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INTRODUCTION

The Dutch Historical Magazine "Historisch Nieuwsblad" held an inquiry among children of collaborators. This was the first time that historical scientific research was dedicated to the fate of those children. You will find a summary of the results of this research in this issue of the bulletin.
The story of my mother's life - and that of mine - may illustrate the research. Numbers become events, emotions, life.

Ank van den Brink, a Dutch woman living in New Zealand, tells about the profound influence of the war on her life. Even at the other side of the globe, she could not flee from what happened in the past.

The father of Teresa Howard went to New Zealand as well, trying to find there refuge for his emotions. But this is not so simple to achieve.

Teresa also sent a report about two workshops she facilitated this summer and an announcment of workshops for the next year.

Some of the readers of the bulletin cope with the past through scientific research and publications.

Maria Marchetta wrote a dissertation about 'Erinnerung und Demokratie. Holocaust Mahnmale und ihre Erinnerungspolitik: das Beispiel Ravensbrück". I quote some paragraphs in German of the introduction of her book.

The theme of Marcel Kemp's disseratation 'The torn image' is the question of fate, evil and suffering in pastoral theological theory, approached from Jewish views on man created in God's image.

'Das Vermächtnis annehmen: kulturelle und biographische Zugänge zum Holocaust: Beiträge aus den USA und Deutschland', is co-edited by Björn Krodorfer.

Baard H.Borge published the results of his research among Norwegian children of collaborators in 'De Kalte oss nazi-yngel, NS-barnas historie 1940 - 2002', edited by Det Norske Samlaget, Oslo, 2002. About this research he wrote a detailed article in the 13th issue of the International Bulletin.

Kai Rosnell wrote some lines about the Finnish War Children Organisation.

'Der Vorleser' is an interesting book that I would like to recommand to you.

I hope you will enjoy this issue and we hope to meet again in spring.

Gonda Scheffel-Baars,
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[This compilation does not include all the articles mentioned in the introduction]

THE FATE OF THE CHILDREN OF COLLABORATORS IN THE NETHERLANDS

The 'Historisch Nieuwsblad' (Historical Magazine) held an inquiry among children of collaborators in the Netherlands, most of them members of the Organisation 'Herkenning'. More than 30% of those to whom the questionnaire was sent, reacted. The research, based on 229 reactions, showed the following results:

1. Children of 'wrong' parents (as the collaborators' children are called) have been isolated from their peers from the very beginning of the Occupation in 1940. They were met with hostility and humiliation by the children in school and in the neighbourhood.

2. Of the respondents 42% fled to Germany after the dramatic events in September 1944 (at the approach of the Allies, the leaders of the Dutch National Socialist Movement feared revenge actions by the population, and sent wives and children of its members to refugee camps in Germany).

3. After the war most of the parents were arrested and were imprisoned in internment camps, where 16% of the respondents also stayed for a while. 24% went to childrens' homes or were taken care of by foster parents.

4. The material and financial situation of the families after the parents had served their sentences and were released, was very bad, since most of their belongings had been confiscated by the government. Even the toys and the bank savings of children, even books and pictures were taken. The children who read in the dossiers of their parents in the Archives of the Department of Justice find pictures in the dossiers, which are not given back to them, and even making copies is sometimes refused...

5. Most of the ex-collaborators had many difficulties to find a job afer their release.

6. The government hoped to see the ex-collaborators re-integrated into society within a short time, but the words of Queen Wilhelmina: 'For those traitors there will never again be a place in our country', had so much influence, that even nowadays people refer to it. Most of the families - 75% - were never again active in the social sector. They went 'into hiding'.

7. In the family relationships were tense. The war was ever present, even when nobody spoke about it. The parents, frustrated by the hatred of the Dutch people, could not give the care and the warmth that their children needed.

8. With regard to schooling and education: 59% of the respondents feel that they would have had more chances for study if they had had another family story and 49% think they would have had more choice in professions.

9. Relationships are difficult for 75% of the respondents; there is a lack of confidence to engage in a relationship and it is difficult to maintain it.

10. At least 85% of the respondents had to cope with psychological problems, ranging from difficulties in relationships to social phobia, depression and even suicide attempts.

11. May 4, the National Day of Commemoration, is felt by 57% to be a very difficult day to live through, since they are plagued by feelings of guilt, shame and isolation.

12. Most of the respondents - 92% - feel that they had to pay the price for their parents' choice, a far too high a price.

13. A majority, 62%, ask for a detailed historical research on the fate of the children of collaborators in the Netherlands by the official Dutch Institute for War Documentation, NIOD.

Of course, the results have special reference to the war and the years immediately after the war. The respondents, however, could not tell their story - without risking rejection again, as on Liberation Day - for more than 40 years. That shows that the war continued for them for some decades. Since 1997 the NIOD has had, as a special task, research on the aftermath of the war and for that reason, it can be expected that this time, unlike many times before, the collaborators' children will be not excluded. Most of the respondents are willing to co-operate with the scholars.

How representative is this group, since it is assumed that there are between 200,000 and 250,000 children of 'wrong' parents? They represent the nearly 3500 members of 'Herkenning' and the nearly 4000 others who contacted the organisation over the last 20 years.
Most of the members of 'Herkenning' are aware of the war related problems of their sisters and brothers, although they are not active themselves in 'Herkenning' and although they even often deny that they have problems at all. It can be assumed that 15,000 - 20,000 collaborators' children know about the influence of the past on their everyday lives.

But what about the other 175,000 - 200,000? Maybe they found a way to live with the past because they met with acceptance and understanding right after the war in families and neighbourhoods and did not have to experience humiliation and discrimination. Maybe another part found a way to live on by denying any problems, blocking the war experiences and cutting off deeper feelings and emotions in order to live under constant control. For this 'quiet' life they paid the price of amputating the emotional parts of their identity.

Discussions about the marriage of Prince Willem-Alexander to Maxima, the daughter of a 'wrong' father who was a member of a 'wrong' government in Argentina, showed how much the either-or dichotomy is still alive in Dutch society. Many wanted the Prince to give up his rights to the Throne. Others, however, put forth that one cannot blame the children for the mistakes of their parents....and that was a rather new phenomenon!

Also the discussions about the murder of the politician Pim Fortuyn, a populist yes, but demonised by his opponents by being described as a fascist, a racist, a Nazi, as Himmler or Hitler himself... showed that many people still haven't learned to see beyond the categories of 'right and wrong', 'good and bad'. And for that reason it is understandable that many children of collaborators still stay silent and do not risk coming out.

Many children found the support they needed in 'Herkenning'. In the beginning, of course, the focus was on the psychological problems; the social and historical aspects were even more or less tabooed. In the future the Board of Directors will pay special attention to those aspects and will contribute to research and public discussions.

Since 80-85% of the respondents were born before, during or immediately after the war the third generation was not well represented. We know, however, that grand-children of collaborators lived in frustrated families and often inherited the unresolved problems of their parents. The results of research about the transgenerational transfer of trauma show how intense this transfer can be.

The membership of 'Herkenning' has been over the years very stable. One could think that most of the children coped with their problems and that 'Herkenning' would not longer be a necessity. But after each publication and each TV or radio programme, the office still gets a flood of requests for more information. Although the fate of the children of collaborators is no longer tabooed in the Netherlands and public acceptance is around the corner, new members prove that the work is not yet done. The damage caused in the years between 1940-1955 cannot be undone. People can only try to live with it.

In a book that one of the researchers is preparing, a major part will be dedicated to the historical, political and social context in which the problems of the collaborators' children are rooted. Until now people could feel empathy for their fate, keeping themselves out of the story, but it is time to confront society with its role in the trauma. Until now the problems were considered to be individual, psychological even psychiatric. It is time for society at large to take responsibility.

(Thanks to Paul Mantel for his summary of the research report which I could use for this article).

Gonda Scheffel-Baars

BECOMING ONESELF BEYOND FEAR AND SHAME

The war haunted my mother all her life, but before she died, two months ago, she had reached the stage of acceptance and harmony. The past was 'past' and she could leave this world in peace, looking forward to 'that happy land where tears and pain are gone'.

Writing about her life is writing about mine and about the experiences of so many other wives and children of Dutch collaborators.

My father sympathised with the National Socialism even before the war for a mixture of economic reasons, anti-Communist feelings and admiration for German philosophers. He became a member of the NSB, the Dutch National Socialist Movement in January 1942. My mother did not share his opinion; indeed disagreed strongly with it. During that period, however, the man was the boss in the family and the wife was supposed to be obedient and submissive.

When the Allies approached the Netherlands in September 1944, wives and children of NSB-members were sent in special trains to refugee camps in Germany. My mother, my sister and I headed to Lüneburg. Imagine, my mother had never been abroad, I was a baby in diapers, my sister a little girl of 4. Mamma did not even know where Lüneburg was. She knew that she had to avoid the big cities like Hamburg and Hannover. We found shelter in a little village in the vicinity of Lüneburg, Tangendorf, with 60 other Dutch women and children, and some men who had been responsible for the NS radio programmes and propaganda. I cried a lot and said constanly: NO, protesting in vain against the situation in which I was placed. I spent several days in a hospital in Lüneburg and I always thought that this was due to the dysentery I suffered and that there was no other choice than to bring me there, no other choice for my mother than to abandon me 'for my own good'. Some years ago, however, my mother told me that the people in the camp were fed up with my crying and that this was the main reason for bringing me to the hospital. (This event was a traumatic experience in my life and influenced me a lot).

My mother now had the responsibility for herself and her children. That was a role she was not prepared for, but she fulfilled her task the best she could.
In February 1945 we were summoned back to Holland. We were lodged in one of the northern provinces in the house of a family who was forced to take us in. Despite the difficult circumstances, they were very kind and careful. In April this province was liberated and the wives and children of NSB-members got the order to go to a provisional internment camp in an old factory. The inhabitants of the village stood along the road shouting: 'traitors' and spitting at us, venting on us their frustration for the five years of occupation by the Germans. They did not ask themselves whether the women were guilty or not and did not want to recognize that at least the children were innocent. That is the moment that they threw us out; we were 'expelled' by our own people. Over the years I could overcome my feelings of guilt and shame, but never managed to feel Dutch. I resent the Duth people for becoming our oppressers. My mother sensed that this hatred would never end and for a while thought about jumping into the canal we walked along, taking us girls with her. But how could she? She would have been 'rescued' and ashamed even more. So she decided to move on 'courageously', desperately. Her fears about scapecoating proved right, the hatred against the NSB families never ended, at least not in the hearts of the majority of the war generation who had been bystanders and done nothing.
At difficult moments in my life, when I could not see a way out, I also was haunted by thoughts of suicide. Were they my own? Or were they from the wordlessly transferred wish I picked up from my mother when we were walking along that canal?

In the internment camp my sister and I especially became seriously ill, and I would have died if my aunt had not come to take us out. Mamma remembered how we walked out of the gate, hand in hand with our aunt, not looking back for one moment, not raising our hands, no single sign of goodbye. The pain of that moment stayed with my mother for years.

After an investigation which proved that my mother was not guilty, she was released. First we lived with the paternal grandmother in a far too small apartment. Later we moved to the parents of my mother in their big and grandiose house, where we lived for six years. My grandparents tolerated us, but we were not really welcomed. But I

adored my grandfather and this house became my shelter against the dark and dangerous world outside. Although my other grandmother risked imprisonment by rescuing some of our belongings - books, pictures(!!), linen, some furniture - before our house was sealed for confiscation by the government, we were poor, we did not have a penny. We got some money from the Social Service Department and Mamma worked as a housemaid in her parent's house like in her youth. Thus we had just enough to survive and money would be a difficult issue for the next 20 years.

In 1948 my father was released. It was difficult for him to find a job, because most employers did not want to enroll a 'traitor'.
As soon as he was back home, he became the boss again and my mother became dependent and obedient like before. It was difficult for me to accept this change in authority and I actually always resented my father for pushing my mother aside. Intuitively I knew that she did not agree with him and that supported me in maintaining a kind of autonomy. He could never get my whole self in his grip.

My parents planned a baby to re-seal a marriage that was in fact over. Divorce was not accepted in the Calvinistic circle in which we lived, so they stayed together. Also in other families where the parents had been separated for a long time (Jewish, resistance fighters and families who were in the internment camps in Indonesia) 'repair babies' were born, having been given a task they never could fulfil. All his life my brother had identity problems and until some years ago denied that these had to do with the war.

We were an isolated family: no friends, no social contacts, tense relationships with some members of the family, though fortunately not with all. It was better to live in isolation than to risk others knowing our 'secret' and rejecting us like the Dutch people on Liberation Day.
When we moved to another village, the vicar persuaded my mother to become a member of the church. He also founded a scouting group, and my sister and I became leaders in this group. Although my father did not agree, he did not forbid it. That was the beginning of our emancipation. But the same vicar to whom my mother had confided about the past, broke his vow of secrecy and gave information to the director of the shipyard company where my father had found a good job. This director said that he would never allow my father to make a career. But the 'big boss', the director of the group of companies to which the shipyard belonged, decided differently. My father was sent to Brazil to save the shipyard there from bankruptcy. There were some problems before my father could get a visa, because he had lost his nationality for ten years after the war and had been denied other civil rights. My parents had a wonderful time in a country where nobody knew about the past, where people were not interested in the either-or dichotomy, where there was no Commemoration Day. They stayed in Brazil only one and a half years, and back in Holland my mother again felt the burden of the past.

In 1974 my mother listened to a radio programme presented by a social worker she liked very much. He spoke about the love of God and at the end of the broadcast, he recommended a book about the resistance movement and he said some sharp words against the NSB. My mother became angry and managed to get his telephone number in the studio and called him. He said: 'I was in a concentration camp. You don't know how much I suffered.'. My mother replied: 'And you don't know the

suffering I went through as a woman married with a NSB member and all the problems I am confronted with till this very day.' He was willing to listen to her story and said finally: 'You opened my eyes. I never knew what happened to the other side; I never wanted to know. But from now on I will take into account the suffering of the innocent people on the other side.'

My mother called my sister, suddenly feeling uncertain and astonished by her own courage. Later she called me and said: 'Your sister reacted in this way: "Goodness, Mamma, I hope you did not tell him your name". I became furious then and said to my mother: 'You were right to tell him your name. We are now living 40 years after the war, we don't live under dictatorship, but are still imprisoned. It is time to start to organise our own liberation and we have to start right now.' That evening I wrote a long letter to this radio man, telling him my side of the family story and ending with this sentence: "I told you all this and now there two ways in which you can react. Either you can prove yourself to be worthy of our confidence or you can betray us like other people, even vicars, did before." I made several rounds through the village before I found the courage to put my letter into the mailbox. His reaction came quickly and was positive. We met several times and that was the start of my facing the past, 'fighting' the war and working through the psychological problems that plagued me.

One year later I wrote a letter to my father with whom I had had no emotional contact. I had wordlessly accused him of the whole war and held him responsible of the Holocaust, just like the Dutch population. I had realised that one should hate the dictatorial systems and actions, but not the people who, for some reason, were engaged in it, breaking down the massive image of the traitor who IS wrong (instead of doing wrong things). I did not have the courage to send him this letter; I was afraid that he would rebuke me like he did in my childhood. I published it in my autobiography, edited in 1989, and my mother told me, that she often read that letter in nights when she could not sleep. It comforted her and worked better than a tranquilizer.

After my father's death, my mother and I often spoke about the war and my father's role as a Party member and as a father. I was the only person she could speak with about these topics. My sister adored my father and could not hear any criticism. And speaking about the war WAS criticism in her opinion. And my brother, born in 1949, did not want to become involved in any kinds of problems. For years the war was the best, even the main topic of our conversations. The more I worked through my own problems, in the framework of 'Herkenning' and my international contacts, the more my mother managed to see the events of the past in a different light.

In 1989 I chose a pseudonym for the publication of my book in order to protect my mother. In the flat she lived in, Mrs.A. had been the wife of a NSB member and was, for that reason, not accepted by the neighbours. I did not want that my mother to become as isolated as in the past.

When my mother was in her seventies, she assumed responsibility for her behaviour in the past. She felt guilty because she had not protected her children against the anger of her husband and had, in some way, neglected us. I asked her for more details about my hospitalisation in Lüneburg, but she could not remember whether she brought me to the hospital herself and how I came back. Was it too difficult for

her to face that she abandoned me, not so much because I was ill, but because the other people in the camp were fed up with me and urged her to bring me to the hospital? Was it too difficult to admit that she had not defended her child?

In the last months of her life, she spoke a lot about how she felt neglected by her mother, because she had to care for the weak brother who was born when my mother was one year old. Mamma was angry and still felt the pain. In the hospital in the weeks before she died, we spoke about it again. In Dutch we have two words which express the difference very well between being neglected by another person - tekortkomen - and one's own failures - tekortschieten. It is not so easy to stop blaming your mother for her neglect, it is even more difficult to forgive yourself for your own failures.

She had to be operated for cancer, but was already very weak when she arrived at the hospital. She survived a first very serious crisis in a miraculous way. Now that she did not have to invest energy in eating, drinking, going to the toilet and receiving extra oxygen, she had the energy to speak with us and to make jokes. Again and again she expressed that she wanted to die in the most natural way, given the circumstances: no operation, no medication, just the treatment to make her last days as easy as possible. At first the physicians refused to honour her wishes, but after a new crisis they went along with her demand. After the encounter with the physicians she felt so relieved that she used all kinds of funny words and we laughed and we laughed! And she laughed too and I think on that morning we saw the person she really was - the person who had been in hiding for most of her life, but now felt free of any burden to enjoy her last days with her children and grandchildren. She was surrounded by love and could give us the love we often yearned for but often did not receive.

She was not afraid to die. She knew about the near death experiences of people who survived a deadly crisis and who told about a beautiful and peaceful landscape. That was the land she longed for. She expected to be welcomed by her younger sister, who died 40 years ago and whom she loved very much. I guess she is now there, walking hand in hand with this beloved sister, picking flowers in the meadows. Of course this is just a metaphor. She found peace after a life full of hardships and deceptions, although she had several moments in which she showed her courage. In the last period of her life she showed a high-spiritedness and a resoluteness that impressed all of us.

As soon as I remember how she laughed on that morning at the hospital, I start smiling and feel happy, full of energy. This comforts me.

Gonda Scheffel-Baars

SEARCH FROM AFAR

Somewhere, deep in my heart, I had thougth:" If only I can leave Holland, I can leave the pain and the shame behind. Nobody will know my secret and I do not have to feel guilty any longer." Of course, that never happened. When my family and my children were still living at home and I was busy working a part/time job as well, everything went reasonably smooth although I was often suffering from depressions.

Life was too busy to think much about hidden secrets.

In 1980 things came to a head.
For various reasons the past was stirred up and did not want to stay quiet any longer. I knew I had to face it. I was heading for another depression and I desperately wanted to avoid that. My husband and children had put up with enough. No more of this.
Living in a country like New Zealand where people knew hardly anything of what Nazi occupation had been like in Europe should have made it less difficult to talk about the collaboration of my parents. For me, the secret was just as bad as it was in Holland. Shame, fear and guilt were the overwhelming emotions I struggled with. I should not have to be so afraid of rejection as New Zealanders would not fully understand the magnitude of the wrong actions of Mum and Dad and what it meant to be one on the side of the enemy.
The reality was different. I would sit on the edge of my chair when people started asking questions about what our families had been involved in during the war and hope that no-body would ask me anything. My husband came from a "good" family and he could tell others all about that. "Please forget me, I'm not here."
Pappa had died in 1967 and I had never come to grips with that, there was too much between us that had never been honestly looked at. I did not realise that I was furiously angry with the father I had loved so much. In 1991 my elderly mother died and that was the last straw. I felt cut-off from what I needed to know and I descended into a deep pit of depression. It was now or never, I needed professional help.

Who would be able to understand this tangled mess of my emotions and the strangeness of my experiences? As by a miracle we found a psychotherapist who analysed my confusion and my memories with the help of my own dreams. I felt safe with the method and with him. The dreams came from within myself and showed accurately what was going on inside. My therapist was gentle, understanding and encouraging. It took more than four years before I could say that the past was past and that I could live more comfortably in the present.
Part of the journey went via my parents' war crime records, which are made available by the Dutch Ministry of Justice. It was a traumatic experience but a necessary part of my process. It cleared up quite a few things and confirmed others.
My search for wholeness sent me back to the little village in Germany where we spent the last 6 months of the war after we fled Holland on Dolle Dinsdag (Chaotic Tuesday), 5 September 1944. In 1995, fifty years later, I was received there as a lost daughter and made wholeheartedly welcome. Ruth, the young woman of 1944, was now an elderly grandmother but had never forgotten our family. It was as if I embraced a piece of the past that had been alienated from me but was now needed to make the whole and become part of me.
Then I went back to the village in the West of Holland where I grew up during the war. This was also a positive experience as I could freely talk there with my childhood girlfriends about the happenings in our family. It gave me a different picture again that I needed to complete my own and sometimes hazy picture.
It has been a long journey. I have come to accept my parents and learnt to understand their motives. I do not judge them any longer, although I can never be proud of them. That is something which I deeply regret.

I have a few contacts in New Zealand and Australia with people in the same

circumstances. Some have contacted me because I wrote some years ago something for 'Herkenning' about my search for wholeness; others contacted me after an advertisement I had placed in 'The Dutch Weekly' with the objective of being a support to each other. For some people that is needed, for others less so. Several of these people have followed their own route to come to a measure of acceptance and many have done this through writing our story down for their families and talking with them about it. I have done myself and have found it helpful. It meant that I had to put my turmoil into words and it brought some order in my mind. There was so much to learn during this journey, not just about the facts of histroy and about my parents, but in the process I discovered who I was. I always felt worthless and of no significance, alsmost as if I did not have the right to exist. That has changed now: I have value because I am a human being, I have gifts and abilities and I do not have to be perfect. I have inherited some good qualities from my imperfect and 'foute ouders'('the wrong type of parents'). It sounds as if they did not have the right to be parents, they were the wrong kind. It sets us apart as children, even now when most of us are middle-aged or elderly. What a sad inheritance.

I have one contact who is a daughter of a 'foute moeder'. Her mother was of 'the wrong kind', but emigrated to New Zealand. This woman - I will call her Sally - was born in New Zealand and has had a lifelong struggle with 'the Secret'. Nobody, but really nobody, wants to tell her anything, not even the family in Holland, but it seems to be a very serious secret that has to stay in darkness.
She needs to know the truth because only the truth will set her free and help her to get on with her life. Sally has also a long history of depression. Openness would hopefully improve the relationship with her elderly mother and make both of them somewhat happier. It could bring understanding on both sides. If only people would realise how maddening and destructive secrecy is. It would be such a relief to bring it all into the light.
Some people are just not ready for this or are afraid. I know I was for a long time but now I am glad that I had to make this long and agonising journey. Life is better now.

Ank van den Brink-de Wit

Maria Marchetta: **ERINNERUNG UND DEMOKRATIE**
Holocaust Mahnmale und ihre Erinnerungspolitik: das Beispiel Ravensbrück
Berlin, Metropol Verlag 2001
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1. Einleitung

Seit den Tagen, in denen ich mit der Niederschrift dieser Arbeit begonnen habe, nehmen die Publikationen zum Thema "Erinnerung" kein Ende.[] Das Thema 'Erinnerung' liegt gewissermassen, in der Folge der postmodernen Überholspur der Geschwindigkeit und des Vergessens, "in der Luft". Dieses gegenwärtig festzustellende Bedürfnis nach Beschäftigung mit der Erinnerung hängt m.E. mit drei gesellschaftspolitischen Veränderungen zusammen:

1. Der Zusammenbruch des real existierenden Sozialismus, die Wiedervereinigung, quasi die Wiederkehr Deutschlands, und die Orientierungs- un Legitimationsschwäche der fortgeschrittenen Industriegesellschaften haben zu

einem allgemeinen Wertewandel geführt und in die individuelle wie kollektive Lebenszeit eine Leere geschlagen.[]
2. Die Suche nach der "deutschen Nation", nach dem "nationalen Selbstverständnis und nach der "deutschen Identität" äussert sich zunehmend in Fragen nach einem neuen Umgang mit der eigenenen nationalsozialistischen Vergangenheit.[]
3. Während Europa in den letzten Jahren von ethnischen Konflikten erschüttert worden ist, beobachteten jene, die sich um eine gegenwartsnahe Gedenkstättenarbeit bemühten, kritisch die im Zusammenhang mit dem Supergedenkjahr 1995 begangenen staatlichen und nationalen Gedenkveranstaltungen.[]

Philosphisch-theoretische Überlegungen führten mich immer wieder zu praktischen Anliegen. Das Suchen nach praktisch-relevanten Erinnerungsformen zog seinerseits wieder die Notwendigkeit theoretischer Fundierungen nach sich. So drückt sich der Spannungsbogen zwischen Theorie und Praxis nicht nur in jedem einzelnen Kapitel, sondern auch im gesamten Konzept der Arbeit aus.

Die Arbeit gliedert sich in sieben Kapitel. Diese habe ich entsprechend der Erinnerungsarbeit und einem tätigen Lebensvollzug zu drei Teilen grupiert.

I. Theorie - Wissen - Gegenwart
II. Empirik - Erfahren - Vergangenheit
III.Pragmatik - Gestalten - Zukunft

Erst wenn Wissen und Erfahrungen bewusst gestaltet werden - und dazu ist Theoretisches, Empirisches und Pragmatisches notwendig - gelingt es Gegenwart, Vergangenheit und Zukunft in ein individuell wie kollektiv lebensförderliches Verhältnis zu setzen.[]

Denn die Vergangenheitsdeutung ist massgeblich von dem jeweiligen Gegenwartsverständnis und der entsprechenden Zukunftsperspektive abhängig. Wie Geschichte interpretiert wird, ist demnach eine politische Machtfrage und keine akademische Fachfrage. Insofern jede Deutung - und Gestaltung ist Deutung - eine Sinngebung des Gedeuteten impliziert, kann es keine ideologiefreie Darstelllung geschichtlicher Ereignisse geben - also auch keine ideologiefreien Darstellungen der Shoahereignisse.[]

...habe ich im dritten Kapittel versucht, das Projekt einer Ethik der Erinnerung zu entwickeln.[] Ausgangsthese meiner Überlegungen ist deshalb, dass den Erinnerungen an Leid-, Schuld- und Befreiungserfahrungen eine Kraft für zukunftverantwortendes Handeln innewohnt. Deshalb habe ich das Thema als philosophische Frage nach der Möglichkeit einer ethisch-politischen Grundorientierung im Hinblick auf Rassismus, Antisemitismus und Sexismus unserer Zeit und angesichts der politischen Verantwortung, die uns als NachfolgerInnen der TäterInnen des Holocaust erwächst, behandelt.[]

Eine Ethik der Erinnerung trägt als Tätigkeit der praktischen Vernuft praktische, kritische, prophetische und utopische Züge. Als praktische zielt sie auf eine veränderte gerechte Welt für alle. Als kritische fordert sie die Rückseite der Geschichte ein und damit die Hereinholung der Untergegangenen und an den Rand Gedrängten in ihr Zentrum. Als prophetische verleiht sie jenen die Stimme, die noch

nicht oder nicht mehr sprechen können. Und als utopische sieht sie sich herausgefordert, die von Menschen selbst produzierten Vernichtungsmöglichkeiten zu negieren und zu verunmöglichen.[]

Eine Erinnerungsethik, deren "Antriebskräfte" für zukunftgestaltendes und verantwortendes Handeln Erinnerungen an Leid, Schuld und Befreiung sind, bedarf neben der abstrakt philoso-phischen einer anderen Sprache. Deshalb redet eine erinnernde Ethik in biblischer Tradition aus der Perspektive derer, die "unten" sind. Im Gegensatz zu Platon und Aristoteles, die über Freiheit aus der Perspektive der "Freien", der politischen Herren reden, kommen in der Bibel die Menschen zu Wort, die von der Erfahrung der Unfreiheit gekennzeichnet sind.[]

Konflikte um Denkmalsetzungen und Denkmalgestaltungen spiegeln auch das Ringen um einen Konsens im national-kulturellen Selbstverständnis einer Gesellschaft wider. Da jedes politische Handeln - und das Setzen von Denk- und Mahmalen ist eine politisches Handeln - sich immer - bewusst oder unbewusst - in einem normativen Horizont vollzieht, habe ich im vierten Kapitel die normativen Grundlagen einer pluralistischen Demokratie dargestellt.[]

Im fünften Kapitel lege ich eine Ausweitung des Denkmalsbegriffs auf alle kulturellen Objektivationen vor, ich spreche dann von **Gedenkzeichen**. Im Anschluss an diese Ausweitung der Denkmalsdefinition stelle ich die Methode der **objektiven Hermeneutik** als Analysemethode von Gedenkzeichen dar. Von entscheidener Bedeutung ist meine Interpretation von Gedenkzeichen als Kommunikationsgeschehen.[]

Im sechsten Kapitel analysierte ich einzelne Gedenkformen der Mahn- und Gedenkstätte Ravensbrück und verortete diese in dem von mir im letzten Kapitel entwickelten Typologisierungsraster. Die Analysen der Gestaltungen der Mahn- und Gedenkstätte Ravensbrück führten kein allzu demokratisches Welt- und Menschbild zutage. Allerdings muss ich selbstkritisch eingestehen, dass sich die Mahn- und Gedenkstätte Ravensbrück nicht als das günstigste Beispiel erwies, um die Methode der **objektiven Hermeneutik** zu erproben.[]

Das siebte und letzte Kapitel, in dem ich mich den Möglichkeiten und Grenzen einer zu Demokratie befähigenden Shoah-Gedenkstätte zuwandte, ist innerhalb des Spannungsbogens des Theorie-Praxis-Problems am deutlichsten am Bereich der Praxis orientiert und knüpft gleichwohl wieder an die theoretischen Grundlagen an.[]

Wenn es gelingen sollte, mit Hilfe reflexiver Gedenkzeichen die Fähigkeit der BetrachterInnen, eigenständige Urteile zu bilden, zu fördern, die Ich-Identität der BesucherInnen zu stärken, ihre Verantwortungsfähigkeit, bei Vermeidung von Schuldgefühlen und schlechtem Gewissen, zu vergrössern und die Selbstreflexion der RezipientInnen anzuregen, würden sie im einem demokratischen Gemeinwesen einen unverzichtbaren kulturpolitischen und demokratiefähigenden Beitrag leisten.[]

Die vorliegende Arbeit konnte sich nicht innerhalb eines fest abgesteckten Gedankenkreises bewegen. Vielmehr musste ich versuchen, den methodischen Weg durch verschiedene Disziplinen hindurch zu bahnen.[]

Und so werde ich nicht müde, zu hoffen, dass Empathie mit Leidenden **und** Einsicht

in den Verlust der humanen Orientierung zu Trauer und Mitleid mit Fernsten und Fremden führen kann.

FINNISH CHILDREN OF WAR

In 'Röder', the Bulletin of the Danske KrigsBörns Forening I read an article about a Finnish Organisation of children of war, the **Riksforbundet Finska Krigsbarn** and I contacted Kai Rosnell to ask him for more information. He sent me two messages and I will cite some paragraphs of them.

"Our organisation is, as you pointed out, different. We are just ordinary Finnish children who were sent to Sweden (and to a small extent to Norway, about 5 000 to Denmark) during the war, without parents. We were 70 000 children who were sent off from home. Some 15 000 remained in Sweden; nearly 3 000 were adopted, others remained as foster children.

We have the separations and the journey in common, and the stay in a foreign country with a foreign language and a foreign culture. The experience was traumatic, and its effects have not been recognized until recently.
Our main objective now is to give us a place in the history of Finland and Sweden, to document our experiences (we are planning an antology of 'life stories') in order to avoid similar 'expulsions' in the future.
We also help former 'war children' to find their proper relatives (in Finland), their roots, and to re-establish contact between former war children (in Finland) and relatives to their Swedish families (most of the foster parents are dead).
I am responsable for our magazine of 16 pages, 4 issues per year which is free to all members (about 650 now).

We were not, generally speaking, subject to discrimination, but of course it happened quite often in school when we were children. Nowadays, not at all. But we have an undefined longing to our native land for all those years, but circumstances have made it (nearly) impossible for us to move back to Finland, as many of us cannot speak Finnish at all. We are not familiar with Finnish society and culture any more, we are alienated. And Finnish authorities have no interest at all to get us back, no interest at all whether we live or are lost for ever.
As a matter of fact, Finnish authorities do not know how many children they lost to Sweden (and Denmark) during (and immediately after) the war.[]

At our meetings we disuss what happened to us and why, which means studies in history, we discuss new books on the subject, new research and so on.
We have achieved a small memorial plaque in Stockholm, in memory of all those children who landed there. Now we plan another one in Haparanda, in the north of Sweden, where the trains from Finland arrived with their living cargo of up to 600 children each time."

" I think 'it' started in 1977 when Annu Edvardsen (now Liikkanen), one of us, wrote a book: "Det far inte hända igen" (Never again!), containing facts, stories, views etc. In the early 80ies Snikka Ortmark Almgren wrote a very moving book "Du som haver barnen kär", from the child's point of view, based on her own experiences.
But we were scattered all over the country, Sweden is oblong, and we were not

aware of how many we were who had stayed on in Sweden.

Not until Lillemor Lagnebro, a psychologist in Umea, in the North of Sweden, started investigations for her treatise on Finnish war children. She contacted more than 60 Finnish 'children' in her part of Sweden, made interviews with them and got her academic degree, Doctor of Arts. But her investigation is based on too small a group, and she ommitted people who did not suit her aims.
But she made some of us aware of that we were quite a few, and so the first 'clubs' or 'associations' or whatever it is called were formed. The first one in Stockholm in 1992, the National Association in Spring 1992, the Göteborg branch also in 1992, one in the south of Sweden in the autumn of 1992 and so on. Now there are eight, two of them are not members of the National Association, Riksförbundet Finska Krigsbarn. We are about 650 members; many of the former war children do not want to join, for various reasons. Many find it too hard to remember those times again, others consider themselves as 'pure' Swedes and do not want any part of Finland (true!). Many of us were so young when we arrived that we have no memories at all of our first years in Finland.

I was nearly seven years old when I arrived on a ship, 'The Heimdall' to Stockholm June 4 1942, a sunny morning, with hundreds of 'happy' children. I have had a good contact with my family all the time, especially the last years after my mother died in 1986. I visited my father very often, after 1998 when I had separated and moved to the east of Sweden, near Stockholm, so it was very easy to go over to Finland (from Göteborg you had to plan for a whole day's car driving to get to Stockholm...), so I have been in Finland for 5-6 times a year, until my father died August 31 last year, nearly 92 years old.

I lost my Finnish language two times, first in 1942 when I learned Swedish, got back to Finland for a year in 1943 and lost the language again when I came back here in 1944, a life long exile as I call it. But I have learned perhaps 60 percent of the language again, so I manage over there without greater problems.

I had opportunities to study here in Sweden, which is one reason to my prolonged staty here. In Finland I would not have had that opportunity, my family was too poor. (My family, we were five boys then in 1942, afterwards I had three sisters and one younger brother. My eldest sister was born just a week after I left in June 1942...).

I have been (and I still am) a journalist, mostly a sports writer. So making our magazine suits me well, I like it. But I get sad when I read of other people's heavy experiences. There are all forms of 'fates', from very happy ones to the most unhappy...."

THE TORN IMAGE

The question of fate, evil and suffering in pastoral theological theory, approached from Jewish views on man created in God's image.

Introduction
Questions about evil, suffering and man's fate are a daily issue in pastoral practice. Religions and theologies have always formed the framework within which 'answers'

were
searched for or formulated. In western civilization Christianity still provides an important source of meaning, even though the centuries-old Christian domination and monopoly position are under increasing pressure. However, Christianity does not provide an uniform system of answers, as is shown by the historically increased multiformity, particularly manifest in the Eastern Orthodox, Roman Catholic and Protestant traditions which all have their own broad specter of ideas. Judaism has also been part of western civilization for centuries and with its threatened - sometimes tolerated- existence reminds one of both the origin of Christian religion and of fundamentally *different* vieuws regarding religious truths. The Christian *catechesis of contempt*, which has been practiced for centuries, culminated in the destruction of the bigger part of European Jewry during Worl War II. Images of the unimaginable can lead to the penetrating question posed by Primo Levi: *Is this a man?*

Both the personal circumstances of my birth in 1944 as a son of a Dutch mother and an unknown German soldier, and my profession as a pastor in a hospital played a key role in my choice of subject for this study and its elaboration. Vieuws on man, his origin and future, his potentials and limitations; in other words the underlying *concepts of man*, play an important part in the way in which people experience and deal with things that happen in their lives. Examining the concept of man takes up a central position in this study in a special way. The aim is not to carry out a comparitive study of the various Christian views on man, but to try and map out the meaning and historical development of one single biblical phrase - *man created in God's image and likeness* - in Judaism and Christianity against the horrible background of the Holocaust.

Assuming that every meaning given to Imago Dei colors the concept of man and consequently man's dealing with questions of evil and suffering, I arrive at the following thesis:
In what way can the perception of Imago Dei within the Jewish tradition contribute to the concept of man and conse quently to the way in which man deals with experiencing fate, evil and suffering, and what does this mean for pastoral theological theory?

This question can be subdivided into three further questions:
1.What is the meaning of Imago Dei for the concept of man in (Christian) pastoral theological theory?
2.What is the meaning of Imago Dei for the concept of man in classical Judaism and for (several) modern Jewish thinkers?
3.Is it possible to further define the difference between 1 and 2 in a fruitful way for praxis and theory of (Christian) pastoral care?

This study consists of two parts which discuss the meaning and historical development of Imago Dei both in the Christian tradition (Chapters 1 and 2) and in the Jewish tradition (Chapters 3 and 4).[] In anticipation of the second part of this study, the first part pays attention to the spiritual affinity of the discussed theologians and psychologists with Judaism wherever this is possible.

The part that discusses the way in which Imago Dei is dealt with in *Judaism* forms the core of this study and is subdivided into three further parts (Chapters 3, 4 and 5).

First of all an overview is given of the meaning of Imago Dei in classical Judaism regarding the context which entails the idea that God has created man in His own image and His own likeness. This means that attention is given to the connection between Imago Dei and Imitatio Dei, original sin, the concept of the two inclinations, the emphasis on free will, the theodicy problem and the way in which classical Judaism dealt with fate and suffering.
In the second part the transition to modern times is made by examining the position given to Imago Dei by four twentieth-century Jewish philosophers and theologians - Martin Buber, Abraham Heschel, Emmanuel Levinas and Joseph Soloveitchik (Chapter 4). These thinkers have been selected because they all consider the concept of Imago Dei in their works. Moreover, they can be regarded as being related to two important movements within Judaism: Hasidism and Mitnaggedism.[] All four of them are found to have concerned themselves with what happened during World War II in a distinctive way.
This last point forms the theme of a specific section on *Imgao Dei and the Holocaust* in the third part (Chapter 5). This section includes, in consecutive order, a short overview of post-war Jewish pastoral theology and its view on Imago Dei, Hasidic pastoral impulses and the way in which they are recognizable in the works of humanist psychologists Maslow and Rogers, pastoral care and theodicy (incl.Kushner), the way in which *second generation war children* cope with the Holocaust and the role of Imago Dei in post-war Jewish theology. Finally some examples are given of the perversion of the idea of *man created in God's image* in Nazi ideology.

The final chapter (Chapter 6) starts with a summary of the information discussed up to that point and ends with considerations regarding five themes that emerge from this study. These themes indicate the powerful way in which the idea of man created in God's image is still present in Jewish thinking about man. This is shown by the multi-colored emphasis given to man's value and dignity (6.3.1), by the idea that man's course of life consists of a process from origin to destiny in which the modern terms *identity* and *maturity* are key words (6.3.2). and by dealing with questions about evil and suffering (6.3.3), which emphasize the fact that people are never only *victim* but also *acting person*. Attention is also given to the difference between Jewish and Christian anthropology (6.3.4), as well as to what I consider one of the most impor-tant contributuions to a fruitful way of thinking about man nowadays: being aware of a tension that is related to our *duality* and that functions as a source of strength which doesn't eliminate contradictions but gives them a place of their own (6.3.5).
Finally I consider a number of propositions about the consequences for Christian pastoral theology and pastoral care of the information I found on Imago Dei in the Jewish perception (6.3.6). These propositions are especially intended as a contribution to the *discussion about man* between Jews and Christians and among Christians themselves, and as a stimulus for all those who work with people so that they can continiously examine their motives. Even though the statement about man being created in God's image has a *general* power of expression in the Jewish tradition, the *elaboration* of this phrase can only take place within the *specific* context of the personal biographies of those who hear and endorse this phrase. The Imago Dei concept involves both a universality that transcends all differences between people and nations and an immense respect for human individuality.

Parts of the summary of:
Marcel S.F.Kemp: **HET VERSCHEURDE BEELD**; de vraag naar lot, kwaad en lijden in de pastoraal-theologische theorievorming benaderd vanuit het joodse denken over de mens als beeld Gods, uitg.Boekencentrum, Den Haag, 2002

DAS VERMACHTNIS ANNEHMEN: Kulturelle und biographische Zugänge zum Holocaust:Beiträge aus den USA und Deutschland
Co-edited by B.Huhnke und Björn Krondorfer
Giessen, Pshychosozial Verlag, 2002

Content: This collection of translated and original contributions examines how Germany and the United States have commemorated and memorialized the Shoah on national, regional and (auto-) biographical levels. Written by scholars from both countries, it looks at the post-war and contemporary German culture as well as the memory work of the Jewish community within the North American context. The authors belong to a generation born after 1945, and many of them situate themselves as a post-Shoah generation within the discourse of each country. The book concludes with an outlook on the so-called "third generation".

Contributors include Hildegard Hamm-Brücher, James Young, Hilene Flanzbaum, Robert Moeller, Brigitta Huhnke, Irmgard Wagner, Alan Steinweis, Kirsten Serup-Bilfeldt, Dori Laub, Katharina von Kellenbach, Marianne Hirsch, and Björn Krondorfer.

Available at: Psychosozial Verlag, Giessen
(Goethestrasse 29, 35390 Giessen, Germany. +(0) 641 77819, or info@psychosozial-verlag.de)

Bernhard Schlink: **DER VORLESER**
(the one who reads to)
Diogenes Verlag AG, Zürich 1995

The 15-year old boy Michael Berg meets Hanna who, is in her thirties, and falls in love with her. In their secret meetings they are not only discussing the facts of life and making love. It gradually becomes an important part of their relationship that Michael reads books aloud to Hanna in which she shows great interest.

One day she disappears and Michael has nothing left but his memories and his reflections on the real character of their relationship.

As a law student, he and his friends attend court of justice in the context of their studies. It is in the court room that Micahel sees Hanna again who is being accused of crimes in one of the concentration camps. Even when it is no longer necessary for his studies, Michael continues to follow her case. Then, by intuition, he suddenly knows the secret of Hanna's life which probably played a main role in her accepting a job in the concentrationcamp. If he would reveal this to the judge, Hanna would

get, to all appearances, a less severe sentence, but if he did so, he would betray her. Finally, he finds a compromise for this dilemma.

When Hanna is in jail, they stay in contact by letters and postcards. Shortly before her release, Michael visits her and prepares her re-entry in society. But she dies before she is released.

The book raises several intriguing questions: is one allowed to love a (former) Nazi? Is one guilty by doing so? How can one live with a past one is not responsible for but is burdened with?

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