

VANCOUVER HOLOCAUST EDUCATION CENTRE

ZACHOR

SPRING 2013

WENDY OBERLANDER

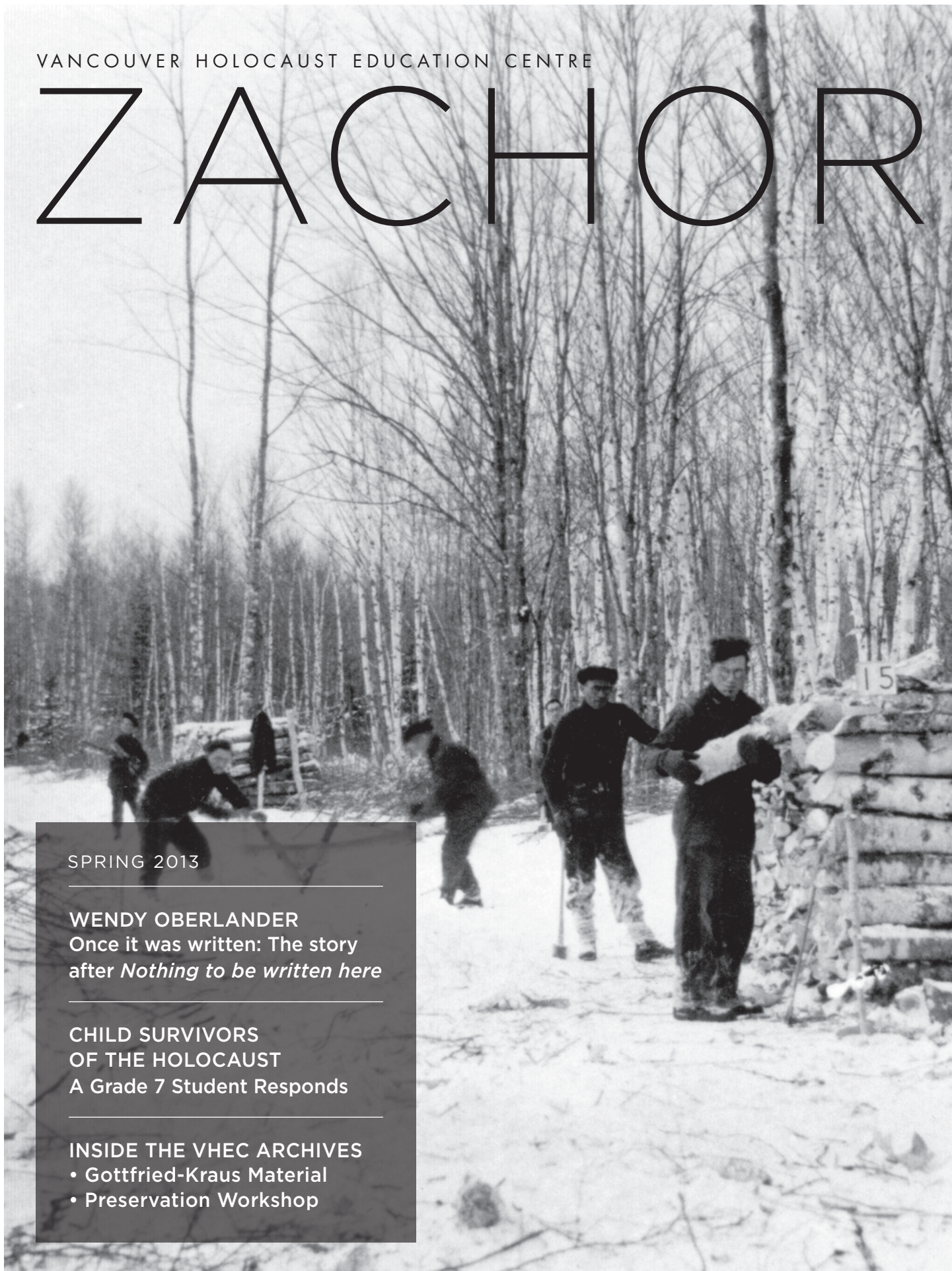
Once it was written: The story
after *Nothing to be written here*

CHILD SURVIVORS
OF THE HOLOCAUST

A Grade 7 Student Responds

INSIDE THE VHEC ARCHIVES

- Gottfried-Kraus Material
- Preservation Workshop



VANCOUVER HOLOCAUST EDUCATION CENTRE

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YOM HASHOAH

Commemorative Evening

7 PM | MONDAY, APRIL 8, 2013

WOSK AUDITORIUM, JEWISH COMMUNITY CENTRE
950 WEST 41ST AVENUE

FEATURING:

Marion Cassirer *Holocaust Survivor*

Claire Klein Osipov *Vocalist*

Nancy DiNovo *Violinist*

Cantor Yaacov Orzech

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SPRING 2013

ZACHOR | Remember

EDITOR

Nina Krieger

EDITOR, "NO LONGER ALONE"

Lillian Boraks Nemetz

DESIGN

Illene Yu

NATIONAL AWARD FOR EXCELLENCE IN HOLOCAUST EDUCATION

A special award is being presented by **Citizenship and Immigration Canada** in conjunction with the Canadian Chair Year of the **International Holocaust Remembrance Alliance**. The Alliance is an intergovernmental body comprised of 31 member states devoted to Holocaust education, remembrance and research. Dr. Mario Silva, former Member of Parliament, will Chair the Alliance between March 2013 and March 2014.

Teachers who demonstrate excellence in Holocaust education are eligible to win a **\$5,000 award for their school**. The top three finalist teachers will have their best practices and learning materials published on Citizenship and Immigration Canada's website as a resource for Canada's education community.

The award winner will be announced in October 2013 at the International Holocaust Remembrance Alliance Conference in Toronto.

Details on the nomination requirements are available at cic.gc.ca/holocaust-award



Dear Readers,

This issue of *Zachor* features reflections about the on-going resonance of the Holocaust, told through a number of lenses.

Wendy Oberlander, whose family materials and encouragement spurred the VHEC to undertake the telling of the story of Canada's wartime internment of Jewish refugees, comments on the space between the "*Enemy Aliens*" exhibit (on view through June 2013) and her own film created nearly two decades ago, *Nothing to be written here*. Our youngest contributor, Rachel Bernardo, writes about the experiences of survivors who were **children during the Holocaust**, based on interviews conducted as part of a project under the guidance of the VHEC's Education Director. Sidi Spiegel-Shaffer, in her powerful contribution to the **No Longer Alone** pages, offers testimony of her experiences as a Jewish child born in Romania in 1938, while a review of the posthumous publication of a volume of poetry by **Richard Mirabel** speaks to the impulse to render meaning through language.

Readers also get a behind-the-scenes perspective on work underway in the VHEC archive to preserve and provide access to the **Gottfried Collection** relating to one family's remarkable experiences in Vienna, Shanghai and Vancouver. Our archival staff will be sharing their expertise with the community at large during a **preservation workshop** later this spring.

Another upcoming event of note: the VHEC is very pleased to present renowned genocide scholar Dr. James Waller to public audiences on May 2nd, as well as to senior secondary students attending the **VHEC's 38th Annual Symposium on the Holocaust** at UBC.

On April 8th, the community marks **Yom Hashoah** (Holocaust Remembrance Day). All are welcome, and local survivors will participate in a candle-lighting tribute to victims of the Holocaust.

Best regards,

Nina Krieger
Editor & VHEC Executive Director

P.S. A note for Kamloops residents and visitors: the VHEC's acclaimed exhibit, *More Than Just Games: Canada & the 1936 Olympics*, is on view at the **Kamloops Museum & Archives** until May 1st.

THE LONGEST WALK

BY RACHEL BERNARDO

For decades following the Second World War, child survivors of the Holocaust struggled to forget the trauma of their wartime experiences and embrace new lives. Rachel Bernardo, a grade 7 student at L'école Bilingue, interviews two local child survivors and responds to their narratives.

Lillian Boraks Nemetz was just a young girl, eager to begin her education, when the Nazis invaded her hometown of Warsaw, Poland, in the fall of 1939. So, when Lillian remembers her childhood, she doesn't remember a carefree one — instead she remembers one full of pain. As Lillian remembers, "There is a time, there is a moment, there is an hour in everyone's life that changes you, who you become, your direction. And it was such an upheaval, such chaos, that no one who was involved in it could have a normal life subsequently."

Child survivors of the Holocaust never experienced a typical upbringing. Their childhoods were interrupted by the invasion of Nazi Germany and the Second World

War. They didn't get to play, to be light-hearted. They didn't get to celebrate birthday parties or spend time with friends. The children were uprooted from their homes and had their families split up. Many were taken away from their parents and homes before they were old enough to understand what was going on. Very young children were forced to take on responsibilities

no child should have to carry. They were forced to grow up too fast and act in a way that no child should have to.

From a young age, the lives of these children were full of fear. Their lives were full of danger and trauma.

Alex Buckman is a child survivor from Brussels, Belgium.

He was one year old when the Nazis overtook Belgium in May 1940. During the war, he was hidden in many places, the most significant being in an orphanage in Namur, Belgium. He will never forget the memory of being taken away by a strange woman. "I remember vividly the walk I went on with this particular woman from our home in Brussels to the orphanage. Why? Because it was traumatic. It was during the war and because there were Nazis all over the place, and I was told not to say anything. I didn't speak for four days. And that I remember distinctly because we were constantly afraid to be caught." During this trip, Alex traveled mostly at night. Once he arrived at the orphanage, there were a number of Nazi inspections. During these inspections, Alex and the other Jewish boys were hidden in a small cellar that was more of a crawl space, hidden underneath the floor, covered by furniture and a carpet. In that cellar, it was very dark. They could not scream or cry, for fear of getting caught. If Alex or the other children in the cellar had cried out, the Nazis would've found them



Lillian at age 5, Poland.
- Courtesy Lillian Boraks Nemetz.



Alex, age 6,
recuperating in Belgium after liberation,
Summer c. 1945. - Courtesy of Alex Buckman.

and killed everyone in the orphanage. “We were scared, completely scared,” Alex remembered. To this day, Alex prefers to always have some lights on.

Lillian Boraks Nemetz was trapped inside the Warsaw ghetto with her parents and younger sister for 18 months. In the fall of 1942, her father decided that it was important that his daughters leave the ghetto. To sneak Lillian out, he bribed a policeman and German guards to look the other way as she walked out towards the Aryan side and hopefully, safety. This walk couldn’t have been more than a few minutes, but it was nonetheless the longest walk of her life. At any moment the guards could’ve broken the deal they made with her father and shot them both.

After she escaped the ghetto, she went to live with her grandmother and a Polish-Catholic man in a small village in the countryside. She had a new identity, but it was more than just a new name. It was a new life. The house she lived in was small. Her room had mold crawling up the walls. She had to work for the man, and when her grandmother went to do errands, he tried to abuse her. It was a hard life, and she was very rarely let outside. On one of the rare occasions when she went out, she made a friend in the village. If she had told a playmate who she really was — that she was a Jew in hiding — Lillian, her grandmother, and the Polish man would have all been killed.

The lives of these children were, primarily, full of fear. They couldn’t show their fear, because showing their fear would hurt them. Fear is normal and healthy. Everyone can think back and find a time they were really scared. For me, if someone were to ask me to tell them about a time when I was genuinely afraid, I would tell them about the time I was with one of my loved ones in the hospital right after one was severely injured. I was scared for their safety, because I was always used to having this person be strong and a role model for me. My experiences with fear, as a 13-year-old growing up in a safe environment, are different than Alex’s or Lillian’s, because they have endured the hardships of war and genocide. It’s natural to be afraid of needles or falling from a tree, because you know those things can hurt you, but what these children experienced was different, their lives were completely centered around fear. Usually, when a child is scared, there is a parent, a sibling, a family member, or just a person there for them, to comfort them. For children like Alex and Lillian, that was not the case. They



Rachel Bernardo with Alex Buckman, 2013. - Courtesy Alex Buckman.

had nobody there to offer support, and most of the time, they did not even know what was going on. Instead, though they were being punished. Being children, most of the time nobody told them why these things were happening. Either the adults didn’t think it was important because they were just children, or in cases like Alex’s, not knowing the best way to protect them. In fact, at the orphanage it was Alex’s job, as a four year old, to comfort the younger kids. He wasn’t ten, eleven, or twelve. He was four. Four year olds are supposed to play — they are the ones that are supposed to get comforted, not do the comforting.

After events and experiences like these, you think about the children, how it must have been impossible to move on. They grew up, and were expected to be typical and functioning adults, and that is exactly what they did. Of course, you can’t come out of something like that and not change. It helps define you, how you deal with situations. These things go with you into adulthood, and stay with you until you until the day you die. It’s something you remember for the rest of your life.



Rachel Bernardo is a grade 7 French immersion student and participant in the Vancouver School Board’s Making Contact Mentorship Program, which connects elementary students with significant extra-curricular interests with mentors in the community. Under the guidance of VHEC Education Director Adara Goldberg, Rachel has spent the last six months learning about Holocaust history and the aftermath of trauma, with a particular interest in the experiences of child survivors. Alex Buckman and Lillian Boraks Nemetz, both VHEC Outreach Speakers, generously agreed to be interviewed for this article.

“BECOMING EVIL: HOW ORDINARY PEOPLE COMMIT GENOCIDE AND MASS KILLING”

BY ADARA GOLDBERG

In conjunction with the VHEC’s 38th Annual Symposium on the Holocaust at UBC, Dr. James Waller will shed light on the complex subject of perpetrator psychology and behaviour in a public lecture for the Vancouver Holocaust Education Center.

From the slaughter of the Ottoman Armenians under the veil of the First World War, through to the 1990s ethnic cleansing of Bosnian Muslims in the former Yugoslavia, the twentieth century will go down in history as one marred by violence. The so-called “Age of Genocide” claimed the lives of more than 60 million to genocide, purges, and other forms of state-sponsored terror on all corners of the earth.

Despite the loss of human life and consequential devastations to political, economic and social infrastructure, such atrocities continue. Since 2002, Sudan’s genocidal campaign against Darfurians has killed 300,000 civilians and displaced 4 million others, while females in eastern Congo face the omnipresent threat of rape. These conflicts show no sign of stopping.

A small cadre of researchers struggled to provide explanations for seemingly civilized societies capacity for inflicting sadistic cruelties on fellow human beings. How do communities transform from those of friends and neighbours to binary groups of genocidaires and victims? Are acts of hatred triggered by particular circumstances? Or, are some nations and people inherently more evil than others?

Dr. James Waller, Cohen Professor of Holocaust and Genocide Studies at Keene State College, New Hampshire, has devoted his professional life to answering these questions, and will address this matter to senior secondary students at Symposium on May 1 and 2, and members of the public at an evening lecture on May 2. As a social psychologist and widely recognized scholar in the field of Holocaust and genocide studies, intergroup relations and prejudice, Waller’s fieldwork has included research in Northern Ireland, the former Yugoslavia, Rwanda and Argentina. In addition to authoring over twenty-eight scholarly articles and fifteen chapters in three edited books,

Becoming Evil: How Ordinary People Commit Genocide and Mass Killing (Oxford University Press, 2002), has become a seminal text in genocide awareness. The book — which draws upon perpetrator, bystander and survivor eyewitness testimony — is accessible to both academic and general readers, and included in university syllabi worldwide.

In the preface to *Becoming Evil*, Waller offers a justification for his research: “To offer a psychological explanation for the atrocities committed by perpetrators is not to forgive, justify or condone their behavior,” Waller offers. “Instead, the explanation simply allows us to understand the conditions under which many of us could be transformed into killing machines. When we understand the ordinariness of extraordinary evil, we will be less surprised by evil, less likely to be unwitting contributors to evil, and perhaps better equipped to forestall evil.”

Waller is also actively engaged in advocacy and outreach work. In addition to holding visiting professorships in Germany and teaching fellow positions at the Holocaust Educational Foundation at Northwestern University and the United States Holocaust Memorial Museum, Waller also serves as Academic Programs Director with the Auschwitz Institute for Peace and Reconciliation (AIPR). There, he holds the role of curriculum developer and lead instructor for the Raphael Lemkin Seminars for Genocide Prevention.

Dr. Waller’s lecture takes place on Thursday, May 2 at 7:30pm in the Wosk Auditorium of the Jewish Community Centre. Entrance by donation. For more information or to RSVP, contact: education@vhec.org or 604.264.0499.



Adara Goldberg is the Education Director at the VHEC. She has a background in Social Work and holds a PhD in Holocaust History.

RICHARD MIRABEL – POET IN EXILE, 1920-2007

BY LILLIAN BORAKS NEMETZ

Richard Mirabel's *Poems* is a unique collection of work written in English and published posthumously in 2012 by K&O Harbour Press in Vancouver. The poems were selected and edited by Olga Medvedeva-Nathoo and Richard J. Reisner, with an introduction by Medvedeva-Nathoo.

Richard Mirabel, the author of *Poems*, knew Janusz Korczak (né Henryk Goldszmit), the champion of children's rights, and worked with him in Warsaw, Poland before the Second World War. Mirabel's wife, Mrs. Petronella Aders-Mirabel, responsible for the genesis of this book, is generously donating all proceeds to the Janusz Korczak Association of Canada, based in Vancouver. The Association, under the leadership of Mr. Jerry Nussbaum, has just finished celebrating the 2012 Year of Janusz Korczak, closing it with a very successful conference, co-organized by the Department of Education at the University of British Columbia and co-sponsored by the Polish Consulate in Vancouver, Consul General Mr. Krzysztof Czapla and the Vancouver Holocaust Education Center.

Poems is Mirabel's only book. It is slim, yet speaks volumes. The poems are philosophical, sensitive in their exploration of the émigré existence, the passage of time, survival and love, its fragility and its strength. It is an autobiographical journey during which the poet intermingles his past with the present, stringing his images like pearls on the elastic of time.

In the following verses, the poet is intensely aware of the passage of time in a man-made concept of the universe where he desperately searches for meaning:

*In a universe without meaning
we created one
by measuring the value
of our being
against the indifference
of time passed and passing*

Other poems speak of man's solitude in a world where both the past and the present are only to be found in some existential universe, where one is carried by forces beyond human control.



Richard Mirabel during the Second World War. - Courtesy Petronella Aders-Mirabel

*I stopped
perhaps only for a night
on my journey to nowhere
on a search
of time lost*

*One arrives all alone
and one departs all alone
in between only the time of solitudes.*

Mirabel follows the paths of many poets in exile such as Bogdan Czaykowski, Wacław Iwaniuk and Anna Frajlich, all preoccupied with displacement, loss and the search for meaning. Survival is questioned in the poet's imagery and the solitary tone and mood expressed through memory in the following verse.

*Why from the nights
dark as beginning
was I to survive?*

*Why was I left
without any meaning
only combing the ashes
and dreaming of the past?
Why was I saved
when so many perished?*

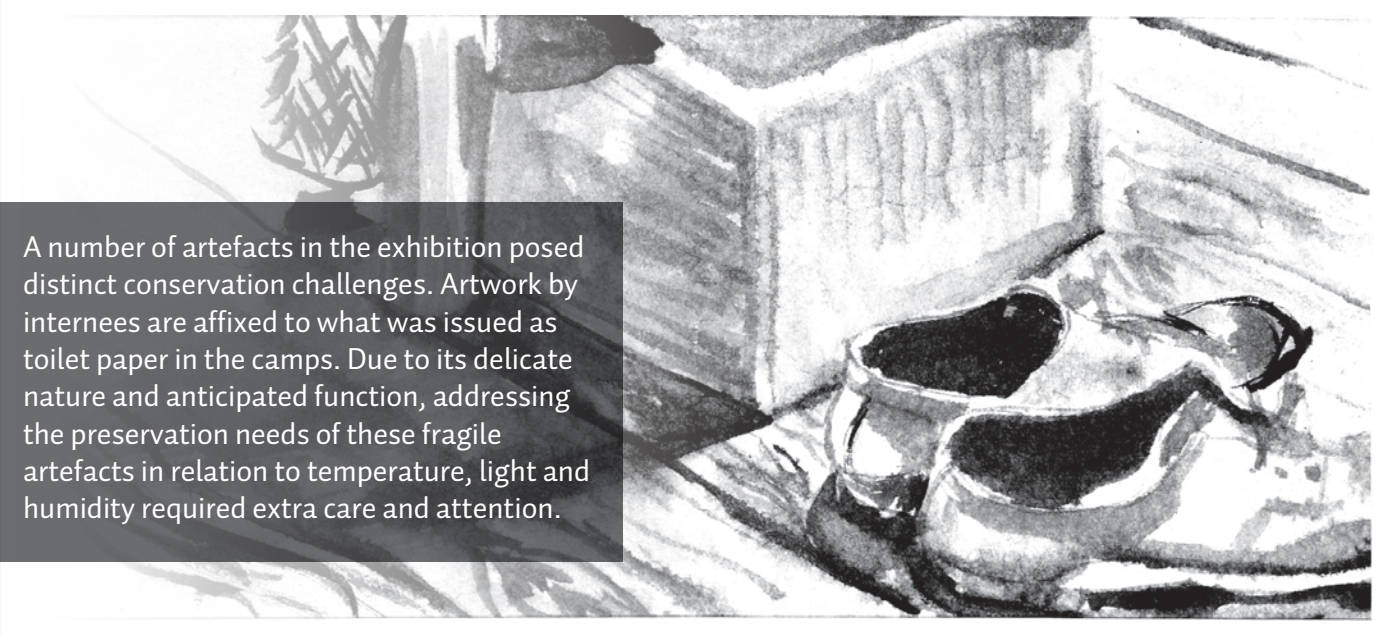
Mirabel's references to love lift this poetry from its innate darkness towards the light of spirituality and passion.

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PRESERVING CULTURAL HERITAGE: A HANDS-ON WORKSHOP

BY SEANNA MARTIN

With *“Enemy Aliens”: The Internment of Jewish Refugees in Canada, 1940-1943* exhibit as a backdrop, the Vancouver Holocaust Education Centre will be offering a workshop on how to best preserve historical photographs, documents and artefacts. Led by the VHEC’s archivists, the workshop will detail the efforts required to maintain and preserve the artefacts featured in the Centre’s exhibits, and offer hands-on guidance to attendees wishing to preserve their own primary source materials.



A number of artefacts in the exhibition posed distinct conservation challenges. Artwork by internees are affixed to what was issued as toilet paper in the camps. Due to its delicate nature and anticipated function, addressing the preservation needs of these fragile artefacts in relation to temperature, light and humidity required extra care and attention.

A scene from internment by Wolfgang Gerson, water colour on toilet paper, Camp N (Sherbrooke, Quebec), c. 1940-1942. – Courtesy the Gerson family

Since opening its doors in 1994, the VHEC has hosted many exhibits that have featured a range of remarkable artefacts and primary sources, however the *“Enemy Aliens”* exhibit is of special significance to VHEC due to its Canadian content. Helping to bring this little-known chapter of Canadian history to life are a large number of displayed artefacts, loaned or donated by former internees and their families, as well as video testimonies with the internees themselves.

Integral to showcasing these artefacts is their ongoing conservation. Much of the material featured in the *“Enemy*

Aliens” exhibit dates from the first half of the twentieth century and requires special care in order to facilitate its exhibition and ensure its protection against everyday elements such as temperature, humidity, light and the inevitable passage of time.

In conjunction with the exhibition of *“Enemy Aliens,”* and as part of the VHEC’s commitment to education and its collection, the VHEC will be piloting a preservation workshop in May 2013. The workshop will be geared

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ONCE IT WAS WRITTEN: THE STORY AFTER *NOTHING TO BE WRITTEN HERE*

BY WENDY OBERLANDER

After 20 years, and on the occasion of the VHEC's "*Enemy Aliens*" exhibit, Wendy Oberlander reflects on the legacy of her film *Nothing to be written here*. In 1993, Oberlander embarked on a long and winding path toward the creation of this award-winning video — without knowing the narrative of the story.

Standing in the snowy woods alongside Highway 10 that runs between Fredericton and Minto, I found myself in Ripples, New Brunswick. There is nothing more than a gas station, a bar and a few farms — and across the road, a crumbling structure, four metres high. It was the base of a water tank that provided water to Camp 'B' where my father spent the winter of 1940 - 1941.

Just one day before, I had found the last of the wooden barracks from this camp at the University of New Brunswick — and was told it would be demolished the next week. It had been moved to town after the Second World War, and used as a repair shed for heavy equipment on campus.

Early in my research, I realized that narrative and place do not always add up, that facts are not written in ink, and that events are not fixed in time and space. Seeing a building that housed 'prisoners' bound by barbed wire on the campus of a public university, the building that held my father captive fifty years earlier, displaces the story again — could this really be true? How did it survive, witness to a story that had disappeared so long ago?

The French writer Pierre Nora conceived a term for such things: 'lieu de mémoires' — the places and objects, both concrete and ephemeral, that construct memories (*Les lieux de mémoire* (1984–92)). Over time and space, these 'sites' come to include not only the object, but also the ritual, the archive, the institution, the moment and the non-material, creating a memorial heritage for individuals and a community, to "block the work of forgetting" (Nora 1989: 7).

Standing in the woods of Ripples, I was pushed to remember — for my father.

For a myriad of reasons, my father Peter Oberlander, z"l did not talk about his war-time experiences when I was young. Stray references to 'camp' (always spoken without an article) alluded to some kind of deprivation here in Canada; much later, in 1991, he briefly spoke about one night spent on Île-Saint-Hélène in 1941. I had a growing collection of questions, and my father was not yet able to share his answers. Early knowledge of the internment of European refugees in Canada came from the work of Paula Draper, Ted Jones, Eric Koch, Neil Livingston, and Harry Rasky, and later, from the files housed at the National Archives of Canada in Ottawa, and at the Canadian Jewish Congress Archives in Montreal. In the public realm, I first learned about my father's experiences, and his private and very complex shame.

Over time, the search shifted as my father asked, with a sideways glance: what did you find? Me, not sure how to share the plaintive pleas written in broken English by his parents to the authorities: Well, some letters, a few news articles, many files, each with a name of an internee. Mine? he asked. Yes, yours.

Around this time, I immersed myself in the work of James Baldwin, Hélène Cixous, Theresa Huk Kyung Cha, Saul Friedlander and Edmond Jabès — writers who had fashioned bridges from broken languages and landscapes in order to inscribe their own identities. New questions emerged: How to tell a story of mistaken identity? How to find words in the silence? How to make something from nothing? Luckily, the time was right.

During the late 1980s and '90s, other children of immigrants started to "narrate their parents' past" (Arlene Stein, in

conversation) through their work as writers, artists and filmmakers. I place myself late in the second wave of this work, inspired by the work of Richard Fung, Shani Mootoo and Rea Tajiri, among others. We started with questions, asked from the privilege of here, not there, looking tentatively at the geographies of confinement and displacement: what could they tell us that our parents could not?

I took a hesitant step toward creating a documentary film that might give shape to my father's story, and my inheritance of his story. As an artist, I began to see images unfurl from the letters, documents, and scraps of paper; voices with gentle accents giving rise to some answers to an old (Jewish) question: why this exile, again?

Into the box of questions was slowly added a collection of images that could stand in for my father's story: a suitcase, a boat, a fire, a book, the ocean. These formed an afterimage, where until then the screen was blank.

Reading through my father's files in public was unsettling, a violation of his privacy. In the archives, I found notes on his condition in the camps, his route through temporary camps in England, his safe arrival somewhere in Canada, his relocation to Camp "T". I unearthed pleading telegrams and letters from my grandparents to the British authorities, refugee agencies, American diplomats and the Canadian government telling of anxieties, fears, a family visa set to expire in weeks.

I also found my father's friends, the most generous and patient men who shared everything with me, an artist searching for the missing parts to her family's story. I asked: Where did the internment take you? What do you make of all this, so many years later? Out of cupboards came the stories, the jokes, the musical programs, and the drawings; reams of materials that were tucked away (one never knew what might be needed), showing me what I had missed at home.

The evidence was overwhelming, my father started to speak, and a narrative began to take shape. He shared what he could — the locales, the scenes, the restrictions, the imprisonment. A few papers surfaced, the suitcase, a name or two. (The notebooks included in the exhibition arrived at his house a few months before his death. He had packed them away, with all his worldly possessions c. 1948, into trunks that were stored in a colleague's basement for 40 years.)

The story of silence became *Nothing to be written here*, the title lifted from the

THE NEW WORD

While studying in Folkstone, in the winter of 1939, my father's English Composition class required essays written on the following topics, among others:

- How Englishmen regard foreigners.
- Travel as part of education.
- Traveling companions.
- Wildlife in wood and forest.
- The ideal home.
- The St. Lawrence River.

How is it that this textbook predicted exactly what my father would encounter, only a few months later?

The German and Austrian schoolboys remembered the swath of pink in their school atlas, etched into their imagination by the stories of Karl May. Did my father think of these stories from his childhood as he slept in the stone barracks of Île-aux-Noix on the Richelieu River, dating from the French and Indian War of 1759?

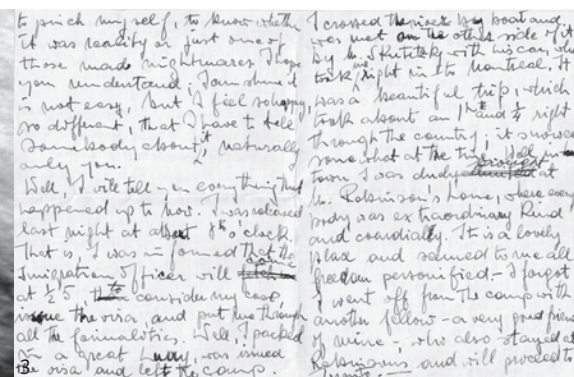
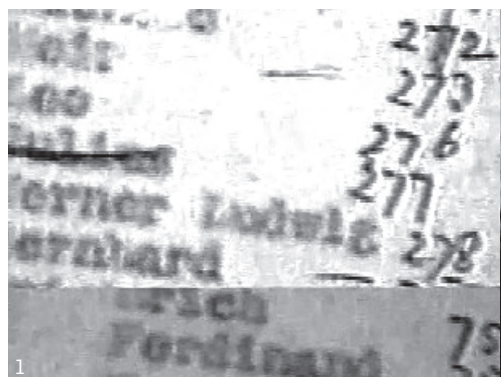


Image 1 and 2: Video still, *Nothing to be written here*, 1996 © Hahn & Daughters Productions - Courtesy Wendy Oberlander. Image 3: Letter from Peter Oberlander to his parents,

Prisoner of War stationery internees were forced to use, desperate to declare their innocence on paper already stamped with an offense.

After my father's death I found yet another ending to his story, a letter he wrote to his parents the night he was released from Camp 'I' in November, 1941. I cannot determine if this is a draft never sent, or the letter that my grandmother had saved that made its way back into our household.

So strange, so queer, I can hardly put it in words my vocabulary fails me. All seems like a dream, so unnatural, nearly impossible. Often I had to pinch myself, to know whether it was reality or just one of those mad nightmares... There (at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ben Robinson, who provided aid to many former internees in Montreal upon their release) I at first had a deep breath of freedom and then went to bed. Imagine in a bed for myself with white linens, and I could sleep as long and I like, and could turn the light off when I like.

Somehow, I think, if I had read this twenty years ago, my project would have taken a different shape.

Trying to find a bit of poetry in this convoluted history, *Nothing to be written here* includes a parable attributed by Rabbi Abraham Yaakov of Sadagoria, read by my father. (Buber. *Tales of the Hasidim: The Later Masters*. 1948).

I tried to imagine the boats loaded with boys and me — psychoanalysts, yeshiva students, engineers, doctors, musicians, journalists, mixed with German POWs, no less — sailing across the ocean in the summer of 1940. Where was their faith in all this? How was this modern peril to end?

What can we learn from a train? one Hasid asked dubiously. That because of one second one can miss everything.

*And from the telegraph?
That every word is counted and charged.
And the telephone?
That what we say here is heard there.*

Two weeks after his arrival in Quebec, my father and his compatriots were transplanted into the woods of the Acadia Research Forest in New Brunswick where that winter, the internees were put to work both chopping wood and planting trees. Rows of saplings, laid out with Teutonic precision, have now grown into mature trees standing in perfect rows — a legacy admired to this day.

A new version of the parable, read by former internee Rabbi Erwin Schild, tries to reconcile an image of the “Casher kitchen” group studying after a day spent in the woods.

*Acts of the Book
A yeshiva student sees an axe leaning against the table.
He asks: Why is there an axe in a house of study?
A Rabbi replies: Each blow of the axe etches the Word into the tree.
Another student asks: But who can read the words when the tree has fallen?
The elder responds: The tree becomes the pages of the Book.
The first student asks: And how do you turn the pages of a wooden book?
The answer: With the blade of an axe.*

Nothing to be written here was my first documentary, made with the camera in one hand and the manual in the other. I had no template to follow, and no way to expect any interest in this unknown history. I was driven only by a need to give shape to my story.

My father asked again and again, after I returned from



no date. - Courtesy Oberlander Family Collection. Image 4 & 5: Winter at Camp B (Ripples, New Brunswick), c. November 1941. - Courtesy Acadia Forest Experiment Station

screenings of the film with stories from afar: Why are they all so interested in this? What would he say now, about the handsome exhibition at the Vancouver Holocaust Education Centre, seeing his worn suitcase behind glass? He would be amused, bemused, bewildered — and he would have loved being embraced by this re-invented community which has sprouted from the “*Enemy Aliens*” exhibit. Peter might have found peace among the familiar.

For a long time, I sensed my father was relieved that someone had told his story; this was no longer his burden alone. But just last month I made another discovery. Among the papers he left behind were a few copies of the McGill Daily dating from the early 40s. Knowing him well enough to keep a copy or two of anything he wrote, I found a few short articles by him, sharing news from the School of Architecture. I found nothing familiar in one issue; scanning the front page a second time, I read a side bar without a by-line titled “Thank you, McGill!”. It is written in the third person, describing a student without papers or history, accepted by McGill after release “from a refugee-internment camp”. It describes a profound sense of displacement that was eased by the generosity of the Registrar and the Dean. The student’s name was Peter. In 1945, my father had written his story, in his own way.

The video gave my family an illustrated narrative of a story never shared, yet one that lived in the most intimate places: scraping the dinner plates clean, keeping every fragment of paper, never crossing one’s parents. It also provided words for the things we never questioned: a fierce attachment to family, a dedication to the preservation of truth, a commitment to sharing good fortune, and a gratitude toward the country that offered us refuge. We were no longer framed by what was hidden.

Personally, I found a place to lay my questions down, even if some remain unanswered. It was a journey, a search, a mission to write this story, if only for myself.

As I met other children of former internees, it was clear I was not alone. I found people whose faces reflected mine, whose families were also pieced together with bits of string and glue, and whose fathers never shook off their bizarre backdoor entry into Canada during the Second World War. Our fathers may not have resolved their internment in the same way, but surely we had found our ‘cousins’.

Adding a footnote of irony to a story that has none, my father was appointed as a federal Citizenship Judge in 1998, an honour he took to heart. Using his best French, first learned

in the camps and later practiced in Ottawa in the early 1970s, he welcomed new Canadians from all the corners of the globe. After the war, with the promise of a new passport, Peter made a deliberate decision to make Canada his new home; he effused that these new citizens should also embrace the bright future that Canada promised.

Sitting down to write this piece, I found myself starting to write the narration all over again. In the beginning, there was silence. But then I remember: the story has been told. The surviving ‘camp boys’ have spoken and the artefacts cataloged; the extraordinary work of the Vancouver Holocaust Education Centre ensures this episode is now part of Canada’s historical narrative.

In the beginning, I needed to fill in the blanks. By the end, I had discovered so much, finally grasping how the silence offered protection to my father when words — in any language — failed him, and how the promise of tomorrow was always greater than the losses of the past. I learned, too, that xenophobia and distrust of the ‘other’ was not unique to this internment; it persists today, close to home and around the world. Twenty years later, I remain humbled by my father’s courage, and by the spaces between the stories, the silences and gaps that will never be filled — and the need to speak about them. In this ‘in-coherence’ lie the forces of time and space — recollections that contradict, numbers that do not add up, a familiar face in a photograph, the identity of whom my father was never certain.

It is not just the vagaries of memory, not just one opinion over another, but the mix and flux of human experience that conspire to keep the openings, creating new ‘lieu de memoires.’ Just as the spaces between the letters in the Torah yield deeper meanings, the gaps in this story give me a place to fashion my own site of memory, in honour of these men.

Written in memory of my father, Peter Oberlander, z”l. My profound gratitude to Nina Krieger, “Enemy Aliens” curator, Frieda Miller and to the whole staff of the VHEC for bringing this story to light. With sincere thanks to Don Falk, Alan Habn, Susan Moser and Arlene Stein for sustaining the conversation over the years.

Nothing to be written here screens at the VHEC on April 24th at 7pm. RSVP: education@vhec.org 604.264.0499



Wendy Oberlander is an interdisciplinary artist whose award-winning documentaries have screened across North America and Europe. Oberlander has taught in diverse settings, including Emily Carr University of Art + Design and Simon Fraser University, prior to joining King David High School. Photo by Adam Rootman

THE GOTTFRIED COLLECTION: WORK IN PROGRESS

BY MYRON GROOVER

"I remember when Hitler came to Vienna...the city of our dreams turned into the city of our nightmares..."

So begins Gerda Gottfried's account of her family's globe-spanning search for refuge from Nazi persecution. It was a journey that would take the Gottfrieds from Vienna onward to Shanghai, from there to Israel, and eventually to Vancouver.

Thanks to an ongoing project at the Vancouver Holocaust Education Centre, it is a story that will continue to be told. Over the last year, an intensive effort has been underway to catalogue, preserve, arrange, and describe the papers of the Gottfried family — an invaluable collection of documents providing a firsthand account of the family's thoughts, feelings, and experiences as they endured the Holocaust and its aftermath.

The Gottfrieds were an extended Jewish family who lived in Vienna from the late nineteenth century onwards. Leopold, the family patriarch at the time of the Holocaust, served in the Austro-Hungarian army during the Great War and married Chaje after his return to Vienna; three children (Manfred, Lori, and Gerda) followed.

The events of the *Anschluss* and *Kristallnacht* solidified Leopold's resolve to take the family as far from Hitler's influence as possible. After a long and desperate search for refuge, Leopold finally secured permission for the family to emigrate to Shanghai — then an open port — in 1938. The Gottfrieds, like all Jews fleeing the Nazis, were forced to surrender virtually all their belongings and money before leaving Austria — the very fact that so many of the papers in the collection survived this ordeal is nothing short of remarkable.



Portrait of the Gottfried family in Vienna, c. 1936-7. From left to right: Leopold, Gerda, Chaje, Manfred, Lori.
- Courtesy Gottfried Collection, VHEC Archives

Upon arriving in China, the children pursued education and employment offered through the local Jewish community association. The family participated actively in the cultural life of the Jewish community in Shanghai; Manfred even helped organize an expatriate soccer team.

When the war ended, the family stayed in Shanghai rather than face the uncertainties of relocation. During this time both daughters met their future husbands, who were also from Vienna; the young women married within a week of one another in 1947. The family remained close-knit for the rest of their lives, eventually emigrating to Vancouver between 1948 and 1950.

The materials that comprise the collection came to the

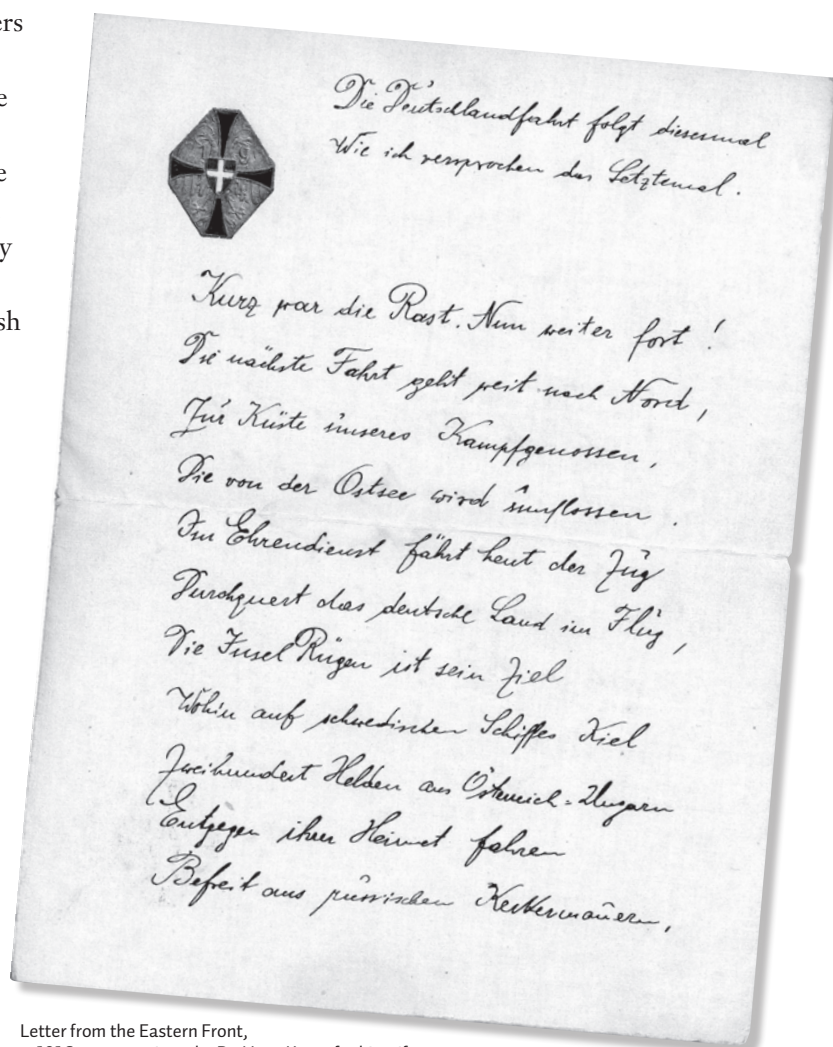
VHEC over the course of several years. The daughters of the family donated many of the records, however the most remarkable donation did not come from the Gottfrieds. Rather, the items came from Vancouver native George Wendziak, who found a number of the Gottfrieds' documents at a yard sale in 2000. He had the foresight to bring them to the VHEC, where they were reunited with the rest of the family's collection. In 1999, the VHEC produced an exhibit on the Jewish experience in Shanghai during the Holocaust, which prominently featured materials from the collection.

Taken together, the collection comprises thousands of items including vital records, administrative documents, trade certificates, travel papers, correspondence, letters of reference, liturgical materials, and photographs relating to the lives of members of the Gottfried Family and the daughters' spouses Hans Kraus and Hugo Seemann, who brought their own families' records to their marriages. The records touch on every aspect of the family's life from the late nineteenth to the early twentieth centuries.

Recently, the VHEC has undertaken a major effort to ensure this invaluable resource remains for the benefit of future generations. I was initially hired to work with the collection in December 2011, and since then I have completed the preservation work of re-housing the collection in acid-free enclosures to ensure it stands the test of time.

Physically preserving documents is only one side of the archivist's work, however. The other piece of the project has been undertaking a comprehensive inventory, index, and description of the collection so that researchers all over the world can get a clear sense of its richness and value online. My efforts have been complemented by the work of Sharon Meen, who has been translating key German materials from the collection. She was particularly struck by the poignancy of letters written home by Dr. Hans Kraus, the father of Gerda Gottfried's future husband Hans, during the Great War:

"Each opportunity to translate at the VHEC presents me with a new lens through which to view the Jewish experience in Europe...[Dr. Kraus] was but one of over a hundred thousand Jewish men who fought for the German



Letter from the Eastern Front,
c. 1916: poetry written by Dr. Hans Kraus for his wife
Irma during the Great War. - Courtesy Gottfried Collection, VHEC Archives

Reich in WWI. His verse-letters contain delightful information, and his elegant and eccentric prose is a poignant reminder of a world that was lost forever."

Preservation and translation work are ongoing, and recently the VHEC successfully applied for an Irving K. Barber Learning Centre British Columbia History Digitization Program grant to support digitizing materials from the collection and sharing them online in order that these records might be made available to the widest audience possible.



Myron Groover is an archivist at the VHEC and the chair of the British Columbia Library Association's Information Policy Committee. He holds an MA (hons) in History from the University of Aberdeen and recently completed his MAS and MLIS at the University of British Columbia.

YELLOW — THE COLOUR OF THE SUN

SIDI SPIEGEL-SHAFFER

One of the first things many young children draw is a yellow sun with its multiple rays, symbolic of warmth, happiness, cheerfulness, comfort, hope, energy, and the source of light. The great Leonardo Da Vinci once wrote that yellow for him represented the earth.

I was curious to know more about the origin and symbolism of the colour yellow throughout history. I have learned that yellow, a colour that has so much meaning to so many people, especially for the Jewish people, can bring joy and pain at the same time.

Colour is a silent language that affects our behavioural response. Psychologically, yellow is the happiest colour in the colour spectrum. It has conflicting symbolism for me, as it does for millions of others. On the one hand, it symbolizes happiness, joy, cheerfulness, hope and remembrance; on the other hand, cowardice, deceit, jealousy and oppression.

Yellow was chosen in Medieval times to separate the Jewish people from the rest of the local population. Jews were forced to wear tall yellow hats as a symbol of discrimination, to shame them, and to make them targets for attacks.

The Badge of Shame was a memory of the past until World War II swept through Europe. On September 1, 1941, the yellow badge was revived by the Nazis. Jews over age six were forced to wear it in the form of a Star of David on the left side of the breast and on the back with the word *Jude* (German), *Juif* (French), *Jood* (in Dutch). In some places, Jews had to wear a yellow armband to separate them from the rest of the population. During this period, they were persecuted and killed just because they were Jews.

I was born in Romania two months before *Kristallnacht*, the Night of Broken Glass, a sign of things to come. Not an easy time for Jews, and not a peaceful time to come into this world. I feel it like a stamp on my shoulders and the



Sidi with her parents Sara and Selig Spiegel. Taken a year after the war in Radautz-Bukovina, Romania. Photo by Sara Spiegel. - Courtesy Sidi Spiegel-Shaffer.

shadow of this time will follow me all the days of my life.

I lost my childhood between the age of two and six. How were my parents affected at that time? I can only try to imagine. Panic, fear, disbelief, uncertainty — who knows, they never told me.

We lived in Radauti, a city in northern Romania in the region of Bucovina. When my parents grew up, Bucovina was part of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. In school German was the spoken language and the first language I learned. My parents spoke Yiddish with my grandparents and German with the children. What an irony. I

speak German, I even count sometimes in German, but when I hear anyone else speak the language I get chills and fear sweeps my body.

My mother, Sara, was a photographer working in a photo studio and my father, Selig, worked in a store. Mom came from a religious family of five children and my Dad grew up in a family of seven. His father worked in a mill. One day on his way to work, my grandfather was murdered. A sack was thrown on his head and he was beaten to death. My grandmother, Esther, kept the family together with hard work, love and discipline.

Between 1938 and 1940, Romania came increasingly under German power. Germany needed Romanian oil, meat and

grain. Romania became one of Germany's strongest allies and satellite states, and the Iron Guard became part of the government forces.

When I was two years old, the Romanian government, under the influence of and in support of Nazi Germany, decided to relocate all the Jews from the northern part of the country. We had to leave our home, our city, our belongings and resettle in a ghetto in Cernauti (north of Bucovina), now Ukraine. There in a crowded room, we stayed together with members of Dad's extended family for one year.

All Jews age six and older had to wear a yellow star with the word *JUDE* on their clothing. I can recall Mom telling me how she found a piece of yellow felt and had to sew it on the family coats. We had to stay in the ghetto. There was no school for us children. Luckily, my Mom was fortunate to find some work at a photo studio. We have a photo (probably taken by my Mother) of my cousin, Simcha (Burshi), sitting, wearing the yellow star on his jacket with me on one side and my cousin Hedi on the other side of him. No smiles on our faces. Later, Burshi was one of the people who had to bury the dead in our camp.

In September 1941, when I was three years old, my cousin Hedi was four, and my cousin Burshi was 12, all of our families were deported from Cernauti to Transnistria. According to an agreement between Germany and Romania, a region in the Ukraine between the Bug and Dniester rivers, Transnistria, was selected as a temporary dumping ground for Jews from Bukovina.

Many things happened to us and around us on the way to Djurin, one of the villages in Transnistria. My Dad told me how terrible the roads were on our walk. Mud was everywhere. The soldiers who escorted us made sure that everyone kept moving. At first Dad pushed me in my carriage. Because the mud was so high the carriage broke, and so he took me on his shoulders. Mom had to carry the few bundles that they were able to take with them. Many years after the

war, Mom told me how gradually she left behind most of our things except the bag with our family pictures. To this

day, I am grateful to her (and her love for photography) for saving them. These few photographs give me glimpses of my family's life before the war and of myself as a baby.

Our journey continued as we crossed the river Prut, the river Niester and stopped in Mogilev. There I experienced a bombing for the first time. We stayed the night in an abandoned house near a bridge. My father told the family to move to the farthest room from the bridge. As soon as the sirens started, my Dad pushed me under a table and he covered me with his body. This is my very first memory: wetting myself out of fear when I heard the bombs. When the bombing stopped, we saw that the first room closest to the bridge had been destroyed. With his foresight, my Dad saved our lives.

There was no place for us in Mogilev so we were forced to continue our walk deeper into the Ukraine. Our next stop was Djurin, a ghetto/camp. We remained there for the next three years, living in a small abandoned house together with Burshi and Hedi and their families. My grandmother, Esther, died shortly after we arrived there. My paternal grandfather, Zeev, died in Mogilev. We also lost my cousin Miriam (Maya), Burshi's sister, and my aunt Ethel (Hedi's mother). My mother's younger brother, Yitzchak, and his bride of one year also perished in the chaos of the war. They were last seen pushed into a train. I was really lucky that my parents and I survived.

To write about those years I will need more energy and more drive. Now as an adult, I always get a pinch in my heart when I see the colour yellow. It is fear and joy at the same time. I think this will stay with me all my life.



Sidi, age 2 with cousin Burshi, age 11 wearing a yellow star, at the ghetto in Czernowitz, Ukraine. c. 1940 . Photo by Sara Spiegel. - Courtesy Sidi Spiegel-Shaffer

Sidi Spiegel-Shaffer is a visual artist who has exhibited across Canada and abroad. She is actively involved in the Vancouver Child Survivor Group and enjoys her grandchildren living in Vancouver and Toronto.

continued from page 5, Richard Mirabel – Poet in Exile, 1920-2007

The poet sometimes speaks of love as if it were inaccessible, even frightening and unworthy of trust.

*Do not answer the calls
of her seductive charms
or the sharpness of her thorns
will bleed your open arms*

But in essence the poet longs for love and sings its praise to his wife:

*Grateful
for feeling
again alive
I welcome the first sight
and this fine touch
a joyful summer light
Thankful for the gift of your love.*

The search and need for personal love, its juxtaposition to indifference in the world of wars, of lovelessness and solitude is what drives Mirabel's poetry.

In this thoughtful collection of verse, Mirabel leaves his soul's journey for posterity.



Lillian Boraks Nemetz is a child survivor from Poland who escaped the Warsaw Ghetto. She is a VHEC Outreach Speaker, a member of the Child Survivor Group, an award-winning author, an instructor at UBC's Writing Centre and the editor of the "No Longer Alone" page of *Zachor*.

continued from page 6, Preserving Cultural Heritage: A Hands-On Workshop

towards community members with an interest in preserving their own artefacts.

The workshop will begin with an archivist-led tour of the "Enemy Aliens" exhibit, where the restoration and preservation processes required to display the documents, artefacts and photographs will be detailed. This tour will provide a lead into the hands-on workshop where participants will have the chance to work directly with their own materials and learn simple and manageable preservation techniques that can be done in a home setting.

This program is an exciting compliment to the "Enemy Aliens" exhibit and to VHEC's community outreach efforts. Countless artefacts like those displayed in "Enemy Aliens" have provided important links to the past and have informed and enhanced many of the VHEC's exhibits. These exhibits in turn have helped to educate students and members of the public, and promote human rights, social justice and genocide awareness within the greater Vancouver community and Canada-wide.



Seanna Martin is the Research and Program Coordinator at VHEC and a recent graduate of UBC's Master of Library and Information Studies program.



THANK YOU TO OUR OUTSTANDING VOLUNTEERS

OUTREACH SPEAKERS

Janos Benisz, Lillian Boraks Nemetz, Alex Buckman, Marion Cassirer, Mariette Doduck, David Ehrlich, Bill Gluck, Serge Haber, Katy Hughes, Chaim Kornfeld, Robert Krell, Inge Manes, Bente Nathan Thomsen, Peter Parker, Claude Romney, Louise Sorensen, Peter Suedfeld, Tom Szekely, Peter Voormeij, Robbie Waisman; Coordinator: Rita Akselrod

DOCENTS

Beth Bogner, Alexandra Campagnaro, Rajiv Cowasjee, Pamela Cyr, Reva Dexter, Sylvie Epstein, Brooke Fowler, Debby Freiman, Phillipa Friedland, Belinda Gutman, Stefanie Ickert, Arlene James, Dodie Katzenstein, Lise Kirchner, Uma Kumar, Lucien Lieberman, Ivan Linde, David Machat, Ellen Millman, Cathy Paperny, Adriana Reynoso, Claire Samii, Gita Silver, Rina Vizer, Billy Walker-Lane, Heather Wolfe

SPECIAL PROJECTS

Rebekah Adams (Library Studies student intern), Rachel Bernardo, Alex Buckman, Alexandra Campagnaro, Camille Collard, Sophie Cymbalista, Amalia Boe-Fishman, Annika Friedman, Sarah-Jane Kerr-Lapsley, Alan LeFevre, Ella Levitt, Gerri London, Jack Micner, Erika Smith (Museum Education student intern), Louise Sorensen, Stan Taviss, Kevin Veltheer, Gloria Waisman, Robbie Waisman

OUR APOLOGIES FOR ANY ERRORS OR OMISSIONS

TRIBUTE CARDS

DECEMBER 8, 2012 – FEBRUARY 28, 2013

CHANUKAH

Carla Van Messel, Happy Chanukah! Ari Shiff

GET WELL

Sidi Schaffer, Speedy recovery. Lillian Boraks Nemetz

Ben Akselrod, Speedy recovery. Gloria & Robbie Waisman

Ruth Frackson, Speedy recovery. Lillian Boraks Nemetz

Rosalie Segal, Speedy recovery. Ida & Odie Kaplan

Katy Hughes, Speedy recovery. Lillian Boraks Nemetz

Ike & Louise Sorensen, Speedy recovery. Lillian Boraks Nemetz

Chaim Micner, Speedy recovery. The Szajman Family

MAZEL TOV

Agi Bergida, On your 80th Birthday. Evelyn Kahn

Agi Bergida, On your special birthday. David & Grace Ehrlich, Arlene James, Ida Kaplan, Veronica Winkler, Lisa Kafka, Sheila & Norman Archek & Family

Mariette Doduck, On being awarded the Queen Elizabeth II Golden Jubilee Medal. Robbie & Gloria Waisman, Lillian Boraks Nemetz

Paul Heller, Happy Birthday. Ethel Bellows

Tiffany Kurland, On your Bat Mitzvah. Martina Wiltschko, Jalisa Karim, Helene Rasmussen, Anonymous, Monica Chui, Liana Biasucci

Robert Krell, On being awarded the Queen Elizabeth II Golden Jubilee Medal. Jack & Karen Micner, Robbie & Gloria Waisman, Lillian Boraks Nemetz

Doreen Herzstein, On your 90th Birthday. Rosa Ferera

Bob & Ruth Tanner, On your 50th anniversary. Ted & Shirley Cohn

Leon Bogner, On your 70th Birthday. Marilyn Moss & Sam Hanson

Beth & Leon Bogner, On Darren & Shira's engagement. Marilyn Moss & Sam Hanson

Morry & Lynn Lercher, On Elisa's engagement. Wendy & Barry Vaisler & Family

Mickey & Gail James, Happy 40th Wedding Anniversary. Mendy & Lana Landa

Jack Polak, On your 100th Birthday. Susan Quastel

Jack Margalit, On your 90th Birthday. Sheila Barkusky and Michael Barkusky

Lucy Laufer, Happy Birthday. Ruth Stewart & David Hsu & Family

Marilyn Krell, Happy Birthday. Beatrice & Lew Lewis

George Argamany, On your appointment as President. Esther Blumes

Lew Pullmer & Nora Ferera, On your Special Birthdays. Gail & Richard Wenner

Donna Cohen, Happy Special Birthday. Les & Karen Cohen & Family

Daniel & Trudy Pekarsky, On your 50th Anniversary. Harvey and Jody Dales

Edith Vizer, On your Special Birthday. Andrew and Betty Karsai

Leonard Neuman, On your Birthday. Gail Whitley, Gerry and Aunt Bertha

Richard Menkis, Happy 60th Birthday. Susan, Ed, Rachel & Jordana Kroft, Ron Einblau & Harriet Lemer, Mark, Jacob, Talya & Nirit Rozenberg

Walter Gumprecht, On your special Birthday. Selma Albersheim, Susan Albersheim & Steven Barer, Leah, Yaacov, and kids

Ben Akselrod, Happy Birthday. Denise Pinto Cohen

Robbie Waisman, Happy Birthday. Gerri & Mark London

SYMPATHY

Dodi Cahen & Family, On your loss. Rosa Ferera

Ruth Freeman, On the loss of Doug Freeman. Robbie & Gloria Waisman, Robert & Marilyn Krell

In memory of a loved one, a Holocaust survivor. Thank you VHEC for carrying on with the work you do. Anonymous

Rosalind & Howard Karby, In memory of Debra Karby. Evie Levine, Pat & David Ostrow

Evelyn Viner, On the loss of your sister and aunt, Sepa Kaplan. Debbie & Ed Rozenberg

Arlein Chetner, In memory of Dov. Debbie & Ed Rozenberg & Family

In memory of Izak & Lili Folk and Joseph & Rose Lewin. Ed & Debbie Lewin, Karen & Les Cohen, Sharon Lewin & Donald Billinkoff and all their children

Chris & Rhoda Friedrichs, In memory of your son-in-law, Joe. Pnina & Ed Granirer

Stephen Gaerber & Family, On the loss of your Father, Eddie Gaerber. Sheryl Sorokin & Hillel Goelman, David & Shelley Ail, Lee & Bernie Simpson, Ari & Lesley Morris, Robert & Marilyn Krell, Robin, Michael, Jake and Matthew Storfer, Shelley Rivkin & Glenn Bullard, Kevin Kruk, Myles Wolfe & Barby Solomon-Wolfe, Sheryl and Saul Kahn

Gaerber Family, In memory of Ed Gaerber. Karen Chua, Drory & Nava Rozen, Irving & Sharon Kates, Yale & Sandy Chernoff, Karen James, Displetech, Shervin Communications, Lainie Shore, Harvey and Jody Dales, Landa & Simkin Families, Wendy & Mark Ditlove & Family, Karen Schenkeveld, Tamara Kornblum, Ruth Golumbia

Morry & Leana Gaerber, In memory of Edgar Gaerber. Marla Guralnick & Josh Pekarsky, Linda & Howard Kornblum, Robert & Marilyn Krell, Debby & Verne Karasick & Family

Allen & Shari Gaerber, In memory of Ed Gaerber. Robert & Marilyn Krell, Sheryl and Saul Kahn

In memory of Halina Krajden. Heidi Mannis

In memory of Isadore Coop. Diana Z. Coop

Babs Cohen, On the loss of Morris. Ida Kaplan, Wendy & Barry, Shannon & Dale, Ryan & Sean Vaisler, Jocy Lowy

Mills & Kahn Families, On the loss of your mother and grandmother, Elsa. Your friends at Drop-In & Gloria and Gerri

Felicia Folk & Harold Folk, In memory of Izak Folk. Sarah and Bill Gopher-Stevens.

Roxanne Milavsky & Family, On the loss of your Father and Grandfather. Anita, Shelley, Jessica, Sara & Jeffrey Shafran

Mills Family, Our condolences. Barrie & Ellen Yackness

Agi Bergida, On the loss of your husband Tibor. Vera and Bernard Rozen

Mark & Gila Dwor & Family, On the loss of your Mother and Grandmother. Szajman Family

Mel Krajden, On the loss of your father, Jacob Krajden. Sam & Tracy Shamash, Mark, Jacob, Talya & Nirit Rozenberg, Your friends at the BCCDC

Fran Spillman, On your loss. Mendy & Lana Landa

Edith Chmielnicki, In memory of Hanka Chmielnicki. Patrick Lonergan

Irene Bettinger & Family, In memory of your father and grandfather, Paul Heller. Susan Quastel, Irene & Mort Dodek, Lillian Boraks Nemetz, Frieda Miller and Danny Shapiro, Daeniela Bheumont-Bern & Stephen Bern, Rob and Marilyn Krell, Uri and Wendy Oberlander, Lynn Kagan, Harold & Pat Laimon, Jean and Harvey Gerber, Neil Sosland and Family

Barbara Heller & Mike Karton, On the loss of your uncle, Paul Heller. Lillian Boraks Nemetz

Saree Jarvis, In memory of your son, Ron Jarvis. Ed Rozenberg

Rita & Ben Akselrod, In memory of Sherry Akselrod. Sally Zimmerman

Jack Fraeme & Fryda, On the loss of your wife, mother and grandmother, Margaret. Mark & Debby Choit and Family, Frieda Miller & Danny Shapiro, Mark & Gerri London, Your friends at Survivor Drop-In & Gerri & Gloria, Robbie & Gloria Waisman, Aron, Sam and Al Szajman,

Dr. & Ms. Larry Shafron & Family, In memory of your father and grandfather, Joseph Moskowitz. Beth & Leon Bogner

Paul & Janet Radman, On the loss of your Father, Joseph Radman. Lynne & JF Fader

THANK YOU

Robbie & Gloria Waisman, Thank you. David Feldman

Chaim & Susie Micner, Thank you. David Feldman

YOM HASHOAH

**MONDAY, APRIL 8
7 PM**

WOSK AUDITORIUM, JCCGV
950 WEST 41ST AVENUE

Commemorative Evening Please join us

On Yom HaShoah, Jewish communities world-wide mark and remember the Holocaust and the loss of six million murdered Jews and the millions of other victims including Roma & Sinti, homosexuals, Jehovah's Witnesses, the mentally and physically disabled and political dissidents. The day is also observed each year by the Canadian House of Commons and the Legislature of the Province of British Columbia.

Marion Cassirer, *Holocaust Survivor*
Claire Klein Osipov, *Vocalist*
Nancy DiNovo, *Violinist*
Cantor Yaacov Orzech

Artistic Producers Wendy Bross Stuart & Ron Stuart,
WRS Productions

**HOLOCAUST SURVIVORS
ARE INVITED TO LIGHT
A MEMORIAL CANDLE.**

**SURVIVORS PLEASE
CALL 604.264.0499
FOR MORE INFORMATION**

*Presented in partnership with the Jewish Federation
of Greater Vancouver and the Jewish Community
Centre of Greater Vancouver.*

FILM SCREENING

**WEDNESDAY, APRIL 24
7 PM**

VANCOUVER HOLOCAUST
EDUCATION CENTRE
50-950 WEST 41ST AVENUE

Nothing to be written here A film by Wendy Oberlander

Mixing personal narrative and historical documentary, *Nothing to be written here* (1996) traces Wendy Oberlander's discovery of her father's wartime experience as an interned refugee in Britain and Canada. Examining the construction of memory and history, an elegant layering of film and video images builds on the complex and silent inheritance unraveling in Oberlander's hands.

.....
**Screening followed by Q&A with
Wendy Oberlander**
.....

**"Enemy Aliens" Exhibit Viewing
5 - 7 PM**
.....

**ADMISSION BY DONATION
SPACE IS LIMITED
RSVP: education@vhed.org
604.264.0499**

*Presented in partnership with the Vancouver Jewish
Film Festival.*

PUBLIC LECTURE

**THURSDAY, MAY 2
7:30 PM**

WOSK AUDITORIUM, JCCGV
950 WEST 41ST AVENUE

Becoming Evil: How Ordinary People Commit Genocide and Mass Killing

A lecture by Dr. James Waller, Cohen
Professor of Holocaust and Genocide
Studies, Keene State College,
New Hampshire.

**ADMISSION BY DONATION
SPACE IS LIMITED
RSVP: education@vhed.org
604.264.0499**

HANDS-ON ARTEFACT PRESERVATION WORKSHOP

**SUNDAY, MAY 5
1 - 3 PM**

VANCOUVER HOLOCAUST
EDUCATION CENTRE
50-950 WEST 41ST AVENUE

With the "Enemy Aliens" exhibit as a backdrop, this workshop will focus on the preservation of items such as print documents and photographs, and artefacts such as medals, coins, and textiles. Participants will learn simple techniques for protecting their materials against light, temperature and humidity.

**COST: \$12 (COVERS COST OF MATERIALS)
SPACE IS LIMITED
RSVP: researchassist@vhed.org
604.264.0499**



VANCOUVER HOLOCAUST CENTRE SOCIETY FOR EDUCATION & REMEMBRANCE

2013 ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

Save the Date

Wednesday, June 19, 2013

Details To Be Announced



50 – 950 WEST 41ST AVENUE, VANCOUVER, BC V5Z 2N7

