

CAMEL-HAIR-COAT

Matilda Matsson

Summary

In Camel-hair coat, the third detached book about the suburban girl Elin, we meet Elin's grandmother in the thirties in Germany. Her grandmother, a Jewess, gets married and dreams about emigrating to Palestine. But that will not happen - the family buys instead a brickworks yard in the principality of Brandenburg. They struggle for an endurable life, but are inexorably put to flight or destruction when the National Socialists' terror creeps closer. The family splits and becomes one in the row of undurable fates of Jewish families that split or die. But some survive.

Many years later the Swedish-born Elin searches after the place where the family story is buried. Together with Peter, whose grandfather fought on the Nazi side during the war, she travels to Riga to visit the place where Elin's grandmother was shot to death. "Tat tvam asi" - get to know yourself - is the motto that motivates them. In Riga Elin and Peter engender a child, who already before it is born implacably takes her back to the past and changes her life for ever (Lena Udd, BTJ).

Some critics:

"The new book, especially the first, long chapter ought to have a lot to give in the history education."

EVA OTTOSSON SVENSKA DAGBLADET

The question is if the child which Elin and Peter engender in Riga, a child that already in the moment of conception carries a heavy history that embrace both executioner and victim, manages to find a balance and has the strength to be born in to the world. Perhaps will "the new Jeremia" manage that mission, perhaps she will overcome the death that have been inherited for generations. And perhaps we will read about it in some of MM:s following books...

Persons:

Elin

Peter - Elin's boyfriend, literary figure

Matilde - grand-grandmother

Josefin - grandmother

Martin - grandfather

Clea - mother (Ruth)

Shawa - Clea's sister, literary figure

Reading instructions:

Start with Kameljos 1.

Please, correct words and sentences in to proper English while reading!

KAMELHÅRSKAPPAN

TIDIGARE BÖCKER AV FÖRFATTAREN

Förortsvilden - Drömmen om Elin (1988)

Läderapan - Andra drömmen om Elin (1990)

MATILDA MATSSON CAMEL-HAIR COAT

The nightmare of third reich

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Tat tvam asi!

1 JOSEFIN AND HER SEWINGMACHINE

- Shall we not return?

- Germany is our homeland, says Matilde resolute. We are German citizens and we have lived in Schlesien for nearly thousand years. There is no return.

Josefin went nonplussed and goes back up the stairs.

She sits down in the little window where her beautiful Singer-sewingmachine stands. She pulls off the cover with the traditional Polish flower pattern and caresses the ornate gold tincture that are painted on the black iron. She is very proud over her sewingmachine that she got for engagement present. She was sixteen then and wanted to become a seamstress. Her beloved wanted to become a doctor. They, like many of the youth in the B'nai B'rith-logs planned to emigrate to Palestine but the war came and the dreams crashed. Her father and brother are dead.

Josefin pulls the rests from the textile that came from the shroudings she just have sewn to their cuffs. The linen is strong and shall be saved. She folds the pieces of textile and the crocheted laces. She has learnt to wait and sew shroudings but she has no profession that suits a settlers life in Palestine. Her beloved went to war as a volunteer in the Red Cross. Of course he learned to take care of the wounded but he didn't become a real doctor.

Germany lost the war and Schlesien (Silesia) had become Polish.

Josefin views over her home village that she have to leave. A cross the road is the Catholic children's home. She stayed there as a girl during some summer weeks and nuns took care of her. In the health resort that stretches until the gypsibath down the lake, you can see the springs with its stony water. Further on you can see the hotel guests arrive by the rail station. There you can see two of the village three stone houses, the manor house and the vicarage. The third one is Hotel Steiner. Beyond the little health resort the cornflower shines in the waving wheat-fields. Here and there, little grey wooden houses with grazing goats.

A train comes puffing.

Josefin rushes down the stairs. She is stopped again by Matilde's determined steps over the sky blue carpet and she sinks exhausted with grief down into the divan.

The oriental pattern in the carpet reflects on Matilde's shining black button boot and the crochets on the starched underskirt rustles against the thin-knitted white stocking while she marches back and forth in her saloon.

Josefin looks at her mother. Matilde's raven-black hair is highly and strongly coiffured. She halts in front of the gold-tinted mirror in Jugendstil. The old-fashioned Prussian widow of later I. Steiner can be seen in whole figure. She and her husband have run Hotel Steiner for over forty years.

Isidor Steiner grew up in Prag as a free man. His grandparents were one of the first to leave the ghetto. Isidor wanted to have his own company and let a hotel be built until the Tjeckian border where the flood Wisla turns into a lake. Their hotel had a good renommé and was always full but that day when the terrible message came, Isidor collapsed in the staircase and died. Their son had been killed in the war against the Russians. Their son had been a volunteer but when he met Jews in the Russian army that were forced to recruit, he couldn't use his sabre against them.

Matilde points theatrically on the portrait of her fallen son. Under the portrait hangs the sabre and the iron cross that he was rewarded with.

- We are an honorable family, Matilde says. I get my pension from the Germans because of my sons. You must think of that I am not young anymore. How shall I learn Hebrew and what shall I live of? Think of your own health!. You are not so strong. What if these attacks comes back!?! It is not worth such a hard life when you can live a comfortable life in Germany.

As most of the German citizens Matilde wants to go westwards in to German territory. Since childhood she is a German nationalist. At that time the Kaiser made them into fully German citizens. They became allowed to settle where they wanted, study at the universities and freely choose profession. The Prussian Jews have made great progress since then.

The Zionist emigrate to Palestine and call it returning home but the Englishmen rules there.

In Poland and Russia one pursue their Jewish population.

C'est la vie.

Matilde has only daughters left. The firstborn son died in tuberculosis as a young boy and then she had Josefin; her darling afterthought. Trude and Beatrice are already given away in marriage with a good party but young Josefin are allowed to choose husband of love. To Matilde's sorrow Josefin has chosen a sun-tanned Zionist that wants to return to the land of Moses land.

Matilde comes closer to the divan with careful steps. She sighs and sinks down besides Josefin and puts her arm round her.

- If you want to go with your spouse to Palestine I will not stop you but I am not coming with you. Beatrice has room for me in Breslau. She will change into Polish citizenship but there is nothing I can do about it.

Josefin shakes her head. She can't leave her mother in the unsure and antisemitic Poland to go for hard work in a kibbutz. Her thick pigtail falls heavily into her lap.

They can hear the guests seating in the dining-room. The loudly conversations are about when they will move from Poland and about future prospect in Berlin and other German cities. Very soon the hotel will be empty.

Matilde (bangs her knees) and goes to her guests to serve them healthy mineral water out of the big Meissenjug.

The Polish girls who work at Hotel Steiner don't smile back to the guests because they will lose their fine jobs.

Martin has got off the train. He goes towards Josefin secretly smiling, sunburnt and slim, the oldest son of thirteen sisters and brothers. Josefin watches him from the springs. She has never seen a more handsome man.

Suddenly Martin dips his face into the well to wash off the dust from travelling. He cups his hand and offers Josefin to drink the stale water.

- I have found a companion, he says. We have bought a brick-works in the principality of Brandenburg.

Josefin gets the water in the wrong throat and nods sadly because her Martin is not an industrialist. Her beloved is chairman in Katowice B'nai B'rith-loge and many times she has listened to his speeches about the kibbutzes in Palestine. There, they should have lived! She would have been sewing clothes and he would have been curing maladies!

Josefin collapses and gasps for breath. Her salt (prosea) rushes over her. The shells at the shore turn their hollows upwards and buzzes more and more loud. After thousand years of flight from evil emperors and lords who wanted to put them into slavery, it would be so nice to go ashore in a place where she can feel at home and free.

She can feel Martin pulling her pigtail and her attack is hindered. The smell from the moss and the sound of (springing) water comes back. The contours of her beloved returns.

The doctor says that she suffers from petit mal, a light form of epilepsy without cramps. She can suddenly lose consciousness and when she wakes up afterwards, she has total lack of memory but she feels strongly happiness. She hasn't had an attack for three years. The last time she heard that characteristic summing in her ears was when her brother lived and returned from the war with the iron-cross round his neck. She stared at the cross, fell off her chair and remained lying on the floor until the doctor came. When she woke up and looked at her brother in his handsome uniform, everything felt only wonderful.

Josefin and Martin hugs their hands hardly. Life is not becoming as they have planned. They can see each other's sorrow but the joy of being together and hunger for life overwhelms them. It's among Russians and Slavic people that the life of the Jews is difficult and threatened by pursue. Their new hope now is to live in the German Republic as free and modern people in a modern time. Josefin has already little Clea in her stomach when she is standing under the wedding-baldakin.

Martin and Matilde is very happy over her fertility and that the pregnancy seems to make her healthier and stronger.

Josefin is a beautiful picture she sees this day. Her skin shimmers like the golden seam on her wedding dress and her black pigtail sticks out from under the veil. She stands with her head bent down and waits for Martin to lift her veil from her face. She smiles for herself when she thinks about that they already know each other so well. Still many marriages are arranged with a good party and when the veil is lifted it is often the first time that the newly married see each other closely.

Josefin smashes the bloody china-bowl and smiles indulgent when she thinks about the old tradition. They already know that the marriage has been fruitful!

The guests enjoy Hotel Steiners well-renowned Tjeckian cuisine. At the serving table stands Josefin's older sisters, Beatrice and Trude and fill themselves with Matilde's specialities: starchy chickendish, gefilte fish, valmocaake and apfelstrudel. They have put on heavily since they were given to marriage. Again and again they close their trembling cheeks together and look grudgingly at their amorous little sister. Their own good parties are sitting in the men's room smoking.

Beatrice got an lawyer from Breslau and Trude got an fabricant from Frankenstein. As soon as Josefin comes near them they gets on to her.

- And you take Matilde with you! She would be much better of with me, says Beatrice who is planning to stay in the now polish Silesia with her well off lawyer.

- Your bridegroom is a dreamer and an idealist. How do you thin he willl manage to ran a brick-work with forty employies!? says Trude who is going to move to Berlin with her even more well off fabrikant. It will be a missfourture. A girl who marries a man because he is beautiful will never have a good life.

Josefin raises threatingly a jug of springwater.

- Never turn up in my home! she says.

Trudes underarms trembels when se hides her face. Josefins girlfriend from Auschwitz interups the sisters quarrelling.

- You must think of little Jafet, says Erna and caresses Josefins stomach. Josefin laughs with her well-read friend.

Erna are drawn to the nationalism of the time and seaking of roots. She states that she descends fromone of the lost tribes of Israels; the thirteens tribe that lived in the land of Chazar intil Kaukasus mountain. the name of the caiser was Kagan and he acceptet judaism as statereligion to be free from obeying the kalif in Bagdad or the emperor of Rome. The chazars were a skillfull warriorpeople of turkish descent and they controlled the trade between east and west, between muslims and christians. They hindered russians, slaves and nordic vikings to reach the orient. When the land och the chazars fell, they wandered westwards and even in that time there were sionists and they wandered eastwards towards Jerusalem.

- Jafet is one of Noas lost sons, lectures Erna. I think that the chazartribe is still in peoples memory and therefore fears and hates the easteuropéens their jews.

Josefin leans her head against Ernas. She doesn` t really belive in her friends theories. She belives that her forfathers are as mystical as the gypsies. A peole that have been left over kept on surviving under different masters. A peole that never succeded in constructing a national state. But it doesn` t matter anymore, thinks Josefin. We are all modern germans in a modern time.

The friendship with Erna started on the train. It showed up that both of them regularly wnt to the B'nai B'rith-loge in Katowice to go on meetings and dance-evenings. Erna didn` t find a suitable husband there but on the other side she has got kind relatives in Berlin where she and her brother Max shall move.

Max is sitting among the male guests in the men` s room and listens to an authors warning-speech. The author is reading loud out of one of his works about the eastjewish poblem and the antisemitism. He is quite weell-known and his name is Arnold Zweig. He is a socialist and wears round glaces; one of Martins best friends from the B'nai B'rith-loge and one of then who are going to emigrate.

- Unknoledge and poverty in the east must be fought, he reads. Socialism and education is the only solution to the etnical antagonisms.

- Rosa Luxemburg got shot because of her opinions,grumbles Trudes fabricant and puffsthoughtfully on his cigar. Free enterprise for everybody is better.

- We have to assimilete and change from the insede to a better self, says the long and blond (star)lawyer that are planning to open a lawoffice in Berlin. I think like a german and look more german than the berlinger themselves.

The party laughs and think that this (star)lawyer will succeed with such a prepossessing appearance.

- Don` t forget that the established people in the west don` t want any konkurrents, warns the author. There are racists even in Berlin.

- I` m going to be a dentist, says Max who are teh youngest among the gentlemen. Get myself a desent profession. If it is not poossible th establish in Berlin, there are always America. Anyone can work there as long as he knowas how to use his hands.

There is a sighing among the gemtlemen when Max mentions America. They all look at his young and strong hands.

The author liftens his glas and turns to the bridegroom.

- Take your bride to a better life! Next year in Jerusalem! Martin puts his arm around his friend. During the speach from Arnold Zweigs, Martin has his sympathi with small noddings. Like the author Martin alose wears glaces but only on one eye, in the form of an oldfashioned monocol.

- Next year in Jerusalem! answers Martin solemnly. The friends from the loge applauds and sing a sibg about the blessed land.

The gentlemen that are going to Berlin coughs irritatedly.

Martin lifts his glas.

- I want to congratulate my friend that lives like he teaches! Me to have got terrible memories from the meaningless war against the russians but I don't have an anti-militaristic novel to write. I have to stay in Germany but I hope that my firstborn will get the opportunity to another life and just not says 'next year in Jerusalem', the whole of his life. Everybody laughs (recognitively).

The musicians take a tone in the saloon and the guests gathers around the newly married couple. Josefin and Martin that already are a rutined dancing-couple take the lead and ordain the dance of the evening with a slow and majestic walse.

Just after some days there's a war between Poland and Russia but then are the newly married already in safety in Cottbus, south of Berlin.

They have settled down in a solid threefamily house laying in a calm cul-de-sac. A beautiful synagoge is laying in the end of the street. Matilde goes there every friday. Josefin and Martin goes there only to celebrate bigger light-feasts. They are more engaged in the towns B'nai B'rith-loge.

Cottbus is a textility and one of there rooms are let out to a textilestudent. One of the finest rroms are let out to distinguished lawyer. In that way Matilde and Josefin continues the hotelbusiness in a smal scale.

The young textilestudent Emil gets very fond of Josefin. He spreads the rumour among the students that Josefin is fantastic in making parties with nice food. Nearly every week there's a student celebrating his birthday or exams in their home.

Josefin treats Emil like her younger brother, in missing her own brother that died in the war. She lets him use her sewingmachine and she buys expensive cloth to his works. She follow eagerly his studies and he teaches her to draw simplerpatterns and to sew buttonholes on machine

Together they sew a camelhair-coat that is so well done that it accordance to Emil will last her whole life. Albert Einstein gets the nobelprize because he has revealed som of the universes secrets and Josefin gets a lively little Clea. On the first sabbath after her arrivel they celebrate the peace in Versailles and Riga. It's peace in the west and the east.

- Cheers to that Clea soon gets a brother who can help his father, says Josefin. Martin sings and they rocks quietly and look dreamingly in to the flames from the candles. For the first time they succed in forgetting all earthly problem and they become one with the historys and the futures eternity.

Matilde eats roasted pigeon that Beatrice has sent her from Poland. She thins that they live a good life sitting in the lovely smelling wintergarden where they can se the spring coming outside. Martin has led her children and grandchildren to a flowering Eden instead of the unfruitful desert where only the wailing wall is left of their old tempel.

The new parents are beyond the seventh sky and they take turns in holding their firstborn and interpreting her features.

Dear Martin,

Congratulations to your daughters birth. I, myself have no time with a family. I'm in the middle of Sergeant Grischa, a russian deserter tht are fleeing home, hidden in a luggage van. For days and nights he travels in the dark looked in the train in a wagon without spring system and without anything soft on the floor. The newly made and unplanned boards hade a sourish acetic acid smell that gave him headache and nausea. You know yourself how we soldiers were transported! Just that part is based on my own experiances that are hard to forget. The sergeant is a common man that longs for his wife and children and his work as foreman at the soapfactory.

Germany is not matured enough for being a republic. Germany is an empire without an emperor. The common german is also without faith in God and celebrates criminals and pushers like mister Hitler. It is true that he got punished with jail for trying to coup d'état but the common german although see him as a hero. It is told that he also is writing on a book in his cell. The intelligentsia laughs at him and doesn't take him seriously. But Hitler has his confidentials among the half-educated and the failures that are duscintented with their lives. The huligans sympaties with him and the economic life gives his nationalsocialistic party great sums of mony.

Don't be mislead by the fact that the jews got the right to vote, are nominated to the nobelprize and reaches posts as foreign ministers. The murder of Rathenau was a racistic murder on a jew that signed the peacethreaty

The nationalsocialists wants a new war and need to divert peoples attention. The jews are many enough to be pointed out but to few to be a threat

The electors desert the socialdemocrats. People no more believe in the system and the worst enemies of the republic are among the rich: industrial bigwigs, generals, bankers and party leaders.

Hindenburg's German-national party is weak and plagues the national socialists. Stealthily they appreciate the illegal prank of the Nazis. Hindenburg thinks that he can hold these masses of discontent and unlaboured citizens under control but the raging inflation favours the businessmen even more. The wages of the labours are nearly worthless every new month.

My advice concerning the brick-work is that you immediately must persuade your companion to sell it to the municipality. If an immigrant from Silesia, a Jew, dismisses workers and creates unemployment, the antisemitism increases. Many German authorities lend money in America and demands to take over private companies.

The German era is to an end.

Once again: Come here! Now when the Englishmen permits immigration. One day they will perhaps stop immigration. Here you can't have a car and servants but you may live as a free man and work for the Jews to have a good and fair state.

Brotherly and cameradly greetings
Arnold Zweig Jerusalem
21.4.1924

Martin sobs of movement and powerlessness. The life in Cottbus is unbearable and the problems with the brick-work are unsurmountable. He is tired of the stunted small-village-life and tired of himself. He is not able to emasculate the sionistic idea because he is not a fanatic. He is disgusted by the past century's national wakening that still lives in people like a evil boil. There is an hidden enmity between different groups of people. The Germans got their Germanism, the Sorbs; a Westslavonic people that in gaudy folkdresses sell their agricultural products at the market, got their Pan-Slavism and the Jews with their sionism. Tough, he has all his life struggled for the exodus of the Jews.

The department store Waltsmitz has got the Nazi flag hanging outside and racist concurrents have burnt down Bodanski's toyshop. The workers at the brick-work demands that the fabric nationalises so that they are guaranteed to keep their jobs. They threaten to burn down Martin's and his companions home if they do not sell. The companion refuses to sell even though the brick-work is running bad. He believes in reductions and he doesn't care about the racist threats.

Martin feels trapped.

He opens his drawer. There lays the pistol that he had during the war. He puts the letter from the author under it and takes his revolver. He stars at his initials that Josefina has let engrave and he tries to write an explanation.

He is interrupted by the gay voices from Josefina and Emil out in the cloak-room. It is time to redress to the evening's dance contest.

Josefina has been to Café Lauterbach and Café Gerlach where she have delivered colonial products to her customers. She knows that Martin has problems with the brick-work and she has started to take orders on coffee, tea, chocolate and cigars. There is no need yet. She has got her arms full of parcels. The maid screams when she unfolds the second parcel that Josefina left on the kitchen-table. She had expected that the parcel also should contain a fish from the market.

Matilde wakes up from her nap by the scream and rushes to the kitchen.

- I am sorry, Gnädige Frau. I was surprised. Young lady changed her coiffure on her shopping-tour. Of course, she wants to be short-cut and modern in our new Weimar-republic.

Matilde lifts up Josefina's long black pit-tail out of the newspaper-parcel. It shines as bright as the fish on the table.

Matilde smoothes out the newspaper and reads some headlines.

"Socialdemocrat overthrown."

"The murder on the foreign minister still unsolved."

- The whole republic is certainly hanging in the air, humbles Matilde when she sees Josefina in front of the goldframed mirror.

Her hair is short, her skirt shorted and her feet makes dancing steps in elegant highhealed shoes. Between her fingers she holds a smoking Zinussi put in a long mouthpiece. Her second pregnancy ended in miscarriage and therefore to less her sorrows she competes in dancing with Martin in the town's B'nai B'rith-loge.

- Give me a lucky-kick, she says to Matilde. Last time we won a second place. Martin danced like a god but I twisted my foot during the tango. Feel it! It is still swollen. It is Sunday and Martin is laying as usual on

the divan with a shallow cloth over his forehead. He gets migrain of all dancing, overconsumtion of Josefins colonialproducts and to little sleep. Moreover, he detests the towns sunday-jippos. It is year of election and the nationalsocialists get more and more participants that every sunday marsches throuth the city.

The sympatiseurs decorete their houses with red -and-white flags with black svastikas. The red-and-white coulers make him think of "the german orden" that ruled during the middle-ages. The svastika is a well-known holy sign among the slaves.

The family above them have hanged out the naziflag and even their landlord showes that he is a partymember. The family on the bottom-floor is flagging socialdemocratic. Josefin and Martin that live in between are not flagging at all but Matilde has hanged up a portrait of Hindenburg on the wall but Martin is not going to vote on him.

He groans and pulls the shallow linen-cloth over his eyes to be spared to see the german-nationel leader. He hears the nazis coming.

Screaming and singing they marsches outside their house. The neighbours above, get out of their balcony, waves and shouts "Heil Hitler". The landlords sons follow up in the demonstration. An anti-demonstration is heard coming from an other way. It is the communists that are trying to shout louder then the nazis and the noice is deafening. Suddenly there is completely silent. The demonstrators have stopped in front of eachother in a crossing. Martin belives he hears pistolshot and after that the fight starts. The fighers screaming and hitting bounces against his svullen temples.

The police comes and arrests several communists. The police sympatises with the nazis and let them marsch on. This sunday King Fuad of Egypt is on a cityvisit and the streets are full of waving Cottbus-citizens.

Josefin and Clea stand among them and throw flowers. Matilde remembers the story about the egyptian slavery and stays at home

The king of Egypt has come to visit the excentric furst Prückls tomb in the city-park where he demanden to be burried in a big pyramid.

Josefin and Clea get in the middle of the street-fight on their way home and they run into a café. Some guests immediatly come to their table, pinches Clea in her cheek and smiles friendly. With diffusa words they explain that they have really nothing against Josefin and her charming daughter. It is the jews as a phenomena that they are against.

Josefin nodd understandingly and takes happily new orders of colonialproducts. The guests praise her good taste and korrekt leveranses. First when the out-door closes and she feels calmness from the thick stonewalls in the shallow entré, she dares to breathe out. The long carpet mildens her upset steps and the crystal-lamp shines mildly.

The neighbour-girl that lives on the bottom-floor waves from the garden and Clea runs out to play with her. Ilse has got hold of an empty bowl from her mothers party. Only the cocktailberries are left on the bottom. The girls eat the berries and get more and more giggly. Ilses mummy is modern and lets Ilse do a bit what she likes. She lets Ilse go in the modern school where Clea also goes. Their teacher show films for them and let them play theatre. Clea and Ilse are very proud of being so modern. They are the only girls in town that wear trousers and sporty t-shirts. They are also planning to cut off their pig-tails. Their parents let them move freely in the streets and they are allowed to go to the swimming-school on their own. They use to jump up and down and move extra sportily when they meet one of these poor girls walking stiffly in thier seventeen-century dresses besides their nurses. BETTER WITH CALLUS IN YOUR HANDS THAN A GOLDRING ON YOUR FINGER Josefin gets thoughtful every time she reads the inscription in the staircase. It gets more and more difficult to be a mosaic believer. In the small silesian village she learnt to be proud of the succes of a jew. There they compared themselves with the poor and religious east-jews that lived in crowded and isoletad gettos. They were seen as underdeveloped and chased poor things that were afraid of the big world outside the ghetto. She is proud of their modern development, that they not anymore are forced to shamle around inside high walls and wearing yellow circels on their clothes or cilly hats as recogniton-signs. Two generations of citizenship and full rights have made the jews succesful at the universities, in music, in science, litterature and filosofi. They have also proved to be skilled teachers, doctors, politicians and diplomats. But the christian germans and slaves are beginning to show envy against the jews succes and try to separete them again. They want to get rid of their jews and take their positions for themselves

Josefin feels that she is not allowed to behave different in any way that can give offence. She musn't look to rich or to poor. She must dress neutraly, be more invisible and never talk politics. If the jews in Cottbus hadn't their reformert synagoge, their B'nai B'rith-loge and their cemetery, they would melt in

totally, she thinks. We talk perfect German, dress modern, have modern professions, Christian friends and some even convert and marry Christian believers.

Josefin comforts herself with that the hostility against strangers is a small-town-problem. In a metropolis like Berlin she believes that people are more used to different sorts of people and that the atmosphere is better. The Germans vote and give the National Socialists thirty-two chairs in the parliament. In Cottbus the Nazis Sunday-jugglers continue and more and more members are persuaded.

Josefin gives birth to another daughter. She calls her Chawa, that means life, to beseech the girls' unnatural silence. Chawa sits in her nurse's knee all day long. She watches her family's melancholy as they pass by and refuses to leave the secure lap of her nurse. Her inexplicable sorrow, so unfitting for a little child, makes them all inconvenient.

But it is the children in Cottbus that show that they have chosen Hitler. Smallest school-children dress in Hitler-youth-uniforms and march over streets and squares. They follow the example of Hitler and break against the peace-treaty's uniform-prohibition. Hitler has also started to build his own army. No one protests, not even the victor-powers from World War One. The victors are tired of war and a bit ashamed of the big war damage that the Germans have to pay. They hope that the losers' self-confidence will be better and that their feeling of fellow-citizen will grow and take them out of the crises and unemployment.

B'nai B'rith-Logen arranges bustrips every Sunday to give the Jewish families an opportunity to escape from the disaster and protect their children from the violent street-riots. But both Clea and Chawa suffer from car-sickness and detest the Sunday-outings. So that Sunday when Cottbus meets a Jewish football-team from Katowice, Martin goes instead to the football-stadium with Clea, to for a short time be spared from the brown-shirts' boo-stomping and nationalistic songs.

-Out with the Jews! Out with the Jews! the uniformed spectators scream.

To Martin's despair the Nazis have gathered at the stadium instead and he rushes home before the match is to an end.

He hides in his blooming garden. The smell from the Jasmine and the cherry-bloom makes his knees feel weak. Everything is blooming; the black-currant, the apple-trees and their own nightingale is singing. He sits down besides Chawa at the fountain. The girl is staring melancholy at the thick goldfishes that are swimming under the newly sprang out waterlilies in the water. The fresh and yellow flowers are shining like David-stars and sticks in to his eyes. He takes Chawa in his knee and dips her chubby feet into the water. Chawa doesn't laugh. She doesn't even smile like Josefin did that time at the well. Chawa remains silent motionless and looks sadly and questioning at Martin. "Why didn't you take me from this place? Why don't you take me to the blessed country and keep on the fight for a home-land, for all like us?", Martin hears from her.

- Let the little one be, says Matilde. She is still like a baby.

She points at laughingly at Clea and Ilse that runs around like whirlwind and kicks football with Emil and some other textile-students.

-Out with the Nazis! Out with the Nazis! Clea screams.

Matilde hushes her. She is not satisfied with any of Josefin's girls. She always regrets that they are dark and that no one of them got as blond pigtailed as the neighbour-girl. She thinks that at least one of them could have been red-haired and blue-eyed like her Polish grand-father. She murmurs over the biblical names that she finds unnecessarily pointing out. Fredrika and Augusta after the good caesar Fredrik and Queen Augusta that protected the Prussian Jews, had been more suitable, she thinks.

Josefin comes rushing in to the garden.

- *Gott sei Dank*, that we stayed at home!

She turns her hands in despair. The Sunday-bus has crashed out of a mountain-side. Five killed and many hurt. She continues in water-polish so that the girls can't hear the details.

Martin gets something determined over his otherwise tender face. The fright gets him out of his paralysis of action. He has to do something. Life has no value if he can't protect his family and give his children a future.

He looks himself in to the gentlemen-room and takes the telephone. He is going to ask for a loan from the fortunate star-layer. Otto is nowadays his brother-in-law and that is thanks to Martin. He helped his sister and rented a room at Hotel Steiner so that she could meet her beloved Otto. Otherwise Berta had also been given away to marriage according to the custom. He therefore thinks that it is his sister's turn to help him to a better life. He has to buy out his companion, sell the brick-works and move to a quiet part of Berlin. From such a place, it is more easy to emigrate, if necessary.

Otto answers. He is kind and understanding but he can't offer such a big loan. He regrets that the times are such that he and Berta need to have the possibility to escape from the country with short

premonitory sign. "Have you read Hitler's book?" he wonders. "There you can read exactly what that Austrian parvenu is going to do if he gets the power. He will expel the Jews from the country. The Zeitgeist is against us. We are again being used as scapegoats. Jews and other odd persons can not be active here anymore. You have to make an effort to persuade your companion to immediately sell the brick-works before the community just confiscates your whole factory. But we want to do all we can for the girls. We want to pay for their education and they are welcome to stay with us here in Berlin. If, God hopes no, it goes so bad that Hitler gets the power to realize his plans, we can take the girls with us. America or Palestine. I do not know. I want neither or. I feel German and I hope the election will not get that bad. But we must be ready for the worst. We have to think of the young in these days so they get a future."

Otto and Berta are unintentionally childless and very fond of Clea. All bigger ceremonies they ask to have the girls at their home.

In spite of the refusal, Martin feels lighthearted when he hangs up the phone. His daughters have got an opportunity to escape.

It knocks on the door and their indwelling layer asks if he can use the phone.

Martin suddenly thinks that he has never before been surrounded by so many layers and jurists. Now when the society is revolutionizing and the system of justice is breaking up, he thinks it is crowded with them. Martin asks his indwelling layer what right he has to sell their company when his companion does not want to.

- Companionship is like marriage, clucks the layer. Only the death of one of them solves the problem.

Martin thanks for having been using the layer's time and he offers him a cigar and a free telephon-call. He wonders for a moment if he should ask his neighbour on the bottom-floor, also a layer, and the successful Otto to help him to persuade his companion. But his depression overtakes. His companion is German-national and doesn't care of pressure from either a true-German social-democratic or a Jewish layer even if Otto is blond and assimilated.

His temples are pounding. He lays down at the divan and waits for Josefin to come with the shallow linen.

- Stop thinking of that terrible brick-works, says Josefin who always can read his thoughts. We move closer each other instead and let-out another room. We will manage. I get more and more customers and when Clea gets a bit older she can deliver the merchandise with her bicycle.

- *Mein Schatz*, Martin sighs.

He rubs his forehead that keeps his Sunday-migraine. He feels superfluous.

It is already Sunday again and the dead from the bus accident are going to be buried.

Martin wakes up with bursting half-sided headache even though the Saturday-dance was closed. Bootstomping and agitator-songs are thundering from the street and give a tremendous echo inside his head.

Josefin has already gone up. She is standing in front of the big Jugend-mirror that is shaking of the Hitler-youth screaming. She dresses in black.

- Sleep for a while. That usually helps.

Josefin lays the shallow linen over his aching forehead.

Martin is near crying. Ravaging beautiful, he thinks. She could just as well have met the same faith as Mister and Miss Fischer, layer Zimmerman, Liza and little Adolf. He lifts her veil and kisses her as that time he lifted her bride-veil. The memory of his nightmare comes back. The brown-shirts had been manipulating with their Sunday-bus. The wheels came off in a down-slope and everybody flew like pigeons out of the crushed windows. He was the only survivor and stood alone in the valley with crushed glass among him and he continued to crush glass after glass. The wedding-baldachin hung over his head and Hitler commended him to crush another and another one, faster and faster. The crushing should bring him luck but in fact he knew that everyone was dead and that he ought to stop but he didn't dare.

Martin hears the door slam and puts his hand into the pocket of his smoking-coat. The pistol is hard and cold against the smooth silk. Matilde and Clea have gone to Beatrice in Poland. He is alone in the house.

- Chawa sing 'small flowers nod their heads'?

Martin shrugs. He hadn't thought of the little girl.

Chawa sits totally still with cross-bended legs on the skyblue carpet and combs her blond doll.

- *Küss* for a while. *Pappi* has to rest. If you are a nice girl, Josefin will soon come with mooncake to you.

Chawa nods sadly. The exhortation to be nice is unnecessary. She has already planned to sit still and make nice pigtales.

- Sing my girl and I'll fall to sleep!

Martin shakes the linen cloth and cover his face with it. His pain is covered with a shallow and humid smell of linen.

Chawa sings with her small voice.

Suddenly the noise from the street ends. The nationalsocialists and communists demonstrations have reached the juncture and as usual they prepare themselves before the confrontation.

Martin places the pistol against his aching pounds and waits.

When the alarming noise from the combatants make the windows shutter, he fires.

Ilse hears the shot and runs upstairs.

- *Pappi* hurts, says Chawa.

She still sits in the same position on the carpet and makes pigtales.

When Josefin sees the bloody linen on the divan and the pistol on the floor, she can hear the wind blow and the sea-waves coming up the shores. She sees Chawa floating on the mediterranean-blue waves. The salty primary-sea glimmers and she is flooded by a tremendous well-being when the dry sand at last makes her footsoles warm.

Josefins consciousness escapes and she falls on to the floor.

The crumbs from the mooncake spreads over the blue carpet and Chawa creeps around and put them in her mouth.

Gnädige Frau,

I saw Your endearing little person on a photo at the marriage-agency and i immediately fell in love. Your two daughters, five and nine are as endearing as You. As soon as possible I wish to share Your life and therefore I invite You for an early spring-supper on Kurfürstendamm.

*Yours sincerely
Shoe-and bag-fabricant Nyman
Berlin 21.4 .1931*

Matilde reads aloud from the answering-letters and puts thinkable parties for Josefin in a pile. She sits in the winter-garden with her warm dolma over her shoulders.

Clea and Chawa listen carefully and comment the wooers.

The berliners who want to get married can look at a photo of them at the marriage-agency. The girls think that Josefin looks like an innocent flower in her re-sewn linen-blue dress. Her hands are timidly resting in her knee and covered with knitted white gloves. She wears a hat with gauze hanging over one eye. The shining pearl on the hat-needle looks like the flowers pistil. About themselves the girls say; "Chawa, la petite chinoise et Clea, l'indienne." The little chinese and indienne.

A rhythical spinning is heard from the sewing-machine. Emil has finished his education but he hasn't find a job. He keep on staying with them and re-sews old clothes.

Josefin is seldom at home. She goes more and more often to Berlin to try to get her girls a better life there. She is seeing Erna from Auschwitz again and she has also met her brother Max, who became a dentist. She has spend on a goldteeth that glimmers when she shows her captivating smile for the thinkable parties.

She hasn't touched her sewing-machine since she sewwrapping.

The years of sorrow has passed but every time she stands at the railway-station on her way to Berlin, she sees his grave-stone shining black on the grave-yard. "Your enormous despair was unjustified", she says to him. "The nationalsocialists didn't get so many votes in the last election. They only got twelve chairs in the parliament."

But in Cottbus one can't see their decrease. Contrary, the nazis get more and more members every sunday. Many are unemployed and have got poorer. The mosaic believers are treated as second class citizens. No children want to play with Clea and Chawa anymore and in school their class-mates refuse to sit beside them. Especially, the sorbian girls show their detest and call them dirty jews.

Ilse, the neighbourgirl that didn't care about that Clea had become "jew" has moved to Berlin. The sons of the landlord have moved in to the bottom-flat where the socialdemocratic family lived. So now, all families in their house, above and underneath them are nationalsocialists. The only thing josefin can do is to as soon as possible marry berliner.

Josefin looks around in the huge café. Kafé Kranzlers style is easy-going preussian but the atmosphere among the guests is nearly extatic. They sit among hanging mirrors and wall-paper of brokad under bronzed lamps and they conversate intensively with nervous vitality. One longs for something else and waits with unbearable excitement, strong as death-longing for some and strong as longing for sexual intercourse for others.

Josefin seems very prosaic in this company.

In a mirror at a side-table she can see her old friend Erna. They burst into laughter when their eyes meet and they quickly look sideways. They still act as country-girls, filled with earthly thoughts which needs practical solutions. They are completely unfamiliar with the esoteric struggle of the time.

None of the guests notice their giggeling. In Berlin one has seen the most and no one has reflected over what just have happened at Josefins table.

Erna raises from her place and comes over to Josefin. The chair she sits on is still warm after the shoe- and bag-fabricant. When Erna sees his gifts more closely the giggeling starts again. The big, heavy and brown-green crocodile-shoes and the enormous crocodile-bag are such a vulgar contast to Josefins timid equipment. They hide their faces in their hands and gasp for air.

- *Lieber Gott*, splutters Erna. Why did he go?

-I don't need a married man with an ill wife! I've got enough problems as it is. A typical *Lebemann*, Mutti should have said. But he was handsome. When he gave me... Josefin hides the crocodil-bag under the table, not to start laughing again.

- ..he whispered that he was very eager to start a relationship. His wife lived at an hospital.

Erna looks around but noone pay attention to them. Not even the waitress who undo their table take any interest in their doing.

-You will soon be in Berlin, she whispers. Al men falls for you. You just have to find one without a wife. There are lots of them.

The old friends lean their foreheads against eachother as they did in old times when they talked intimedly.

-What about you? Josefin asks. Don't you ever think of going steady?

-I don't want to get tied. If Hitler gets more votes in the next election, I will not stay. i have made up myt mind for Palestine.

- 'Next year in Jerusalem', we have said since we became members of the B'nai B'rith-loge, Josefin laughs. Fifteen years have passed and you are still here!

-But now I am serious. I have saved the thousand pounds it coste to immigrate and I read hebrew in a evening-class. I have contact with a kibbutz where there are many german-speaking people and they need poeple that can work. Eventually, they need a teacher for their children. I am only thirtytwo and single, which they think is very good.

Josefin hears the noicy voices from the café-guests like the noice from a wrongly set-uped radio in high volyme. She takes severel deap brathes and tries to calm herself down. She doesn't want to fall onto the floor. She squeezes the cold crocodile-skin and puts the terrible bag in front of her.

Erna smiles and Josefines attac is stopped.

Josefinopens the bag.

-I've got three tickets for Happy Widow Interested?

-Of course. Who will have the third ticket?

Julius is a widower with pyjama-buisness in Berlin and the arrangement is soon made up. He can not dance and his liver is bad but Josefin takes him anyhow.

She starts sewing again. She sews doll-clothes for Chawas china-doll and walking-skirts for herself and Clea. Thereafter she leaves her girls in care of nuns at the child-home in her old silesian home-village and she goes with Julius to the more lively health-resort Marienbad. In fact, Julius would need to go to hospital but as a mosaic believer he is left to stay at health-resorts.

The su er is wonderful. Josefin and Julius enjoy themselves and feel that they will be able to help eachother to a better life. But it is year of election again and it pops up nationalsocialists even in Marienbad. They murder the american historian Lessing who were on a temporary visit in his old home-land.

Also Hitler is in a health-resort in Bohemia. He is in Karlsbad together with the enemies of the republic to make plans and to stit up the sudeten-germans.

Hitler is successful in the election and Josefin is grateful that she can move to a quiet part in western Berlin. In Charlottenburg, she lives near her friend Erna, her sister Trude, whom is port-forbidden, and handsome Otto, the star-layer.

Josefin prepares her daughters for emigration together with Onkel Otto Tante Berta.

Clea is grateful but Chawa refuses to go anywhere without her mother.

Life returns to its normal in the quiet Charlottenburg and they stop thinking of exodus. No furious Hitler-boys scream after them anymore. Relatives and friends live together again and Clea gets her old friend from Cottbus, Ilse, as class-mate again when she starts "Fürstinne Bismarcks school".

The same day as the German-nationalist party nominates Hitler to *reichskansler*, Josefin goes to the big Oranienburgertemple to marry Julius.

Her friend Erna and Martins peculiar twinbrothers are witnesses. The twinbrothers stand closely besides each other and murmur silently on a private language that nobody else can understand. They are both dark-skinned and slender, neatly dressed in black costumes and starched shirts. Under the ceremony, their heads are bent down and arms crossed, as if the rabbi's marriage-speech is their death-doom.

Josefin stars at their beautiful shaped thin hands and thinks of Martin. She is happy over that Martin doesn't have to see what is happening. That the Germans finally chose Hitler should have made him constantly depressed.

Afterwards, Julius wants to go to the cinema and see *Pettersson och Bendel* but Erna refuses.

- It is racist, she screams angrily. That film has made people attack Jewish shops and cafés in Kurfürstendamm.

- *Mensch*, one must be allowed to joke, says Julius. The best we can do is to laugh at Hitler. The Berliners are also a cultivated and freely thinking people that laughs at funny stories. We can't let some hooligans stop us from having a nice evening. There will always be stupid, discontent and unfortunate people that believe that they can change their position with help of violence.

- Nearly half of the electors have no humor, says Erna dryly. They take Hitler's Jew-hostility on deepest seriousness.

- *Asch*, that's because of the burst-crash and unemployment. Hitler will be gone in next election, as soon as the economy is in order. Who really wants a violence-psycopat with one ball as leader!? A madman who flirts with the Russian sadist Stalin!?

Julius laughs noisily and Erna looks very sad.

Martin's win-brothers look nervously around, afraid that someone unsuitable shall hear the discussion. They greet the newly marriage with one tongue and walk slowly out of the temple holding arms.

Josefin looks up at the huge onionlike-coupole and leans her head against Julius' shoulder.

- We celebrate at home, she whispers. It is safest.

- What! Shall not two poor Jews be able to celebrate their wedding-evening anymore!? protests Julius.

Josefin laughs at him. He is good for her, that stubborn optimist. To be sure, he is quite egotistic but he refuses to be suppressed.

- We have done it before, Josefin persuades him and blinks.

Erna looks angrily at Julius. She is not ready.

- Your Hindenburg will never be back in to power. He is old and weak and has been duped by the National Socialists. The electors have let down both the German-national and the Social Democrats. Do you know who Hitler's new collaborators are? Yes indeed, the Communist Party!. They have gone together with their most hated enemies. What do you say about that!?

Erna is near crying.

Julius sighs, kisses his bride and gives Erna an elegant handkiss.

- My ladies. A taxi to *Suarezstrasse* will be ordered.

Before the doors of the temple is closed Josefin looks firmly on Julius and Erna.

- Not one more word politics tonight. The walls have ears and our landlord has shown doubtful sympathies.

Hitler's political program is made in to action. He dissolves the democratic republic and appoints himself to dictator. The workers unions are forbidden and the communists are put into jail or murdered. Special working-camps for different-thinking people opens.

Hitler hates and fears the Jews and introduces race-discriminating laws. His men control meticulously that the laws are followed.

Julius is forced to stop his business that during several years already has been boycotted and exposed to never-ceasing razzias.

Clea is locked out from school and forced to change to a Jewish Lyceum that lays far away in east Berlin. For many of her school-mates, the information from the school about their Jewishness comes as a shock. Several have been living as Catholics with German traditions and without any idea of any grandfather being Jewish.

In the new school, they learn for the first time about the history and religion of the Jews and how they have been chased during the years-thousands.

A Jewish student is dismissed from university. If the laws will last, Clea won't be able to keep on study.

The Jews are locked out from the theatre and from the social clubs and therefore many Jewish theater-groups and youth-organizations start for all those who are not allowed to be members of *Hitlerjugend*.

Ilse becomes a member of the Hitler-girls and Clea becomes a member of a Jewish culture-club. She tries to convince Chawa to join the club but her little sister refuses all contact with Jewish life.

A Jewish museum is opened and gets many visitors with both a forced and a genuine interest for Jewish history. The Nazis close the museum when it is revealed that so many prominent scientists, industrialists and other celebrities are Jews. Clea is already a Jewish identity and feels strongly that she is not a wished person in the country anymore. She starts to go to the Piece-temple every Friday to hear an American rabbi who encourages them to emigrate to Palestine. He says that the national-socialistic ideology spreads like a burning fire over all European countries where also the Jews are pointed out and accused. The American rabbi is not propagating for emigration to America.

Clea doesn't know what to do. She wonders if the people in Palestine really want to have German Jews coming.

Clea starts her emigration anyway by moving to *Onkel Otto*. She has reached puberty and can't stand Julius' presence. She gets irritated of all he does; the way he puts his sausages on his plate and his hour-long visits in the bathroom. Because of her change of school she has to go up early to catch *S-bahn* to go all the way to *Burse*. Julius occupies the bathroom every morning even though he has no work to go to. He stands in there and looks himself into the mirror. Time after time he looks carefully to be sure that he doesn't look like the lampoon-pictures in the newspapers. He inspects his nose and ascertains himself that it is small and straight. He looks closely at his mouth and sees that it is very small. "You really don't look Jewish", he says to himself. But he is bold and Clea asks him to hurry up polishing his billiard-ball before she misses her train.

Clea feels safer at Otto's and Bertas. A stone-lion is guarding outside the house and the door has number seven, her lucky-number. Their landlord is not a Nazi and greets them kindly, not treating her as air like others.

Otto is blond and educated and Berta is long and slender. They look safely German and Clea feels that she has good protection in them. Sometimes in the evenings she can get a glimpse of her father in Bertas face and that's the only thing that makes her unsure about if she has acted correctly. Ilse is also Cleas protector but they can't see each other so often now when Cleas schooldays are so long. They try to meet once a week at the rolling-skate-lane. There they go arm in arm; Ilse in her brown Hitlerjugend-uniform and Clea in her blue school-uniform. Clea has cut her pigtails but Ilse didn't dare.

But one day the farewell-letter comes.

"My duty in Hitler-girls must win over my feelings for you. I wish you a happy and healthy future."

Ilse

Matilde gets vessel-cramp and heart-problems of bitterness against the Germans. Josefin sells Hotel Steiners Meissen-china, bedlinen and silver to be able to keep a nun to look after her. She says to Chawa that they have to move to another apartment that is on the bottom-floor so that Matilde shall be able to take walks.

Chawa says nothing but she immediately notices that the new apartment is not as beautiful as the old one and the number of rooms are fewer. Any layer is not their rentier anymore, the finest room is let out to an Hungarian photographer. Chawa also knows that Matilde has stopped going for walks. She refuses to go

to the park and sit on the ugly and boringly placed bench with the inscription: *Jews only*. Matilde don't dare anymore to sit on the benches with: *No jews*.

Matilde lays mostly in bed and Chawa comforts her with reading loud out of *Onkel Toms hut*.

- Onkel Tom and the other negroes were not allowed to go by bus or train, go to the cinema or theatre, visit bath-houses or sit on any bench they wanted to, she explains.

- We are no negroes, Matilde moans. We are Germans of Mosaisc belief and we have had civil rights since I was a little girl. My son was honored with the iron-cross and he died for the German caiser. What's happening now is grotesc.

- Are there negroes of mosaic belief? Chawa wonders.

- The ancestors of queen Saba were black, Matilde sighs.

- It must be worse for the negro-jews then, Chawa says.

It is autumn and linden leaves are laying in piles on the pavements.

Chawa walks with her schatsel and kicks broken leaves to the left and whole leaves to the right. For homework she has to pick five beautiful leaves to her herbarium and she wants to be the one who finds the nicest. She is allowed to go in the German school until eleven years. Her school has got big portraits of Hitler in the classrooms and new national-socialistic books.

Chawa is very proud over that she wrote the best essay about Hitler's life and his visions for future. *Onkel Otto* had read for her out of *Mein Kampf* and enlightened her about that Germany's Führer doesn't want any Jews in Europe and that the Slavic people shall be made slaves to the Germans. He says to her not to close her eyes but see the truth in her white in the eyes.

The teachers says that Hitler wants to give Europe peace.

Chawa doesn't know whom she will believe but she smelled war that time when she saw all uniformed men, girls and boys that marched with expressionless faces. Under the Linden-avenue is forbidden area for Jews but Chawa got permission to come if she stood a bit behind her classmates. She stood on a fresh stub and saw the huge army march along. It smelled blood and death from the newly fallen lindens that Hitler had taken down to get broader space for his parades. She felt sorry for the pile of leaves that lay next and abandoned at the side, waiting to be transported away.

Otto's realism, Matilde's bitterness, Josef's exaggerated happiness, Clea's disgust, her classmates and teachers' intensive enthusiasm makes Chawa very confused. She doesn't know what to feel herself. She closes like a mussel and doesn't reveal her conflicting feelings. The most important for her is to be good at school. She is one of the best in German mythology but the teacher doesn't show her any appreciation. He never praises her. He reads what she has written but he never mentions her name. Chawa is treated by teachers and classmates as she was invisible. They are neither unpleasant or nice. When her classmates stretch their arms in the air and yell "Heil Hitler" and sing the national hymn, Chawa has to sit in her bench, stare ahead and pretend that she neither hears or sees.

Chawa is not welcome to be part of the others' *Heil*. *Heil* has a deep wholifying effect on the people but Chawa is out-frozen. The others feel kinship, a true meaning of life and a rooted fulfilled world-sight. Under the Weimar Republic they were still in thought split up in wilful principalities. The war united them earlier but the humiliating peace-treaty made them feel unsuccessful. They are the losers that at last got Kaiser Hitler who makes them feel whole-*heil*. One country-one people-one language. When they say "heil" to him they feel a fresh hint of fulfilled happiness and prosperity that he will give them. German mythology in literature and art give them roots and national identity. Under the legendary antiquity *heil* meant that you gave holy land to yourself by carrying fire round the next place. In that way the land became *Heil* and had the gods' blessings. For everything that you wanted to make *Heil* the gods demanded for a sacrifice. That person who broke *Heil*, broke the serenity and were put outside the German justice. That "un-*heil*", un-holy person became an outlaw and no fines had to be paid if such a person were murdered.

Chawa obediently participates in the school-plays. She accepts being "un-*heil*" and an outlaw. When her classmates do the old Nibelungen-saga she plays the old hunchbacked dwarf without complaining. The dwarf is guarding the beautiful treasure from Krimhilde that everybody wants to have. She watches when Krimhilde's family betrays and kill each other in a bloody settlement.

When they do Hans and Grete she acts the witch and she lets them burn her in the oven. She lays behind the oven-door and burns to ashes while Hans and Grete carry home her treasure-coffin filled with diamonds and jewels to their regretful father.

Chawa carries her colorful leaves to the teachers desk and harden herself to bear the schoolday. She will as usual do everything to be the best. Back home again, she will sit down beside. If Matilde complains about the humiliating benches in the park and if she as usual refuses to go for a walk, she will comfort Matilde with reading aloud in Robin Hood, the young man that is mad outlaw in his country but succes to stay alive.

Jews and different-thinking people escape in masses.

Each weak Josefin goes to the station to wave farwel to a friend.

- For Gods sake, never come back, is her last word to her friend Erna who stands nonplussrd in the compartment with a hebrew dictionary in her hand.

Erna made right not to tie herself. Nowadays, only people who can work is allowed to go to Palestine. The arabs have made pressureand demand that the jewish population won` t get larger than a third of the inhabitants in Palestine. The englishmen have listened to their demands and quotes the immigration. Besides the thousand pounds it costs, you now need an english certificate. Otto and Berta had their application refused. Josefin has not even tried. An anti-sionistic old mother, ill husband and young daughters are not much to offer the settlers. Many try the illegal way but Josefin has not enough money. Otto has busy days. His law office has changed into emigrant-bureau and his client are queueing long outside in the street to consult him. Mostly jewish young men with a german identity seek his help. They lack both education and work because both universities and places of work are closed for them. Many are confused and want to join the german army where they no more are welcome.

Otto sits shallow and blond in his voltaire-chair an in his spirit he continius the enlightenment. Besides him stands a bust of Voltaire on a high pedestal. When the confused youngsters entershis room he enlightens them about that they are chosen to be the "inner enemie" of the country. He tells them that the jews were blamed for the Black death and accused for poisoning the wells. Those who didn` t flee, were burnt on the stake. It`s only five hundred years since the jews last were expelled from Berlin and the whole county of Brandenburg. Many went to Silesia, Moravia or Bohemia and when the caiser lost these territories in war, they have moved back. Otto is trying to make the young men understand that the jews again are used as scapegoats and now are blamed for the failure in the first worldwar and that the country is ruined.

"The peace-treaty forbids the germans to have an army and therefore the germans forbid their jews to ware uniform and to have weapons. The cat on the mouse. The mouse on the rope...You know."

"The winner-nations demands that the germans pay war indemnity and therefore the germans want the jews to give away their property."

"The winners have taken land from the germans who in their turn forbids the jews to entry certain places" are phrases that can be heard from Ottos office."

Clea listens and learns.

When the young people accepts that they are frozen out from the society and nomore can expect any legal aid, Otto mediate kontakt with some suitable help-organization. He convinces them to leave the country as soon as possible. He, himself is quite happy not to have to go to Palestine. It will be America if exodus will be necessary for him. He is in no hurry. First he wants to help as many youngsters as possible to leave the country.

The new law that forbids jews to have weapons, forces Josefin to do a traditionell act to the jewish new-year. Martins sabre from the war and her fallen brothers sabre are hanging across of eachother on the wall in Matildes room. They are very old-fashioned weapons but Hitlers men have begun to do house-razzias and they take the smallest offense against the race-laws as reason to jail someone.

On new-yeras-day Josefin sneaks into Matildes room. Matilde lays on the bed and looks as if she is sleeping deaply. Silently, Josefin lifts down the abres from her wall.

- Well done, says Matilde. Put them near the outdoor. We must strike these huligans if they should break in to our home.

Josefin jumps when she hears Matildes powerful voice.

- *Mutti!* I thought you were asleep.

-Where is Martins old pistol? I want it under my pillow, says Matilde full awake.

- The pistol is gone. The police in Cottbus took it.

Julius peeps out from the door.

Josefin puts the sabres over her head and makes a figure with a martial face in front of the Jugend-mirror and they both laugh.

Matilde can't understand how they can laugh at Hitler's mad ideas but she also hears that they laugh to keep the fear away. Matilde can't anymore understand society's development. She tries to remember if suicide is forbidden to either German or Jewish law. She wants to find out if the police had the right to take Martin's pistol. She could ask Otto who is a lawyer but he has no influence anymore. She is very tired of all these German or Jewish affairs and she is longing to withdraw from earthly matters. She shuts her eyes and waves them away with a tired gesture. Her heart is aching and her legs feel heavy as lead.

Josefin puts the sabres under her well-sawn camel-hair-coat. Julius takes her arm and holds her tight. They laugh hysterically.

They walk out into the dusk. The streets are full of people and they dare not think of what could happen if they were caught wearing weapons. They fall into the walking-rhythm of the street. Josefin jumps every time the sabres stick under her arm.

They pass Charlottenburg's big, reformed synagogue; a modern and liberal Jewish centre with bath-house, meeting-rooms, school and a home for old people. In the parish hall there is an advance-bureau and a kosher-store. Josefin calms down. No one seems to take any notice of them.

At the first bridge there are too many.

They continue to *Tiergarten*. The river gets wider. From some synagogues they hear new-year-songs. They pass the house where "The Association Against Anti-Semitism" has their localities.

They try again at the next bridge. They walk further on and then stop. Josefin opens her coat and lets the weapons fall into Spree's dark water. The sabres whirl away and they continue walking. Released they hug each other.

In accordance to an old Jewish tradition you shall throw away your old sins in the river on New-Year's-day and give a promise for the next year.

Josefin promises not to abandon Julius whatever happens.

Julius promises to save his liver and stop drinking.

They watch the lights from the town that reflect in the water-whirls. The district of Moabit's huge synagogue lies enlightened on the other side of the water. There are forty-two synagogues in Berlin, only in the district of Charlottenburg there are four; two reformed and two orthodox. Josefin shivers and remembers Martin standing in the B'nai B'rith-louge speaking-chair. "The Jews are in danger if they live too many in the same city. It is no more possible for them to spread out in the country, so therefore the Jews have to have their own nation." Josefin imagines herself and Martin wandering with their daughters through a flowering desert. They pick fruits from the trees and talk to each other on the language of Moses. In the middle of her dream she hears the anti-Sionists. "If the Jews become too many in Palestine, there will be a problem there as well."

They have no protection anymore. They have to live very carefully without offending anyone, Josefin thinks. The sick Julius is a weak protection but walking by his side in this hard time makes her heart glad. She takes his hand and holds it hard.

Realised the walk home. They have thrown their weapon-sins in the river without a thought of their that their weapons could be needed for them to protect themselves.

The New-Year festival ends with Reconciliation-day, Jom Kippur. The religious people fast and don't talk for the whole day. They reconcile with their enemies and ask everybody for forgiveness for evil things they have done during the year.

Clea is free from school and she brings sweets from home. She is struck by her old home's dullness. They all sit silently in their own thoughts, just like in a religious home. On the table stands a *Jahrzeit*-candle for the dead and some honey that will bring the New Year sweetness.

Matilde sits with her back straight with her hard hair-ball making a shadow on the wall so that she looks like an Egyptian warrior. She looks in a photo-album with pictures from Hotel Steiner.

Julius half-lies on Martin's divan, flabby and yellow from his illness.

Chawa is comforting herself with Onkel Tom and Robin Hood.

Josefin reads a letter from Palestine. She is the one who breaks the silence when she sees Clea's despair.

- Erna likes her life in the sun and warmth, she says. Erna wears shorts all day and plants oranges. The work is hard but she gets enough food. Shouldn't you and Chawa try...

- Arabic guerillas attacks kibbutzes, Matilde interrupts her. It's just as dangerous to live there as here.

- But you don't have the race-laws there, Clea says.

Julius moans. He fought in the German army during the first world-war and he can't see as the young do, what is happening with his country. Clea can't expect any support from his side, she is sure of that.

Clea has to wait and first she offers them Bertas sweeties. When everybody had enough she reveals her plans.

- I'm going to be a nurse, she says. Nurses are needed in all countries and when I have finished my education, I will look for a job in another country where they don't persecute Jews.

- You are too young, says Josefin. You are not grown up. Think of typhus, tuberculosis and all maladies you can get at a hospital. It is also dangerous to go with *S-bahn* the long way to the Jewish hospital.

- In my time there were Jewish doctors, Jewish militaries, Jewish workers. Ha! A Jew could be anything.

Nowadays they can't go where they want with *S-bahn*!

Matilde throws the photo-album at Julius' direction. She can't understand why he lays there all day instead of working. He says that the boxes with pyjamas are stolen and that his business has been sabotaged. Matilde doesn't believe him, for she doesn't want to admit to herself that the whole family are dependent on her pension. What will happen when she dies? she wonders.

Julius shuts his eyes and turns them his back.

- Aunti Trude needs a new maid, Josefin says. You can work at her place while waiting for the journey to...

- There will be no journey, Clea says. Onkel Otto has got his application for a certificate rejected. A star-layer with a wife with problems with her phalanges probably don't suit as orange-pickers. They are not even welcome to England.

- I have to keep you in security, Josefin says in a weak voice. Charlottenburg is a safe part of the city, Trude lives here and you will start to work at her place. Her old maid is under forty-five and that's why she can't keep her.

Clea is only fourteen and she starts confused at Josefin.

- Jews excluded, Chawa whispers.

Clea's eyes get thinner and she straightens her back.

- I'm going to be a doctor, she says.

When she notices the eyes of Josefin getting dimmer, she changes her mind quickly. She has to stop to coming attack.

- *Mutti!* I want to be a maid! Phone Aunti Trude at once.

The day of reconciliation is the right day to forgive her jealous sister Trude who on Martin's funeral said that it served her right. Josefin should never have married that handsome man but today Josefin forgives Trude.

- 'Next year in Jerusalem', Chawa says.

Matilde hits the table and stands up. Her face is red.

- Thanks for supper, she says. I will withdraw. Over my dead body, I never forgive the Germans. I am no longer a citizen of this country but I am not either some nomad riding a camel in the desert. I am an old woman who witnesses my daughters and my grand-childrens beginning poverty and humiliation. I have no more words.

Matilde's voice bursts and she turns away.

The portrait of Hindenburg is expelled from her room. The iron-cross goes the same way and also the Chanukka-candle and the Mesusa.

During the Olympiade they can move around more freely.

The atmosphere in the streets lightens up and Josefin dares to visit a small café. She sees with sorrow how Chawa sits on the very edge of the café-chairs, crouched and afraid of getting thrashed.

"Don't sit like a miserable ghetto-Jew, we are no East-Jews", Josefin wants to scream. "Enjoy your cake as an honorable German citizen!"

But the more she looks at her daughter she thinks that Chawa looks like a ten-year-old Talmud-boy with long corkscrew-curls, pale and thin, crouched down over his Torah.

- The fence is gone.

Chawa points at the park where she and Matilde, before the race-laws came went for walks. The high, thick and ornamented iron-fence that rounded the park is gone.

- The times are hard and the Germans have lack of iron, Josefin says. Eat your Napoleon-tarte now, *Liebling*.

- Hitler makes weapons of all fences, bridges and water-posts.

- Chawa! We are not alone!

Chawa looks surprised when Josefin quiets her. Her teacher at school talks openly about it and her class-mates are proud of that Hitler has taken over Hindenburg's army and started rearmament. Even though he melts down the iron-works of the city and buys millions of tons from the iron-rich Sweden, he has not enough to the weapon-production.

So far, Germany is growing without war. The Czechish Sudeten-land and Austria have been united with the German Reich.

When they return home Matilde lays dead in her bed.

Josefin is happy over that Matilde doesn't have to live to experience when they have to move to the little scuffy yard-house. Matilde should never have understood the importance of having a good caretaker. The new caretaker is not an active resistance-worker but he is absolute no fellow-worker.

Josefin is also grateful over that Matilde doesn't have to see how she changes all the fancy goods and jewelries to get food. Matilde doesn't have to see the gap in Josefin's mouth after taking away her gold-tooth. Max, the dentist of the family only gave her half a jar of pain-releasing tablets in change med smärtstillande i byte. Josefin never dared to tell Matilde that Julius' pain was caused by cancer in the liver.

Before the funeral Josefin sells the Jugend-mirror with golden frame, the sky-blue carpet, Hotel Steiners dining-room-furniture, the smoking-rooms heavy leather-chairs, Martin's divan and his heavy oak-writing-table but it were not enough to buy a grave-stone.

Hitler celebrates Martin Luther's name-day by announcing a national pogrom.

Hitler's men and Hitler's youth are demanded to gather in their districts.

Many Jews believe in the terrible rumours and flee over the border to the neighbour-countries.

Clea gathers with her comrades in the Jewish culture-association. She has tried to attract Chawa with poetry-reading and singing and at last got her with her. Youngsters under seventeen and members of an Jewish association still have got the opportunity to get a permission to stay in England, in waiting for the certificate for Palestine.

Seventy hopeful youngsters with white necklaces and backpacks filled with books by Goethe and Schiller, goes to a little village outside Berlin to hide from the coming pogrom. They are going to sleep over the night at the village-inn.

After some hours they forget the terrible reality and they start to laugh and play funny sketches for each other. Even little Chawa is enjoying herself. They feel strongly that together they must be able to stop the racist and warlike development.

No one mentions the empty benches of their class-mates. They don't talk about the rich who has contacts abroad and are able to flee. They know that the Germans want to get rid of them but the doors of other European countries are locked. The countries of other parts of the world don't want any Jews either.

Just when they are about to dance horra, it knocks at the door. Five brown-shirted Hitler-boys in their own age enter.

- *Halt!* they scream. Stand along the wall! Packages in front of you!

The Hitler-boys look into their backpacks and steal their sandwiches and home-made cakes and sweets. They throw all books in a row on the floor.

- Jews are not allowed to wear uniform! the oldest Hitler-boy shouts and tears away their white necklaces.

- Hands up! Jews are not allowed to wear weapons!

The Hitler-boys steal their nice Swiss pocket-knives.

Clea is full of hatred. She thinks that the Hitler-boys behave so uneducated and rude that she is ashamed. They speak a bad kind of German and using bad language. The boys' fathers and fore-fathers have lost a war, been wounded and fallen but also Clea's father and uncle lost the war. She doesn't have to work of her annoyance on some innocent people. She wants peace, not revenge. For her, the village's Hitler-boys represents the Germans' worst sort, their worst kind; their hooligans that Hitler has given power

and possibility to torture other people so that they shall not see their own real problems. She feels completely outfrozen from society when she sees the hungry wolf-eyes of the boys.

The Hitler-boys don't see Clea or the other jewish youngsters as individuals. They have been taught that jews represent what is bad for the society and something that has to be expelled.

- Marsch out!

Seventy youngsters let themselves be marched away by five youngsters. No one in the culture-association dares to make any resistance of fear of being shot if the Hitler-boys are armed.

The Hitler-boys lock them in a barn and keep them under surveillance.

Chawa keeps near Clea in the hay and tries to sleep.

At four in the morning the door is locked up and the Hitler-boys marches back and forwards restlessly. The youngest starts to play with a matchbox. He puts fire to a straw, lets some more lighten and then he put his foot on them. Again and again he lightens small fires and then stops them.

Clea watches him with fearful hatred.

The boy is small, black-haired and brown-eyed. The one, who look the most like us, she thinks. He is the youngest and the worst. A german christien or perhaps a heathen who hates all german jews, all jews. He hates all people with black hair but with his appearance he has to hate himself also.

Chawa feels no hatred like her sister, she is just feeling exhausted with grief.

He is making the barn *Heil*, she thinks and believes she is going to be the offer who will burn in the flames. We are out-laws and it is no more a crime to kill us, she thinks. She stares inscrutable at the Hitler-boys.

The oldest of the boys goes around and forces the youngest and prettiest girls to stand up. Chawa is chosen and taken away.

Outside the barn they violate the girls.

Chawa returns staggering to Clea with her eyes wide open and shivering in her whole bodynde i hela kroppen. Not a sound comes from her. Her legs and arms are so stiff that Clea can't succeed in making her sit down.

In the wolf-hour the choiced and humiliated culture-association are led to the train-station. The village's inhabitants are sleeping behind drawn curtains when the big crowd are walking the main-street. Some dogs are barking.

They are deported back to Berlin with the first tram.

The more and more brighter sky reveals what has happened during the night. Crashed glass from the shops windows are laying in piles on the trottoares. On a wall, someone has written; Dead to all jews. Smoke from burning synagogs fills the air. The germans like the romans has destroyed their. Young and old have side by side assaulted jews, destroyed and stolen jewish property. Everybody has been made participate in the racistic dictature.

Those who made resistance have been murdered. People who can work have been caught and made in to slaves who will build on the german war-industry.

The german captivity has started.

- We have to go away, Clea whispers. We have not much time.

- Pa-pa-pa-palestine, Chawa stammers.

Her little body shivers and shakes even when the tram is standing still.

At the jewish graveyard the grave-stones are upset. Corps that have been dugged up lays thrown on the earth. Some crouching figures are digging in the graves.

Clea looks away. She is ashamed over the germans who stand in day-light and diigs among corps and she is happy over that Matilde never got a grave-stone that they could have the pleasure to kick down.

Chawa stares bewitched. The germans are digging after gold and diamonds, after the Nibelungen-treasure, she thinks. They believe that Krimhildes treasure is digged down among dead jews. This night they killed the crooked-nosed dwarf to reach the treasure. The Hitler-boys in fact killed her outside the barn and now she is dead.

The peace-temple where Clea listened to the american rabbi is burning.

- When the temples are burning the jews has to flee, she whispers to Chawa and takes her hand.

She size the protective lion outside Ottos and Bertas door and jumps of the tram. She has to persuade *Onkel* and *Tante* to pack their bags and flee immediately.

They hear running steps inside the door but nobody opens it. Otto and are hiding. They believe it is Hitler's men knocking at the door. Over a night they have become stateless. The national-socialists have taken their German citizenship. Their passports are no longer valid and they can't go anywhere.

Clea drags Chawa out again. She puts her hand in despair on the guarding lion. She prays for protection and help to get out from the rabies-infected German wolves. She hugs Chawa and Chawa's stiff and tense body cracks.

- We try at *Tante Trude*. Can you make it?

The door is open at Trude's and her fabricant but no one is at home.

The wardrobe in their bedroom is wide open and clothes lay in a heap on the unmade double-bed. Clea locks the door and puts Chawa in to bed. She puts on her pinafore and starts to clean the house as if it was an ordinary working-day. She is the home-maid and cleans after breakfast. She makes relaxing valeriana-thé for Chawa and cleans the living-room.

In the bathroom she finds a bowl with hydrogen peroxide that Trude and her husband have used to bleach their hair. Clea looks into the mirror while emptying the bowl. She is very black.

- They are gone! she cries out. They have fled! I am unemployed!

She keeps beside Chawa in the big bed. They stay the rest of the day in the deserted apartment not to worry Josefina by coming home too early. It was sad that they should be in the little village until the evening. The girls never tell Josefina what happened during the excursion with the cultural-association or what they saw through the windows of the tram; grave-desecration, burning synagogues, broken windows and anti-semitic graffiti. Josefina has enough problems with finding food for them.

She has no more jewelries or fancy-things. She has paintings, lamps, toys, embroidered table-cloths, Martin's books in beautiful leather-binding and a box full of cigars left to change to the most important. She no longer gives them expensive things on their sandwiches and just gives her daughters bread and the vegetable of the season. She has to be economic. In the radio people are demanded to eat vegetarian so Josefina no longer dares to change her things into meat.

Clea from now on understands that she has to arrange her escape herself. There is nobody that can help her anymore. She makes her black suitcase and goes to the Jewish hospital. She is immediately recruited as a student-nurse. The hospital needs all staff that they can get. The hospital is overfilled with patients who have been hurt or who have tried to commit suicide under the pogrom-night.

The turnover of hospital-staff is very big. Those who are fleeing to England are waiting for a "permit" or a temporary permit; the "certificate" for Palestine. The lucky ones who get "affi Davi's" can flee to America. The government in the immigrant-countries demands that every refugee must have a guarantor and everybody restlessly waits for their special permits. Every week a happy doctor or nurse succeeds to flee.

Clea uses all her spare-time to arrange an opportunity to flee. After months of queuing, she has got that special identity-card that all people that have been stateless has to have. Sara Clea it stands beside the photos where she like a criminal is photographed from the front and both sides. The national-socialists call all Jewish women Sara and the mad, Israel. Besides her new name is her thumb-imprint.

Clea snorts over the new rulers' silly ideas. She is not a criminal and that they understand in England. The Englishmen have given her a working-permit and a place as a student-nurse at an hospital but she is not allowed to enter England until she has found a guarantor.

Restlessly waiting and seeking for a guarantor, Clea is educated. She learns to work under small conditions and she is allowed to see everything except a secret ward. She hears rumours that the patients in there come from the concentration-camps where they have been exposed to experiments, starvation and typhoid-infection.

There's a letter from Trude. She is in security in America. She and her fabricant take the rumours seriously and the day before the November-pogrom they packed their suitcases and went with the train. Trude sends "affi Davi's" to Josefina, Clea and Chawa but not to Julius.

- Like manna from the sky, Chawa cries out. *Tante Trude* is saving us!

Chawa has stopped going to school. She has overgiven the Nibelungen, Hans and Greta, Onkel Tom, Robin Hood and all other German myths and instead totally fallen into the biblical. She has become deeply religious and shaved her hair. She covers her bald head with the Polish flower-scarf that once hung over Josefina's sewing-machine. She only eats kosher and reads the Torah and Jewish history-books, while rocking her body. She sits with crossed legs on the drafty floor beneath Julius' bed. Without interruption she

rabblers about the slavery in Egypt, the babylonian captivity, the crusades and all evil that have happened the jews during the times.

Julius moans. He is secularized in his belief and he doesn't like religious bullshit.

Chawa likes hearing him moan. As long as he is alive Josefin will stay.

Please, I hope that Julius has shot himself in the head, Chawa thinks every morning.

Josefin wants her daughters to go in advance. Her last hope is the bern-stone that could give them an america-ticket each.

She contacts an egyptolog who is interested in her bern-stone. He wants to look at it the next time she comes to the railway-station.

Josefin leads Julius to the railway-café every evening. The rumour that the national-socialists have built koncentration-camps where opposite-thinking people and other divergent people are forced to work under very severe circumstances, has reached even Josefin. She has heard that Martins twin-brothers have been fetched in their home in the middle of the night and that Max was forced to leave his dental clinic and now is forced to work for free as a dentist in the koncentration-camp Buchenwald. She hears about Hitlers men fetching communists, opposition-men, homosexuals, mad men, handicaped, mentally retarded, gypsies and jewish men at nights.

Julius is therefore in dangour.and Josefin leads hem every evening to the railway-station. There he sits all night at a coffe-table and tries to look like a traveler. At lunch the next day Josefin fetches him and puts him into bed.

When evening comes she leads Julius as usual to th railway-café. Julius has more and more difficulties with sitting upright on the chair. He will soon be fifty and then Josefin will let him stay at home. The national-socialists don't count those who are fifty as workable people and Josefin doesn't think that they would take a cancer-sick man to a camp.

The egyptolog waves to her from the first-class-restaurant and Josefin hurries.

- Oh, baltic gold, he says excitedly and twist and turns the bern-stone. Do you know that bern-stone from the East-sea has been found in the grave of Tutanchamon. Certainly in that time it was already the jews who had monopoly on that trade. In fact, I have nothing against them, only they get out of our country.

- It is easier said than done, Josefin says. You have to find somebody abroad who wants to be a guarantor. All countries are afraid of immigrants being a burden.

The egyptolog pulls his little pipe-beard.

- I see. Then I can't either see a solution on the problem. But you seem to be an extraordinary nice lady. Are you free? I am a very lonely man.

Josefin shakes delightfully her head.

- I am a very married *jewess* who are getting poorer each day.

- It doesn't matter, syas the egyptolog. You speak german and you look nice. Don't you undersand that there will be a war. We have to get away, all of us. If I only get my scholar-ship, I will take you with me. I promise.

- I believe you, Josefin says, but I have two daughters. They have to leave the country as soon as possible. That's the only thing in my life that is important.

The egyptolog bows deeply and turns his wallet inside-out. The mony for the bern-stone is only enough to unleavened bread to Chawas pesach-ceremony.

The keeper has noticed Josefins lonely struggle and asks her to come in to him. He feels sorry for the nice lady who hardly has food for the day.

There stands a young man and a woman in his home.

- May I present mister Sternkiker, says the keeper. He is a building worker and he is looking for a room in a nice family. Marichen, his fiance likes to help with the cleaning.

Mister Sternkiker takes Josefins hand and blinks.

- I don't like to be awaked with "Heil Hitler" in the morning and hear his hysterical speaches from the radio all day. I would like a silent breakfast before I go to work.

Josefin nodd and hides the gap after the golden tooth when she smiles.

- I have got a room to let, she says. At my place you will be awakened with coffe and croissant in bed.

Josefin gives the keeper a packet of cigarills and hurries away. She thanks her lucly star that she is able to continue her hotel-business even if it is ina small scale.

Julius is moved to the kitchen to make room for a room to let. She makes the bed with sheets from Hotell Steiner and puts lavender-smelling towels on top of it.

Mister Sternkiker is very pleased with her arrangement. His red cabriolet is parked outside the house and every morning he throws himself nonchalantly into the car and drives to work. When he returns he persists in taking Josefin in the car when she does her daily shopping.

Every day, Josefin goes proud in a high speed through the streets of Berlin and as soon as they meet some Hitler-youth or one of Hitlers men she pulls her hat down over her face. According to national-socialistic racial laws it is forbidden to be with jews.

Mister Sternkikers style and behavior is a colorful protest against the nazis stiff correctness. During the airplane-alarm-practice he refuses to follow the others to the shelter. He always stays in his room and cuddles with Marichen who also doesn't care about Hitlers war-practices. Marichen is a communist and talks so badly about the national-socialists that she scares Josefin. Mister Sternkiker is a social-democrat and a pacifist. Even though the young lovers are not jews, Josefin is always afraid that their different behavior will put attention to her family.

A working-mate to mister Sternkiker reports him.

The keeper warns him in the middle of the night.

Sternkiker hides Julius in the shelter but goes back to his room himself and falls in to sleep.

In the wolf-hour he is awakened by "Heil Hitler" and he is taken away by Hitlers men.

After that shaking unlawful entering of her house Josefin only dares to have jewish lodgers.

Next is a shy family-girl from Russia who is about to marry.

Marichen asks if she can continue cleaning and she gets the permission to do so if she stops taking the counter-movements leaflets to Josefins apartment.

More and more often they can see fully armed soldiers march through the city. The peoples willingness to make war increases when they see how successful Hitler is to take german-speaking areas without bloodshed. Many european countries are impressed by Hitlers smartness and effectiveness. They copy his policy and clean their own countries from opposite-thinking people.

The spring and warmth have come.

A "permit" from England comes!

English quackers have accepted in being guarantors for Clea. She is hilarious. She is going to England and she is going to be a nurse! Nothing can stop her anymore. At last she can go and fetch her new passport marked with a big red J.

- Don't you want to wait until your birthday? Josefin wonders. It's only a week left.

Clea smashes the lid of her suitcase. Her seventeenth birthday she will celebrate on english land. For anything in the world she will not stay one extra day in this country where she no longer is a wished person. Her birthday coincides with Hitlers and she can never be sure of what devilship he will make up to celebrate his birth.

Josefin dries her face and seats at the sewing-machine. She puts in a white tread and starts to sew on the russian girls long and white wedding-gown.

When Clea sees Josefin take care of her fragile lodger as if she were her own daughter, she suddenly notices how low her family have fallen in a short time. The normal should have been that Josefins care and happiness to prepare for a wedding, should have been for Clea. It should have been Cleas bride-dress and Cleas party of joy.

But instead Josefins oldest daughter flees to a strange country to work as a nurse. She abandons her mother whose honor have been taken and she abandons her little sister who with a shaved head sweapt in a polish flower-scarf sits and rocks, her common sense taken away. She leaves them to their own destiny but she can't do other. She can't stand living in Germany anymore.

- See you in England, she says. I will help you over. It is easier when one of us is in safety.

Clea drags her heavy suitcase to the railway-station. She is smart dressed in a hat and a well-pressed suit. The fine clothes gives her a feeling of security. She squeezes the cloth with her free hand and tries to calm herself down. Kashmir is really strong and will last long, she thinks. It will keep how long as ever.

A lorry full with iron-material stops beside her.

- Heavy burden, little miss?

The lorry-driver blinks and quickly takes her suitcase into his cabin. He drives to the baggage-claim and puts it there.

The humanity shown by the lorry-driver makes that the interrogation with the police and the body-visitation doesn't feel so humiliating. Clea watches Hitler's men while greedily sneaking in her suitcase, with a quiet detest. They have got dead-scorpion-markets on their hats just like small boys who are playing pirates and want to look dangerous. They are pretending that Clea is a severe criminal and Clea joins in their play. The suitcase is locked and Clea drags it to the platform.

Suddenly armed soldiers are gushing forth the platform entering the train.

Clea squeezes her seat-ticket and runs aboard to take her seat. She is the only civilian among young soldiers.

The train's windows and lamps are blacked-out but outside Clea sees her mother.

Josefin is waving from the platform dressed in her well-sewn camelhair-coat. Each time she smiles she hides her missing teeth with her other hand.

- The sandwiches, she yells. You forgot your sandwiches.

She stretches out a greasy parcel.

- It's something on them, not just bread! Salami! As you love!

Clea doesn't dare to go up. She is afraid that some of the soldiers who are running through the train will take her seat and then she is lost.

Clea looks hardly at Josefin and tries to say everything with her eyes. She feels like it is the last time she sees her mother.

Josefin looks old-fashioned in the warlike surroundings with all these soldiers, military-vehicles and black-out-arrangements. She looks misplaced, standing there in her well-sewn coat smiling and waving with the sandwiches. A real little mama belonging to another time, the peaceful and free and innocent time. Despite all difficulties she has not grown into the suffocating and evil today. Josefin would never understand why seventy young, healthy and strong youngsters should let themselves be captured by only five militant Hitler-boys. She would neither believe that nice German boys could rape small undeveloped girls like Chawa. She hasn't enough fantasy to imagine the secret ward in the Jewish hospital. Even if she makes an effort she will never understand what has happened to Martin's twin-brothers or Mister Sternkicker.

Their tears are falling along their cheeks when the train starts to move.

Clea is leaving her homeland.

The soldiers fall over Clea's suitcase that is standing in the middle of the compartment. It hinders everyone to stretch their legs.

Clea failed when she tried to lift it up to the luggage-shelf but after that neither Clea or the soldiers pretend that they are aware of each other or the suitcase's existence.

But after a commander has passed through, suddenly one of the soldiers stands up and throws the suitcase up on the shelf. He makes a military gesture, sits down again and pretends to look unconcerned.

The other soldiers notice his indifferent attitude; removal of huge object. No one reports him of breaking the racial laws by helping a Jewess.

Not a muscle in Clea's face is moved to show gratitude, she starts in her book and turns the page pretending total indifference.

The soldiers leave the train at the border. Hitler's army has invaded the Rheinland even though it according to the peace-treaty should be a weapon-free-zone.

One of Hitler's men orders Clea to go to the station-house for another body-visitation. She leans invertedly when she hears his lisp. She will not do as she is told and that saves her. She mingles with the people on the platform and she walks back and forth in her smart dress waiting for the train to take her down to the sea.

She gets ice-cold when she feels a coin in her pocket. The Jewish refugees are only allowed to take out ten marks out of the country and that money is in her wallet. The rest of her means has been taken by Hitler's men. She doesn't dare to think what can happen if that mark will be found. She is beginning to feel like a criminal and paralysed of fear she staggers on the nearly empty train.

A man comes running after the rousing train. He enters Clea's compartment where she sits alone with her plombed suitcase.

- They tried to delay me, the bloody crooks, he says.

He says that he is a columnist and that he can't stand the musty cultur-climate when he can't right from his heart any longer. He wonders where Clea is going and what she thinks about the climate.

Clea doesn't say a word. She doesn't even dare to look at the columnist. It can be an informer, she thinks.

The racist dictatorship has learnt her to be afraid of everybody and not to trust anyone.

When the train slows down, the columnist opens the window. They can hear seabirds scream and the humid smell of seaweed is making them feel free.

In the harbour lays the ship that will save her from the professional murders.

The columnist follows after her. Just when boarding Clea suddenly throws away that extra marc in her pocket but the columnist picks it up and gives it back with a gentle gesture. Clea shows angrily the extra marc to the controller but he only laughs surprisedly. She looks up and sees that the controller has no deathsculls on his hat. He's an ordinary hollandic ticket-controller. Hitler's men haven't yet reached Holland.

Not before the boat has left the harbour Clea dares to feel that she is saved. Like Noah she flees from the coming catastrophe. But unlike Noah she flees without family and cattle. She breaks the old tradition to always keep the family together whatever happens. She feels like she is the first one in the Jewish history to, with what right she doesn't know, see a value in her own life and caring about her own faith.

The family is still her belief, hope and well to love. If she had been allowed to join the Hitler-girls she wouldn't have been a good national-socialist. Clea should never have been able to report her own mother only for buying cheap and good medicine at a pharmacy owned by Jews instead of buying in only non-Jewish-owned shops.

Clea sits on deck on her suitcase and looks carefully at the other passengers. She listens to some resolute youngsters in Chawa's age. They have been accepted a possibility to flee by an invitation to Lord Bloomsbury's castles where they will live and prepare themselves for their aliyah; going to Jerusalem. Excitedly they go around with their backpacks and talk about Exodus, the boat, who will take them to the holy land. Clea sees that there are even younger ones that already are planning a new life without their families.

The columnist stands at the boat's side and smokes a pipe. He holds a notice-board in his hand. Probably he has written a column about his own escape. When England's coast is visible Clea dares to look at him. At once he puts away his pipe and walks towards her and sits down.

- Is someone meeting you? he asks.

Clea shakes her head.

- Not me either, says the columnist. Shall we make company?

Clea shakes her head again. She is still frightened.

- Perhaps you already have somebody.

- In Belgium, Clea says. An applicant doctor who also has fled from Germany.

- I wouldn't stay in Belgium if I were him, says the columnist. Didn't you see all these German soldiers at the west-front? It can be a war at any time and then Germany will take Belgium, just like that.

- I know. But he hasn't found a guarantor yet.

- Guarantor!? I have no guarantor. It is just to buy a ticket and leave.

- Some persons must have a guarantor, Clea says angrily. Some unwished Germans must have it.

Clea is boiling with anger that not even a columnist is beware of these circumstances.

She is surprised that life in England seems to be like a quiet peace. In spite of the Germans' intensive preparation for war she can see no soldiers and no dark-outs on the cars.

Clea rents a room at the nursing-home and starts working. She learns both nursing and English.

In letters after letters to Chawa she advises her to contact the Bloomsbury group. There are rooms for more youngsters who want to emigrate to Palestine. An English family that Clea got acquainted with at the hospital are interested to be guarantor for Josefina and employ her as a home-maid.

Josefina answers in her letter that hers and Chawa's suitcases are packed.

Chawa has built a little hut of the last sheet from Hotel Steiner to celebrate Succot, leaf-hut-feast, all of her own. Little sister is still religious and wants to remember forty years of walking in the desert after Exodus from Egypt. She is very glad over that it will soon be their turn to Exodus Germany.

Julius is only skin and bone. He has not far left but the sun and warmth give him new strength. He gets strength to sit up in bed for short moments. Then Josefina will open the window so they can enjoy the soft and warm air that flows in. They can feel the smell from the linds and hear the nightingale singing for them. That's what they let Clea know. Months pass in waiting for reunion.

Hitler marches into Poland but then the English had enough. They and France declare Germany war.

And that same autumn-morning Clea is met by two police-men in the hospital-corridor. They ask her to come to the station.

Clea and all other German refugees have to go through a war-tribunal. In court Clea recognizes the German columnist that fled on the same time as her. He is classified as "enemy alien", and is sent away to Isle of Man. A German-Jewish refugee who is standing in front of Clea in the queue, is also classified as enemy alien and sent away.

Clea is lucky. A colleague and the Quaker-organization help her and she is classified "friendly alien", and she can stay but she is not allowed to stay at the hospital because it is in military area.

Clea has to go to London where she takes care of other refugees children for food and a room but her English colleagues are skeptical. They think that Clea is German and a representative for the Germans, their enemy who is bombing the city. They don't care about Clea being a Jewess. They are not interested in people's religious beliefs. Every time the colleagues accuse Clea for a bombed house or for injured Englishmen Clea has to explain in stammering English, how the situation for the Jews are in her home-land. "The Germans have made me state-less. They are not my country-men anymore!"

Clea applies for English citizenship and takes private lessons to get rid of her German accent. After a while she gets more and more popular among her colleagues. She works at week-ends and at nights when the others want to be free. Clea wants to work as much as possible not to think about the life of Josefina and Chawa in the yard-house.

The borders are closed. Emigration from Germany and immigration to Palestine is forbidden. The post between Germany and England is cut off but the doctor-student who fled to Belgium is sending Clea's and Josefina's letter from there. He folds his own letters together with Josefina's and begs Clea to help him over the canal. Clea doesn't dare to ask any of the colleagues to be a guarantor for him. She is afraid that the hospital-staff will get even more racist if there will be more German refugees. First, she must help her family and there is still an opportunity for Josefina and Chawa to leave the country. The Germans release them if they get a big ransom.

Clea thinks about that as soon as she is free from work. She knows that Josefina is totally broken. She has sold everything in her cup-boards and in her kitchen. For the crocodile-shoes and the crocodile-bag that she once laughed at, she has got morphine for Julius. The only thing she has saved for the journey to England is the camel-hair-coat and her sewing-machine.

Clea succeeds in arranging a loan to the ransom but in the last minute the English family say no. They don't dare to employ a German maid.

Now it is only Chawa with help from Lord Bloomsbury who can come over but Clea never gets an answer from her.

Clea's letter-box remains empty until one day there is a little card from the Red Cross.

My dearest Clea,

Best regards to your birthday.

I'm happy to hear that you after one year of hard work, still like your mission to be a nurse and still like your new language. In these days a woman must have a profession.

Following sentence will probably be read out by the censor but can't you try to get a job in the countryside now when London is bombed.

Julius is dead. He suffered severe pain in the end but I couldn't do much for him. I do not know anything about the funeral. A girl from the Jewish social-agency arranged everything. She has also given me homework to do so Chawa and I manage quite well.

I sew uniforms for the German soldiers on my sewing-machine and the girl from the social agency comes every Friday and fetches the ready ones.

Thanks to Chawa I had saved a last sheet so that I could sew Julius

. It was the fifth and I hope the last piece sewn in my life.

Chawa is a bit better now. Some days she helps me with with shoulder-straps and buttons.

Thank Lord Bloomsbury for offering us a loan but unfortunately Chawa doesn't want to go without me. She hopes that you will find another family that needs a maid who also can sew.

My sister Beatrice in Poland has been compulsory transferred to Warsaw and locked in with her children in a ghetto. Her husband has been transferred to a working-camp. I send her food-parcels as often as I can. The inhabitants of the ghetto has very little food and the children are starving to death.

In spite of the bad news we are in a good mood. Once again I wish you a happy birthday. Take care and if god wish, we'll see again.

*Many kisses from mama Josefin.
Berlin 21.4.1940*

Josefin gets the letter back unopened. Germany has occupied Belgium and the doctor-student who passed on their letters from thee is taken into custody.

The censor has not even bothered to read the letter. Before he always cut out everything he thought inconvenient.

France has fallen and the national-socialists think that it is only a question of time before they have England and the whole of Britain under them.

Josefin thinks it awful to sew uniforms to combatting german soldiers but if she refuses she and Chawa will be put in a concentration-camp.

The british hold against the german offense and then the national-socialists try the eastern front instead and there they are more successful. Hitler breaks with and occupies Litauen, Lettland and Estland that Sovjet just has occupied. The german army march on with Moskow in view.

The girl from the jewish social agency comes with two yellow stars that Josefin and Chawa shall sew onto their coats. JEW it stands in the middle of the star with black letters that imitate hebrew writing.

Chawa locks in a schoolbook in hebrew and writes with real hebrew writing; Jew, Jew, Jew. She writes page after page and after that she writes; Chawa, Chawa, Chawa - my name means life.

Josefin is upset over the national-socialists stupid ideas but not to get reported and put into a camp she sews the stars on her elegant camelhair-coat and on Chawas school-jacket. Then she hard-handed presses the germans uniforms-trousers and angrily hangs them on the hangers.

Every day she is in a hurry to get ready with her work until the jews shopping-hour. The jews in Berlin are only allowed to go shopping between four and five in the afternoon.

The day before it becomes forbidden for jews to have a private telephone, Berta calls. She has got food to spare if Josefin can come and make their sabbath-dinner.

There is a agreeable interruption in Josefins and Chawas isolated life to once a week walk to the protection-lion outside Ottos and Bertas door. Otto and Berta haven't sewn any yellow stars on their coats. No Hitler-youth or Hitler-police should never suspect the blonda and blueeyed couple Cassirer to be jews.

Otto sits as usual light and shallow in his voltaire-chair, leaning his modern and enlightened head against the wind. Beside him stands the bust of Voltaire and Otto continues his enlightenment with Mein Kampf which he has laying open on his knees. He points in the book and enlightens them about how far Hitler has reached in his political program.

- It will soon be the jews turn, he says doomdayish.

Josefin and Chawa listens carefully.

- What shall we do? Josefin asks. I can't relax until something is arranged for Chawa. She is not really mentally ill, she is just in shock. She will come over it only if she gets another life.

- Assimilation, enlightenment and a change of character from the inside is my way, Otto explains.

His assistance to young jews to get away from Germany has developed to getting passports without the J to jews with german appearance.

Berta tries to bleach Josefins and Chawas raven-black hair but the result is no good. Their hair only became weakly red.

Berta cries. She thinks of her brother, of everything that she promised him but that she can't do. Josefin tries to joke about it.

- I have always dreamt of being red-haired.

Otto plays Mahler on his piano but Chawa asks him for something more religious.

With her dark hair and old clothes Josefin feels like a poor and uneducated east-jew in Cassirers exclusive and cultured home. Her feeling gets stronger when seeing Chawas shaved head and religious and hunched attitude.

Josefin and Chawa go immediately home after the sabbath-meal.

The curfew for Jews is from eight o'clock.

Hitler has a conference in Wannsee and decides that all Jews shall be killed. His men will organize so that all of the European Jews will be deported to the occupied countries in the east where people hate and fear the Jews from time immemorial so their people willingly can help to complete the decision from the conference.

The social-worker brings a capital- and property-declaration which is designed as a testimony where Josefin let her apartment, capital and furniture to Hitler's men. The declaration is also an apply for the sixth east-deportation with destination Riga, the capital of Latvia. Josefin doesn't think it is good for Chawa in her condition to work for the German army so far north near Russia and the frontier. The social-worker ensures her that children under sixteen will be offered to go to school. Josefin is needed to sew black-out-curtains and to take care of the army's store.

Josefin doesn't want to go to Riga so she puts on her elegant camel-hair coat with that ridiculous Jewish star and walks to the Red Cross to enlist.

- Only German citizens can enlist, says the Red-Cross worker.

- But the Germans has taken my German citizenship against my will, Josefin answers. I want to help Germany and serve my country. My late husband was a Red Cross-volunteer during the war against the Russians and my brother got the Iron-Cross and offered his life. I and my daughter can do much more in health-care than in the army!

- I'm sorry, says the Red Cross-worker. We only enlist German citizens.

- I understand.

Josefin bends her head against the counter and looks beggily at the Red Cross-worker. He shuts the shutter.

Then Josefin remains Matilde's Prussian severness, knocks at the glass, strictly and requestily.

- My oldest daughter is in England. No mail can be sent anymore. How will she know that I go to?

The shutter opens a bit.

- Messages from the Red Cross can be sent even under war-time. Sara's address in England?

The Red Cross-worker pronounces England with all contempt he can bring. The stateless Jewess has children in an enemy-country and thinks she can be a German Red Cross-sister!

Josefin gives up.

Sara Josefin, she writes under the capital-declaration that also is an apply for the journey to Riga in fourteen days.

She packs her Singer-sewing-machine and drags it to the goods. She registers her sewing-machine to Riga and buys two one-way tickets and two seat-tickets. Otto and Berta also get a capital-declaration so they also apply for the working-camp in Riga. Like Josefin they get a notice to go to the collection-camp at the synagogue in Moabit but Berta's seamstress warns them to go there. The seamstress husband is one of Hitler's men and she has heard what destiny is waiting for the Jews.

Even though Otto has read *Mein Kampf* it is hard for him to believe the seamstress. He can't believe that innocent people just are murdered in a modern and enlightened time, only because they are Jews. He knows there are millions of Jews in Europe and he can't understand how the ammunition will last to shoot all those. Germany is at war and needs all the weapons to kill their enemies. Otto knows that the National-Socialists look at the Jews as their inner enemy but practically he thinks it is impossible to kill so many people. In his wildest fantasy he could never think that one can gas people to death and as in the story about Hans and Grete just put them in the oven and let them burn.

They all feel uneasy the next sabbath.

- For long do we have to stay in Riga? Chawa asks. What if the war never ends.

- The Babylonian captivity lasted for fifty years, Otto answers. Who knows? The Jews were allowed to go back to Jerusalem after two generations but then many had rooted themselves and wanted to stay.

- Do you mean that we perhaps never will come back to Germany!? That we are expelled to Riga? How is life there?

- Could, but many speak German. During the middle ages ruled the German Order. Then the Swedes and Russians came. Now it is German again.

- Are there any jews there?

- O yes. In Riga there is a big and well established jewish community and they are not locked into a ghetto, but nowadays one don't know how it is...

- It would be better if the jews got their own state in Palestine, Chawa says. I want to go there. Martin, my father, also thought that was the best.

Berta remembers her brothers seriousness when she hears Chawa. She promised Martin when she couldn't lend him the money that she instead should do everything to help his daughters. She can't help Chawa anymore. She is just frightened. Martin is dead, their twin-brothers traceless gone, relatives and friends spread out over the world. She doesn't know if she will manage herself.

Berta says she has headache and goes to bed. She says harshly no to Josefin who wants to take care about her.

- You with your dark hair perhaps are better suited to live in the Levante, Otto says thoughtful. My light and redish skin can't bare the sun.

- Thanks for the enlightmens.

Chawa caresses the Voltaire-busts hair. Then she moves her hand gentle over the light head of Ottos. Otto gives a start.

- Do you know anything else about Riga? she asks.

- German orden-knights wore a sword with a cross, Otto rattles off. The flag of Latvia is red and white. Now you have to hurry home. *Gotes shabbat!*

- There is lots of time left to eight a clock, Chawa protests.

- Come on, says Josefin. Tante Berta is not well.

She takes the hand of the long and blond Otto. His enlightened head is leaning heavily against the side of the chari.

- It is good to know that you also are going, so someone we know will be in Riga, Josefin says.

Otto moves uneasily.

Chawa lookas at him and suddenly starts to shiver in her whole body. Unexpectingly she throws her haed back and starts to laugh hysterically. She tears of the polish flower-scarf from her head. Her hair underneath has grown out into a short boy-cut. She pushes the marble-head of Voltaire and the bust falls into the floor.

- I am queen Ester, she secreams exaltedly. I will marry Hitler and beg him to spare my jewish people.

- Chawa! shouts Josefin in despair and drags her to the lift. If wrong person hear you it's our last day in life.

- We have already lived our last day! Chawa shouts back.

Otto pushes her nicely but decidedly into the lift. He closes the iron-bars, closes the left-door and send them downstarirs.

Josefin see him lean against the wall clinching hisnose-root when they go down.

Josefin gets more and more nervous the coming days. She tries to calm herself and Chawa down with valeriana-thé. She packs and unpacks their little black paper-cases whole days. Warm clothes is exchanged with packets of buiscits and again exchanged with extra warm leggings. Sewingmachin-oil and needles change place wiht stockings and later everything is unpacked to make room for the valeriana-root. In Chawas case she decides taht the most important things are Chawas school-books, the pen-lidder and the string to carry books with.

She cleans the appartment carefully and wonders over who will sleep in her bed and who will look in Chawas books. Sombody will in a few days sit at her table and drink out of her cups. She wonders what they will do with the album with photografs and all the other personal things that have no room in their cases.

When at last next friday-evening comes, she leaves Chawa who is inbedded in herself and unreachable, to make Ottos and Bertas last supper in Germany.

It is an uneasy silence in the streets. Her steps are echoing against teh empty appartments after people who have fled. The hal-burnt down synagoge of Charlottenburg is standing like a lonely, silent and defensless memory of the past. The ornamented iron-fence is taken away, melted down and made into arms. Josefin stops at the lion outside their out-door and puts her hand on his hind, like her egyptian fore-mothers did when they wished freedom from slavery. "Protect my children", she begs the lion. A real sfinx with power never show his face but Ottos and Bertas protection-lion smiles naively towards Josefin. He is a german jugend-sfinx.

Josefin gives the keeper a packet of cigarilles and she is let in. In the mirror in the elevator she looks at the gap after her golden tooth as she goes up. She hides it with her hand and she believes she is still attractive. The few grey hairs she has got shine red-colored. Since Julius died she has had quite a lot of offers. But the cause can also be the hard times and that nobody can stand to bear all sufferings on their own.

There is a written message at their door.

We have taken our lives.

The sound of shells and blinding sun-glitter hits Josefin to the floor. She falls badly and bumps down the stairs.

- For heavens sake, what is *gnädige frau* doing here?

Josefin recognizes her voice. She opens her eyes feeling very happy and caresses the cheek of Bertas seamstress. She has no memory of falling; only a weak sense of Martins blood-red cover over his face. What makes her most happy is that they nearly won the dance-contest only if she hadn't sprained her ankle.

The seamstress is wet in her face and looks terrified. She carries a basket full of delicious food.

- I shall help you out, she says and tries to help Josefin standing. You can't lay here.

Josefins foot is swollen and hurts badly when she tries to stand on it. She can only use one foot.

The seamstress almost carries her to the elevator and out in the street.

- Wait here, she says and leans Josefin against the lion. I will soon get some help.

Josefin bends her hand carefully over the lions back and closes her eyes.

The seamstress rushes back into the house and carries the basket with food up to the attic.

She gives the basket to Otto and Berta who is hiding there.

Berta cries when she tastes the salami-sausage.

- Josefin and Chawa are too dark to flee. And I don't think Josefin should believe us if we told her the waiting destiny of the Jews.

- Schhh, the seamstress whispers. Don't talk. Put out the light and eat. Then try to get some sleep.

Berta and Otto hugs her hardily. They know that the national-socialists have death-penalty for hiding Jews.

The seamstress rushes the backway home and reports Josefin. Then her husband never will suspect her for helping Otto and Berta, she thinks.

It is getting dark. The curfew starts.

Two brown-uniformed Hitler-children find Josefin.

The boy grabs her hand-bag and opens it.

- Jew-pigs like you are not allowed to have such things, he says and steals Josefins powder and lipstick.

He gives the make-up to the Hitler-girl.

A black car stops in front of them. A black-uniformed SS-man with dead-skulls gets out. When he comes closer Josefin sees on his uniform that he has a high grade. Terrified, she holds the paper where it stands that she is going to Riga in front of him.

The Hitler-children quickly throw back Josefins vallet and run away.

The Hitler-man looks at the paper and smiles.

- Very good *Gnädige Frau Sara*, that you are going to help our army. We appreciate that.

The Hitler-man opens his car.

- It is late. Can I offer you a ride home?

- It is true that I live nearby but my ankle is sprained. In fact I can't move from the spot so I would be very grateful.

- Let me.

The Hitler-man takes Josefin under her arm and lets her down on the soft leather-seat.

To her surprise he stops at Sächischesstrasse and helps her the whole way over the yard.

Chawa looks shyly at him but smiles ingratiingly. She is queen Ester with power to appease. She is the star who will save them from death.

The Hitler-man laughs and straightens up.

- Nice girl, he says and looks further around.

His eyes fastens on Julius wall-klock.

- You won't take that with you on your journey?

Josefin immediately understands what the clock has struck and sinks down on the bed besides Chawa.

- Please, help yourself, she says. I am thankful for the ride. If there is anything else you and your family could use... We will just take a little suitcase each. The rest we leave. Here is the key.

The Hitler-man let their key to the appartmen glide down into his pocket. But he wants to bring something home to his wife already this evening and he takes down Julius wall-clock. He can't find anymore of value so he opens their small cases.

The Hitlerman get the sight of a shining watch on a string. He puts also the watch in his pocket.

Josefin looks at the pockets seams and the SS-letters and she is happy that sh doesn't have to sew the Hitler-mens uniforms. She sews for the german army that she thinks has honourable soldiers who don't steal from civilians.

Chawa giggles. She thinks the Hitler-man behaves like one of Krimhildes mean brothers who wants to get hold of the tresure of the Nibelungens. He belives that ther cases are full of gold. He can't see that the watch he took is of worthless cat-gold.

The Hitler-man looks offended at her.

Josefin hits her on the cheek.

- You must excuse her. My daughter is not feeling well. She is very tense. Do you smoke? Josefin gives the Hitler-man a packet of cigarilles.

- It will do her good to change enviroment and work for the *Vaterland*, he says. You get silly by reading to many books.

Josefin fears that the Hitler-man vill go closer to the book-shelves and see what kind of litterature Chawa is reading; decadent books in thee eyes of national-socialists.

- Go and fetch Julius manchett-buttons, she says quickely to Chawa.

- Dear mister, she says. These buttons are much more worth than the watch that is not real. We have got a departure time and we will take more trains so we really would need that time-shower.

The Hitler-man gets red in his face and stamps angrily. He grabs the manchett-buttons.

- With that foot I daught that there will be any journey, he shouts. People must be able to marsch, people must be able to work. Do you understand?!

Josefin nodds.

- There will be no more car-rides for *Gnädige Frau Sara*. Do you understand!

- I am very greatful, Josefin says full of fear.

The Hitler-man steals her last time and slammes the door. Chawa puts arnica round Josefins svullen foot. She lays down besides Josefin in bed but they don`r dare to sleep.

The sueing sound from the wall-clock has gone. They only hear their own anxious breathing. They feel so lonely and deserted, completely cut of from the rest of the world. No one they know are going to the work-camp in Riga.

- I think we should do the same thing as Martin, Onkel Otto and Tante Berta did, Chawa says seriously. Perhaps we will never more have access to sharp knives. Think of Massada.

- We are not at war against the germans, Josefin protests. We are germans who have been made stateless. It is the horrible nationalsocialists who have seduced the people to bhehave so badly towards us.

- People don't want jews anymore. They send us away but I don't want to live in captivity.

- Stopp that nonsense.

But Josefin also starts thinking of suicide. She thinks that if Chawa hadn't laid there, she would perhaps have finished her life. But she also thinks of the poor girl from the jewish social agency and how chocked she should be if she found them bathing in ther own blood. Then she stops thinking of suicide.

- Do you know for how long a slave-worker is allowed to live? Chawa asks after a long silence. I shall tell you that a slave is only allowed to live as long as he or she can work and as long as there are food.

Josefin sighs heavily.

- We have to sleep. We have to keep our hope. Soner or later the allied will stopHitler and let us free.

- Do you really believe that we will be free people again?

Chawa is near crying.

- Absolutely, says Josefin and puts her arm round her. I feel that both you and Clea one day will live as usual just like everybody else.

- And what about you?

- I am soon fifty but you never know...

Josefin sings a lullaby and Chawa let her tears flow the whole night throw. All her sorrow of life flows out of her.