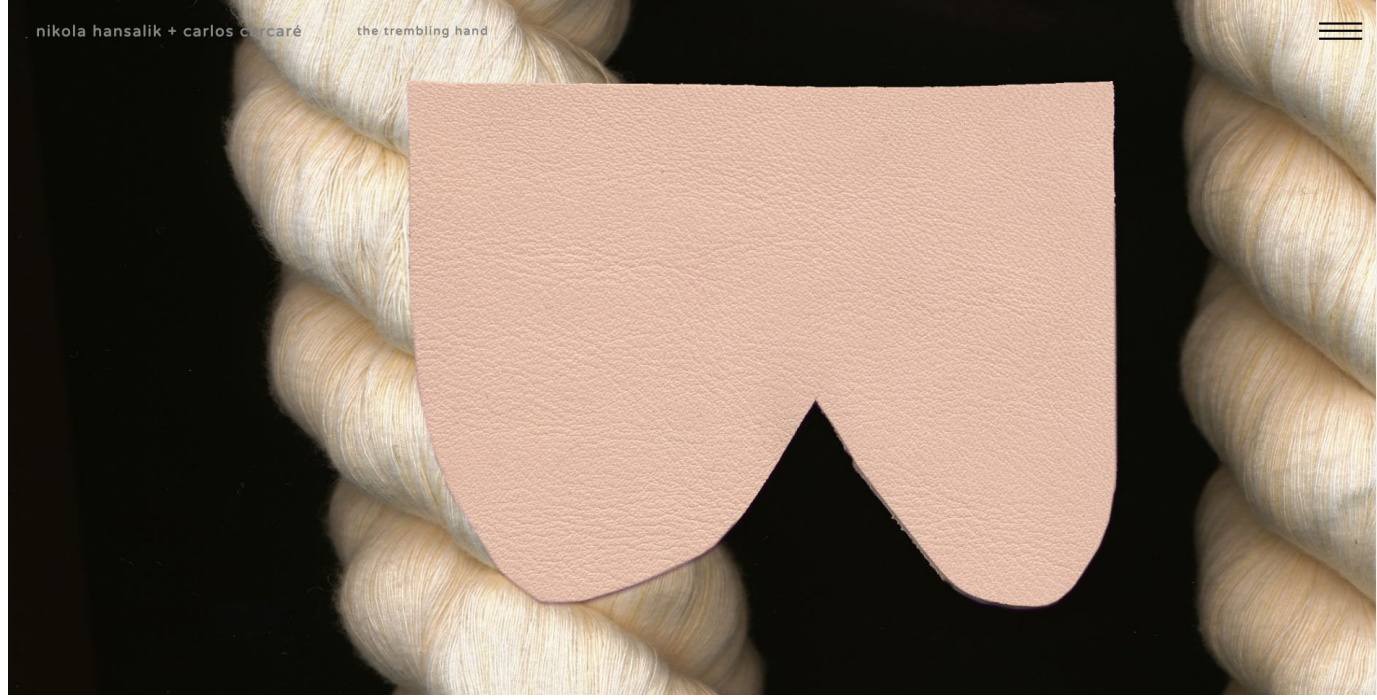


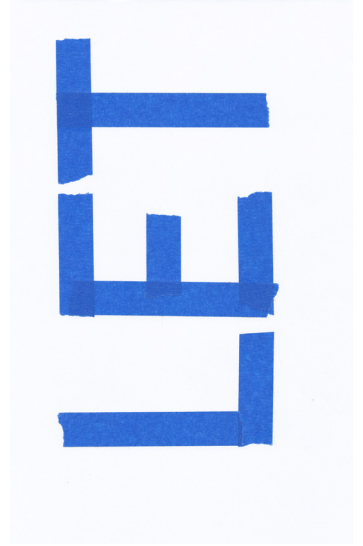
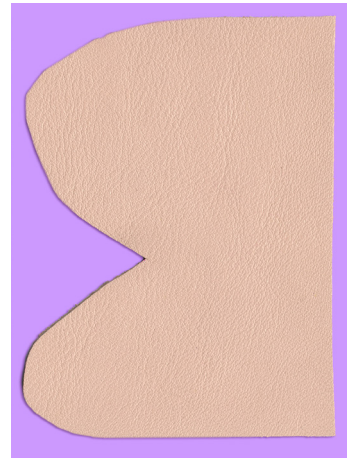
**I**nspired by fashion look-books, fabric samples and the spatial possibilities of clothing, Nikola Hansalik worked to translate sculptural studies from her studio into flat, scrollable experiences. Each scrolling sculpture has been broken into its components of color, pattern, material, and language and has been worked on as a spatial experience that unfolds on screen “in time”.

## THE TREMBLING HAND

NIKOLA HANSALIK















SKETCHBOOKS

CARLOS CARCARÉ

essen.  
scheißen.  
schlafen.  
lachen.





Working between drawing, painting and collage, Carlos Carcaré has been creating sketchbooks centered around singular themes. Once scanned, the bound sketchbooks can be viewed all at once, rearranged and as well as infinitely scaled up or down. The Palais des Beaux Arts collection of the work is comprised of the scanned files.

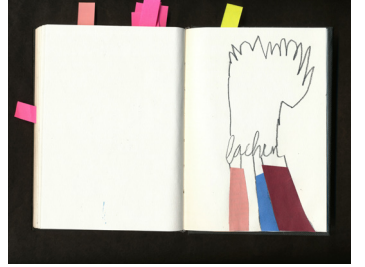
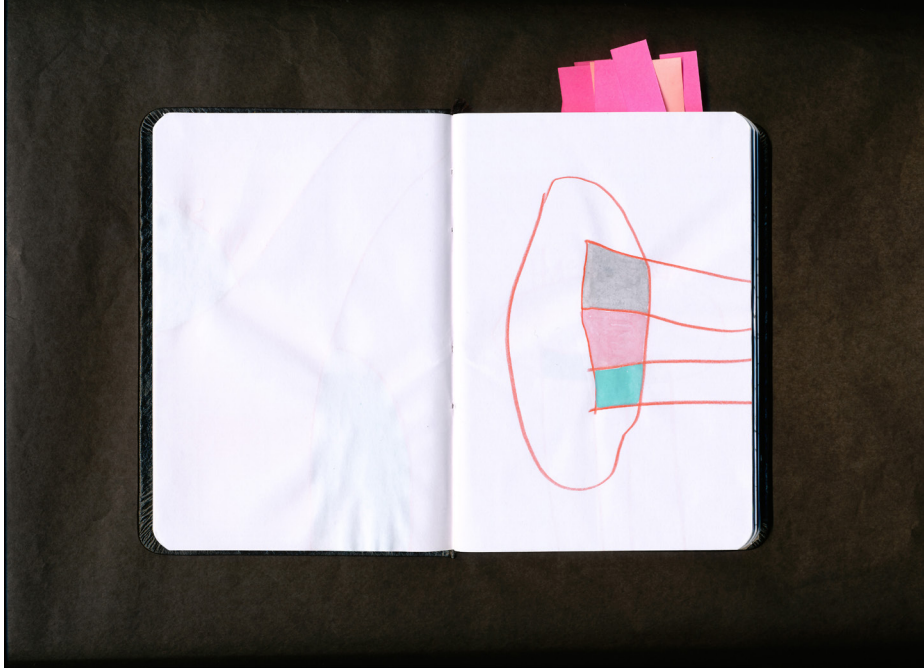
## SKETCHBOOKS

CARLOS CARCARÉ



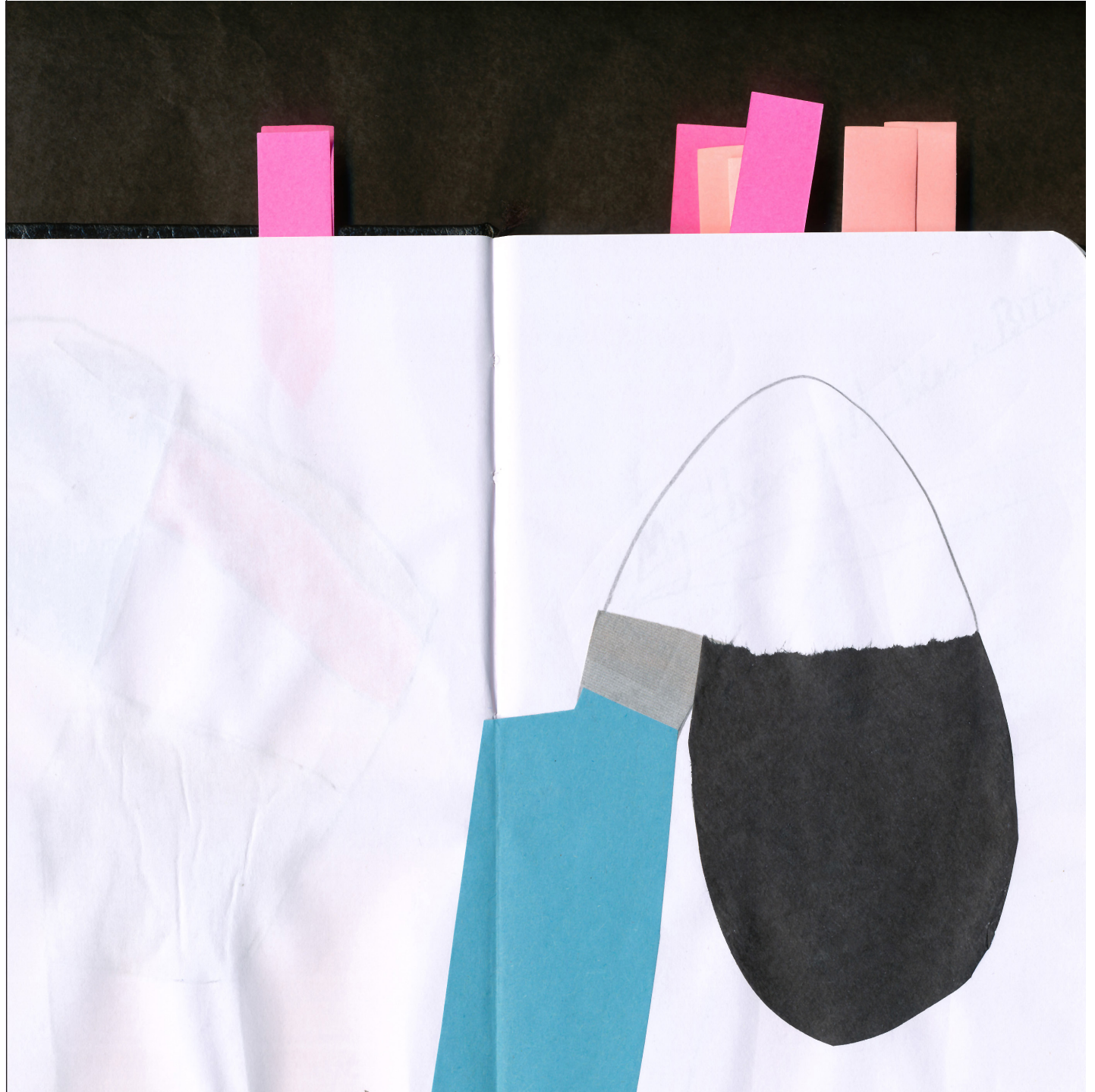
# SKETCHBOOKS

CARLOS CARCARÉ



# SKETCHBOOKS

CARLOS CARCARÉ

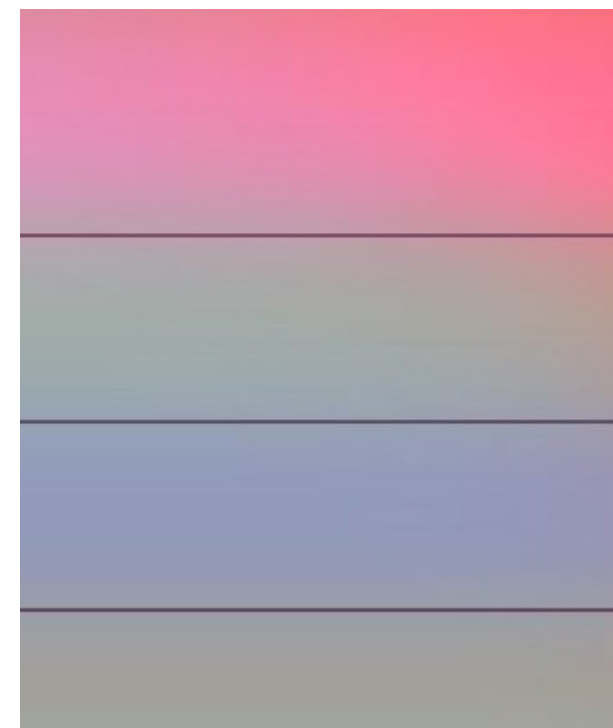
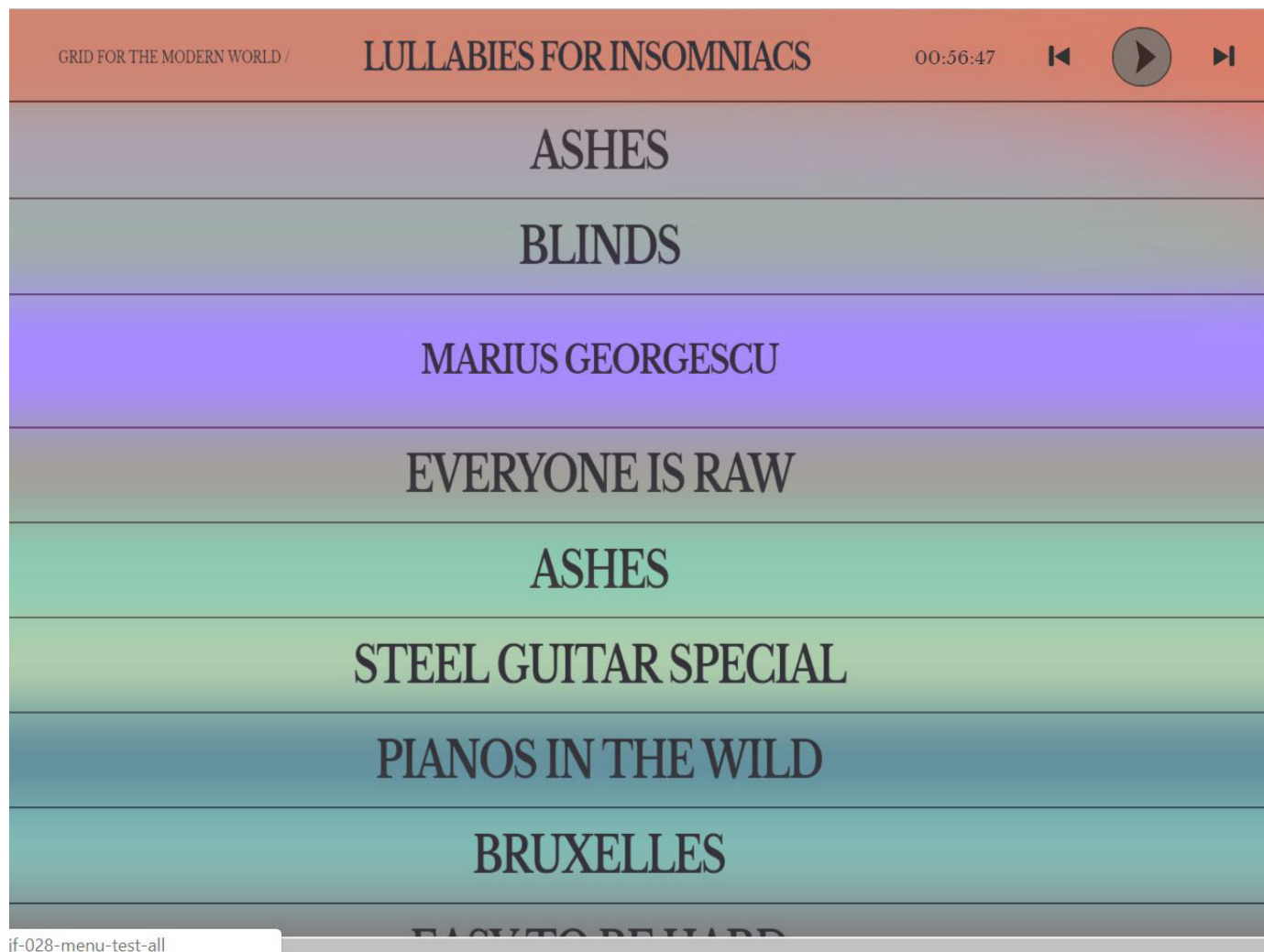


( ... ) A screen-saver  
that requires your  
computer to be  
awake.

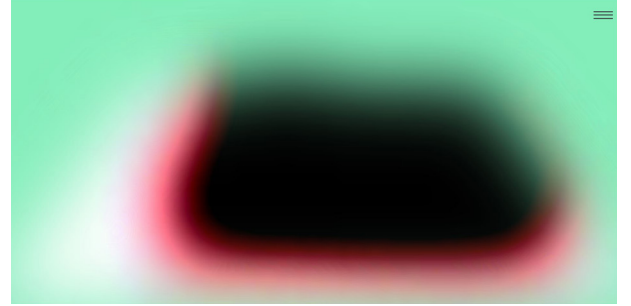
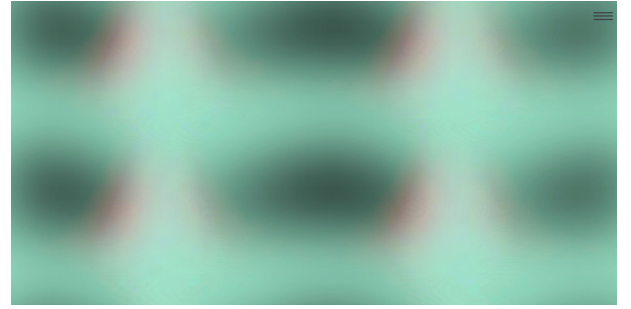
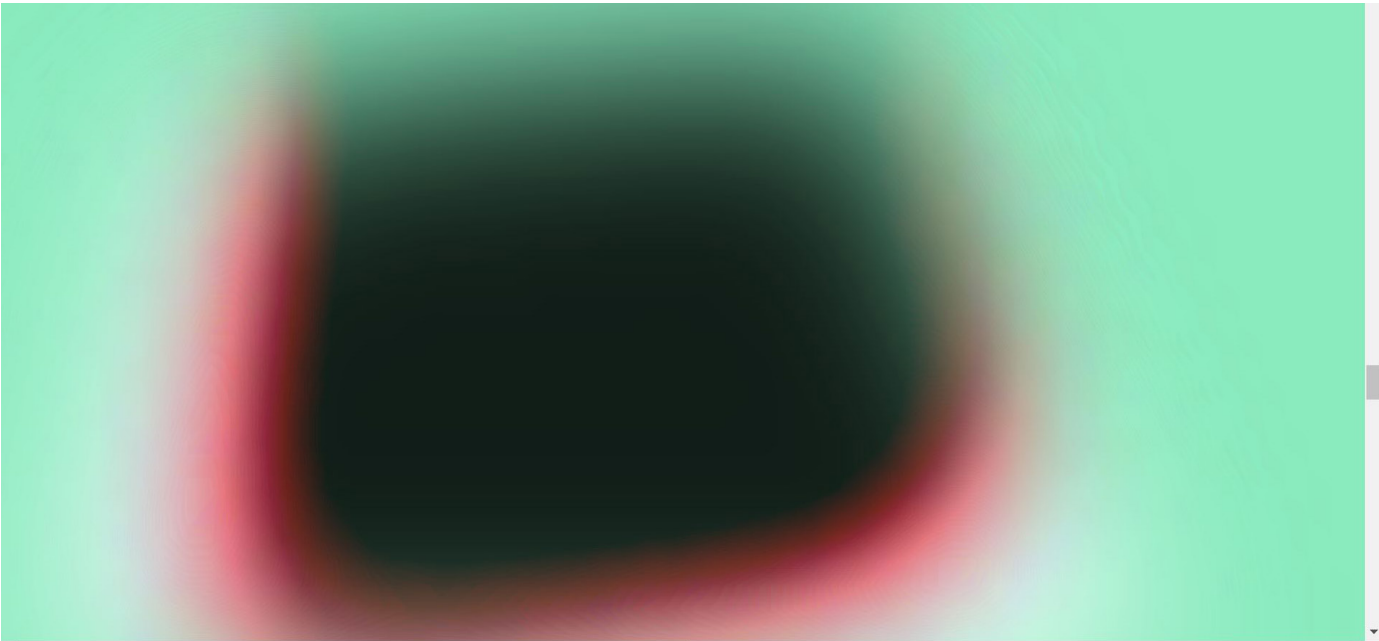
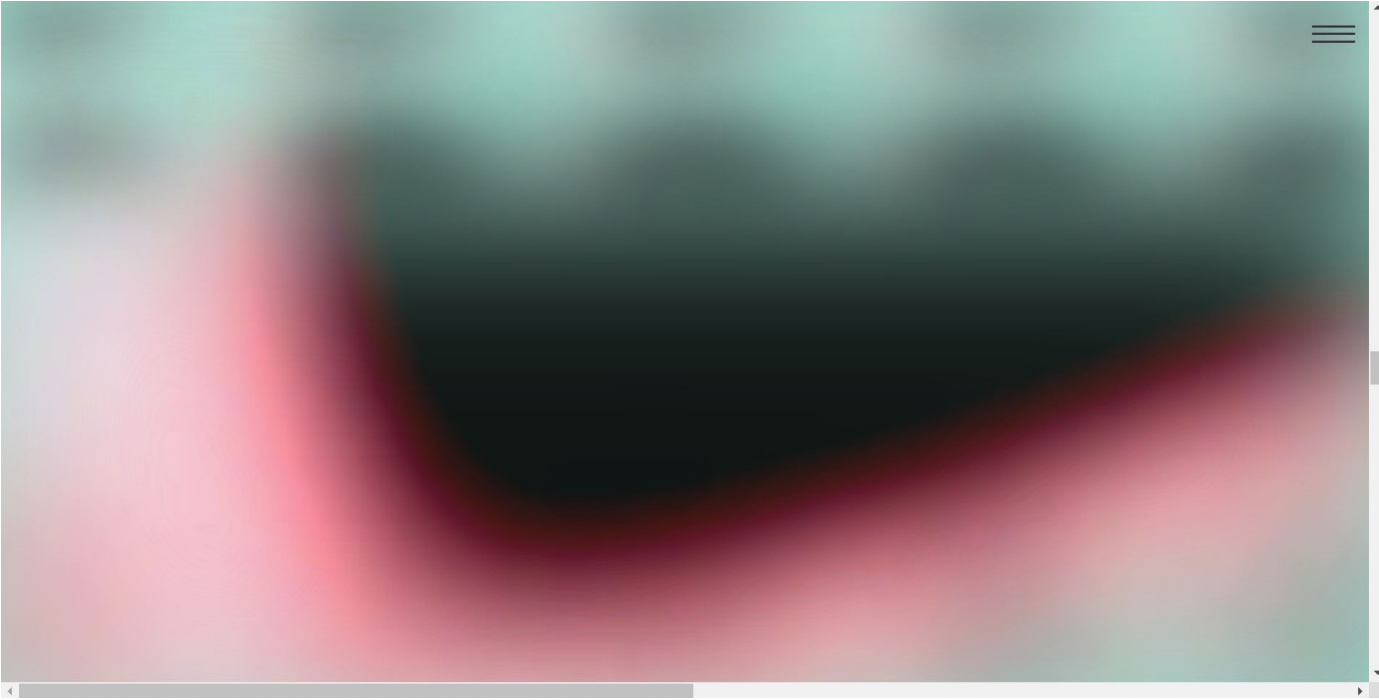


# GRID FOR THE MODERN WORLD

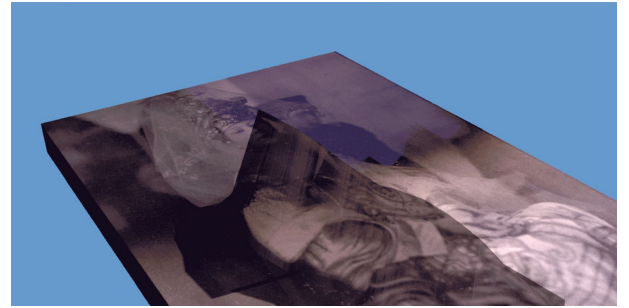
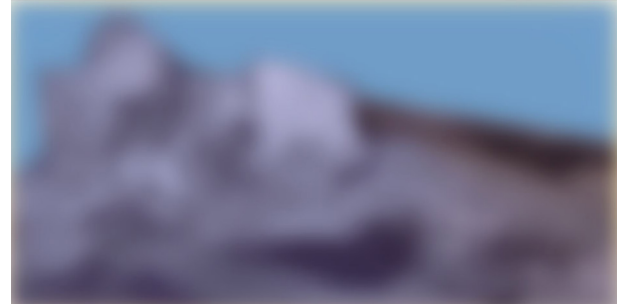
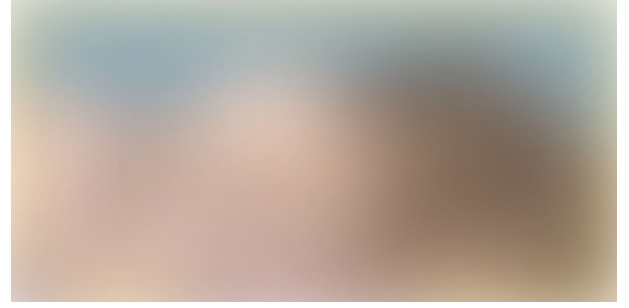
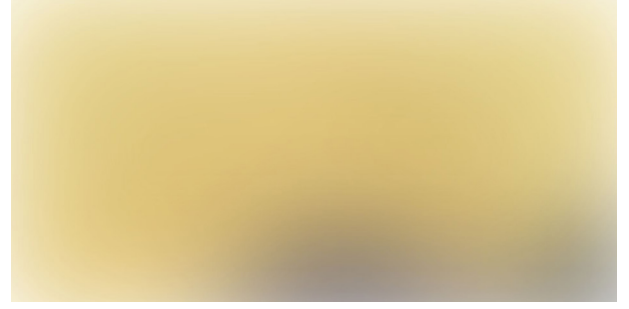
JUNIPER FOAM



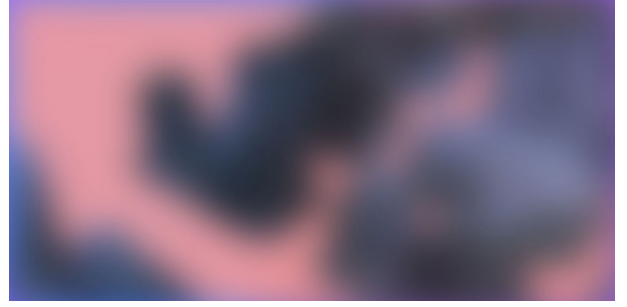
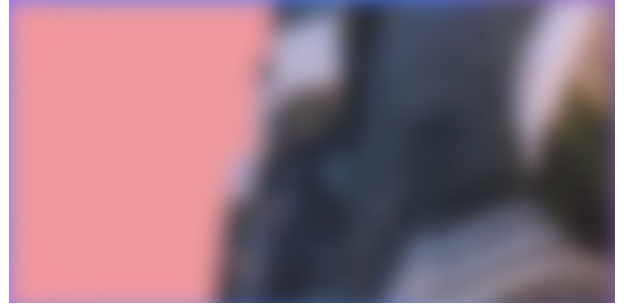
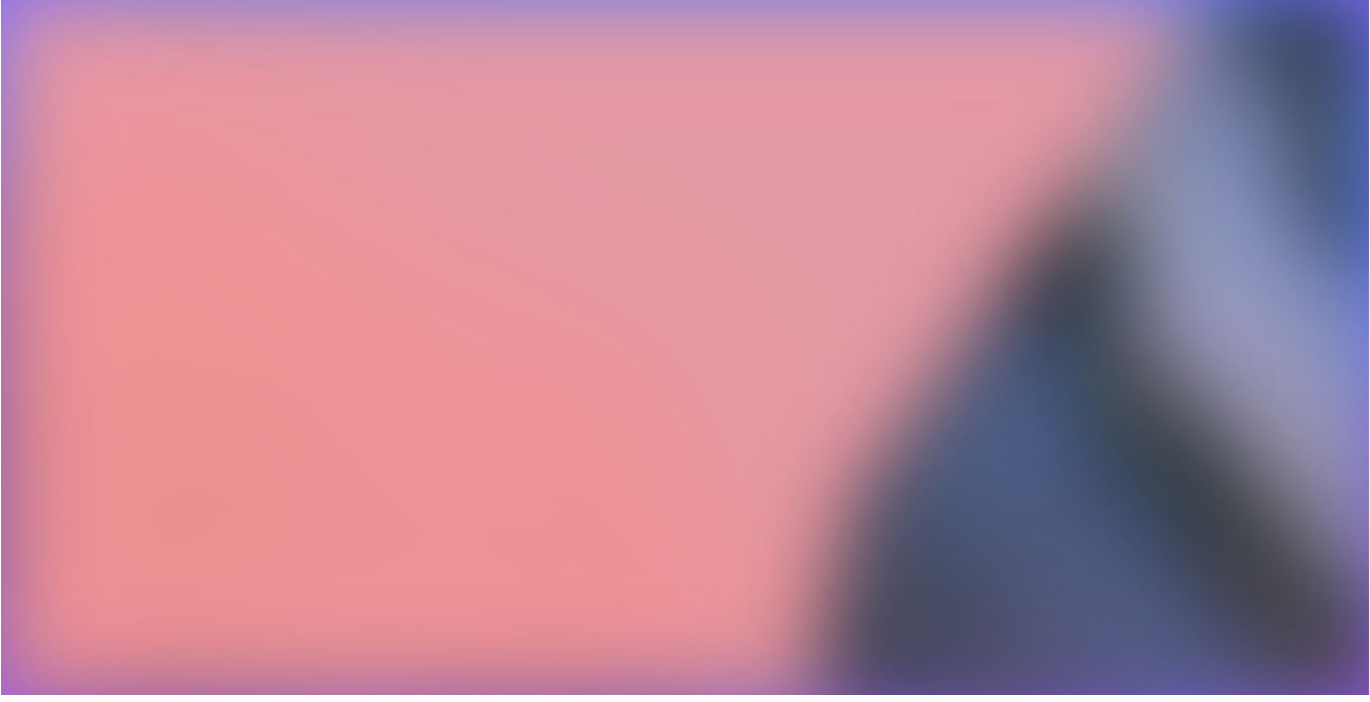
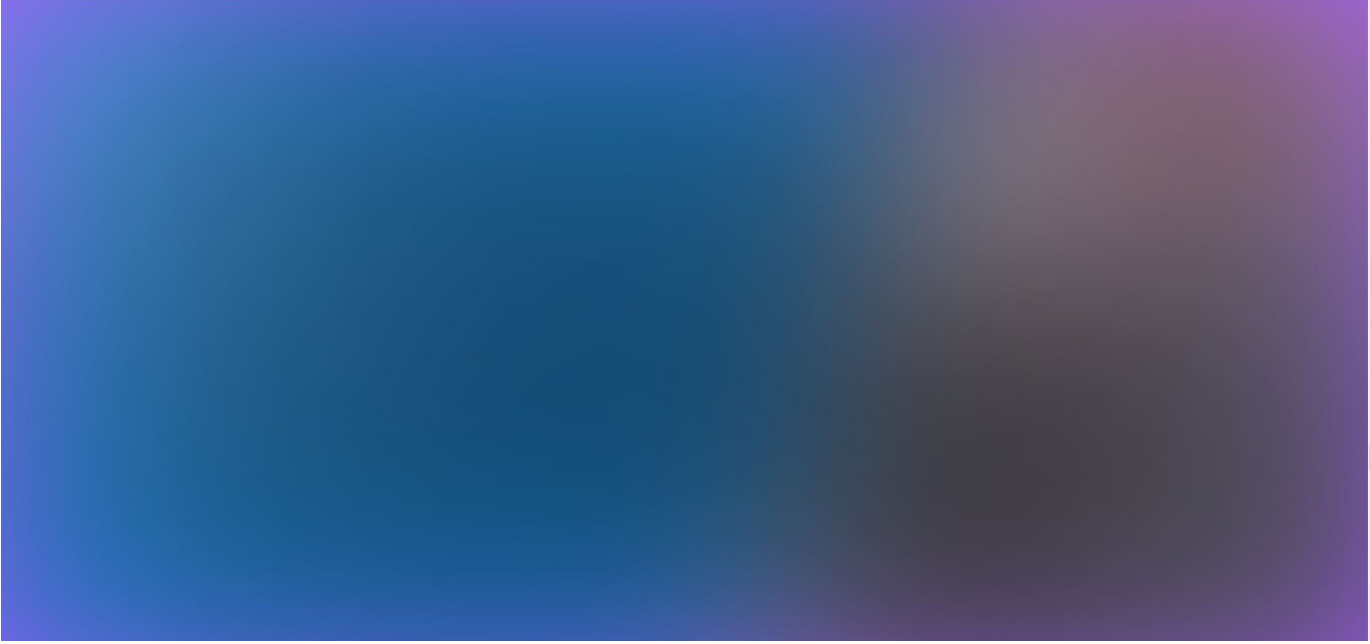
In *Grid for the Modern World*, Juniper Foam produced a collection of screensavers as counterparts to a series of long-form mixes he curated for the Palais des Beaux Arts. The screensavers feature 3d models that are textured with archival images from Atelier Bachwitz's fashion and lifestyle magazine, *Moderne Welt*, which was published between 1919 and 1939 from the Palais des Beaux Arts building. The grid is conceived of as a work that will continually accumulate new screens as Juniper Foam mines the publications for textures and composes and curates new mixes.

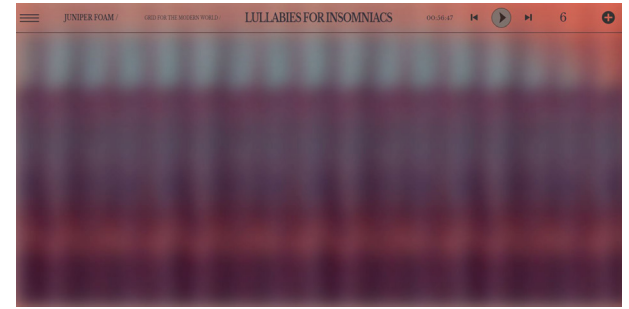
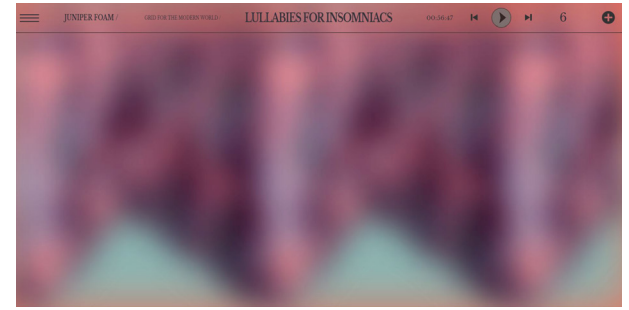


JUNIPER FOAM









SHRINKING  
CINEMA

BLICKLE KINO / BELVEDERE 21

( ... ) an  
over-sized  
container for  
a website.



## SHRINKING CINEMA

BLICKLE KINO / BELVEDERE 21



By treating the cinema as an over-sized container for a website, the first evening in the series Shrinking Cinema aimed to highlight the condition of a screen—whether palm sized or spanning an entire wall—as a cinematic apparatus that becomes a space for the projection of memory, afterimages, and speculation. Using the black box diagram of the Blickle Kino, Palais des Beaux Arts presented and discussed a series of commissioned works from Juniper Foam, Nikola Hansalik, Carlos Carcaré, Seth Lower, Alexandra Wanderer and Thomas D. Lonner, followed by a performance from Lucrecia Dalt.

14.12.2018



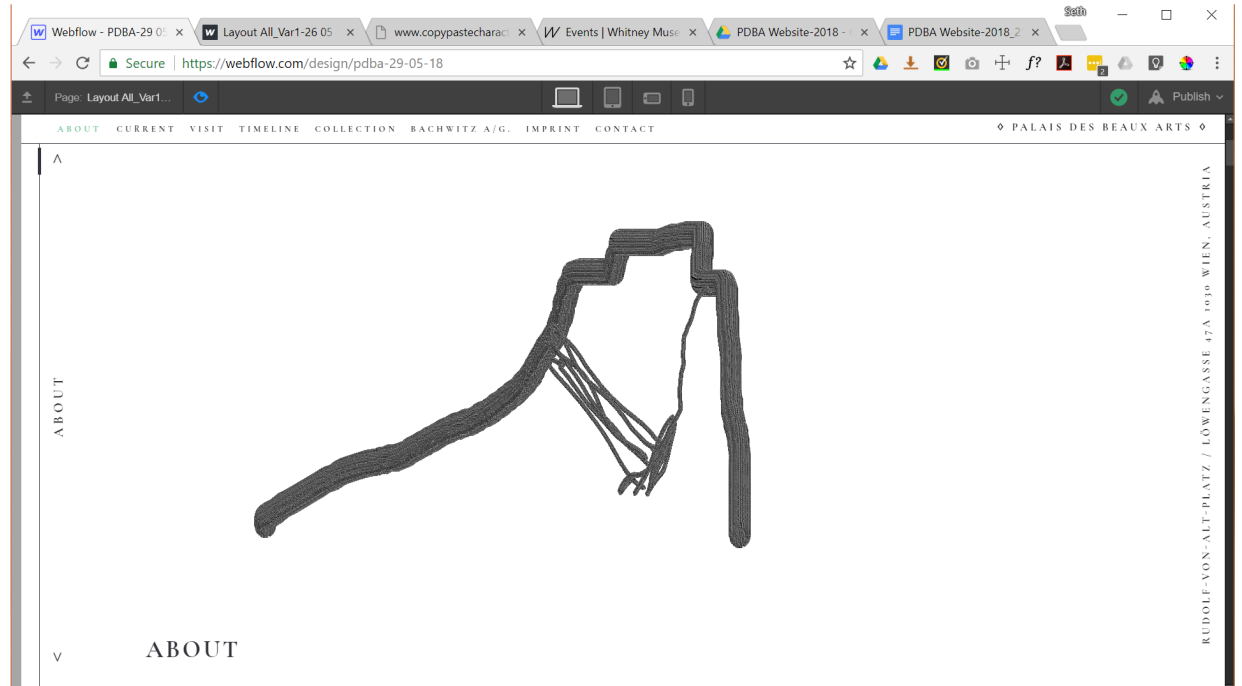
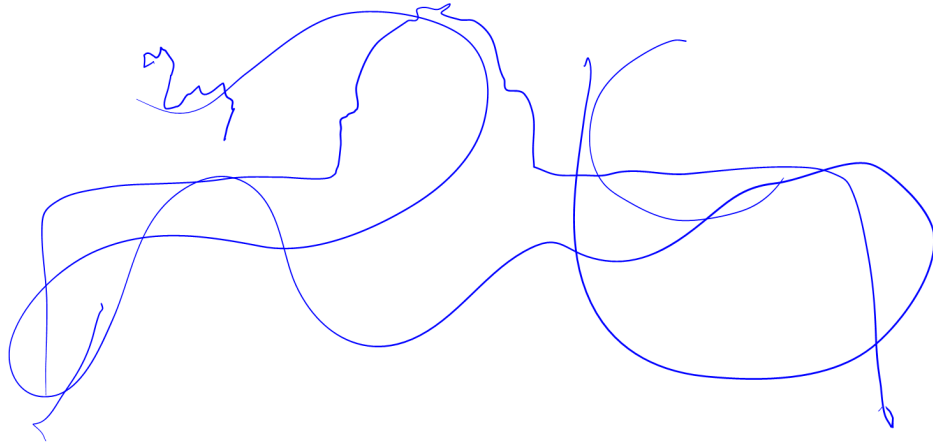
## SHRINKING CINEMA

BLICKLE KINO / BELVEDERE 21



## SHRINKING CINEMA

BLICKLE KINO / BELVEDERE 21







## SHRINKING CINEMA

BLICKLE KINO / BELVEDERE 21



SHRINKING  
CINEMA

BLICKLE KINO / BELVEDERE 21

M O D E R N E W E L T

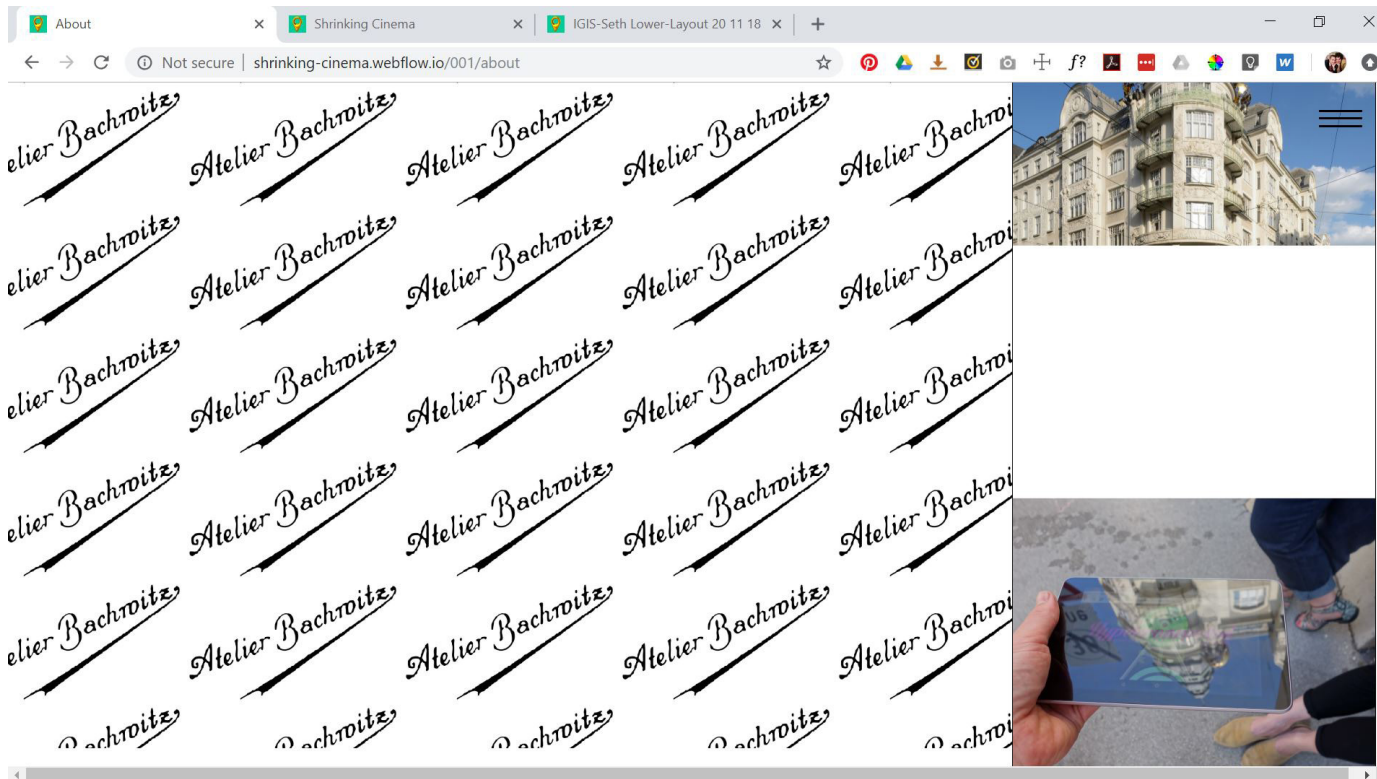


Photo  
Hedda Walther  
Berlin

FRÜHLING

# SHRINKING CINEMA

BLICKLE KINO / BELVEDERE 21



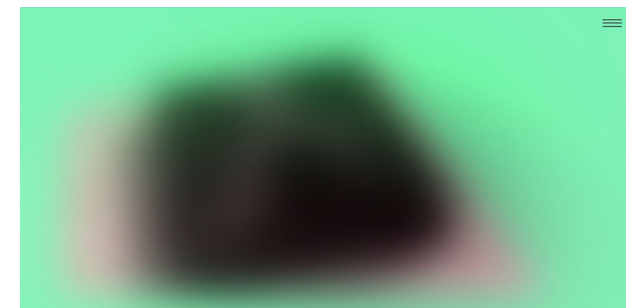
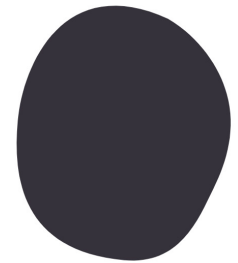
LECTION IMPRINT CONTACT

9 PALAIS DES BEAUX ARTS 9



1898

Atelier Bachwitz is founded by Arnold Bachwitz. Its first publication *Der Modezeichner* comes out this year, followed by *Chic Parisien*.





SHRINKING  
CINEMA

BLICKLE KINO / BELVEDERE 21

## M O D E R N E W E L T



Das große Geschehnis der Wiedervereinigung der Lande der Ostmark mit dem deutschen Mutterland, die ungeheure Begeisterung über eses Weltereignis wollen auch wir in bescheidenem Maße in unserer Zeitschrift würdigen, welche zum ersten Male seit ihrem 20-jährigen Bestehen als deutsche Modezeitschrift Aktuelles in Wort und Bild zeigt.

HEIL HITLER!

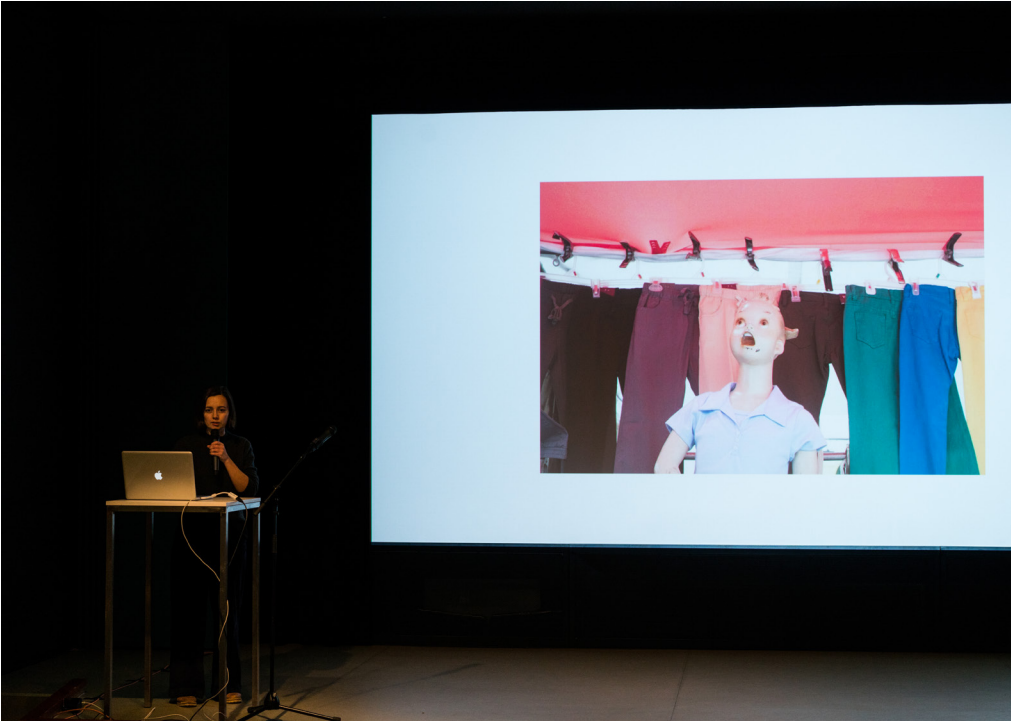
Die Schriftleitung der Modernen Welt

## SHRINKING CINEMA

BLICKLE KINO / BELVEDERE 21

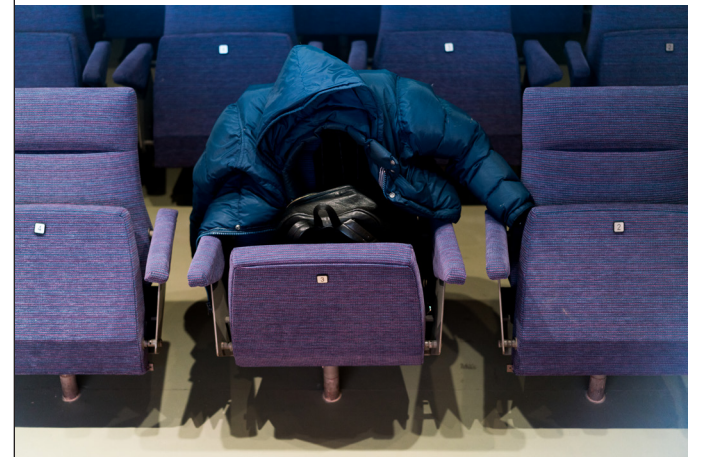






## SHRINKING CINEMA

BLICKLE KINO / BELVEDERE 21





## SHRINKING CINEMA

BLICKLE KINO / BELVEDERE 21





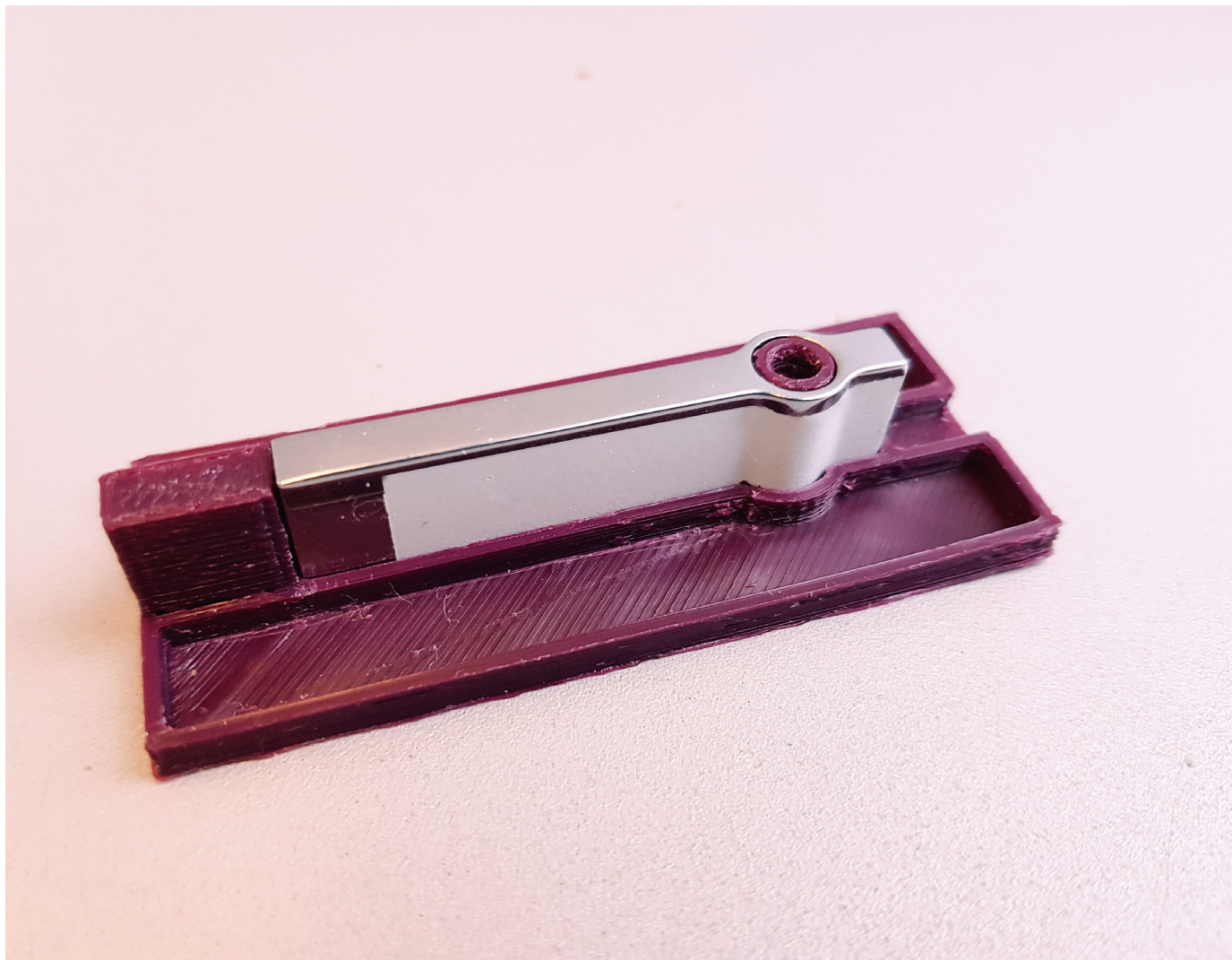
## SHRINKING CINEMA

BLICKLE KINO / BELVEDERE 21



(...) The object was designed to enter archival conditions, its form questioning standards of archival library practices.





## PALAIS DES BEAUX ARTS PUBLISHING

SOPHIE-CAROLIN WAGNER



**P**alais des Beaux Arts Publishing is a sculpture that holds fragments from the history of Atelier Bachwitz, the founders of the Palais des Beaux Arts Wien. Central to this work is 'My Blood Strangers', a text by Thomas D. Lonner, the great-grandson of Arnold and Rosine Bachwitz. Throughout the exhibition, Data Loam. Sometimes Hard, Usually Soft at AIL (Angewandte Innovations Lab), a limited edition of *Palais des Beaux Arts Publishing* will be available in the form of modified USB thumb drives and distributed unsystematically. The editions include a detailed description of the archival rules for the object, 'My Blood Strangers' and materials from Atelier Bachwitz's '*Chic Parisien*'. The object was designed to enter archival conditions, its form questioning standards of archival library practices. The exhibition will serve as an initial platform for the distribution of the publication.





BRUXELLES  
5-7 AVENUE de la CHEVALERIE  
BUCAREST  
CALEA VICTORIEI 5  
LONDON  
28, SOUTH MOLTON STREET  
MADRID  
PRECIADOS 7  
MELBOURNE  
262 FLINDERS LANE  
MILANO  
VIA S. MARTA 19  
NEW-YORK  
1170 BROADWAY  
NEW ZEALAND  
AUCKLAND

(...) This is an essay in the form of the story of the family that built this confection of a building and hovered over its wonderful creations for half a century and then died. In its death, it was both a microcosm of its apocalyptic time and insanely typical of millions of other deaths.





( ... )  
the definition of  
L.A. often depends  
on who is currently  
selling the place to  
whom.





Figure 16. Study for the neon lighting on Y. C. Hong's office building at 445 Ginling Way, undated. Courtesy of The Huntington Library, San Marino, California.



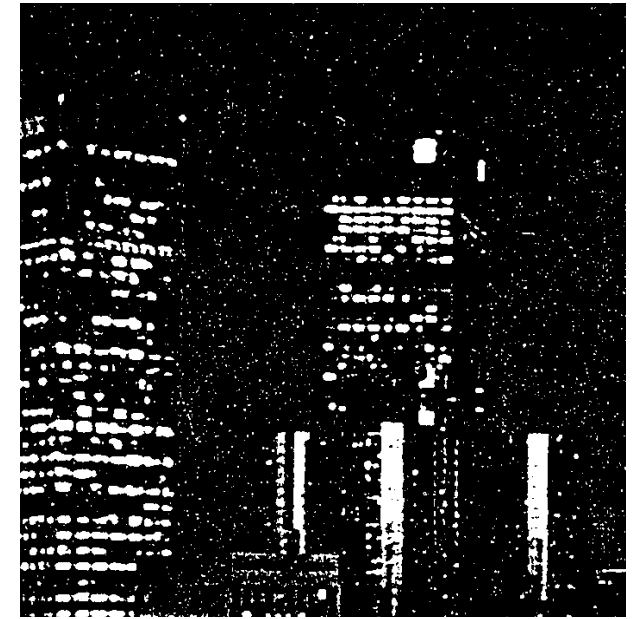
Figure 17. The Hong office building in New Chinatown, circa 1938. The entrance to Hong's

## ADVANCED STUDIES IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

ANTHONY CARFELLO

strict perpe  
in which r  
the groun  
the merch  
worked.

Althoug  
separately,  
fact that r  
the impre  
ally design  
missioned  
constructi  
Broadway  
along Gin  
and Adria  
buildings,  
office, an  
Way, a res  
boundary  
the Broadv  
donated in  
18). Webst  
ings soon  
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building t



**T**hroughout the past two years Anthony Carfello has been teaching a writing and history course for Temple University (Philadelphia, USA) that takes place in Los Angeles. A group of students from Philadelphia spend 14-15 weeks in a domestic study abroad program, Carfello's course presenting and discussing the histories, conflicts and motivations defining Los Angeles. The first class in the semester is a lecture on the development of Mission Revival architecture as it becomes Taco Bell architecture. From there, each class is taught on location at different places in the city. Each location determines the approach to the lectures, readings and conversations. For example, the class in Venice focuses on the marketing and branding of counter culture while the class in Watts and Downey is about segregation, sprawl, and signage.



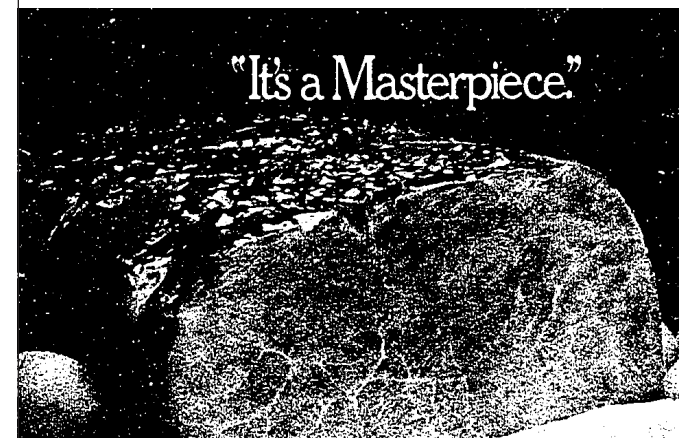
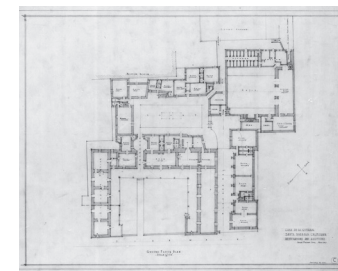


For Carfello, the linking of pedagogy with site are core to his practice—the class being an attempt to “introduce” a group of temporary transplants to Los Angeles, steeping them in the clichéd understandings that they often bring along with them (Hollywood fantasy, South Central ‘90’s movies, 2000’s reality shows, the current selfie-monument era) in order to examine the mechanisms behind the continual definition and redefinition of urban and suburban spaces in general, including those outside of Southern California and back across the country. In the course, Los Angeles is discussed and dissected as a brand, the origins of its site-based “ad campaign” traced throughout the semester.

*Advanced Studies in Southern California* was acquired for the collection of the Palais des Beaux Arts as a syllabus for the Spring 2019 course in Word.doc format.

## ADVANCED STUDIES IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

ANTHONY CARFELLO



( ... ) This course demonstrates that specific, physical spaces can be entry points to understanding the larger culture, and emphasizes the work of writers who try to describe the whole of Los Angeles through its details.

## LOS ANGELES CULTURE—WRITING-INTENSIVE FMA 3696 / MSP 3196

*"Los Angeles, it should be understood, is not a mere city. On the contrary, it is, and has been since 1888, a commodity; something to be advertised and sold to the people of the United States like automobiles, cigarettes and mouth wash."—Morrow Mayo, 1933*

Spring 2019 | Instructor: Anthony Carfello

**SATURDAYS—starting January 19:**

**11:00 am—2:00 pm (with one special case of 11:00 am – 5:00 pm)**

**Locations around L.A. (first class at Raleigh Studios, Design Center #101-D)**

**Instructor Contact:**

tuh10361@temple.edu, (323) 552-6303

**Office Hours:**

By appointment

## COURSE DESCRIPTION

One of the main economic drivers of Los Angeles is the continued sale and promotion of Los Angeles, both to newcomers and natives alike. From actual real estate transactions to the construction of the image of the city through film and television for the last century, the definition of L.A. often depends on who is currently selling the place to whom. With so many perspectives at work, how can one comprehend such a city?

This course demonstrates that specific, physical spaces can be entry points to understanding the larger culture, and emphasizes the work of writers who try to describe the whole of Los Angeles through its details.

## OBJECTIVE

**This is a writing class** centering the history and formation of the City of Los Angeles.

**The objective of this course is to**

- 1) better understand Los Angeles through the buildings and physical places that make the city's ideas, ethics, and mentalities tangible  
*and*
- 2) better understand the roles that writing and language have played in the processes of the city's development.  
*and*
- 3) make you a better writer by slowing down and analyzing the writing process

There will be weekly writing assignments and two writing projects. (see below)

## READINGS

ANTHONY CARFELLO

## LOS ANGELES CULTURE—WRITING-INTENSIVE FMA 3696 / MSP 3196

You will be assigned *WEEKLY* readings about L.A. history, culture, and landmarks.

**Readings and their corresponding writing prompts will be available on Canvas and, if requested, available by emailed PDF.**

## WRITING-INTENSIVE

Because this course has been designed to meet the university's writing requirements, there is a strong emphasis on exercising and improving your writing skills. We will do this while focusing on four types of writing: analysis practiced by historians; criticism as found in popular newspapers and websites; personal essays; and some fiction.

The writing in this course will help you learn:

- how to use the Ladder of Abstraction to guide observations
- how to introduce places to readers who may not at all be familiar
- how to create a strong introductory statement/thesis
- how to structure convincing arguments that anticipate a reader's thoughts
- how to utilize research/experiential evidence to enrich a reader's understanding
- how to incorporate personal observation in ways that are meaningful to readers

Key to achieving these goals is a production and revision process that understands editing as part of improvement, and consists of:

- observation and writing exercises
- instructor feedback and rewriting

## ASSIGNMENTS

**Consistent writing assignments in this class:**

**1) Responses to the reading assignments**—for the assigned readings, you are *REQUIRED* to answer a question or complete a writing exercise. (600 words)

*The writing exercises are essentially short, written opinions—we will focus on writing about L.A. as both informing AND as arguing, and I will ask you to respond to certain prompts as a way to practice specific writing **techniques** or to reflect on ideas about the city discussed in class.*

Your writings will be due at the beginning of EVERY class.

**There are two (2) writing projects you will develop, in parts, during the semester:**



## LOS ANGELES CULTURE—WRITING-INTENSIVE FMA 3696 / MSP 3196

**1) You will be writing an itinerary for a tour of Los Angeles**—based on models of other “introductions” to cities, your itinerary will guide a reader who is as unfamiliar with the city as you once were through an L.A. neighborhood. (further details to follow)

**2) You will profile a specific, physical place in Los Angeles** (building, park, freeway, etc.) and explain how it represents a particular culture of the city, now or from the era in which it was constructed. (further details to follow)

For each class, it is suggested that students bring a pad of paper and a pen for observational notes.

## ASSISTANCE

The instructor will provide feedback throughout the semester **VIA EMAIL**. Students will also have the opportunity to request in-person meetings to discuss their writing.

## GRADING

Grades for the course will be based on the following:

<b>Weekly Responses</b>	<b>25%</b>
<b>Two writing projects: drafts + final</b>	<b>50%</b>
<b>Class Participation</b> (attendance, punctuality, discussions, and assignments)	<b>25%</b>

## WEEKLY SCHEDULE

01. January 19, 2019—Introduction to Los Angeles: Missions & El Camino Real

• **LECTURE** at Raleigh Studios

• **READINGS FOR NEXT CLASS (See writing prompt on Canvas):**

- Josi Ward, “Dreams of Oriental Romance: Reinventing Chinatown in 1930s Los Angeles” (2013) & Carey McWilliams, “Los Angeles: A Very Special City” (1980)

02. January 26, 2019—City of themes

• **WALKING TOUR**

Meet at: *Patsaouras Transit Plaza, 801 N Vignes St, L.A. 90012*

We will go from Union Station to Olvera Street to Chinatown.

• **READING FOR NEXT CLASS (See writing prompt on Canvas):**

## LOS ANGELES CULTURE—WRITING-INTENSIVE FMA 3696 / MSP 3196

- Roy Choi, Excerpts from *L.A. Son* (2013) & Victoria Bernal, “Vast Swaths of Southern California Once Belonged to Pio Pico” (2016)

\*\*\* February 2, 2019 \*\*\*

**[NO CLASS THIS SATURDAY]**

03. February 9, 2019—Figueroa Street / Institutional Space

• **WALKING TOUR**

Meet at: *Natural History Museum, 900 W Exposition Blvd, L.A. 90007*

We will go from the Natural History Museum to USC to the Staples Center. If time allows, we'll conclude at the Mercado la Paloma.

• **READINGS FOR NEXT CLASS (See writing prompt on Canvas):**

- Katie Noonan “Venice West Cafe: A Lost Beat Landmark that Helped Shape Modern-Day Venice” (2015) & Joan Didion, “Los Angeles Notebook” (1968) & Kenneth David Hamm, “The Z-Girl in the Skateboard History Books” (2002) & Christina Campodonico, “The Fight to Ride Free” (2016)

04. February 16, 2019—Venice Beach

• **WALKING TOUR**

Meet at: *Baja Cantina, 311 Washington Blvd, Marina Del Rey 90292*

We will explore the canals, the boardwalk, Abbot Kinney Blvd, and the beach.

• **READING FOR NEXT CLASS (See writing prompt on Canvas):**

- Victor Jones, *(In)Formal L.A.: The Space of Politics* (2014) & Lynell George, “Walter Mosley’s Secret Stories” (1994) & Hadley Meares “When Central Avenue Swung: The Dunbar Hotel and the Golden Age of L.A.’s ‘Little Harlem’” (2015)

• **FIRST WRITING PROJECT: Development Assignment 1**

05. February 23, 2019—Zones

• **WALKING (and DRIVING) TOUR**

Meet at: *Watts Towers, 1727 E 107th St, L.A. 90002*

We will explore the Watts Towers and then drive to the site of the South Central Farm, Central Avenue, and conclude in Vernon, CA.

• **READING FOR NEXT CLASS (See writing prompt on Canvas):**

- John Fante, Excerpts from *Ask the Dust* (1939) & Norman Klein, Excerpts from *The History of Forgetting: Los Angeles and the Erasure of Memory* (1997)

• **FIRST WRITING PROJECT: Development Assignment 2**

## LOS ANGELES CULTURE—WRITING-INTENSIVE FMA 3696 / MSP 3196

06. March 2, 2019—Competition for Definition• **WALKING TOUR**

Meet at: *Walt Disney Concert Hall, 111 S Grand Ave, L.A. 90012*

We will explore Bunker Hill and the Grand Central Market.

• **READING FOR NEXT CLASS (See writing prompt on Canvas):**

- Alan Hess, “The Origins of McDonald’s Golden Arches” (1986) & Lucas Peterson, “Beach Is in This California Town’s Name, but It Offers Much More” (2018) & Brian Addison, “A History of Housing Practices in Long Beach” (2017)

• **FIRST WRITING PROJECT: Development Assignment 3**

\*\*\* March 9, 2019 \*\*\*

**[SPRING BREAK—NO CLASS THIS SATURDAY]**

07. March 16, 2019—Into the sprawl (THIS WILL BE THE ONE DOUBLE CLASS)• **DRIVING (and WALKING) TOUR**

Meet at: *McDonald’s, 10207 Lakewood Blvd, Downey 90240*

We will see two important sites in Downey then drive south to Long Beach where we’ll have a walking tour of downtown and drive east toward Alamitos Beach

• **READING FOR NEXT CLASS (See writing prompt on Canvas):**

- Colin Marshall, “Our Car Culture Is Not a Problem” (2016) & Lynell George, Excerpts from *After/Image* (2018)

• **FINAL DUE: FIRST WRITING PROJECT**08. March 23, 2019—Designing L.A.• **WALKING TOUR**

Meet at: *VDL House, 2300 Silver Lake Blvd, L.A. 90039*

We will visit the Richard Neutra VDL House and the Silver Lake Reservoir

• **READING FOR NEXT CLASS (See writing prompt on Canvas):**

- Rubén Martínez, “Going Up In L.A.” (1989)

• **SECOND WRITING PROJECT: Development Assignment 1**09. March 30, 2019—Scripting Place• **WALKING TOUR**

## LOS ANGELES CULTURE—WRITING-INTENSIVE FMA 3696 / MSP 3196

13. April 27, 2019—Representation• **TOUR**

Meet at: *Document Coffee Bar, 3850 Wilshire Blvd, L.A. 90010*

We will explore Koreatown.

• **FINAL DUE: SECOND WRITING PROJECT****COURSE POLICIES**

• **Attendance** is REQUIRED, wherever we are having class. In addition to attending class, you will also be graded on your participation in class discussions.

Four (4) unexcused absences will result in course failure.

The only “excused absences” are for medical reasons with **ADVANCE** notification—do not email me 3 hours *after* class to tell me that there was an emergency.

**Even if you are absent**, you are **STILL RESPONSIBLE** for that week’s homework.

Accommodations can be negotiated, but **ONLY** in advance. Failure to notify me of a conflict ahead of time will result in an unexcused absence and no accommodations.

**There are no “make up classes” or “extra credit”** options for this course, but action can be taken to keep you from falling behind.

• **NO PHONES. NO TEXTING.** If you are caught using your phone or toying with your Apple Watch while I am speaking, you will be asked to leave and marked absent.

During tours, you may use phones and take pictures when I am NOT speaking.

• **Punctuality** is expected. You are required to be at class on time. Points will be taken off your class participation grade for ANY late arrivals.

Leave early enough to accommodate for traffic.

• **Due dates** will be strictly enforced. The grade for late **project assignments** will be reduced by one letter grade (from an A to a B, etc.) for EACH late day unless you have made arrangements with me before the due date.

Late weekly responses will not be accepted at all.

• **No guests** unless they are current students in the L.A. Study Away program.

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Meet at: Document Coffee Bar, 3850 Wilshire Blvd, L.A. 90010

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• **No guests** unless they are current students in the L.A. Study Away program.

• **Sources** used for your writing assignments must be properly cited. Guidelines for the citations will be given with each specific assignment. But above all, plagiarism of any sort will not be tolerated, as per university policy:

*“Temple University believes strongly in academic honesty and integrity. Plagiarism and academic cheating are, therefore, prohibited. Essential to intellectual growth is the development of independent thought and a respect for the thoughts of others. The prohibition against plagiarism and cheating is intended to foster this independence and respect.*

*Plagiarism is the unacknowledged use of another person's labor, another person's ideas, another person's words, another person's assistance. Normally, all work done for courses -- papers, examinations, homework exercises, laboratory reports, oral presentations -- is expected to be the individual effort of the student presenting the work. Any assistance must be reported to the instructor. If the work has entailed consulting other resources -- journals, books, or other media -- these resources must be cited in a manner appropriate to the course. It is the instructor's responsibility to indicate the appropriate manner of citation. Everything used from other sources -- suggestions for organization of ideas, ideas themselves, or actual language -- must be cited. Failure to cite borrowed material constitutes plagiarism. Undocumented use of materials from the World Wide Web is plagiarism. [...]*

*The penalty for academic dishonesty can vary from receiving a reprimand and a failing grade for a particular assignment, to a failing grade in the course, to suspension or expulsion from the university. The penalty varies with the nature of the offense, the individual instructor, the department, and the school or college.”*

[Source: “Student Responsibilities,” Temple University Undergraduate Bulletin 2016-2017. Temple U., Office of the Provost, 2016, accessed 2017, [http://www.temple.edu/bulletin/Responsibilities\\_rights/responsibilities/responsibilities.shtm#honesty.](http://www.temple.edu/bulletin/Responsibilities_rights/responsibilities/responsibilities.shtm#honesty.)]

**This course is open to all students who meet the academic requirements for participation.**

Temple University is committed to the inclusion of students with disabilities and provides accessible instruction, including accessible technology and instructional materials.

The process for requesting access and accommodations for this course is: 1) Advise the instructor of the need for access and accommodations; 2) Contact Disability Resources and Services (215-204-1280) to request accommodations; 3) DRS will consult with the instructor as needed about essential components of the program; 4) Present the instructor with a DRS accommodation letter.

Any student who has a need for accommodation based on the impact of a disability should contact the instructor privately to discuss the specific situation as soon as possible.

Freedom to teach and freedom to learn are inseparable facets of academic freedom. Temple University has adopted a policy on Student and Faculty Academic Rights and Responsibilities (Policy # 03.70.02), which can be accessed through the following URL: <http://policies.temple.edu/PDF/99.pdf>



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