

INTERVIEW WITH JOHANNA

My earliest memories are of leaving Vienna with my mother in the year 1939. I remember how I felt during the train ride, confused, indignant at having to leave the place that I had been accustomed to, and also ready for the adventure that the unknown promised. I remember feeling a little silly and asking my mother whether we had arrived in America yet, at the first stop the train made in Austria. Also, mother tells me that when someone asked about my doll that I was carrying, I answered that I was taking her to America because she is Jewish!

It was around Christmas time that we arrived in Amsterdam. My mother and I and some cousins went to a very fancy restaurant, at least as far as I remember, and there I had an experience which I was never to forget. I had gotten up from the table and had started wandering around the restaurant when suddenly there was a completely black man with a long tail and a spear and horns, carrying a big bag coming towards me. I was terrified and started running away, he chased me, around pillars and all around the restaurant. Nobody seemed to notice or to make a move to help me. I kept on running away but he did not give up, finally I noticed that he was trying to give me something, a little package. At that moment I no longer was so terribly frightened and so I took the package, and in it was something which I cherished all the way to America on the boat and even for a long time after we arrived. It was a pink plastic ring, brooch, bracelet and a barette for my hair, just the perfect present for me. Later I was told that the terribly frightening man was called "Crampus" and that he was Santa's helper and quite benevolent.

My next memories are of the trip to America on the "Rotterdam", where I seemed to spend quite a bit of time by myself, since mother was deathly sea-sick through out the whole trip across the ocean. She was in bed the entire time. I can remember standing by a railing and looking down into the water at the wonderful patterns the

waves of water made against the side of the ship. I remember wondering what would happen if I happen to fall in. I guess I decided not to try that experiment.

I was three years old at that time, and the memories of the next year which I spent in New York with my mother are rather fragmented. I do remember, however, that we lived in a house in Flushing, Queens, there was a garden and I was delighted to have some playmates. I don't know exactly how I communicated with them since I only spoke German, but I remember playing "Follow the Leader" and other games. There were letters from my father. He sent many pictures, in some he was wearing a straw hat and smoking a big cigar, I remember being very dissatisfied that he had changed so much. There were letters from Francis from France; in some of them he asked me what accomplishments I had made. In one letter he made a bet with me that he could read and write much better than I could, I remember finding that quite funny.

Mr. Lazarus was a frequent baby sitter for me, when we lived on Central Park West, and although he was a really nice man I was repelled by his hunchback and crooked body. Once when I did not want him to stay with me, I began to cry. He asked me what was the matter and I told him that I did not love him yet! I was trying to be diplomatic and not hurt his feelings. At around this time I was sick with the measles and it was the only time in my life that I was ever underweight.

Soon we left to join my father in Cuba. When we arrived father came onto the boat, but there was a huge chain in between us. Each link seemed to me to be about half as big as I was. Finally the chain was taken away, we looked at each other, then he picked me up and said, "Do you remember me?" He looked familiar and I quickly accepted the fact that he was indeed my father. He took us to a very nice apartment, which was located on the Malecon, a famous street right along side the ocean. I remember liking the apartment very much because of the fantastic view and the marvelous

huge, marble terrace. The view was of the ocean as far as the eye could see, with the famous Havana lighthouse in the distance. We spent most of our time on this terrace. Taking pictures, eating and me playing with my toys; dolls dollhouses, little animals etc. One of my favorite things to do at this time was to spend time with my father, reading the book "Franzi und Hannerl: Zwei brave Kinder," which he made. The inside front and back covers were composed of tiny little drawings of objects, and my father had endless patience to go over and over them with me.

The terrace was shared by the family who had an apartment next to ours. There was a little boy, very shy and skinny. The mother thought I was very beautiful, and once dressed me up with the biggest green bow that one can imagine in my hair. She took pictures of me and me with her son. We still have one of them in the album.

Also around this time I decided one day, to experiment with some lipstick. My mother was sleeping on the bed, I found her pocket book and took out her lipstick. I distinctly remember the big long mirror which I stood in front of to apply the bright red stuff. When my father saw me he was absolutely furious with me. He told me to wash it off and then did not speak to me for a few days. I wondered what was so terrible about lipstick.

Then we moved to a larger apartment, (the one on the Malecon was only one large room). It was in completely another section, Almendares, a more residential neighborhood. The house was in a long shape with another one right next to it or attached to it. It was in the back of a larger house which belonged to the landlady. In between the two houses was a very large

patio, with banana trees and some small paved paths. I loved this garden and spent many hours wheeling around my doll carriage there. The landlady, had a daughter, Hortensia, who was my friend. It seemed to me that she was always crying. I had another friend named Teresita Pina, I loved to say her name. She had a few other names too which now I do not remember. But the funny thing about her was that ... her mother would hit her every time she sneezed or coughed. I felt very sorry for her.

There was another family, who lived in a house attached to ours; we shared the courtyard. They had a daughter whose name was Elfi. Elfi had many physical defects, about which her mother was very unhappy. She was knock-kneed, pigeon-toed, her ears stuck out too far, and she was cross-eyed. Her mother tried various corrective measures, she had glasses for the cross-eyes, tape in the back of her ears to hold them back and arch supports to correct her fallen arches.

It was here that my cat "Tchi-tchi" had her kittens. I will never forget when I discovered them. She had chosen the linen/^{closet}in which to have her kittens. One day as I was getting a sheet or a towel out of the closet, I had a terrible shock as I felt something warm and alive. Upon closer inspection I discovered Tchi-tchi and about 5 or 6 kittens. Of course I was thrilled but I will never forget my fright.

They were my favorite plaything for a long time, I would wheel them around in my doll carriage throughout the patio. Another favorite occupation was playing with clay with my mother. The game was that you pressed the clay against something without the other person seeing what it was and then they had to guess where it came from. On the whole, I was a very fun loving child, always eager to laugh, make jokes and have a good time.

Another thing which I remember very distinctly, were the letter writing sessions with my father. He would type

and I would dictate letters, mostly to my grandparents. I am not sure I realized the implication, but I remember knowing it was sad that they could not leave Europe, and that there was the possibility that I would never see them again. I tried to make the letters interesting and funny. Once, during a terrible electrical storm there was a monstrous crash. In the letter I wrote that lightening hit the house in which my friend lived next door and that I was "beleidigt", which means offended.

The important thing that happened to me at this time was that Francis and Lisa were arriving from France. My father had managed to supply visas for them, which was an almost impossible task. They left Europe in one of the last boats to leave. The day finally came on which they were supposed to arrive. Unfortunately, they had to stay in an internment camp, called, Triscornia, for quite a while. We visited them threr every day. We brought them orange juice and other thigs to eat and drink. We were only allowed to see each other through a high iron gate. When I finally saw Francis, I realized that he did not even look familiar to me it was as if I was seeing him for the first time. His hair was very short, as if his head had been shaved, he wore funny shoes, leather exercize sandals, and he was very thin. But, however he looked, I was really heartened and was looking forward to having a brother again.

It seemed to me to be an endless amount of time that Lisa and Frncis had to spend in this place. When finally they were able to leave, they naturally came to live with us. I shared a room with Francis and Liaa had her own bedroom. It was great fun for me especially playing with Lisa. One of the things I did with her that we both enjoyed very much, was the following: she would lie very still on the bed and I would cover her with scarves, comb her hair, put make-up i.e. lipstick on her and just generally fuss over her. She found it relaxing and I just loved "dressing her up."

Soon there was talk that "Paul" was going to be arriving. Paul was someone who Francis thought of as his uncle, and who was also going to marry Lisa. Francis told me how "witzig" he was, which means that he was very funny and told many jokes. I was eagerly awaiting his arrival so that I could laugh and have a good time with him. When I did see him I was not dissappointed. he threw me up into the air as a greeting and immediately did some funny things, He could juggle, click his tongue in a funny way and snap all his fingers at the same time.

For a while Francis and I got along quite well together, but then we started to fight. There was always some competition between us about one thing or another. But the main controversy was who would get to sit and play at the piano. Usually he was the winner. He was stronger than I was, and also started to take piano lessons at around this time. He practiced constanly. He also liked to paint, and would go on painting trips with my father. They would both do a watercolor landscape, and when they came home would hang them up side by side to compare them and to see which one was better.

Going to school was a nightmare. We went to a private school, the Miss Philips School, where we were only allowed to speak English. The school was quite far away and we were obliged to walk every morning. The problem was that every once in a while, as a matter of fact, quite frequently, there would be a terrible boy standing on the corner, diagonally opposite us. He would attack Francis.

He was very big and absolutely vicious, he swung his fists and struck wildly. Francis tried to defend himself as best he could and I just stood there screaming helplessly. Finally he would stop or we would manage to escape from him. In any case we were terrified and had no way to avoid him that was the only way we knew of to get to school. We never knew when we started out for school whether he would be standing there waiting to attack us.

As you remember, I mentioned that we were absolutely not allowed to speak Spanish in School. One rather pathetic but never-the-less amusing incident occurred in this connection. In my Kindergatten class, a little boy had to go to the bathroom, he was unable to say what he wanted in English and the teacher was in a nasty mood and was not willing to let him out of the room. As a result, he made in his pants, all over the seat, he had diarrhea. It was terribly humiliating for him, and embarrassing for every one else. Then to make matters worse, the teacher put a dunce cap on his head, a big high pointed thing. Unfortunately this fell off his head and he was unable to pick it up while sitting in this mess. I was sitting right next to him and for some reason I, along with every one else refused to help him out. I was somehow paralyzed into inactivity.

Also , I remember some terrific rainstorms. Once we were walking through water above our knees, at least it was above my knees. The water was rushing all around me and I was completely soaked through.

We soon moved into another apartment, it was bright and sunny with a patio and living room. . . At that time, we met Mr. Lerner, who became Francis's painting teacher, and later on also my painting teacher, and a man, Mr. Reder, a sculptor. At that time, I think, he was still painting, and did not do sculpting so much. One day, Francis and I went visiting him, and my parents were not with us, just the two of us, and he let us sit on lounging chairs, on the terrace, that were made out of canvas and wooden arm pieces, chairs, which were collapsible. I was sitting in one of the chairs and Francis said "I will make you more comfortable, you can lie back further on the chair." So he took it out of the holes in the back and all of a sudden, he had to support my whole weight and he could not do it, so, he dropped the chair and I was holding on to the side, and like a scissor, the two wooden pieces of the arms caught my little finger, and I could not get it out anymore. It was squeezed very, very tight in between the two wooden pieces, and I was standing there, laughing, with my finger stuck in the chair, and I could not pull it out, and I knew something terrible was happening, but I could not stop laughing and I could not get my finger out. So, finally, I think, Francis called Mr. Reder, who was in the other room doing something, and he came and he took the chair apart, and finally my finger came out, and the whole tip of my finger was hanging loose, and it was just hanging by one little piece of skin and the top of the nail. Everyone was so scared. Francis' face was white and he was really upset, and we put it under cold water to wash it off and the whole time I was watching, my finger-tip hanging, and the water was running. It did not even hurt, I was not crying,

but Francis, I saw, was very upset, and he started telling me stories, about how he fell on his hand walking on the ice, somewhere in France, and he showed me a big scar, he was trying to make me feel better, but I was not placated.

Then, Mr. Reder brought handkerchiefs and he wrapped up my finger, because it was bleeding terribly. I still think I was not crying very much, but it was starting to hurt, and I was embarrassed to cry. He had called up my mother and I remember my mother coming up the stairs, and I was so happy to see her, and suddenly I burst into tears.

We had to come home on the bus, my finger all wrapped up in handkerchiefs, and then father did not come home until late at night and finally looked at my finger. He was so angry at Francis, just furious with him, and he woke him up and started screaming at him. And then he took care of my finger and he cleaned it off and put some ointment on it, and put the fingertip back very carefully, put tape all around it with no stitches or anything. Then he went to a drugstore to get an injection for tetanus, and injected it, first in a very small amount and in the course of over an hour repeated the injections, till I had the whole amount of the little bottle. Nothing happened afterwards, there was no infection and it healed beautifully. Every day he had to change the bandage and I dreaded it, especially the taking off of the bandages, because it was extremely painful. A lady, Mrs. Weill, gave us vaseline gauze and that helped very much.

I remember when I was in Miss Phillips School, one of my biggest dreams was to have a box of crayons. One little girl in my class, Cynthia, whom I admired so much, had beautiful

box of crayons which at the time seemed to me to have every imaginable color in it. My father asked me one day if I wanted something that he ^{could} buy me, I told him there was something I wanted very much and that was that particular yellow box of Crayola crayons.

Sure enough, I was already sleeping when he came home one night, but he woke me up to give me the crayons. I remember having to push the mosquito netting to one side, and was a little sleepy, but I was absolutely thrilled with my present and gave my father a big hug. After that I was constantly busy coloring. I was very ambitious, and decided to make a little book. I wanted to illustrate the story of Sleeping Beauty. I worked hard on making each picture as beautiful as possible. The highpoint of the illustrations was the princess's dress. It was very finely striped and each stripe was a different color. You can imagine how long that took! I was very industrious, but one morning when I went to the drawer to take out my project it was gone and I couldn't find it any where. My mother had not seen it and did not remember it, so it just disappeared. I was obviously extremely let down and felt the futility of my endeavors. I actually started to recreate what I had done, but somehow it was not the same and as a result I never finished it.

I frequently had some throats and colds, and my tonsils happened to be extremely large. It was decided that I should have them taken out which was the style

in those days. I was terribly frightened but felt powerless in having any affect on the decision. I went to the hospital and was quite nervous, when I had to lie down on the operating table I noticed there was no pillow for my head, as a matter of fact my head would be hanging down lower than the rest of my body. I seized this as an opportunity to perhaps not go through with it and asked, where the pillow was. this proved to be a futile tactic since they just insisted that I lie down. Then they gave me ether with a mask over my face and I had dreams of heads of different peoples: Indians, and people from different countries all moving around in a circle. The next thing I knew was that I had a very sore throat, my mother was puttering around the room in a beautiful green paisly bathrobe and someone asked whether I wanted to eat something. This sounded like a wonderful idea and I ordered my favorite foods: a salami sandwich and a Pepsi Cola. The amazing thing to me is that I finished the sandwich and the Pepsi and enjoyed it immensely.

Lisa and Paul lived near us, within walking distance. They ran a kind of rooming house. Lisa cooked the meals and also baked cakes, which she sold to clients. She had been to cooking school in Austria and was very professional in her baking. There were several lodgers living in this place. One was Mr.

Adler, whose birthday was on September 7th, the same day as mine and another was Mrs. Gerendai, who was a rather fashionable lady who thought I was adorable and could not resist pinching my cheeks. She pinched terribly hard and I was really afraid to go near her even though I liked her other than that.

One of my favorite things to do , was to go outside in the rain with a bathing suit on. This is only possible in the tropics. Francis and I would sometimes even turn the hose on each other in the little garden patio outside of the living/dining room. We also went to "la Playa" and I loved to roller skate in front of the house..

Soon my mother and I got ready to leave for the United States. My father had to live in Cuba for five years before he could apply for entry into the States. The time was now near and my mother and I went on ahead and Francis and my father were to follow later. I was rather excited about the prospect of the airplane. It was a good trip, much shorter than I had expected and we arrived in Florida. There Mrs. Wagner met us and spent some time with us. She seemed to me to be complaining a lot and talking about some medicines from my father. Then we left for New York. I was always puzzled about New York, what it actually was; a country, a state, or a city, anyway I did know that it was very large.

We want to live with Michael and Amelia Rosen who

owned a brownstone in Brooklyn on Carroll Street. I went to P.S. 77. My mother and I had one room there. Michael Rosen was a very nice man. He was the only one who had any time for me. He read to me, I still remember, a book of medieval tales of knighthood, of Roland and King Arthur, some wonderful stories. Amalia Rosen, I remember, I did not like so much. Once she gave me lunch, when I came home from school for lunch, and it was a soup, and all there was in the soup, were bones, and mother said she had left all kinds of pieces of chicken in it for me, and all that was left, were the bones in it. She had eaten the meat up.

Then, finally, we found an apartment, and then father and Francis came. Mother had made a trip to Washington to get the visas for father and Francis and was successful. While she was away, I was staying with the Forsters, who had a baby. That was Lynn Forster, and I remember I was very happy there. They had a beautiful apartment and everything was so nice, it was nicely furnished. They had a movie camera and a projector, and they showed movies, and they seemed to be very well off. Our new apartment was on Garfield Place. Francis and I slept in the living room, and it was a nice apartment, which had a kitchen and a nice bathroom, and another room, which was my parents bedroom. There were other people living in the same house, in the front and upstairs. I was going to P.S. 77. I had a horrible experience there. Some of the children, one day, after school, surrounded me, as I was walking home, and I did not know what they wanted from me. They were being very nasty and very mean, and they would not let me walk, and suddenly, my pencil fell down, and it fell behind an iron gate, and they would not let me pick up my pencil and they said: "You are Jewish, aren't you" and I said: "Yes, I am Jewish" and they looked at me and they were really angry

and would not let me walk, I remember having been terribly frightened . I was not very much aware of the fact that I was Jewish. As a matter of fact, one of Francis' friends, gave me a beautiful gold cross on a gold chain I loved jewelry, so it was appealing, but later on my mother explained that I really couldn't wear the necklace and that she would put it away. That was when I really became intellectually aware of religious differences, ironically enough. I was about eight years old at the time.

The neighborhood was predominantly Catholic. My first idea was that they resented me because I was president of the class. Anyway the next day I had to force myself to go to school. I had the assignment of being the "monitor" when the teacher was out of the room, and this frightened me even more. What would happen if they threatened me then? Or again after school? All these ideas were running around in my head, but I nevertheless decided; I would be strong; I would hold my head up very high. It must have worked because there were no repercussions the next day.

I didn't mind Garfield Place other than that. I had a friend across the street, Betty Ackerman, and another one further down the street, Kitty Lou Needleman. We played out on the street together, often till late at night, We spent a lot of time jumping on the steps of the brownstones houses. And jumping from one high ledge of the steps to another.

There was a high wall next to the stairs then. There was another wall at the next brownstone and some of the girls were able to jump from one of those walls to the next brownstone, and they were telling me to do it too, to try it, and I was always afraid, though I was standing at the very edge of the wall on my tip-toes and almost jumping, except something told me if I don't make it, that I would fall down and be terribly hurt and, of course, that was the truth. And so, somehow, I never jumped. And so, now, I am so glad that I didn't jump, because I would perhaps have been killed or seriously injured.

Another important part in our life on Garfield Place was that we were friendly with the Gluecks, Ethel and Bernhard Glueck, who lived one or two houses down. They were an elderly couple and they were to our family something like grandparents. We used to go up there after school. Sometimes Mrs. Glueck would give me a bowl of soup. They were very attached to our family, also to me, they thought that I was adorable and they brought me presents. Especially Mr. Glueck was very fond of us. Also, at that time, we became members of the Ethical Culture Society, which kind of filled a gap in our lives, as far as friends are concerned. Since we were new in this country, and we needed something to hold on to, to belong to. The Ethical Culture Society served that purpose very well. It was devoted to thought and intellectual activities, discussing events of the time in politics, literature, and things that were interesting. It was not so much a religion, but rather a cultural experience. There my people liked the Freudenthals, the Cohens, Mrs. Greta Mannheim, many, many people, the Sterns, the Samuels, a tremendous number of people who were close to

our family, even today. What I remember very, very distinctly from this period is my father studying day and night, studying to pass his board examination. It was very difficult for him to learn English at the same time. He knew how to speak English he needed to be more fluent and also it was a written examination. So, he studied by reading the New York Times, and also read medical books day and night. I remember he was up till 3, 4, 5 o'clock in the morning reading. Of course, he passed, I still have his papers from the exams, which were really funny, with mistakes in grammar, now being kind of humorous.

Finally, we moved from that neighborhood, and we moved to 99 Ocean Avenue. As far as I can see, from my part, which was not a particularly good time for me, for one thing, the apartment was very, very small. It was a 5-room apartment including the kitchen. There were 2 rooms, one of them the waiting room, another one was the office. One room was the living room, and then there was one bedroom. Francis used the living room as a bedroom, and I was with the parents in the same room. It was just as far as I was concerned, a catastrophe. I had absolutely no place to put my things. I had nothing, I had no toys, no books, not even a drawer that I could call my own. No room. I had a bed and that was about it. My closet was out in the hall. I could not invite friends, as there was no place for them to be. I went to school by subway, and I was very often late. It was generally not a good time for me. Francis, I remember, was playing the piano day and night, he practiced 8 hours a day, all his spare time, and that kept him occupied. But, I really had nothing to do. I was not forming any real interest, as there was no place for me to be. As a result, I spent a lot

of time with my friends. I spent a great deal of time in the school yard, playing ball. My friends and I played handball, "catch" with someone in the middle trying to catch the ball, hide and go seek and jump rope. This was the center of my activities. My friends and I established a club called the "Magnets". We were a popular group of girls and we knew it. Our motto was "we attract". We had club sweaters made. They were standard sweaters, dark green with white trim and the name "Magnets" written across the back. We formed the club in kind of "tongue-in-cheek" fashion, but it set us apart and reaffirmed our bonds with each other. Our initial motivation faded and our interest dwindled. After a while our participation and frequency of meetings fizzled to a bare minimum.

When I was in high school, the first or second year we moved to another location. My father had made enough money so that he could foresee, investing in a house. My parents' friends the Freudenthals were very encouraging and even provided a loan for the mortgage on the house. So, we moved to Sullivan Place. The house was on the corner and afforded a good location for a doctors office. I was absolutely thrilled with the fact that I was going to have a room of my own. It was even quite nice with a view of Rogers Avenue and a huge closet covering an entire wall. There was space to move around in this house with a nice little veranda, surrounded by

and filled with plants. There was a back yard and even a small front yard, it was a corner property. There was also an attic, where I had my painting lessons.

In high school, I had many of the same friends, and made a few but not many new ones. Erasmus Hall High School was and still is enormous. At that time the student population was about 5,000. It was not a place to easily express individuality or to feel very much at home. It was however an excellent high school with many of its graduates going on to some of the best colleges. I majored in Art. The Art department was exceptional. It was here that I had my first exposure to pottery and the potter's wheel. One of my pieces was exhibited at the museum of Natural History in an exhibition of high school students work. The chairman of the Art Department was Mr. Wichman. he was a very genteel and meticulous gentleman. I have very fond memories of him and I think we had a warm, friendly relationship. I feel now, that I was probably one of the more talented students in the program. I remember one particular assignment in which we were asked to paint a mask or an expression of extremes: anger, joy, etc. My imagination took flight and I created something, a terribly ugly face. We were asked to pin our homework up on the wall for an over all review and discussion. We judged each others work and decided what grade it should be given. Mr. Wichman apparently quite purposefully left mine for the last, and

before anyone could make any comment, he marked it with a 100. I was really flabbergasted, it was totally unexpected. But, he apparently thought it very good.

Mr. Wichman wanted me to apply for a scholarship. Toward the end of the third year. the students started, with the help of teachers to put together a portfolio of their work, to present to a college as part of their application. He was very encouraging, and suggested that I apply to some of the top schools which also had good art departments I came quite close to actually doing that, however, something stopped me, perhaps the fear of rejection, I don't know. But in any case, I did put together an impressive portfolio, but did not use it to apply to colleges.

I did not think of myself as a particularly brilliant student, especially compared to my brother who was known to be the intelligent one academically. Because of this feeling, several incidents stand out in my mind. One was connected with my mathematics studies.

One year, my geometry teacher was the aunt of a friend of mine. My friend introduced me to her one day, and I tried to warn her that math was definitely not one of my best subjects, to say the least. I was, perhaps trying to save myself some embarrassment. The time for the first exam came, and I was nervous about it. When it was over Mrs. Silverman, went to the next room to mark the papers and my friend and I waited outside in order to be the first to know the results. When she finally finished and I asked her to give me the terrible news, she said, " I thought you

were so terrible in math, you got a 95". Needless to say I was ecstatic. And somehow proved to myself that when it really mattered I could even get good grades in math.

At about the time I was sixteen or seventeen in the third year of high school, that an acquaintance of mine suggested that I meet a very special friend of hers. I agreed and that was my first blind date and also my first boyfriend. Jack Katz, was his name and every one in my family seemed to like and accept him quite readily. Partly this was I suppose because of the way he looked, rather angelic with light curly hair, chubby cheeks and blue eyes. He was very sweet and decent. His parents ... also welcomed me, it was all so pat that it became a little cloying. I decided to go on to other things and when Jack suggested that he thought I preferred the bicycle that I had just received that summer (a Raleigh 3 speed) to him. My answer did not contradict this position effectively and I never saw Jack again. I have heard from a mutual friend that he is head of a speech therapy clinic in the Mid-west and has the most gorgeous children.

In high school I had a tragic experience. My best friend still from our grammar school days was Ethel Cantor. Her boyfriends name was Steve and he was very tall, very handsome and one of the best liked people in the high school. He played on the school sports teams and was a sort of ideal, all-around kind of person. We had formed into a group of friends who often did things together.

Then he went off to college. A few months after being at college Ethel got the news that Steve was very ill. He had contracted Polio in the upper part of his body, he had been playing football. A day or so later we heard that Steve had died. We were all incredulous, he was a most unlikely person for such an outcome.. We were sad, shocked and bewildered, it was the first encounter with death of someone close, for most of us. My friend Ethel and I went to pay a condolence call to the family. Steve's mother was completely beside herself, there was still the daughter, but that did not ease the pain of the loss. This experience affected me tremendously and the funeral is one which I will never forget.

One of the best things that ever happened to me , occurred at around this time. I met my friend Marianne , who has remained my closest friend to this day. My mother was actually responsible for the fortuitous meeting. She was looking for a camp for me, and turned to the Aufbau, a german newspaper, which had the name of an organization which placed children in camps. The lady who ran this organization suggested that Marianne and I meet beforehand, since we had both been registered in the same camp. We set up a meeting with each other which was very aversive for me. I was sure that I would hate this person. I was somehow convinced that she would be very proper and prim, fitting my picture of someone whose mother would prearrange

such a meeting, because the daughter could'nt make any friends on her own. Anyway, nothing could have been further from the truth. Marianne was gay, witty, intelligent and articulate. What's more she could be very silly I had finally found my equal in the capacity for nonsense and joking. We were about fifteen years old, but for some reason, (it turned out the camp was not very well run) we were the tennis and archery counselors. In reality neither of us were very good players and we had had a few lessons in archery which seemed to be enough for us to teach the children. I don't remember that the tennis or archery program was a huge success, but Marianne and I had many laughs. In addition we were also responsible for a group of nursery age children as counselors in Training. Now, thinking back, we had very little guidance or supervision, we really did what we wanted.

Marianne was very talented in the literary area, she wrote well and I was inclined toward art. We decided that we would put out a newspaper, this turned out to be one of our major accomplishments that summer. Actually, for me there was something else, an interesting memory, which goes as follows: Camp Ellis was in Newtown Square, Penna. the camp was associated with a boys prep school and camp. The girls of camp Ellis traditionally would have parties with the boys from this nearby school, called Colby Academy. At one of these parties, I was busy getting the food on large trays; I had been running back and forth. Finally I

joined the rest of the group and immediately a boy asked me to dance. We spent the rest of the evening together, he was very pleasant and what was most striking about him was his almost white hair. At the end of the evening he wrote down my name and address and asked if he could write to me I agreed. Then, when I got back to the bunk, most of the girls were already there, they asked, "Do you know who you were dancing with?" I replied, "All I know is that his name is Andy." They then informed me that I had spent the evening with Andrew Carnegie Hall. We wrote to each other quite frequently, and as a matter of fact, after camp was over he came to visit me in my house in Brooklyn. We kept up a writing contact for quite a while and then I found his letters became rather boring. When for instance he asked whether I liked one of the latest hit songs on the radio, I became disenchanted. Soon after I stopped writing to him and that was the end of that. Definitely a fond memory!

Later on, I became quite seriously involved with painting. My father decided that I really had talent for art, and that I should take painting lessons. My teacher was, of course Mr. Lerner. He came to our house every Saturday morning. Sometimes I would have stayed up late the night before, and would be half asleep when he arrived promptly at nine o'clock. We painted in the attic where there was a small studio with quite good light. I used many different subject matters, still lifes, land-

scapes, flowers and portraits. I painted my mother once, the painting is still hanging, in is their apartment in the bedroom. I also painted Mr. Lerner, and this is, I feel one of my best paintings. From it you get the feeling of what kind of a man he was. He had a remarkable character, very kind, gentle, and content. He was an artist through and through and was very humble. He never wanted anything as far as I can remember except to paint. He led a very simple life, he woke up early, went straight to his easel and painted until the light was fading, every day. He once told me that his pipe was his best friend, he was never without it, he handled it fondly and enjoyed it thoroughly. This is why I like the portrait of Mr. Lerner, he is holding his pipe and I am always reminded of his kind, beautiful face and the simplicity of his life. He was not what you would call an enormously successful or well-known artist, but he sold his paintings to friends and had many devoted appreciators of his work.

Also, I again took up the piano. Up until this time my teachers had been mainly my father. I did not have formal lessons, continuously the way Francis had. And this time it was unfortunate that my teacher was someone who I was afraid and in awe of. It was Leon Erdstein, Professor and well known musician from Vienna. He was a very old man with a long white beard, whose hands and sometimes his legs trembled. He was not the most patient of teachers. I felt his condescendingness

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very accutely. I was convinced that he agreed to take me on as a student because of my fathers coaxing, who picked him up at his home and drove us both to the studio at Steinway Hall on 57Street. Later on I took the subway, on Saturday mornings, to get there. As I look back, I realize that my father consistently encouraged artistic endeavors, both in music and art. He was not very lucky, however with my musical achievment. Perhaps if I had been more motivated and had practiced even a moderate amount, I would have made strides. But unfortunately I had the common affliction of piano students, unwillingness to practice. I have therefore remained at the level of the popular Mozart Sonata in C major, to this very day.

With painting, on the other hand, it was quite a different story, I made progress very quickly. It was very easy for me to draw accurately from life and to achieve a likeness in portrait painting and drawing. When I was in my first year of college, my uncle Erich visited us from Australia. He asked me to make a sketch of him in charcoal. I don't remember whether his request was based on having seen some of the sketches I had been doing at school or not. But anyway I was in good form at that time and the resulting drawing bore this out. When my parents went to Australia a few years later, they came back with photographs of the sketch framed and hanging in a prominent place. I must admit that although I have never been as proficient in drawing as during that time, it is a skill which has stood me in good stead at various times of my life.

In retrospect, I can see that one area of my life was painfully neglected. It was the decision making process about which college to attend. There were opportunities

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for obtaining information, literature from the various colleges, catalogues indicating requirements, etc. in the grade advisors office. There were people to talk to, there were students from these colleges who could contribute ideas and helpful hints, however I did not avail myself of these benefits and guidance. As a result I was left with inadequate choices at the last moment. I was also limited by my fathers insistence that I remain close to home, which narrowed the choices even further. I took a test for the city schools i.e. Brooklyn College., Hunter, Queens College. I was anxious to get away from the milieu of Brooklyn, and travelling to Hunter in the city or Queens bore no attraction what so ever for me. I happened to hear about a school out in Long Island, Hofstra College, from a friend. It turned out that my uncle Paul had a good friend who was a dean there. I applied, and was accepted. There were several people I knew who were going there as well, which provided a possibility for transportation. There would be a car pool, each of us would pick up and drive one day/week. Of course, I would have to get a car. My father gave me his old Dodge, which I gratefully accepted, naively unaware of responsibilities, problems, accidents etc. that go along with driving a car. As it turned out, the car broke down often, repair work done on it was completely inadequate, and car pooling was often unreliable.

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But, nevertheless, Hofstra fulfilled the necessary requirements; I would be living at home, it was not in Brooklyn and since it was the only school I applied to there was really not much choice.

That summer my parents rented a house in Massapequa, on Cedar Lane. It was a quaint house right next to a canal. Admittedly, it was picturesque, but we shared the house with friends of my parents, the Sterns, and it was much too small for two families. It was crowded, and I had a small bedroom with a cot in it. There was also not really very much social life for me there. Mainly, I swam in the canal, sewed clothes for myself and went out fishing in a little boat which came with the house. Our social life revolved around the Freudenthals, who had a very large boat and on weekends we occasionally went fishing with them.

It was in the fall of 1954 that I entered Hofstra College. Again my major was art, and I found the courses very worthwhile. One of my favorites was life-drawing from a model. But mainly it was the sculpture that I found to be a very new and exciting experience, and my professor, Jason Seeley, was to have the most dramatic impact on me during my years at college. He was one of those incredibly sensitive people who knew what I was thinking. We had a meeting of the minds and agreed on everything concerning art, esthetic process, past artists, which painters we

liked and which we didn't. We would talk for hours and I would spend time in the studio sculpting after my classes were over. He actually became quite well known and I found one of his pieces in the Neuberger Museum where I have worked recently. The special rapport we had meant a great deal to me at that time, and represented a confirmation of not only my artistic abilities but of myself as a person. He was also tolerant of some of the preposterous activities which some of my friends and I were capable of. Such as singing and dancing, and acting out silly little routines. One of my friends was a theater student, and we both enjoyed the abandon and departure from what was expected of us, with these outrageous, funny scenes. If I had continued with school, I think, Mr. Sealy would have been a definitive force, which would have provided a direction for my interests. I was also interested in biology, mainly because of a laboratory class, a required course for graduation. In this class we were required to dissect a fetal pig and then to make drawings of some of the stages of the dissection. It was my goal to reproduce what I saw as completely and exactly as I possibly could. These drawings were admired and drew attention from both the students and the teacher.

My first year of college passed by rather uneventfully academically, the highlights being occasional interesting dates that I had and the contact with my friends.

The prospect of summer vacation became a preoccupation

for me at around this time. It became clear, that I would not spend the summer with my parents and that I would have take the initiative and find something productive to do. Getting a camp job seemed like a reasonable alternative. My father happened to mention to me that a patient of his had told him of a very exceptional camp, it was called camp Starlight. Whether it was the pretentious name of the camp or the fact that it was recommended by a patient, I don't know, but I know I was very skeptical. Ironically, enough, however, while speaking to one of my close friends, Hanna Mannheim, she told me that she was going to be a counselor at a fabulous camp, Camp Starlight. Needless to say, my negative preconceptions were dismissed, and I immediately entertained the idea that this might be a possibility for myself as well. Hanna told me that a job at this camp were quite sought after, but that she would get me an interview with the director, who was a teacher at Pratt Institute, where she went to school. In addition, (and this is a revealing insight into the job recruiting process) she would tell me exactly what to say in answer to the questions, which he would inevitably ask! Strangely enough, he asked me the questions which Hanna had predicted, and I dared not answer any other way than she had suggested. When I gave him the correct answers, he looked satisfied and I felt assured that I had the job. This actually did happen and the camp turned out to be incredibly beautiful, well run, and expensive camp.

My duties were at the waterfront, for which I qualified because of a Senior life Saving Certificate, earned through previous camp experiences. I was also an assistant counselor to a young woman from the mid-west named, Jane Orr.

The camp doctor, who, as I recall, arrived late in the season, was a fellow by the name of Sol Feldman. As it turned out we spent quite a bit of time together. He was very witty and had the ability to turn ordinary situations into very funny ones. We saw each other for quite a while during the winter; went to parties and dances. Once, I was not able to go with him to a New Years Eve party and soon afterwards I heard he was engaged, to a girl who went to Hofstra College. I was a little disappointed, especially, since I felt she was not a terribly interesting or impressive person.

There was also Myron Bersch. A young man who was very much taken with me. He constantly offered to marry me, buy me a diamond engagement ring and other material things. He had a beautiful yellow convertible which we drove around in and enjoyed. Although all this was rather pleasant, continuing the relationship was a problem. Finally, I told him that there was little hope for us, and that I had to end things. He was terribly depressed, I heard from some of my friends. We even had a meeting with his father, who was an executive Vice-President at the department store, Abraham and Strauss, in order for me to explain the whole situation to him and the reasons why I could not marry Myron at this time.

After all, I was only eighteen.

My second year at college, was again emphasized by involvement in art courses, interlaced with other academic subjects. I took French, History, Literature etc. The literature course was interesting. I particularly remember the study of the Bible, which I discovered to be an anecdotal work, much like reading an earthy, semi-historical, imaginative series of biographical sketches. Other classics which we studied were; Homer's, ODYSSEY, EVERYMAN, and GULLIVER'S TRAVELS. GULLIVER'S TRAVELS opened up the world of the Yahoos, the Huoynyms, and the Lilliputians, for me. I became aware of the primal force and essential truths in the imaginative insightfulness of ^{the} character analysis. I saw people around me in terms of the acquisitive, egotistical Yahoos, the horse-like selfish, narrow minded Houynyms and the famous petty, single-minded Lilliputians. These new categories became a fascinating preoccupation.

I was interested in improving my skills in German, at this time. I was able to speak adequately, but I had very little or no knowledge of grammar, reading and writing. I decided (also because of curiosity) to take a placement test in order to be put into the appropriate level class. My speaking and comprehension skills served me well for the exam and was placed in third year college level class. The

curriculum consisted of very advanced work, such as reading and translating Thomas Mann, and other difficult writings. Some of the readings were more obscure old German classical texts which not only were in literary style but were written in the old Script which I was not used to. I asked Lisa to help me, since she knew Grammar and also had taught German. She was very helpful and got me through the course. She also found the readings remarkably difficult and was surprised that I was capable of understanding any of it.

My friends were Suzi and Pari Torkan. They came from Persia (so they said) It was already Iran at that time. I found them to be interesting culturally --- They were Jewish and admired the Shah and the princess extravagantly. They talked about the great wealth, jewels and servants which they had left behind. They had a predilection for the stereotypical Hollywood version of beauty. They thought Gina Lollobrigida, was the ultimate example of feminine beauty. They also loved luxury and extravagance. They were great fun however, and a change from most of the others around. Suzi was particularly humorous. She was disgusted by shrimp and called them "worms." She had the habit of sucking on lemons and placing a cube of sugar in her mouth as she drank a cup of tea.

Both Suzi and Pari had terrible scars on their faces Suzi had, what looked like a piece of the tip of her nose

missing. And Pari had a small piece taken out of her cheek. The explanation I got from then was that it was the result of infections, but in fact, I discovered later, it was the result of the poor sanitary conditions in that part of the world. Oddly enough, however, in spite of this they were both incredibly good looking and attractive. I was quite fascinated by their unusual lifestyle (at least from my perspective). A large number of siblings lived together in a garden apartment in Jamaica, Queens. Some of the older brothers seemingly supported the family, the college education of two or three, and the obviously comfortable surroundings and living conditions of the entire group. They ate their traditional foods, large amounts of yogurt with cucumber and other vegetables. The way they prepared lamb dishes was also very interesting to me at that time. One of the brothers became interested in me but I quickly dispelled any such thoughts. That summer of 1956, I was determined would be a turning point in my life. I would take charge, be more productive and directed. This became, in retrospect a prophetic determination. Again, I got a job as a counselor at a camp near Paulding, N.Y., Camp Seneca upstate New York. My responsibilities were greater than I had ever been used to. I was the counselor in charge of the art program, as well as having to take care of a bunk of 12 girls. Incidentally, one of them was April Fredricks, the daughter of Carleton

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Fredricks, the noted nutritionist. She, of course, had every allergy imaginable, including oranges and milk, although she could tolerate goats milk. In any case, my duties kept me very busy and I had not a moment free or even much time to socialize with other counselors. I designed and painted the stage sets for the play "Damn Yankees" never having done this kind of painting on such a large scale, it presented itself as a challenge. Much to my surprise, the finished product was very effective, attractive and well conceived. I was heartily commended for my efforts, As a matter of fact, I had performed all my responsibilities well; the campers liked me, the art program went well, and the theatrical sets were a success. At the end of the summer I received a bonus and was asked to return the next summer. I was convinced however, that I was overworked and underpaid and chose not to return to that camp.

The prospect of returning to the routine of college classes and the commuting was not terribly appealing. I was looking for a new adventure to relieve the impasse. Therefore, when Francis suggested, that I meet an interesting friend of his, I accepted the offer. Marty Wayne was a student in the psychology department at Columbia. His major interest however, was Physics, and was enormously talented with electrical equipment. He serviced and repaired the wall-sized panel which controlled the

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behavioral research laboratory in the psychology department. It was arranged that we meet - and that of course turned out to be a fateful event. From the beginning, our common ground lay in our respective dissatisfactions with our families. I was, however, also impressed with his musical ability, his style of expressing himself, his tremendous mechanical aptitude and his apparent understanding and willingness to explain the physical world. He was a talented teacher, and had an interest in imparting his knowledge of scientific phenomena. I was a willing recipient.

My class work at college that year included a French course, in which I was having difficulties keeping up. In order to receive a decent grade in the course, I would have to do extremely well on the final exam. I had no alternative but to get down to some serious studying. It was Marty, who had a fluent knowledge of French, who tutored me. He was dedicated to the task and often when we were together he would remind me to conjugate verbs and force me to practice vocabulary words. This intensive effort proved effective. I did extremely well on the final exam and got a B in the course, much to my professor's and my own amazement.

This stage of my life can perhaps best be described as undirected and misguided. I had vague ambitions to work in the art world, but my confusion arose as to whether my concentration should be in the area of fine arts or in the more commercial aspects. I was torn between the

romantic, isolated, ascetic world of the painter/sculptor or the more practical, but compromising world of commercial or advertising art. If I would become an artist working in a studio, how would I support myself? How long would it take before I sold a painting? These were questions which I was asking myself. In commercial art, the competition and demands were unfamiliar and frightening.

In addition, my dilemma was compounded by the stirrings of interests in other areas, such as literature and anthropology. I had somehow taken the stance that drawing and painting was easy and natural, but anything that I would eventually do, was going to be difficult and would require much effort. But how to concretize these other interests and how to transform them into practical, realistic solutions to the problem of earning a living, was the big question, seemingly unanswerable. I felt untrained and ill-equipped to deal with such issues.

These concerns, however pertinent, often took a back seat to momentary activities. During this third year at Hofstra, a friend, Linda, had the idea of going to Europe that coming summer. We started making plans toward this end. We contacted Cooks Tours, my father would pay for part of the expense and I would pay for the rest. However, my inner grumblings and insecurities about my future direction surfaced and I decided not to go.

For young women at that time, options were rather limited. If one had a burning desire to pursue a particular field, one was of course free to do so, against some odds, however. But on the whole, the much more acceptable approach after one graduated from college, was to settle down and have a family. Interestingly enough, most of my good friends were already married. and so, giving in to social pressures family pressures and for the lack of anything better to do, I complied.

Marty's background represented an interesting blend of upper crust American society with a bit of Europe. On the maternal side, the grand mother's family name was Sutro, a name which is to be found all over San Francisco: Sutro Park, Sutro Baths etc. The grandmother's father was also at one time the mayor. One of the favorite stories in the family; being invited to a party with President Taft and Marty's grandmother dancing with him. Marty's mother a Vasaar graduate and president of the Vasaar Club for many years, had all the characteristics of the upper-upper structure of social class. She counted among her friends such names as the Arthur Fiedlers and the Bachrachs(Photographer) The father, Hans Waine, came to his social position through marriage. A handsome, regal man, from Germany, acquired the manners, speech and bearing easily required for his status. He went to Medical school in America, did graduate work in California, and then as far as I know,

took an administrative position at Tufts University.

What I saw in Marty, however, was an intelligent, down-and-out student, who understood my problems and who didn't have a Brooklyn accent, which was very refreshing.

The family was getting wind of our relationship, and promptly invited us both to Boston. There I encountered a life-style and home setting I had never seen before. It was not ostentatious in the least but there was the feeling of luxury achieved with spaciousness, extremely tasteful decor and gracious sense of style. His parents were very dignified and very proper. I felt as if I had just walked onto a stage set with actors in it, and that I was one of the actors. It was all very imposing, grandiose and for me, impressive. I could also see that Marty was repressing a great deal of this, and rebelled against it at the same time.

I got through the weekend, and actually found it enjoyably interesting: the formal meals, the rigorous attention paid to propriety, to table manners and politeness, and didn't mind having to play Bridge (which Marty had taught me).

Shortly afterwards we decided to get married. The announcement started a social whirl of engagement parties, one at the Delmonico Hotel (where the grandmother lived) and one in Boston. There were dinner parties at the Delmonico, and a dinner party at my parents house. Any hints of the disparity in the backgrounds were dispelled

by the excitement of the occasion. My parents breathed a sigh of relief, now that I would be safely tucked away. and his, were subtly disapproving about a match with a Jewish girl, but all appeared grand and eventful. My personal sense was, that I was meeting at least my families' approval and taking the path of least resistance towards my independence, escaping from apparently insoluble problems and having the additional bonus of greener pastures in the marriage adventure.

Things seemed to swing into motion quickly. There was an announcement written for the New York Times, invitations to be made, with the Waine's approval. (incidentally they finally had their own printed for their friends and family). There was, of course, the wedding dress, which was going to be a magnificent creation made out of organza silk ribbon on a background of white netting. It was put together by Lisa and designed and fitted by the firm which she worked for. Wedding presents came pouring in. Especially notable were the ones from Marty's side; lots of Stueben glass, sterling silver antique serving spoons, silver pitchers etc. I was quite overwhelmed with the valuable, truly magnificent gifts I was receiving.

Letters were coming from various parts of the country. There was a uniformity of style, that to this day I



Francis. Paris 1939



Johanna, in Vienna 1939

22/1/41



Jan. 22, 1941

2/3/41



Febr. 3, 1941

July
41



July, 1941

