

English translations

# 7xjung



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7x young – Your training ground  
for solidarity and respect

THE EXHIBITION BY GESICHT ZEIGEN!

## 7 ART INSTALLATIONS ON YOUNG PEOPLE'S EXPERIENCES UNDER THE NAZIS

The 7x<sup>jung</sup> exhibition was designed by “Gesicht Zeigen!”, a non-profit organization which was founded to encourage people, and especially young people, to become involved in society and to take responsibility for democracy and justice in Germany.

7x<sup>jung</sup> refers to the exhibition's seven rooms of multimedia displays developed especially for young people – but also for adults – to grapple with questions of human rights on both intellectual and emotional levels. It takes examples from the Nazi period in Germany and forges a bridge to real and potential scenarios from today. The individual displays highlight discrimination and ostracism, but also rebellion and solidarity, showing many ways to stand up against hate and injustice. Of course our society

today differs markedly from that under Nazism. Democracy, civil action and respect for others are recognized and practiced. Even during the Nazi period, however, there were different ways to act in many everyday situations, from accepting or promoting discrimination and anti-Semitism on the one hand, to opposing injustice and helping those affected on the other.

Each of the seven rooms is like the setting for a stage. They provide direct and playful – but also serious – access to everyday lives that are not too far removed from our own. The seven rooms have the following general headings: MY CITY / MY TEAM / MY CORNER STORE / MY PASSPORT / MY ROOM / MY FAMILY / MY MUSIC.

This booklet guides you through the rooms, providing English translations and explanations of the displays, including the audio texts.

## The Nazi period – a few historical points

Germany makes the transition from a monarchy to a republic in 1918. The subsequent 15 years are marked by economic and political instability.

### 1933

Hitler comes to power by largely democratic means. The Nazi party rapidly consolidates power and starts repressive measures against Jews, communists and many other groups.

### 1936

The Olympic Games are held in Berlin.

### 1938–1939

Germany occupies and annexes Austria, part of Czechoslovakia, and other areas.

### 1939

Germany invades Poland – the war starts. The repressive measures against Jews and many other groups turn into systematic mass murder.

### 1945

The war ends.

In the aftermath, the borders and political affiliations of many countries are changed, Germany is divided into western and eastern zones, and the Cold War begins.

The exhibition starts with the 7 questions on the wall to the right of the main entrance (below).

WHO HAS THE KEYS TO MY ROOM?

WHO'S ON MY SIDE?  
AND WHO'S NO LONGER ON THE TEAM?

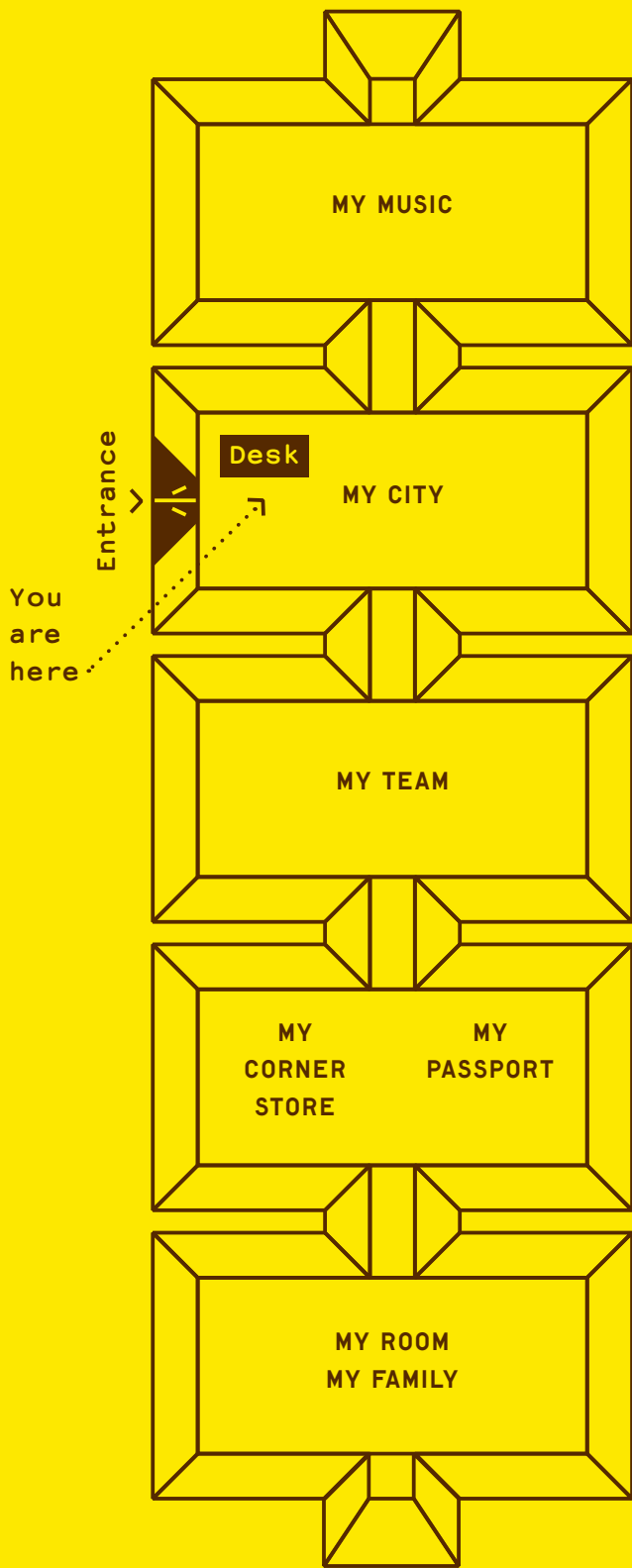
WHO CAN SIT WHERE ON THE BUS?

WHO DECIDES WHO I AM?

DO I HAVE THE RIGHT TO LISTEN TO  
MUSIC?

WHAT ARE THE CONSEQUENCES OF  
DESTRUCTION?

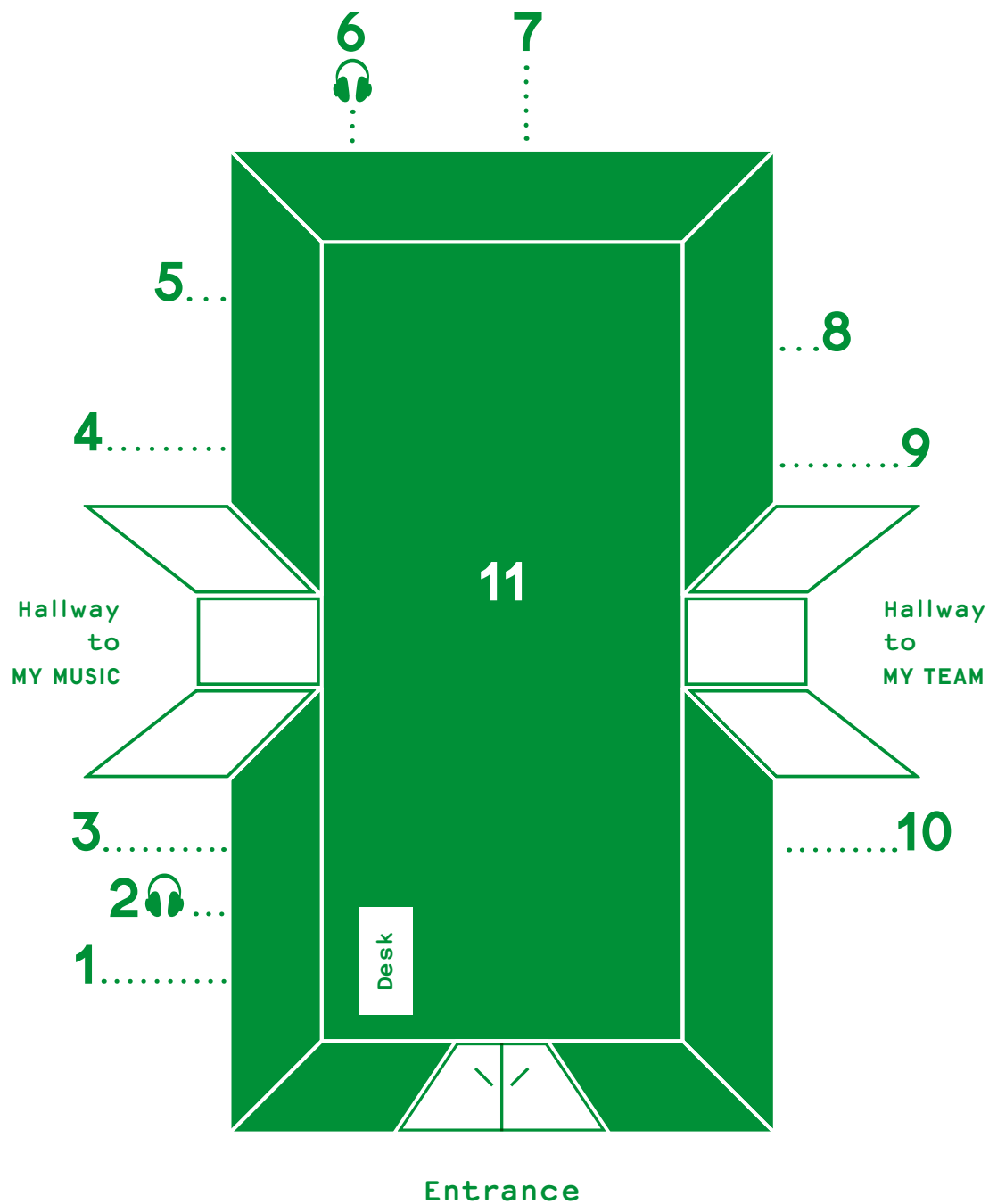
WHAT DOES RESPECT MEAN TO ME?



This booklet then takes you **CLOCKWISE** around each room. It lists the German titles of each exhibit too, to help you find your way.

We suggest that you start with this first room (**MY CITY**), then go through all the rooms to the right, and finally come back to visit the last room here to the left (**MY MUSIC**).

# MEINE STADT / MY CITY



# 1 i am fair game, but fair game lives free.

(Otl Aicher)

## QUOTES FROM OTL AICHER

Otl Aicher is born in 1922 in the city of Ulm in southern Germany. As a boy, he goes his own way and does not join the Hitler Youth. For that reason he is not allowed to enter a secondary school that awards the Abitur, which is required for college studies. So he studies on his own, reads a lot, and discusses things with his friends - including with Hans and Sophie Scholl, who belong to the "White Rose" resistance group and are executed in 1943 for distributing anti-Nazi flyers at the University of Munich.

After the war he marries their sister, Inge Scholl, and together they found the Ulm Volkshochschule (community college) and then the Ulm College of Design, which expands on Bauhaus ideas. Otl Aicher becomes one of the most influential designers in the Federal Republic of Germany. Among many other things, he creates the corporate designs for Lufthansa and the 1972 Olympic Games in Munich.

Otl Aicher dies in 1991 from a traffic accident.

His quotes that you see in red on the walls throughout this exhibition are from his memoir *Innenseiten des Kriegs* ("Interior sides of war"). They appear in the "rotis" typeface, which he designed and which puts all letters in lower case.

## 2 STRASSENÄCHTE / STREET NIGHTS

Jizchak Schwersenz was a member of a Zionist scout group. He talks about living in the Berlin underground in 1943

[Text at headphone station]

"There were fewer and fewer places where we could stay during the day or sleep at night, which made it harder and harder to survive. An anxious feeling arose when evening came and we didn't know where we were going to sleep. We tried knocking on a door or two in the hope of being taken in. But because this kept getting more dangerous for our hosts, we were often afraid to put them in a difficult situation. On the other hand, sometimes we were unexpectedly lucky at the last minute. Whether we somehow managed to build a place to sleep out of chairs and blankets, or whether we could just spend the night on a floor somewhere, or find an empty attic... Sleeping in an attic wasn't that dangerous for the people who knew we were there. If we had been discovered, we could always

have said we had snuck in without anyone in the building knowing about it. The attic floors usually weren't locked, and sometimes they didn't even have doors.

But we also spent many nights "on the street". If we had absolutely no place to stay by late evening, we had to come up with a "night programme". There were several possibilities for this. The most important thing was never to attract attention. Of course it was easier in the summer to spend the night outside. In winter, however, we had to protect ourselves from snow, frost and icy winds. The night seems to have no end when you're walking down empty streets alone and there's nothing else to do but measure the passage of time by the chiming of the bells in the church towers. The hardest time is from 1 to 5 in the morning, because

most public transportation doesn't run then. The last trains go until 12:30, and then the streetcars, underground and commuter trains start up again shortly after 5 in the morning. Fortunately the Berlin tram system had a few night-time lines that ran from one end of the city to the other about every hour. And because the arms factories and other important war industries were operating around the clock in three shifts during the war, a lot of workers were going back and forth at night. That was a good thing for us, because we didn't stand out among the workers. But that was only true for certain parts of the city. During the day, but especially at night, it was absolutely essential to have precise knowledge of the local conditions. We could often make good use of what we had learned in our training as pathfinders.

The usual programme for a night on the streets looked like this: Until midnight I rode different lines of the underground or the municipal trains – we usually split up and rode separately – back and forth across the city. Then I went to the terminal station of a night-time line and rode one and a half hours from north to south, or from east to

west. I couldn't then just ride back on the same train, of course, so instead had to set off on a long walk to reach the terminal station of another night-time line. And from there I rode one and a half hours again from one end of the city to the other. Morning came at some point, I was tired and frozen but I could find a place to get warm. When the coffeehouses opened, I could get a cup of hot substitute coffee drink [real coffee was very hard to come by during the war]. I always had my briefcase and a sandwich with me – to look just like the workers who also carried something to eat at night.

It was a strange feeling. For years we hadn't been able to move freely around the city as Jews. Now, living illegally in the underground, we could use public transportation, go into restaurants and cafés, and be part of the natural flow of movement in the city. Despite all our worries and cares, that was exciting. Berlin was officially “judenrein” [“Jew-free”], and the turmoil caused by the war meant that we managed to get by quite well on many days.”

### **3** MEINE STADT / MY CITY

**IN OUR STREET THERE IS A SMALL PARK, OUR PARK. DURING THE SUMMER, WE ALWAYS USED TO SIT ON THE BENCHES OR ON THE GRASS FOR AGES, WE WERE ALWAYS ALL TOGETHER. BUT NOW EVERYTHING HAS SUDDENLY CHANGED. I HAVE TO BE HOME BEFORE DARK. WE NOW HAVE GANGS HERE, SPREADING FEAR. HOW CAN THIS BE? WHO'LL DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT? ALL I WANT IS TO MEET MY FRIENDS.**

### **4** GEHEIME ORTE / HIDDEN PLACES

> From a photo series by Johanna Manke

**Johanna Manke photographed children and teenagers from Hamburg today for these portraits – at hidden places where they go to be alone.**

**5** you don't become a hero  
by laying down your life.  
(Otl Aicher)

## 6 CIOMA WILL ÜBERLEBEN / CIOMA WANTS TO SURVIVE

Audio series by Natalie Kreis, z,

part IV (1:59 minutes)

**Cioma Schönhaus grows up in a Jewish family in Berlin. When his parents are deported in 1942 (and subsequently killed), he goes into the underground. He makes fake IDs, which save many people's lives. In 1943 he escapes from Germany to Switzerland, where he still lives today.**

[Text at headphone station]

“Horse riders say that if you throw your heart over the fence, the horse will follow.

Hmm, what is a hero? Someone who takes on a dangerous situation for other people. ... But whenever I took on dangerous situations I was never really aware of the danger. My antenna were pointed elsewhere. I never looked at an ID and thought about the danger associated with it. Every ID is a potential trap, which can betray you.

Instead I always told myself it was important and I'd do it right away. The person needs the ID and I can do it. I even thought it was fun.

My main motive was rebellion. And especially the firm resolve not to be deported to Poland. That was the motivation which sustained me. I didn't want to be sent to Poland. I thought the Nazis were

capable of anything. And I wanted to survive. I wanted to get out.

But it was a long process to go abroad from Berlin. When I told my friend whom I was trying to live with illegally in Berlin that I wanted to go to Switzerland, he said, “So, he wants to go to Switzerland. Can't think of a better plan? Have you ever heard of anyone who actually managed to get into Switzerland?” Then he said, “Instead of pedalling yourself to death on your bicycle, I have a better idea. Look, I'll give you this pistol, which you can shoot yourself with, and that'll save you a lot of trouble. Because ultimately you won't do any better, you'll be killed at some point. So don't do it yourself beforehand.” But I said, “No, I at least want to give it a try.”

## 7 SUPERMAN

> Excerpt from the comic book »What if Superman ended the War ...« by Jerry Siegel and Joe Shuster, USA 1940

**What would happen if you could just turn into Superman?**

**What would have happened if Superman just had grabbed Hitler by the neck?**

**Would the world suddenly have been saved?**

**The idea of a simple man, who actually is a hero with supernatural powers, was developed by two sons of Jewish immigrants from Europe.**

## 8 ORGANISIERTE NS-JUGEND / ORGANISED NAZI YOUTH

[left]

**Hitler Youth camp at the Baltic Sea, 1938**

[middle]

**Hitler Youth members at a holiday camp, 1938**

[right]

**Students of the National Political Institute of Education [boarding school for future Nazi leaders] in Potsdam during paramilitary training, 1937**

**9** we became friends because I resolutely refused to join the hitler youth.

(Otl Aicher)

## **10** training

i join a crowd in front of the station – what is going on? everybody is pushed to the side of the street. obviously, someone important is expected. i find myself standing in the first row. the gauleiter, the head of the region, drives up to the station hotel for a conference. cheering, everyone lifts their right arms for the fascist salute. i don't budge. i want to know what i can endure. nobody notices.

(Otl Aicher)

## **11** [ Benches ]

The four benches in the middle of this room each have small removable boards, showing photos of benches from the Nazi period and today. All of them have racist inscriptions or graffiti:

An empty bench marked "Only for Aryans", circa 1935

A dog on a bench marked "Only for Aryans", Vienna 1938

A woman on a bench marked "Only for Jews"

A baby on a bench marked with a "J", which means only for Jews, Berlin 1938

The recent photos of benches are all from Berlin's Tiergarten park, 2010:

"Turks get out!"

"Islam get out!"

"Thugs get out!"

"Everyone get out!"

**A bench, from which racist graffiti was recently removed.**

**Blackboard [you can write on it]**

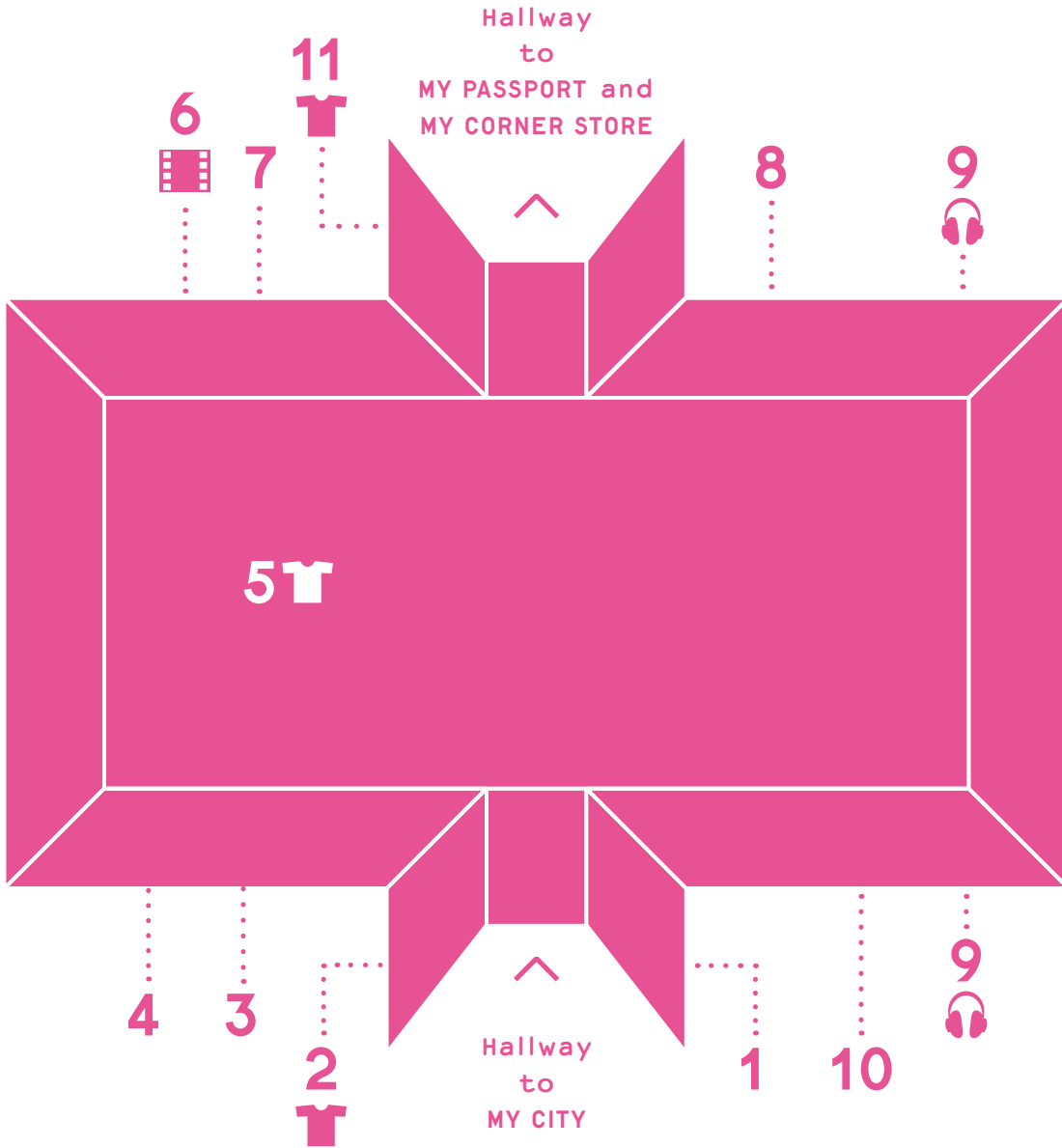
Who is this bench for?

During the Nazi period, slogans written on benches were part of a systematic campaign to banish Jews from public life. Today when we see discriminatory slogans on benches, we can - as you see here - easily do something about it, like apply some paint remover.





# MEIN SPORT / MY TEAM



[ This room includes the hallway with the blue tiled floor, and also the “changing room” hallway on the other side with its changing-room benches and boxing gloves. ]

## **1 EINGANG STRANDBAD WANNSEE / ENTRANCE TO THE PUBLIC BEACH AT WANNSEE, A LAKE IN BERLIN**

**First day of the season, 15 May 1938**

[Signs visible in the two photos of the Wannsee public swimming area:]

TICKET OFFICE / Jews are not allowed on the beach

No admittance to Jews!

**T** [ There are 11 light-blue T-shirts (because a football team has 11 players). The T-shirts are numbered, and each has a short text. ]

### **2 T T-SHIRT NO. 2**

“YOU SINK OR YOU SWIM. AND WHEN YOU’RE YOUNG, YOU SWIM.”

Ann Marie, freestyle swimmer for the Hakoah Wien club (Vienna), about her escape into exile in London

### **2 T T-SHIRT NO. 5**

JUDITH from the Jewish swim club Hakoah Wien is voted Austria’s best female athlete in 1936.

When she is nominated for the Olympic Games in Germany, she declines, because she does not want to compete in a country that is hostile to Jews.

THE AUSTRIAN SWIMMING FEDERATION THEN BARS HER FROM ALL COMPETITIONS AND REMOVES HER NAME FROM THE RECORD LISTS.

Judith, freestyle swimmer for Hakoah Wien

### **2 T T-SHIRT NO. 4**

“THE OLYMPIC GAMES WERE HELD IN BERLIN IN 1936. The flame made its way here from Vienna, and all the sport clubs were invited to the parade. There were crowds of people. When the Nazi sport club marched by, everyone cheered and yelled “Bravo” and “Heil Hitler”. WHEN WE FROM HAKOAH CAME BY, THERE WAS TOTAL SILENCE, A SILENCE FULL OF FEAR. We felt hate coming from both sides of the street, the hate of the crowd. I FELT AWFUL. It was one of my worst experiences. But then we quickly ran into our clubhouse. We ran as fast as we could, we were afraid that people would follow us. We ran inside, closed the doors, and hugged and kissed each other. IT FELT SO GOOD TO HAVE FRIENDS, TO BELONG TO A GROUP, DESPITE EVERYTHING THAT HAD HAPPENED.”

Hanni, backstroke swimmer for Hakoah Wien

[In the main exhibition room on the left]

## **3 15.000 BERLINER SCHÜLER / 15,000 BERLIN PUPILS** **Gymnastics presentation during the 1936 Olympic Games in Berlin**

**4** of course one easily succumbs to the fascination for strength.  
strength impresses.  
(Otl Aicher)

**T** [T-shirts 6 through 10 have recent quotes.]

### **5 T T-SHIRT NO. 6**

What's important to me in football is that I try to show my teammates, who are mainly Christians and Muslims, that "the Jewish boy" is not a cliché but rather a PERFECTLY NORMAL HUMAN BEING – LIKE EVERYONE ELSE. I try to show tolerance. It's really hard, but despite that, BY NOW IT'S NOT A PROBLEM ANYMORE.

David (16), Olam Jewish community youth centre, Berlin

### **5 T T-SHIRT NO. 8**

I ALWAYS USED TO THINK OF SPORT AS SOMETHING NEGATIVE.

I inherited this slow and calm way of doing things from my father, and a lot of laziness too. BUT NOW THE TIME IS STARTING WHEN PEOPLE WANT TO LOOK GOOD FOR THEIR GIRLFRIENDS, AND THE GROUPS THEY HANG OUT WITH, in summer everyone's at the beach and you want to look good there.

SO THEN YOU START GOING TO THE FITNESS CENTRE.

David (16), Olam Jewish community youth centre, Berlin

### **5 T T-SHIRT NO. 7**

SPORT CLASS AT SCHOOL IS REALLY, REALLY BAD. Every year we do the same stupid things, it doesn't get us anywhere, we don't burn any calories. You always think, oh shit, now I have to go to sport class.

THE THINGS YOU CHOOSE FOR YOURSELF ARE DEFINITELY MUCH MORE FUN!

Sharon (15), Olam Jewish community youth centre, Berlin

### **5 T T-SHIRT NO. 9**

"When I'm standing in the gym at sport class, I feel completely naked, completely vulnerable. I'D PREFER NOT TO GO THERE AT ALL."

Liam (16), 11th grade, Berlin

### **5 T T-SHIRT NO. 10**

"When I started playing football, at 12 or so, I played with the boys and everything was great. They called me 'OUR GIRL', and boasted about me. BUT THAT ALL STOPPED AT AROUND 14. SOME OF THE BOYS PRETENDED LIKE I WASN'T EVEN THERE, others said stupid things like I was a burden or something on the team, SO AT SOME POINT I LEFT.

Today I'm back at my old club, where there's a girls' team now, I play on it, and also with the women's team already."

Helen (16), Blau-Gelb sport club Marburg

## 6 FREISTIL / FREESTYLE

> Short film directed by Robert Thalheim

(3:00 minutes)

**with Marion House, Sophie Thaon  
and pupils of the Rückert School Berlin**

**This short film tells the story of how Marion, a Jewish girl, learned to swim at the public pool in Schöneberg – despite the Nazi ban on Jews using swimming pools.**

### MARION HOUSE

**As a girl, Marion is one of the few Jewish pupils at the Rückert School in Berlin-Schöneberg, until she is made to go to a school only for Jews. Alarmed by the threats and ever greater degree of exclusion, Marion's family sends her to safety in London with the Refugee Children Movement. There she has to cope all on her own. After the war, her family is able to reunite and emigrate to the USA. Marion still lives in New York today.**

[Text at headphone station]

Marion House:

“My mother used to tell me that I'd sometimes be blue with cold before they managed to pull me out of the water because I never wanted to get out. I just really enjoyed splashing around in water. Although I couldn't swim I really liked it, I was what you'd call a water rat.

[A girl jumps into the water – title:]  
“Freistil”]

I started primary school in April of 1933 at the Rückert School, and we had swimming lessons. So on the first day when swimming was supposed to start, we all set off to the indoor pool in Hauptstraße in the Schöneberg district of Berlin.

[Marion House walks toward the building  
that houses the Schöneberg municipal  
swimming pool]

And right when we all were going in we saw a sign that said “No Jews allowed”. That was a big shock for me. It was the first time I had seen anything like that. When the class was all there we

went in with the teacher, but with a very unpleasant feeling.

[Marion House opens the door to the  
swimming facility]

When I got home I told my mother about it. The next day she went to talk to the school director, who told her not to worry because it wasn't meant for our children.

[Marion House looks through the window at  
the swimming pool]

He just ignored it and went on with the lessons as if nothing had happened.

[Marion House watches a girl swimming in the  
pool]

So then certificates were handed out to the children who had successfully completed the lessons. And those were certificates that had a great big swastika and were signed by Baldur von Schirach, Hitler's “Reichsjugendführer” [head of the Hitler Youth]. And that's how I learned to swim.”

**The Schöneberg municipal indoor swimming pool was renamed in 2012 after the beloved German quiz show host Hans Rosenthal, who learned to swim there when he was an adult, because as a Jew he had not been allowed to use public swimming facilities during his childhood under the Nazis.**

**7** he tries to break the best thing that humans have – their composure.

(Otl Aicher)

## **8** MEIN SPORT / MY TEAM

WE ARE A TEAM. WE WERE ALWAYS TOLD TO RELY ON OUR TEAMMATES, TO WORK TOGETHER WITH THEM, TO USE THEIR ABILITIES.

WE WERE A GREAT TEAM. BUT ONE DAY, MY TEAMMATE WAS NOT THERE ANYMORE. THEY TOLD US HE SUDDENLY HAD TO LEAVE, HE WASN'T ABLE TO STAY. I DON'T ENJOY PRACTICING ANYMORE, I MISS HIM. I WOULD LIKE TO KNOW WHERE HE IS.

## **9** [Audios]

Six short stories by Agnieszka Piwowska

**Written for this exhibition, based on historical events. The stories are read by Agnieszka Piwowska and Neil Belakhdar**

### RUTH

This happened in the summer. My mother and I often drove to a lake a little distance away. It was a natural lake without an entrance fee, and there I learned how to swim, all by myself. That was great! There were quite a few kids there, and we could stay all day in the water. The father of one of the girls whom I always played with asked who my parents were, so I showed him my mother and he went up to her and told her that I was quite talented and that I was a really good swimmer and that she should definitely get me into a sport club. He was a sport teacher, so he could probably judge this correctly. But my mother reacted quite strangely; she thanked him curtly and didn't really want to talk to him at all.

Well, for me this was something great, that someone had said I was talented, and from this day on I

wanted to become a swimmer, I wanted to practice hard and take part in contests and so on.

That really became my dream. And then autumn came and school started again and we weren't able to go to the lake every day and I asked my parents to sign me up for a swimming course and to let me to go to the swimming pool every day. I also promised them to get up an hour earlier every day and do more schoolwork in order to be allowed to swim in the afternoon. That's how much I wanted it! But my parents just kept saying no, and they didn't even want to talk about it with me.

This was so mean! I couldn't understand why they were so stubborn about this. I longed for water so much! It was too cold to swim outside and it definitely wasn't possible to swim inside our apartment, in the bath tub. My parents were so mean. And so

again and again I begged them to let me, and when they said no, I repeated my question billions of times: “Why not? Just why not?”

Well, at a certain point my mother lost her control. She grabbed me so hard that it hurt and shook me and she said, “Because we are Jews, we aren’t allowed to use the swimming pools! That’s why.” In the first moment, I didn’t get what connection there was to me. I just didn’t know. My parents didn’t go to church, but many Germans didn’t go either, and we always had a tree at Christmas too.

So that’s how I came to know that I’m Jewish. But I



## HILLE

No way, it hadn’t been about sport for quite some time now. It was about something completely different. “Today I’ll beat you, today I’ll beat you, you Jewish coward!” It was like this before every race – mainly from my biggest rival, who really was a great swimmer. She was the worst, she really spit fury. I always thought there’s no way I can let this happen. If she had known – I think I was only so good because she fuelled my ambition with her spite. This stupid cow made me so angry and sometimes anger can generate strength, I know that now.

“So we’ll see whether you can beat me ...” My technique wasn’t nearly as good as hers, I didn’t practice as much as they all did. But I was fairly strong, because I was so angry. Well, that was a difficult time for me anyway. I am a girl, obviously, but for the boys I was somehow too sturdy. They did like me, but more like a buddy, and nobody ever fell in love with me. Which wasn’t really a problem for me, but because of that I wasn’t hip or anything in the eyes of the other girls. I was

didn’t understand why I should be someone different now, why I suddenly didn’t belong anymore. And then I started to squeeze through the fence behind the swimming pool after school, and I could watch the other kids swimming and this hurt so much, because I was just the same as them and I had to bite my lip really hard not to start crying, because it was so mean that they were allowed to swim and I wasn’t. That they were allowed to go into the swimming pool and I couldn’t. Even though the man at the lake in the summer had said that I was talented.

confused, as I had feelings for girls which I should have had for boys – I couldn’t talk about them to anybody, it was all new to me. It was awfully confusing. Well, I always went to the competitions with this terrible mix of emotions – at that time I was still allowed to go swimming. And I always just thrashed through the water. I wanted to have my mind clear for once, to forget about everything around me. I snorted like a walrus! But every time I came in first at the finish. That’s the way it was. One time we had a race and I had won yet again, but all the others said, “No, the other one won.” But I had been ahead by more than a metre, it was totally clear.

The judge was a nice man, and apart from that he was also brave. And he said, “I saw Hille come in first and that’s the way it is.” Well, and then there was a big discussion, and they decided to hold the race again in the evening. And they tried to make me nervous, and kept making all these silly remarks.

But in the evening, I won again, I won convincingly.

I stood there. One blow after the other. I will never, ever, in my whole life forget the feeling of blood running down my face, how my nose broke, how my skin burned and I was somewhere else, as if watching myself from outside. And I was somehow completely calm.

Yes, maybe it was a big mistake, maybe it was completely stupid. But if you're in love, you tend to do silly things. Maybe. After that, I never saw her again. Her name was Lotta. We had already known each other for a long time. But there was something she didn't know about me.

In retrospect, I think she only liked me for what I did. I was into boxing. Every day, I went to the gym hall. I had a coach, his name was Schubert, and I will never forget Schubert either – and not only because he taught me how to box. Schubert was one of the most intelligent people I have ever met. As a young man he won titles and was celebrated as a hero – but then he had an accident and lost his left arm. Yep. But he didn't give up. He gave lessons. Quite funny that everybody was so eager to be taught by him. By a man with just one arm. He chose his pupils. At that time he actually wasn't allowed to teach me anymore, but many people didn't know that I'm Jewish. My hair is fair, my eyes are blue. But Schubert knew. For him, it didn't matter. He just said, "I can see for myself what and who you are." Lotta often picked me up at the gym hall. On that day too. I only had eyes for her. I boxed for her, studied for her, dressed myself for her. It gave me such strength, I could have moved mountains. And for a long time, it let me forget what was actually happening around us. Until that day. They must have followed us. Lotta and me, we had a secret place – in an empty back courtyard there was an old shed, in which people had left their old stuff and then forgot about the place. We always went inside by pushing aside a loose slat. There we were undisturbed ... When they came, we were kissing, and we were very afraid. There were four of them. I knew two

of them. And they knew me, they knew who I was. "Do your parents know that you're secretly kissing a Jew, Lotta Mayer?"

"Hans is no Jew, you idiots! And if you don't leave immediately, he'll –"

Actually I would not. Schubert had always said, "You are athletes, not fighters. And if anyone of you is hoping to get muscles here and learn ways to beat people up to impress the girls, he can go home right away."

I knew so well what he meant. To me, boxing is a philosophy, to get into the ring, to acknowledge the opponent – it is also about respect, even though you go to the limits.

"I'm not going to fight. I don't do unfair fights." I stretched out my hand towards Lotta, I wanted to leave. One of them shoved me back, they wanted to provoke me, they wanted to get into a punch-up with me.

"Will you finally admit you're a Jew?" "Or are you such a coward, eh?!" Lotta looked at me with surprise. She didn't understand why I didn't hit them, why I let them do this to me. I tried to remain calm. "I am what I am, and you are too, what's the point of this?" Lotta got more nervous, she probably wanted to see a hero. "Hans, do something now!" I couldn't. In fact, I couldn't because I was so very capable of doing so. A few blows would have been enough.

Then I did something I don't understand to this day. I wanted to test them, I wanted to test Lotta. I wanted to know how serious she was about me. I wanted to know whether she could love me if I wasn't a boxer. I wanted to know whether she could love me if I admitted to her that I am a Jew. "Go on, hit me!" I offered my face to them. "Come on, you wanted a fight, didn't you, so get going, hit me!" They were confused, I had stopped their zeal, but then they looked at Lotta and maybe they didn't want to be embarrassed in front of her. The first blow came. And the second and the third. I can't remember how many came. I just stood there,



not uttering a sound. Their punches were terribly unprofessional, but they broke my nose. I tasted blood. Eventually they stopped. They were strangely embarrassed. And ran off. It actually seemed as if they ran away. Fear was in their eyes. I could detect it clearly. No more words were spoken. Lotta had turned to stone. She stared at me. She was so shocked that she couldn't even scream. Tears streamed from her eyes. Real quiet. "Is it true?"

## HANNA

I had never really wanted to do sports, I don't know, I had never really thought about it. But one day, Anton asked me to come along. He was in a sport club, in the Jewish sport club, because at that time we were not allowed to be members of a German sport club. He was into jiu-jitsu, which is a type of martial art, because he wanted to learn how to defend himself from verbal abuse or attacks. And he went there often and made many new friends. At first I thought, "No, I don't want to have so much to do with him, it's embarrassing, everybody'll think that we have a crush on each other". But Anton was something like a brother to me, my best friend, he lived in the apartment next to ours, and so we had already become friends when we were really small kids. And then I thought, "I don't want to go to a Jewish sport club, I don't want to feel excluded, I don't feel Jewish, I'm a Berliner, I was born here." But because some of my friends, I mean some of them who had been my friends, distanced themselves more and more – they weren't stupid or mean to me, but they started to avoid me and they never had time for me and then they didn't greet me anymore, which made me really, really sad. Then I thought maybe it isn't such a bad idea of Anton's, maybe one has to stick together. And I pulled myself together and accompanied him. Well, and then I started to do track and field. And that was a surprise! I hadn't known that I was capable of running so fast – the others were quite overwhelmed and I was just astonished – I hadn't been

she finally asked with a quivering voice.

Now I, too, could have started to cry. I nodded my head.

And then, then she closed her eyes, drew in her breath and yelled. This was the only blow which really hurt. It hurt terribly. To this day. "I want to hear it from you! Say it, say that you are a Jew!" I said it.

And nothing was the same ever since.

running that much previously, in my everyday life I mean. And I really liked the people there a lot. I felt accepted and understood, because we young people, I mean the Jewish young people, we all had the same problems at this time. Some of them wanted to leave Germany and emigrate to Palestine, and Anton wanted this too, and he said he would like to take me with him... Anyway, there was this situation in which we both, I think, realised that we had to be better than those who humiliate and disregard us, and that, silly as it sounds, we have to "show it to them", that we have to "prove it to them" by which they would at least have to have some respect for us.

I was on my way home with Anton, going through a park. And then his shoelace got undone, and without thinking about it he sat down on a park bench, right on the edge, to tie it. On the bench there was a sign saying "Prohibited for dogs and Jews".

It was a silly coincidence that at this moment three boys from Anton's parallel class came by. They were stupid and didn't think a lot, scatter-brains Anton always said – if they had any brains at all – and they recognised Anton and then it started. It could have been quite dangerous for us if a strict adult Nazi had come along.

Anton was about to attack one of them when I said, "But you are cowards, there are more of you than us but you still want to fight? Well, OK. But let's do it like this. A race – if you win, you're allowed to slap us three times in the face. As hard as you

like, as retribution for the bench. If I win, you'll let us go."

The three of them laughed stupidly and thought this was silly of course. But in a situation like that you only have to say to boys, "Or are you afraid?" And then I got them. But suddenly I was afraid. I didn't know whether one of them too might be really fast, or maybe I would fall, or maybe I had overestimated my abilities? I shivered with fear. Anton, who thought I had gone mad, did the "ready, steady, go", and then ... It was absolutely strange, I've never experienced anything like that again, even though I've run a lot and often, but then it like running against my own destiny. The



## MARIE

Marie had always been better at swimming than me, we were in the swimming club together, right up to the time she wasn't allowed to go there anymore because she was a Jew. I didn't really realise this, she wasn't different or anything, she really wasn't, and anyway she was an absolutely terrific swimmer and this we really envied. She won medals and went to other towns for swimming competitions and stuff like that. Well, and then she wasn't allowed to swim with us anymore, so she practiced somewhere else, I think in a Jewish sport club, a club in which only Jews were, but I was still friends with her at that time. Until the others started teasing me and saying that I hung around with that stupid Jewish girl and who did I think I was? And my swimming instructor also took me aside and told me, "Now you are our best swimmer here. You can be glad that that Jewish girl left us at last. And it would be better if you didn't have any contact with her anymore." This was quite awkward for me, because I really liked Marie a lot, but I knew that if I stayed friends with her, the others wouldn't be friends with me

only thing I thought was, "I will never give up, I won't let them get me down!" It seemed to me that I was in a personal race against Hitler. And I was so terribly angry because we were constantly being humiliated, because shortly before I had seen some people hit an old man in the face, and when he fell they spat into his face, and bystanders stood watching or just walked past and pretended not to have seen anything. We weren't even allowed to sit on a silly park bench!"

I think I've never ran that fast in my whole life. And Anton – after that he told me that he had fallen in love with me.

anymore and one generally wants to have more than just one friend. I didn't want to be in trouble. And to be honest, I sometimes envied her quite a lot when she always did everything right in swimming and was just faster than any of us. And now I was really enjoying suddenly being praised so much.

Only that one time, I was quite afraid then and felt totally miserable. We were leaving the swimming club and some of the boys accompanied us and then we spotted Marie down the road. She was probably also coming from her swimming lessons, carrying her big bag and walking alone. And the boys wanted to tease her, so they grabbed her bag and shouted, "Well, dirty Jew, can you run as fast as you swim?" Marie just stood still and didn't take on the silly game and then they flung her bag into the bushes and one boy spat on her coat. And me... I watched everything and felt just sick with anger, but I didn't say anything. I just didn't say anything, and I also couldn't look into Marie's eyes. I just didn't dare to.

My father said to me, “If I see you with him once more, or if anybody tells me that you were in contact with him, then you’ll be in real trouble! And I’m dead serious!!”

Of course he was serious. He had already cut my pocket money, because I always invited Peter to the cinema (illegally, namely, because at that time he wasn’t allowed to go to the cinema anymore – we just went to cinemas in other neighbourhoods where nobody knew us...). My father never referred to Peter by name. He always just said “he”, “him”, or “that one”. Even though he knew that Peter was called Peter. He also knew Peter’s father, who had been a doctor, a paediatrician, whom my mother sometimes visited with my little sister. After a certain point he wasn’t allowed to treat Germans anymore, only Jews, and my mother said to my father, “This is silly, Ernst, Peter’s father is an excellent doctor and everything else doesn’t concern me in the slightest, he can be whatever he wants!” But my father only said, “I am very concerned about your convictions, Margarete!”

Today I can say that my father was a Nazi. Yes, that’s what I can probably say about it. Completely enthusiastic about Hitler. But as for my mother, I was really lucky. She always said, “If Peter is your friend, he’s your friend. I’m not going to tell you whom you can like and whom not”. Because with Peter it was like this – he was my best friend.

Just like that. He was clever, he was funny, he had great ideas. I liked him much more than my schoolmates, nearly all of whom were in the Hitler Youth and showed off with their knives and parted their hair nicely and always obediently made the “Heil Hitler” salute – like clowns.

I didn’t have to join the Hitler Youth. I was a member of the Gymnastics Association. I think I was quite good, I took part in national competitions and stuff like that. And because I trained so much, I didn’t have to go to the Hitler Youth. I wanted to be a gymnast, that was my big dream. My coach, whom I really liked and who kind of pretended to

be a Nazi, was actually a great chap and a coach. And he said, “Politics are all well and good, but in this gym hall it’s about sports and not about discussions – is that clear?”

Well. Now it was like this: Peter, too, was a very good athlete. He could stay in a handstand for a long time, and he was really good on the high bar in school. But he couldn’t practice anywhere anymore, he wasn’t even allowed to enter a gym hall. My room was very big. My mother persuaded my father to install bars on the wall and a bar in the doorframe too, so I could also practice a bit at home. And the room was so long that I could do a back handspring. So to make a long story short, I told Peter, “Listen, I don’t have practice on Thursdays and my father won’t come home from work before six. If you like, I could sort of be your coach. At first, Peter didn’t want to. He didn’t find my father terribly friendly, as he put it politely. But in the end, he gave in. Those were great afternoons. The two of us in gym shorts in my room – we nearly broke down with laughter. I helped him to walk on his hands through my room, supported him doing the handspring and when we had practiced enough we would get my mother and sister to play football in our socks, for we didn’t want to disturb our downstairs neighbours too much. And once, when the score was 4:3 for Peter and me and we were at the point of shooting our fifth goal, my mother was the one who laughed the loudest out of sheer joy and suddenly my father stood in the door of my room, back far too early from work.

He stood there and stared at us so seriously and dangerously, that shivers ran down my spine. My mother wanted to ease the situation a bit and played the ball over to my father – but he didn’t find this very funny. The ball rolled sadly into the hall. Then my father said to me, “Gerd, please tell the Jew to leave my apartment immediately.” We were speechless. My mother started saying something, but my father interrupted her in a very

sharp tone, “I’ll give him three minutes!” And he went into his study. Peter quickly dressed. “It’s OK,” he just said. “It’s OK.” But I couldn’t help myself and started to cry with anger. Later, when we sat down for dinner, my father pretended that nothing had happened. He was very friendly and attentive and I – I just couldn’t eat. And suddenly I couldn’t stand it any longer and

stood up and said, much too loudly, as if I was about to give a speech, “Peter Rosenfeld is my best friend and he is going to stay my best friend!” And because my father remained silent, I repeated that “Peter Rosenfeld is my best friend!” My father had never hit me before. But from that day on, well ... from then on everything was different.

## 10 WASSERBALL SERIE / WATER POLO SERIES

The French photographer Charles Fréger is known for his photo series of young athletes, pupils and soldiers. His work reveals how social groups are represented, and encourages reflection on contemporary images of youth.

[In the hallway]

## 11 T-SHIRT NO. 11

Shortly before the 1936 Olympic Games, Gretel set a new German high-jump record of 1.60 metres. The Nazis didn’t want any Jewish medal contenders, but let her train anyway because the Americans threatened to boycott the Games if no German Jews competed. As soon as the American team boarded the ship for Germany, **GRETEL WAS KICKED OFF THE OLYMPIC TEAM SUPPOSEDLY ON ACCOUNT OF POOR PERFORMANCE.**

Shortly thereafter she emigrated to the USA and settled in New York. To this day she is sure she would have won a medal. But what would she have done on the winners’ platform? **“SAID HEIL HITLER LIKE EVERYONE ELSE? As a Jewish girl I would never have done that!”**

## 11 T-SHIRT NO. 3

**“IT WAS STRANGE. I used to have a lot of trouble in the mornings deciding what to wear. BUT I MADE THIS DECISION, WHICH CHANGED MY LIFE FOREVER, IN AN INSTANT.”**

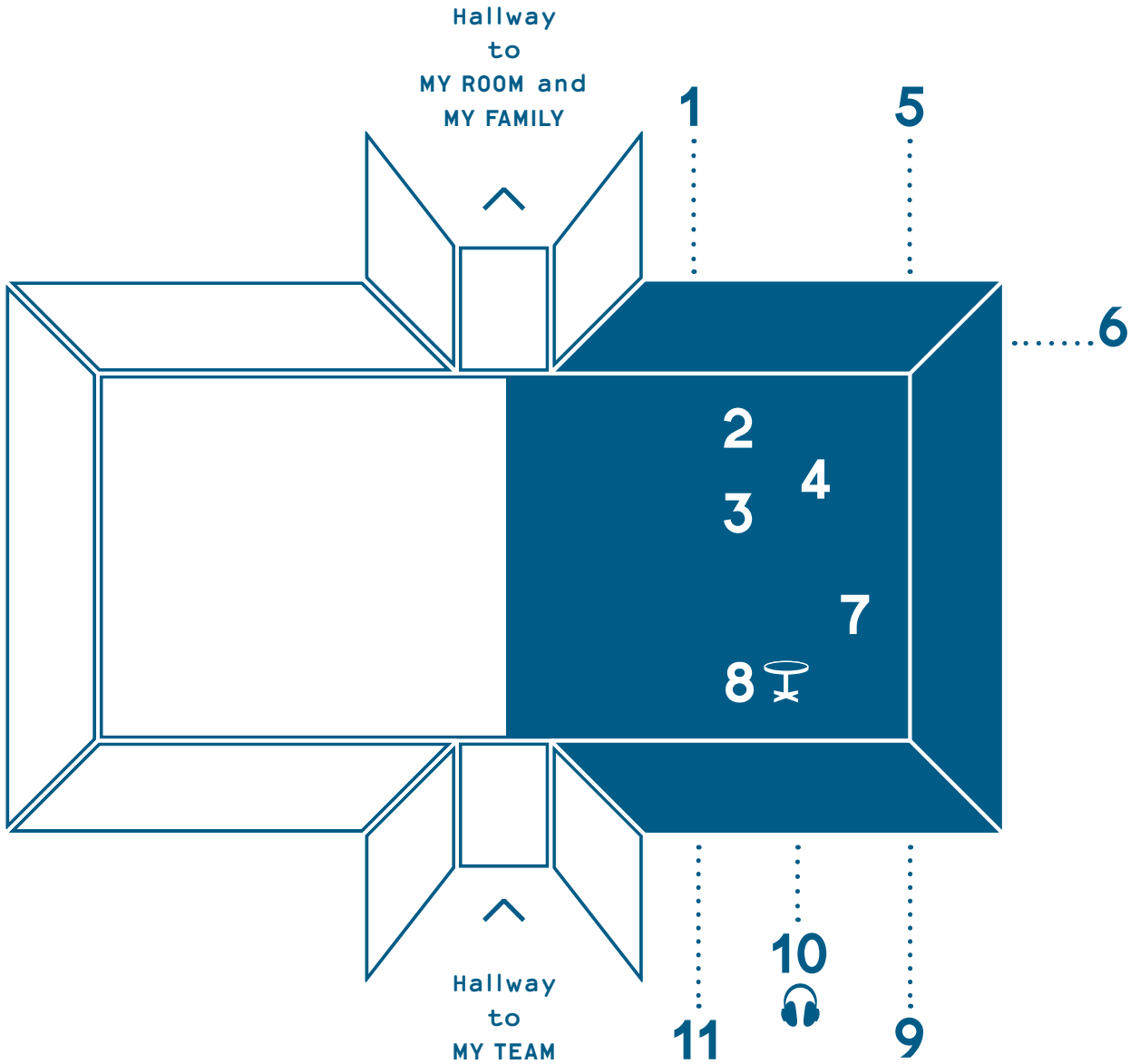
Gretel, a high jumper, on her decision to emigrate

## 11 T-SHIRT NO. 1

JOHANN, who comes from a Sinti family, won the German Boxing Championship in 1933. But the Boxing Federation took away his title because it said his boxing style was “un-German”. In protest, he entered the ring for his last fight with his hair dyed blond and white powder all over his body.



# MEIN LADEN / MY CORNER STORE



# 1 WHAT DO YOU THINK ...

[Photo of a girl with her face blotted out. She stands in front of a sign that reads:]  
Jews are our misfortune!  
Only traitors patronize Jewish shops!

**What can you see in the picture?**

**How does the girl feel?**

**Who took the photo?**

**Where was the picture found?**

**When was the photo taken?**

**Why is the sign there?**

**Why is the girl standing there?**

**Why is the face of the girl blotted out?**

**Why was the photo taken in the first place?**

**Who else can you see in the picture?**

**When was the face blotted out?**

**Who wanted to make her face unrecognisable?**

# 2 SCHOKOLADE / CHOCOLATE

As of December 1939, Jews were no longer allowed to buy chocolate.

# 3 SEIFE / SOAP

As of June 1941, Jews could not buy soap because they were no longer given the necessary ration coupons.

# 4 TELEFON / TELEPHONE

As of July 1940, Jews were not allowed to have their own telephones, and as of September 1941, they were not allowed to use phones at all.

# 5 WIDERSTAND GEGEN DEN BOYKOTT / DEFYING THE BOYCOTT

This woman ignoring the boycott of Jewish shops is being photographed.

> Photo from the Würzburg municipal archive

# 6 BOYKOTT / BOYCOTT

[The outside window has been vandalized with paint (the German text in lower corner can only be read from outside).]

Under the Nazis, many official appeals were made to the public not to buy from Jewish shops - for example on 1 April 1933. People who defied these appeals and bought from the shops anyway were often photographed, and their pictures were sometimes published in the newspapers.

## 7 [Sign hanging from the ceiling]

All customers will be photographed

## 8 KONDITOREI HANSA / PATISSERIE HANSA

Patisserie Hansa stood in this street on the bank of the river Spree, where nowadays the Hansa primary school is located.

In 1932, Max Loewy and his wife Sophie took over the patisserie. Loewy's request for police protection due to attacks on his café in July 1935 remained fruitless. That summer, Jewish ice cream cafés in Berlin suffered similar attacks. Their shop windows were covered with graffiti and customers were photographed to discourage them from entering. Because of this difficult situation, the Loewys began preparations to emigrate to Great Britain, and Sophie Loewy sold the patisserie in February 1937.

Max Loewy, Berlin NW 87, 29 July 1935  
Flensburgerstrasse 19

To the Chief of Police in Berlin  
via the director of the Charlottenburg-Tiergarten  
police department

In my function as managing director of the Patisserie Hansa in Berlin NW 87, Flensburgerstr. 19, as well as in my own name and with reference to my petitions on the 22nd and 27th of this month, I allow myself to give account of the following: The individual actions directed against the Patisserie Hansa, of which I am the manager, have repeated on a continuous basis. As already described in previous petitions, my café has been disturbed by young people, some of whom are still in their teens, and who are led by three men aged 25–30, since the 15th of this month. I have described earlier how these young people enter the café and drive away the guests by strong verbal abuse, and if anybody resists them, also by the use of violence. The interior of my café and especially the front garden have been completely destroyed.  
[...]

On Sunday the 28th of this month, at around 4 o'clock in the afternoon, I watched a young man of maybe thirty walking up and down in front of the café with a lady, showing her what had been

damaged and what had been written on the outside of the café. It seemed that this young man, whom I recognised as the ringleader of the vandalism done earlier, was boasting about his deeds to the lady. When the man noticed me inside the café, he made threatening gestures towards me. He did not come inside the café, which at this time was still fairly empty, but instead left.

After about an hour he returned with the lady and I concluded from his gestures that he told her that he now would go into the café and show her the damage he had done inside.

In the meantime, a few guests had come into the café. The man entered and went through the front room to the back room that faces the garden. He had his hands in his pockets and moved in a challenging manner, so I was compelled to ask him what he wanted. He replied that he wanted to take a look at this dirty Jew's dump. I reproached him with the fact that it was he who together with his group had attacked the café six times in a row and driven out the guests. This he did not deny but only asked how I as a Jew could possibly argue about this with him, a leader of an SA troop. I had already had my son call the police to determine the identity of this man. When I repeated that he should show his ID, he again replied that he had no reason to justify himself to a Jew. I should let him go, or else he would call the police. I told him that



this had already been done. He too made a phone call to the police. An officer came and immediately said: Oh, you are the man I've found here repeatedly and told to leave.

The man still refused to show his ID to me. In the meantime a police squad arrived and its leader demanded that the man and I come along to the station. There, he did show his ID (but not in my presence), as an officer told me afterwards. His name is Mr. Kurt Heinz Hebleske, NW, a resident of Emdenerstrasse 56. About half an hour after I returned home from the police station, the same man appeared again. He did not come into the café but made threatening gestures from outside and left after a few minutes. At around 11 o'clock at night, two young men rushed into the café while two more young men stood at the door, obviously to make sure that the others could not be kept in the café for ID purposes. The two lads in the café kept yelling "Christians get out!", while the lads at the door shouted "Jews get out!" The two lads in the café threw themselves onto the guests and started a fight with some of the men. Some of the women fainted, and my wife got heart problems, so I was not able to identify the men. I immediately had someone inform the police.

When the police arrived 5 minutes later, the men had vanished without anyone seeing their IDs. I can give the authorities the names of the guests who witnessed this incident anytime if required. The guests, who of course were very appalled at the incident, left and I closed the café at around 11 o'clock which is earlier than usual. Shortly afterwards, some young men again appeared and tried to get in. They went wild outside, but left a few minutes later because the café was already closed.

I ask for protection against such hooliganism and vandalism in my café. I refer to the Chief of Police who has stated in several decrees that all individual actions [of anti-Jewish violence] are strictly

prohibited and that those who nonetheless initiate individual actions against these decrees act against the national community [Volksgemeinschaft]. This ongoing vandalism and hooliganism against my café is of a quality that could ruin my business completely and destroy the jobs of not only myself and my family, but also my employees. This would directly affect not only myself and my employees, but also my landlord to whom I would not be able to pay the rent, my suppliers whom I could no longer pay or place further orders with, the workmen who receive ongoing contracts from my business, and the tax authorities to whom I could no longer meet my obligations.

My business is only a small link in the chain of the economy at large, but disturbing this link will have a negative effect on the overall economy.

I have done my best to lead my business so that it does not stand out unnecessarily in any way. Any officer from the relevant police department can confirm that my business is led quietly, solidly and with control. I would therefore like to request protection to pursue my profession. The only effective protection would seem to be posting a police officer in uniform or in civilian clothing in my café, so that these wrong-doers, should they appear again, can be identified directly via the authority of the police in order to prevent new incidents. I'm afraid that I must expect the hooliganism and vandalism in my café to be repeated on a daily basis. It has gone on now for two weeks already. It has not stopped even though the Chief of Police's decree against individual actions has apparently been followed in other districts of Berlin. Because this decree has been published and because no vandalism has occurred elsewhere, I have to assume that in my case these people are not acting for any political reasons, but rather that these are individual actions. I would be grateful for immediate orders to take effective security measures for my business.

**9** MEIN LADEN / MY CORNER STORE  
WITH EZRA, I ALWAYS FEEL COMFORTABLE.  
I CAN COME TO HIS SHOP, SIT DOWN AND  
STAY FOR A WHILE. I CAN MEET MY FRIENDS  
HERE WITHOUT MY PARENTS CONSTANTLY  
COMING IN. IT'S JUST A COOL PLACE. NOW  
THEY'VE SMASHED HIS WINDOW FOR THE  
SECOND TIME ALREADY. EZRA DOESN'T FEEL  
SAFE ANYMORE, AND HE'S THINKING ABOUT  
LEAVING. YOU CAN'T DO THIS, I SAY - BUT  
THAT'S THE WAY IT IS, SAYS EZRA.

## **10** TABAKLADEN / TOBACCO SHOP

by Günter Lamprecht

Excerpt from the audiobook "Ein höllisches Ding, das Leben" ("A hellish thing is life")

(2:43 minutes)

**Günter Lamprecht recalls how as a small boy in 1938, he took part in plundering a shop. He later became an actor, appearing both on stage and in many films and TV shows including the main role in Rainer Werner Fassbinder's series Berlin Alexanderplatz.**

[Text at the headphone station]

"In Friedrichstraße, in Leipziger Straße and around Hausvogteiplatz, I saw many shops with shattered windows. Most of them had been plundered. No policeman did anything when Helmut and I disappeared into the tobacco shop. The showroom had been severely damaged. We stumbled over drawers everywhere on the floor, and shards of glass crunched under our shoes. Nearly everything had been shattered, stamped on, or stolen. It smelled strongly of tobacco, a sweet and pleasant fragrance. Squished bags of tobacco were lying around everywhere. Helmut had been there hours ago already and knew his way around. He was determined to break into the cash register, a beautiful old piece of craftsmanship that still stood on the sales counter. Toward the back of the room there was a heavy curtain that was partially open, showing a room furnished as an office. The curtain slowly opened further, and I stepped back in alarm. An old man sat there motionless

on a chair. He must have been the owner of the shop, and he gazed at us listlessly. Helmut kept trying to pry open the cash register with a screwdriver.

The man's face was marked with misery. As if absent from this world, he took a small key from the pocket of his vest. Nodding in the direction of Helmut, he handed it to me and said, "It's easier with this." I couldn't take the key, and turned around. "Come on, let's go, there's someone back there," I said. "That old guy, he was sitting there this morning, he won't do anything to us." On my way out I put a few cigars under my arm and heard Helmut yell, "Go on home to your mommy, you wimp."

Over the next few weeks my grandfather put his usual chewing tobacco aside and smoked some expensive cigars. Whenever he lit one of them up, my conscience troubled me. But most of the adults thought it was good "that they're finally being showed what's what, and having a fire lit under

their ass.” That day with Helmut in Leipziger  
Straße was later called the ‘Reichskristallnacht’.”

[Kristallnacht – a night (and day) of organised  
attacks against Jews]

## **11 JUGENDSCHUTZGESETZ / LAW FOR THE PROTECTION OF MINORS**

The Jugendschutzgesetz serves to protect children and youth in public spaces. It covers the sale and consumption of tobacco and alcohol, the sale and renting of items such as films and computer games, and the use of spaces such as restaurants and dance clubs (e.g. discos).

An excerpt from the Jugendschutzgesetz such as that here on this wall is required to be posted at places where alcohol and tobacco products are sold.



# 1 YOUNG PEOPLE AND THE LAW

[Red LED display]

The moving red LED display shows a series of laws in Germany today that are especially relevant for young people. The sequence goes by age [you can set the age by repeatedly pressing a button on the top of the box on the wall to the left of the display]. For example:

As of age 12, you can apply for your own passport with the permission of your parents. As of 14, you can choose your own religion, and you are also covered by the Youth Penal Code (Jugendstrafgesetz). As of age 16, you can stay out until midnight at restaurants and clubs, and you can marry someone who is not a minor with the permission of your parents. At age 18 you yourself are no longer a minor, which means that you can get a driver's license and vote.

## 2 MEINE PAPIERE / MY PASSPORT

SOON I CAN APPLY FOR MY PASSPORT - BUT FOR WHICH COUNTRY? I HAVE TO CHOOSE. DO I BELONG HERE OR NOT? DO I WANT TO VOTE HERE OR IN THE HOME OF MY GRANDPARENTS? I FEEL UNCOMFORTABLE, I DON'T REALLY KNOW WHERE I BELONG. MY FRIENDS SAY, "COME ON, BECOME GERMAN". BUT MY PARENTS - THEY SEE THIS DIFFERENTLY.

## 3 LAST EXIT FLUCHT / AGAINST ALL ODDS

An online game developed by the UNHCR, the UN refugee agency, that lets you feel what it's like to be a refugee.

You can play it at the four computer terminals here - or if they are no longer available at the exhibition, on the Internet at: [www.lastexitflucht.org](http://www.lastexitflucht.org)

4 first to become soft like wet paper, and then to be thrown away.

they wanted to force us to stop having our own thoughts.

i lost some of my best friends, just because they said the wrong thing at the wrong time.

everybody says something other than what they want to say.

(Otl Aicher)

**5** when we asked what would become of this country, it was then the question of what would become of us.

(Otl Aicher)

## **6** **CIOMA FÄLSCHT PAPIERE / CIOMA FORGES IDs**

Audio series by Natalie Kreisz,  
part III (1:57 minutes)

**Cioma Schönhaus grows up in a Jewish family in Berlin. When his parents are deported in 1942 (and subsequently killed), he goes into the underground. He makes fake IDs, which save many people's lives. In 1943 he escapes from Germany to Switzerland, where he still lives today.**

[Text at headphone station]

“While I was still working, at the factory, one of my colleagues came to me and said, “Listen, Schönhaus, you were at the School of Applied Arts, weren't you?” “I was,” I said. “Can you forge an ID?” he asked. I said, “I don't know how, I'd have to see, where's the ID, what's the story?” “You should go see Ewo Wolf at Kaiserallee 176. She has an ID, a discharge document from the army, and she has a Jewish friend who wants to go into hiding and it's a matter of altering the discharge document, replacing the photo and forging the stamp on it. Can you do that?”

I told myself that's important and I'd do it right

away. He needs the document and I can do it. Why not. Of course I'll do it. If I have the chance to help someone with an ID, I'd like to say it would be a great pleasure to forge a stamp like that! I kept perfecting it, and it was a lot of fun! I would have had a really bad conscience if I had ever refused, no way.”

I've never had such satisfying work as I did then, on going into my shop with a stack of IDs and then altering them one after the other. I never refused to do it. I always returned them sooner than expected. And I can only say that it was something I really enjoyed.”

## **7** **CIOMA TROTZT VERBOTEN / CIOMA IGNORES PROHIBITIONS**

Audio series by Natalie Kreisz,  
part II (2:16 minutes)

[Text at headphone station]

“The official prohibition from the police which said Jews could not be out later than 8 pm in the evening – that was out of the question. Or that we could never go to a movie or the theatre – total nonsense, I never obeyed it.

At the time I was still attending the School of Applied Arts in Nürnberger Straße with Renate

Klepper; that was a Jewish school of arts. And afterwards we'd go to a café and have a cup of substitute coffee. Even though it had a big sign that said “No Jews allowed”. We sat there without a thought and didn't worry about it.

Suddenly a policeman stood up and went to one of the tables and said, “You're a Jew! Show me your ID!” The man said “No”. “Show me your ID imme-

diately!” said the policeman. Everyone was quiet and watched with suspense, and again the man said “No”. And then the policeman yelled even louder, “Show me your ID right now!” The manager came up and said, “Come on, show him your ID, and then we’ll be left in peace”. The man pulled out his ID, and the policeman said, “I’m confiscating this!” and put it in his pocket. He went straight to the next table and said, “But you’re Jewish!” Renate then said to me, “Hey you, it’s time to go now.” (laughs)  
And we went downstairs, because the café was on

the first floor above ground. On the street a policeman was walking past, a regular Berlin city cop. I ran up to him and said, “Heil Hitler, Officer! Up there on the first floor there’s a drunken policeman who’s harassing the guests.” “What?” he said. “I’ll take care of that!” He ran up the stairs and I hoped he would come down dragging the first one by his coattails. But when he came down he didn’t have the other one, he just walked past me and said, “Good job, my boy, thank you!” Renate looked at me admiringly – but she didn’t become my girlfriend.”

## 8A

**Back-lit display showing Istanbul and the Bosphorus.**

This and the hallway to MY ROOM / MY FAMILY form an audiovisual installation with autobiographical excerpts, books, sound and photos.

The Bosphorus serves as the backdrop for these excerpts from Edzard Reuter’s reminiscences of his youth.

“Every once in a while our idyllic situation was punctuated by a daytime excursion to the Bosphorus, which also used to include a swim in the sea.”

“News of the outbreak of war hit us like a thunderbolt as we stood on the square between the Hagia Sophia and the Sultan Ahmed Mosque.”

“It was a melancholy farewell, because I knew that a crucial part of my life had come to a close.

There were tears in my eyes when the steamer left the skyline of Istanbul behind in the twilight.

It was a farewell from my youth, and a farewell from the Turkish people.”

“How often would I travel between Istanbul and

Ankara on the “Anadolou Express” over the next eleven years!”

“Those wonderfully impressive passages on one of the small boats that connected the two halves of Istanbul with each other are still fresh in my mind today, when we went across to the opposite shore and stayed the night there before setting off for Ankara.”

“An excursion to the charming Princes’ Islands far off from Istanbul in the Sea of Marmara had the feel of a little holiday trip.”

Source: Edzard Reuter, Schein und Wirklichkeit, Erinnerungen, 1999

## 8B VON ISTANBUL BIS AUF DEN BERG ULUDAG / FROM GERMANY TO ISTANBUL (AND SKIING ON ULUDAG)

**When the Republic of Turkey was formed at the time of Atatürk, some Germans participated in the process of nation building. In the 1930s, many of them had to leave Germany for political reasons or because they were Jewish. Some of them had children, whom they took with them into exile. For example, Edzard Reuter, who later became the CEO of Daimler Benz, had to leave Germany because his father was a well-known**

politician in the Social Democratic party (which the Nazis opposed). Cornelius Bischoff, who later became a major literary translator, had to leave because his parents were also active Social Democrats and his mother had Jewish ancestry. Both Reuter and Bischoff spent their youth in Turkey.

> We went on a journey to retrace their steps, collecting images and sounds of modern Turkey along the way.

## 8C WAS WÜRDEST DU VON ZUHAUSE MITNEHMEN? / IF YOU LEAVE HOME WITHOUT KNOWING WHEN YOU'LL EVER COME BACK, WHAT WOULD YOU TAKE WITH YOU?

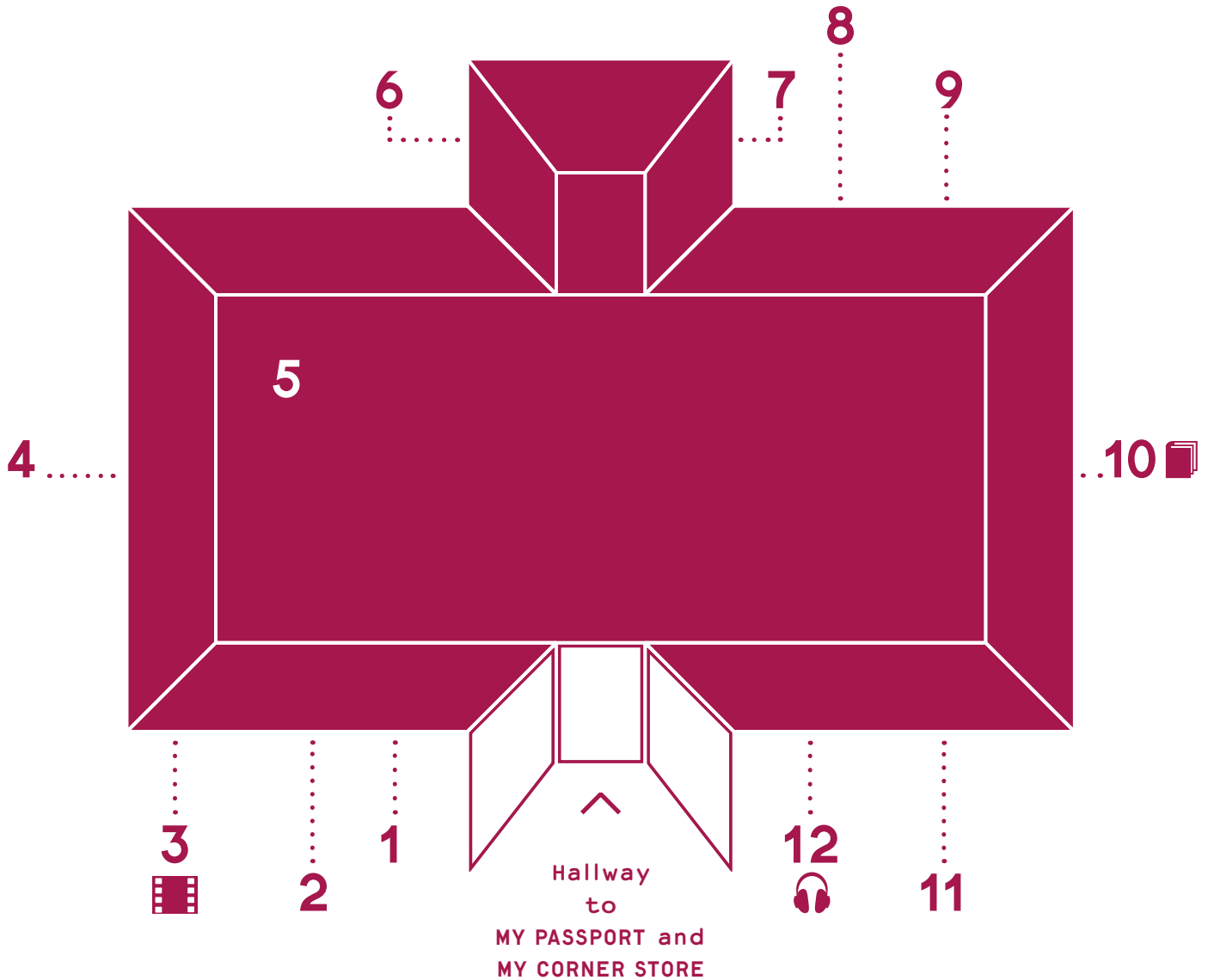
When Cornelius, aged 11, travels to his grandmother's home in Paris, he takes only one book, namely *Der Schatz im Silbersee* ("The treasure of Silver Lake") by Karl May (a famous German author who wrote novels about the American Wild West, without ever having been there himself). He has no idea that his journey will continue on to Istanbul. On arriving in Turkey, he is told that his

family will stay there in exile for a few years, because his parents are not safe in Germany as they are Social Democrats and his mother has Jewish ancestry. After the war Cornelius Bischoff returns to Germany, where he later translates works by authors such as Yasar Kemal and Orhan Pamuk into German. He maintains close ties with Turkey to this day.





# MEIN ZIMMER / MY ROOM MEINE FAMILIE / MY FAMILY



**1** **MEINE FAMILIE / MY FAMILY**  
OF COURSE WE SOMETIMES FIGHT, IT'D BE STRANGE IF WE DIDN'T. FAMILY MEMBERS LIVE AT SUCH CLOSE QUARTERS. AS ANNOYING AS THIS IS, I NEVER WANTED TO LOSE ANY ONE OF US. BUT NOW, ONE OF US IS GONE. WE DON'T KNOW WHETHER HE'S OK. SOMETIMES I HEAR MY MOTHER CRYING AT NIGHT. MY FAMILY HAS BEEN WOUNDED DEEPLY, AND ME AS WELL.

**2** **MEIN ZIMMER / MY ROOM**  
MY ROOM IS SACRED TO ME. BUT TODAY I CAME INTO IT AND IMMEDIATELY NOTICED THAT SOMETHING WAS WRONG. SOMEBODY HAD BEEN HERE, AND GONE THROUGH MY THINGS. DID THEY FIND MY PICTURES AND START MY COMPUTER? I FEEL SICK. WHO DID THIS, WHY? NEVER AGAIN WILL I FEEL SAFE IN MY ROOM.

### **3** **DAS POESIEALBUM / THE POETRY ALBUM**

> Short film directed by Robert Thalheim  
(4:51 minutes)

with **Marion House and Sophie Thaon**  
and pupils from the **Rückert School in Berlin**

#### **MARION HOUSE**

As a girl, Marion is one of the few Jewish pupils at the Rückert School in Berlin-Schöneberg, until she is made to go to a school only for Jews. Alarmed by the threats and ever greater degree of exclusion, Marion's family sends her to safety in London with the Refugee Children Movement. There she has to cope all on her own. After the war, her family is able to reunite and emigrate to the USA. Marion still lives in New York today.

[Text at headphone station]

[Marion House walks up a flight of stairs -  
title: "Das Poesiealbum" - girls play in a  
schoolyard]

Marion House:

"We played a lot of this game called "Hopser", an awful lot. I still know the rules today. There were three squares like this, and then you had to throw a stone, and the further it went ... you had to hop over there ... and it could be a rather complicated affair, but we all really liked it.

At the Rückert School I was mainly friends with the Jewish girls. There was one Christian girl in my class whom I was friends with. Whenever I was together with Christine we always had a very good time; we played ball, or marbles, and laughed and giggled a lot like young girls do.

And then she gave me her poetry album and said I should write something in it. I took it home and thought about what I should write. If you were friends with someone then they wanted you to write something that expressed your feelings and something that you could and should keep as a memento.

[Marion House walks through her old school  
building]

I still had her poetry album on the day when she suddenly stopped talking to me.

[Girls sit in the classroom]

She avoided me and practically ignored me, and I couldn't imagine why. And when I approached her she tried to get away. At the time I didn't understand that at all.

[One girl moves away from another girl in

#### **the classroom and sits somewhere else ]**

That went on for several days, and we didn't talk with each other. I told my parents about it at home, and we couldn't imagine that the idea came from her. We had really been friends right up to that day. So we thought that someone might have told her parents something like "be careful your daughter doesn't play with that Jewish girl because it will reflect poorly on you." They made a lot of people afraid that way.

#### **[The girl left sitting alone looks sad ]**

In the meantime I still had her poetry album, and I didn't know what to do with it. I didn't want to embarrass her and give it back to her in class.

#### **[Marion House walks into a residential**

**building ]** So I went to the building where she lived, and I was really afraid when I went up the stairs that I'd run into someone from her family coming down.

#### **[The girl walks furtively up the stairs and places the album wrapped in a piece of cloth by the door ]**

I went quietly up the stairs and put the poetry album in front of her door, without ringing the bell, and left. Because I didn't know what I was supposed to be doing there. And I didn't know what to expect if they were to ask me something, or say something.

Not a word was ever said, and we simply didn't have any contact anymore."

## **4 [The destroyed room ]**

Silently we spread butter on our slices of bread, but no one felt like eating. The silence was interrupted by a loud noise at the door. "That sounds like boots", my father said. Now we heard it, too. The kicks against our door became louder and louder until we heard splintering and an enormous thud. In an instant four SA men entered the kitchen, my father stood up and my mother pulled me towards her. "House search," shouted one of the men who wasn't any older than thirty and was obviously the leader of the squad. "Give us your guns!" "There are no guns here", my father replied. I knew he was telling the truth, none of our friends or comrades possessed a gun. "We'll see. Slash everything open," the leader now yelled, whereupon his men charged into the living room and bedroom. They put their rifles against the wall and had one man watch over them, then pulled out sharp knives and slit open quilts, mattresses, the sofa and armchairs. Scraps of cloth and eiderdown fluttered through the apartment, and in a short while our place looked like a den of thieves. When they didn't find anything, they furiously smashed some chairs and smaller tables to pieces, even though surely no guns could have been hidden there. I felt my mother pressing her arms around me tighter and tighter. My father was quiet the entire time, only his eyelids sometimes twitched, but he didn't say a word and didn't move at all.

**As a small girl, Mucki Koch experiences how her family was terrorised in 1933 because her parents were members of the Communist party, which was systematically persecuted by the Nazis. She later joined the Edelweiss resistance group in Cologne.**

A bang outside the front door made us jump. A group of 15 or 20 men were yelling anti-Semitic slogans like "Damn Jews, you bloodsuckers, now you'll get what you deserve". They shoved us into the kitchen and slammed the door shut behind us. They then started to knock over all the furniture in the dining room. We knew what they were doing because we heard the big glass cabinet fall and the glass and china smash to pieces. We heard wood splinter, and more crockery shatter on the floor. The sharp sound of breaking glass was mixed with yells like "Go on, go on – over there", which spurred them on and

suggested they had made further discoveries. We were totally silent, still and without emotion. What did this matter, after they had taken Dad last week? We would all soon be dead ... what did we care about the furniture? These were our thoughts in the kitchen; later we talked about what we had felt in those few minutes of destruction which had seemed to last hours. Suddenly everything was quiet. "You can come out now, we're finished." We looked at a sea of shards and sharp glass and crystal splinters.

**Robert Goldmann describes the violence against his Jewish family in Frankfurt on the morning of 10 November 1938 (the morning after Kristallnacht, a night of organised attacks on Jews in Germany).**

## 5 [Words on the stools]

**Glück = happiness, good fortune**

**Heim = home**

**Heimat = homeland**

**Zuhause = (at) home**

**Zuflucht = refuge**

**Bruder = brother**

**Schwester = sister**

**Mutter = mother**

**Vater = father**

**Enge = closeness, confinement**

**Geborgenheit = (emotional) security**

**Kontrolle = check, inspection**

**Angst = fear**

**Sicherheit = safety, security**

## 6 [Text in the hallway]

The first time E. was invited to visit the Müller family, she was seized with curiosity and an uneasy excitement as she walked to Station Street, for now she would see the type of home that Jews had. She was relieved, but also somewhat disappointed,

as there was nothing eerie to see, hear, smell or taste in the comfortable apartment of the Müller family. It smelled beautifully of freshly made cocoa, and the cake did not taste differently in the least.

**Eva Sternheim-Peters recalls her prejudices as a girl during the Nazi period.**

## 7 IN HITLER'S HOUSE

Lee Miller accompanied American troops into Germany as a war reporter for the British fashion magazine Vogue. She and David E. Scherman took a series of posed photos in Hitler's apartment in Munich.

[left]

**Sgt. Arthur Peters reads Mein Kampf on Hitler's bed and uses Hitler's private phone line, Munich 1945**

> Photograph by Lee Miller

[right]

**Lee Miller in Hitler's bathtub, Munich 1945**

> Photograph by David E. Scherman with Lee Miller

> © Lee Miller Archives

**8 but just one or two books can be a raft  
that lets you survive at sea.  
(Otl Aicher)**

## 9 ENTEIGNUNG / TAKING HOMES AND BELONGINGS

Part of the persecution of the Jewish population in Nazi Germany consisted of taking away their property. Many people were forced to hand over their furniture and household articles. Often the confiscated objects were carefully itemized on long lists.

## 10 TWO BOOKS of memories by Helga Keller and Dieter Borkowski

> Illustration, design: Gabriele Altevers, Karla Detlefsen

### HELGA KELLER: ZUHAUSE BLEIBEN / STAYING AT HOME

Helga grows up in Darmstadt. When she is 12 years old, she is not allowed to participate in a weeklong school excursion to the countryside - because she is Jewish. Three years later she is no longer allowed to attend that school at all. She starts a training program in Berlin in designing advertisements, before escaping to London in 1939 together with her family. She studies art in London and works many years as a cutter in the film business. Today, she lives in Herzliya in Israel, where we visited her while researching for the 7x jung exhibition.

Summer 1933

In class, everybody is really excited. The school has rented a youth hostel, and all the classes will go there for two weeks. We are among the first, we'll go even before our parallel class. We get a long

list of everything we will need. Our name has to be sewed onto every piece of clothing and every towel. Auntie Bertha says that this will be her job again; that we can really be sure she won't die of boredom. So I promise her to help her with the sewing.

Packing the suitcase according to the list takes ages, even though I had already prepared the small things a few days ago. Mum is absolutely no use with packing, she is absent-minded. Auntie Bertha is even less use, because she always makes such a huge fuss about everything.

In the evening before our departure the packed suitcase stands beside my bed. It's hard to fall sleep. I try to imagine what it will be like to have lessons outside. My best friends, the twins, know the region around the hostel and say it's great there. I just really hope that I haven't forgotten anything. After all, shouldn't I take something to read or my drawing block? In the morning, I get up very early and put on my new dirndl. I chose the material myself and I embroidered a red heart onto the blue bodice. I hope that my parents will wake up soon. Dad has to take me and my suitcase to the meeting point.

The phone rings, this early? Who could that be? I answer it and the person asks for Mr. or Mrs. May. Dad is already coming, still wearing his night-clothes. He listens for a long time and doesn't say very much. When the conversation ends, he calls me. "It was the director of your school. He was given orders that the Jewish children are not allowed to take part in the trip. He assured me that he tried everything and I believe him. He isn't a Nazi, but, as he said, the school administrators in the town are powerless."

I throw myself onto my bed and start to cry terri-

bly. What are we, contagious lepers who can give you a disease? What damage could we ever do in the hostel? Jews had never been singled out before. How can we sit in class again after something like this? Everybody is going to stare at us, some will probably be glad. Lotte is quite unpopular because she shows off. But we are only kids, what harm did we do to them? My parents sit down on my bed, but it's no help. They can't understand how I feel. The word "leper" races continuously through my brain. Mum takes the suitcase from my room, for which I am thankful. Dad says he'll take me out for ice cream, with as much whipped cream as I want. But everything around me looks so ugly and stained. I have lost my appetite. For everything. The parents of us five Jewish children phone each other. They decide to combine their efforts to help us get through the two weeks as well as possible. Ursel's father, Professor Jakob, will develop a program. Every day we'll be together and do something "interesting and useful". It is well-meant, but I don't really feel like it. I have never really had a strong connection to the Jewish kids in my class. Two are terribly affected and silly, and of the other two, Lisa Judah is very clever and awfully serious and Ursel is a little bit strange. I force myself to participate, but my mind is elsewhere.

Source: Helga Keller, Farbig in Moll — Darmstadt-Berlin, 1933-1939, Eduard Roether Verlag Darmstadt 1996.

## DIETER BORKOWSKI: WOHNUNGEN AUSRÄUMEN / CLEARING OUT APARTMENTS

**Dieter Borkowski was 14 when he helped his uncle to clear apartments. As an adult, he writes down his experiences as a boy in the Hitler Youth movement in the form of a journal.**

Zernsdorf near Königswusterhausen,  
14 May 1943

I'm spending the Whitsun holidays in the countryside, on the piece of land owned by my Uncle

Alfred and Aunt Friedel. The day before yesterday he invited me to accompany him in his big transport lorry, which I hadn't done for a long time. It all started quite early. I had to be at the garage on

Reuterplatz in Neukölln at 8 o'clock. But I did this gladly, to finally have another chance to drive in a lorry again! Uncle Alfred is an old party member and does important business for the war, and because of that he has Dutch foreign workers at his company. We drove to the city centre. What surprised me was that a high-ranking party functionary sat in the driver's cab. Uncle Alfred, who had liked to talk on previous trips, was very quiet. We stopped at the corner of Potsdamer Street and Bülow Street. Strangely, nobody was present at the apartment, nobody handed over the furniture to us, and there weren't any boxes packed with all the household stuff either! The apartment looked like the inhabitants had just left to go shopping and would soon return. That's what I thought, but I was wrong. The uniformed party member had a list in his hands. He gave orders to Uncle Alfred and the workers to empty the apartment. I was really astonished watching him taking big crystal vases and silver candlesticks for himself and putting them into an extra box on the lorry. Some of the oil paintings went in there, too. It was a big apartment with imposing furnishings, maybe it belonged to a lawyer or doctor. Then Uncle Alfred was allowed to choose some things for himself; he took a bunch of things like lamps, a grandfather clock and many books. But I had the impression that he felt embarrassed about something. We drove on to the next apartment and to my amazement it was the same here as before. A luxuriously designed apartment on Nollendorf Square. Just when I wanted to ask Uncle Alfred I noticed that he didn't want to be questioned. The big lorry was already full, and there wasn't much room in the trailer. "There are two smaller apartments left, we'll manage to take that stuff along too," the party member said to my uncle. And then added with an ugly smile that "every little bit counts". This time we went to a poor back courtyard in Goeben Street, up a narrow staircase. The Nazi official carried the keys in his briefcase with him. Again, we didn't come

across any inhabitants; it seemed as if the people had gotten out of bed and immediately left their small apartment. I had an odd feeling when Uncle Alfred said to me, "Go ahead and choose something, these are only small things that we're not interested in!" By "we" he obviously meant himself and the party member in the brown uniform. I hesitated. The workers hauled a wardrobe outside and piled tables and chairs together. The white duvets in the small bedroom were uncovered, and cups still stood on the table in the kitchen. A suffocating feeling took hold of me – where were the inhabitants of all these apartments? I glanced at my uncle but he looked away. "Well, would you like these books here?" he then asked. I naturally was interested in books. They were piled in a heap that I couldn't examine right then. The men turned to the staircase. Suddenly the party functionary turned around one last time and said, "Here, you can have this little jewellery case; you could turn it into a money box perhaps!" And with that he pressed the little box into my hands. I put everything into a large cardboard carton that I had found on a shelf in the kitchen and followed the others down the stairs. On our way back we didn't speak a word in the driver's cab, and when we arrived in Neukölln my uncle immediately sent me to my aunt. She was the first person I could ask, and she said plainly to me, "Those were Jewish apartments which the regional administration told us to clear out, so each time some things are left over for us. Did you also get something for yourself?" I was speechless. "And where do these Jews go, Aunt Friedel?" She didn't seem to understand my question. "Have you never heard that all Jews, because they are lazy and don't like to work, are being transported to the "General Government" [a large part of Poland under Nazi rule] where they will finally work productively?" No, I had never heard anything like this. In the Hitler Youth they had always told us that the Jews were Germany's misfortune, and that the Führer called them a parasitical race and the reason for Germany's



defeat in the war of 1914 to 1918. But I had not yet seen a Jew, and their apartments had looked like any other apartment. But they must have left their homes in a great hurry – perhaps they were arrested by the police or something like that?

Zernsdorf near Königswusterhausen,  
17 May 1943

I go swimming in the little Lanke River, and walking through the heath in Brandenburg. I read a lot. Sadly, the Whitsun holiday has now passed and school will start in Berlin tomorrow. I talked to Uncle Alfred once again when we were alone about clearing out the Jewish apartments. “That’s perfectly all right”, he said. “The Jews have to work in the Eastern provinces, so they don’t need any apartments in Berlin anymore. These are now being given to our comrades whose own apartments were bombed out because of the Jewish warmongers. And if we get some things for ourselves, that can’t

be wrong, can it?” I remembered the silver candlesticks and the big grandfather clock and all the beautiful books, which I had since found in the wooden blockhouse on the piece of land in Zernsdorf. Unfortunately, they are forbidden authors (whose names I had never heard before, like Thomas Mann, Lion Feuchtwanger, Bertolt Brecht and Kurt Tucholsky) and whom my uncle and aunt certainly would never read. I didn’t want to keep the little brown case with the copper jewellery anymore. On the other hand, I didn’t want to throw it away either. So I shoved it to the very back of my bookcase. I don’t have a good feeling when I remember this car trip, and often the image of the unmade beds in the little apartment in Goeben Street comes back to me.

Source: Dieter Borkowski, *Wer weiß, ob wir uns wiedersehen. Erinnerungen an eine Berlin Jugend*, S. Fischer Verlag, 1980.

## 11 GUTER BAUM - ZURÜCK IN DIE ZUKUNFT 2 / GOOD TREE - BACK TO THE FUTURE 2

> by Ergül Cengiz, Henrieke Ribbe and Kathrin Wolf

**These three artists, who call themselves “3 Hamburg Women”, paint large murals together full of semi-magical animals, plants, figures and landscapes. Based on a “tree of life” motif, this mural - with its multiple layers of meaning - was made specially for the 7xjung exhibition. It invites visitors to reflect on their own backgrounds and futures.**

## 12 CIOMA ALLEIN ZUHAUS / CIOMA IS SUDDENLY ALONE

Audio series by Natalie Kreisz,  
part I (3:28 minutes)

**Cioma Schönhaus grows up in a Jewish family in Berlin. When his parents are deported in 1942 (and subsequently killed), he goes into the underground. He makes fake IDs, which save many people’s lives. In 1943 he escapes from Germany to Switzerland, where he still lives today.**

[Text at headphone station]

“I was very badly behaved as a boy. The neighbours were always complaining because whenever my

parents went to the cinema I was always afraid that they’d never come home. And so I screamed and cried so loudly and so long that they all came over

and comforted me. But one day I had an idea. I was lying in bed and said to myself, what would you do if they really didn't come home? If that happened you'd have to look after yourself, and you'd need money! And so I looked around the apartment and thought to myself, yes, I could sell this cabinet, I'd get 50 marks for it for sure, and I'd also get 10 marks for this rug. And so I sold all the furnishings in the apartment in my mind, and the more I could sell the more I calmed down and that comforted me and finally my parents came home and everything was fine again.

I had this nagging fear. And then one day I really was alone in Berlin. Because one day my parents really were deported. And that day I really did have to ask myself how I would take care of myself. I wanted to hide. And then I remembered what I had already imagined as a little boy – you can sell the furnishings in the apartment! And that is in fact what I did.

I met a friend on the street and asked him, "Tell me, what are you doing?" And he said, "I'm living illegally." [German law requires everyone to register their addresses with the police.] "Yes," I said, "but where exactly?" "At my own home for the time being," he said, to which I responded, "That's not a terribly good place to hide." "That's true," he said,

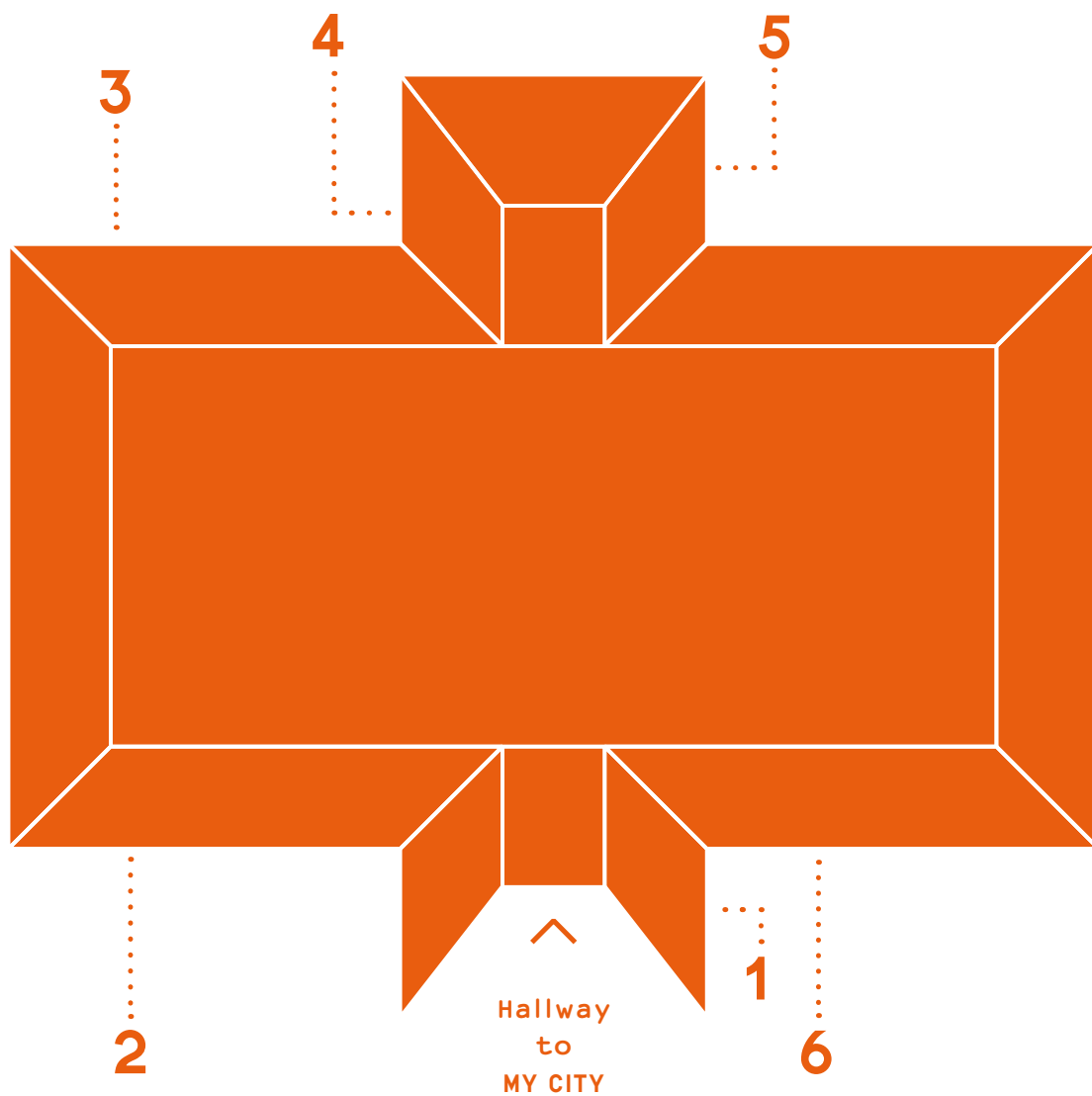
"but I don't have anywhere better." "You know what?" I said, "If you don't have anything better, then at least come to my place; they certainly won't be looking for you there." That same evening he came over to my place, and so there were two of us already. Right, so now I was back in the apartment again, and with my friend. And I thought about what we should do now, because we wanted to stay in Berlin. And it occurred to me that as a 10-year-old I had already imagined selling all of the furnishings in the apartment.

My friend was Jewish, and a trained tailor who had worked together with me. And he said, "That's a great idea!" So then we planned in very concrete terms how we would sell everything. We first made a list and wrote down everything in the apartment with prices. And I would go to the covered market and sell everything in the apartment on the basis of this list.

The day came when we loaded everything onto a truck. The truck stood in front of the door, with two wheels on the sidewalk. A policeman was standing there and directing traffic around it. People passing by said, "Looks like we've cleared out another Jewish apartment" – and we let them think that. That evening we each had a wallet stuffed with bills."

If you now retrace your steps through all the rooms of the exhibition and return to the first room (MY CITY), you will find the last room (MY MUSIC) on the far side of it.

# MEINE MUSIK / MY MUSIC



**1** [In the hallway]

**the night belonged to us.**

**(Otl Aicher)**

[In the main exhibition room]

**2 the walls had ears and the night had eyes.**

**(Otl Aicher)**

**3 SWING**

Manfred Omankowsky, photographed by Julia Müller

**As a boy, Manfred does not even think of joining the Hitler Youth. He has no liking for marching. Instead, he likes to dress casually, and take his portable record player and listen to swing music, which was forbidden under the Nazis at that time.**

**To get a coveted swing record such as “Reefer Man”, he has to swap eight other records for it. In case he is stopped and questioned on his way to the record shop, Manfred always puts an innocuous record like “Good night, my darling child” at the top of his bag.**

**Manfred Omankowsky lives in Berlin and still enjoys listening to “In the Mood”.**

**4** [Above the entrance to the niche]

**everyone started spying on everyone else.**

**(Otl Aicher)**

**5 SPITZELBERICHT / INFORMER’S REPORT IN THE MIRROR**

**From an anonymous informer’s report about an evening of swing music in Café Leon on Kurfürstendamm [a major street in Berlin] in August 1944**

“It was like being in a madhouse. Convulsively twitching, the eager audience sat stamping their feet and clapping their hands to the beat as if obsessed. Names like Count Basie, Nat Gonella and Louis Armstrong, shining examples of the black race, were brought up as comparisons. They seemed to be the greatest praise that one could give.

People gurgled inarticulate sounds when the chansonnier produced his refrains with a tired smile and shaking head. How strikingly he sings. He – a Berliner to the core – masterfully succeeds in emulating the accent of the singers on the BBC.

Gazing rapturously at the boys on the stage, the

little shop girls with their heavily made-up eye-lashes imagine themselves in seventh heaven. When IN THE MOOD is played, the derangement knows no bounds. IN THE MOOD seems to be a mating dance from the South-Sea Islands. "He's killing me with his music" is exclaimed in low tones, a statement just begging for psychoanalytical scrutiny.

Deviant young men with painted fingernails and shaved eyebrows flirt with older friends in the

corners, such that one is overcome with a physical sensation of nausea. A veritable treasure trove for psychiatrists.

Is it true that this detritus of humanity, this degenerate underworld, has finally been declared eligible for armament work and the military as the crucial forces for the final victory?? Can we not be proud of our youth?"

## 6 MY MUSIC

MY MUSIC MEANS EVERYTHING TO ME. IT LETS ME DANCE, CRY, BE HAPPY. IF I HAVE PROBLEMS, I JUST HAVE TO TURN UP THE VOLUME ON MY STEREO AND THE BASS LINE HAMMERS THEM AWAY AND THE MELODY LIGHTENS MY THOUGHTS. BUT AGAIN AND AGAIN I'M TOLD "STOP!" AND "TURN OFF THAT NOISE IMMEDIATELY OR YOU'LL BE IN BIG TROUBLE!" HOW CAN MY MUSIC DISTURB ANYONE, WHEN IT MAKES ME FEEL SO FREE?



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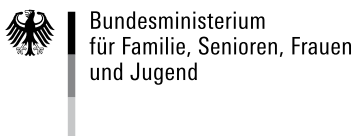
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