

中國-猶太學院
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The Sino-Judaic Institute is a non-denominational, non-profit, and non-political organization which was founded in 1985 by an international group of scholars and laypersons with the following goals:

- 1) To promote friendship and understanding between the Chinese and Jewish peoples and to encourage and develop their cooperation in matters of mutual historical and cultural interest.
- 2) To assist the descendants of the ancient Jewish community of the city of Kaifeng, Henan province, in their efforts to preserve and maintain the artifacts and documents they have inherited from their forebears, as well as in their efforts to reconstruct the history of their community.
- 3) To support the establishment and maintenance of a Judaica section in the Kaifeng Municipal Museum.
- 4) To promote and assist the study and research of the history of early Jewish travel in China and in the rise and fall of the various Jewish communities that were established in China over the past millennia.
- 5) To publish general information and scholarly materials dealing with all aspects of the Chinese-Jewish experience.
- 6) To serve as a briefing and information center for those interested in Sino-Judaica, and for travelers to Kaifeng and other centers of Jewish interest in China.
- 7) To cooperate with other groups whose interests lie in Sinitic and Judaic matters.

Membership in the Institute is open and we cordially invite you to join in supporting our endeavor. Our annual dues structure is as follows:

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Points East
 中國-猶太學院

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SINO-JUDAIC INSTITUTE HISTORICAL EXHIBIT ARRIVES IN KAIFENG

written by Matt Trusch
 edited by Professor Xu Xin

After months of delay, the Sino-Judaic Institute's historical exhibit has finally found its home in Kaifeng's new Riverside Scene Park. Three buildings in the Park are to be set aside for exhibits on Kaifeng's Jewish history, and the Sino-Judaic Institute's exhibit, shipped from Palo Alto to Beijing to Kaifeng, is to span two stories of a building in the middle.

Riverside Scene Park is Kaifeng's new 337,000 square meter cultural theme park, located in the city's northwest corner, and modeled after the Northern Song (960-1127) painting "Riverside Scene in Qingming Festival" by Zheng Zeduan. Represented are the Northern Song capital's city gate, rainbow bridge, ancient streets, shops, canals, docks and boats – arranged somewhat according to the original painting. Song handicrafts are for sale, and folk performances entertain throughout the day.

Investment in Riverside Scene Park amounted to around 60 million Chinese yuan with the Kaifeng Tourist Authority investing 45% and Mr. Wang Haidong's private Zidi Company investing 55%. Kaifeng's Mr. Wang previously befriended Mr. Gerald Finkel, a Jewish investor from Chicago, during a Hainan Island investment project, and then when Mr. Wang agreed to invest in the Riverside Scene Park, Mr. Finkel ensured that the Park would have a Jewish exhibit. The Jewish exhibits now occupy three adjacent buildings. The first building holds paintings by Kaifeng artists Yu Zhengge, Zhang Zhaomin, Wang Xianxian and Liu Bo, reenactments of historic and legendary tales. Displayed are the Jews' arrival along the Silk Road, their settlement in Kaifeng, their meeting with the Song emperor who bestowed the eight families with seven surnames, the Rabbi's prayers that brought rain during a drought, their meeting with the Empress Dowager in the late Qing, etc. Also in the first building, a model of the synagogue was commissioned for 20,000 yuan, based upon the drawing by Jean Domenge, S.J., a Jesuit missionary, in 1722. The second building will house the Sino-Judaic Institute's exhibit on the Kaifeng Jews, an important contribution to both local and international visitors. Approximately 40 pictures and their respective English and Chinese captions will be displayed on two stories. Included are old family photos, maps, artifacts, historical documents, diagrams of the synagogue, etc., prepared and donated by the Sino-Judaic Institute in memory of Mr. Leo Gabow, the founding president of the Institute. Professor Xu Xin translated the majority of captions into Chinese. The exhibit was last displayed in October 1998 in Beijing, and arrived in Kaifeng in November with the assistance of Elyse Beth Silverberg from the U.S.-China Industrial Exchange Inc. in Beijing. Mid-December 1998,

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OLD CHINA HANDS TOUR TO CHINA AND HONG KONG

by Sheila and Kurt Weinbach

[On October 5, 1998 a group of 40 traveled from Vancouver, Canada to China. The trip was organized by Frank and Nadia Ognistoff of Vancouver. The following are some of the impressions of Kurt who lived in Tientsin (Tianjin) 1941-1949 and his wife and daughter who were visiting for the first time.]

On October 5th, we traveled to China together with our daughter, Susan, and 38 other members of the "Old China Hands" tour group. This unusual group gets its name from its unusual origins. Over half of the group, nearly all of whom are Jewish, were born or raised in China, and now live all over the United States and Canada. The remainder were family members or friends. Kurt was born in Austria, but fled to China in 1941 to escape the Nazis. Several others had also left Europe for China as children, while many were born in China to parents who had fled the communist revolution in Russia.

The Jewish community remained in China throughout the war, then began departing in the following years. Kurt and his parents left for Israel in 1949, after the communist revolution and civil war, and eventually made his way to Rochester in 1957. Here they joined his late brother, Bert Weinbach, Bert's wife Mina, and their children. Mina and their two oldest children were born in China. We were married in Rochester in 1960 and our two children Susan and David were born here.

Others in our group left China for Israel, Australia, Canada, the US, and other destinations. For most members of our group, including Kurt, it was their first time back in half a century. It was also a time for emotional reunions and a non-stop game of 'Jewish geography,' with people finding connections through friends and even relatives.

The tour took us to Beijing, Tianjin, Xi-an, Shanghai, Guilin, and Hong Kong, alternating between tourism and homecoming. We visited the traditional tourist sites, such as the Great Wall and Forbidden City in Beijing, the terra cotta soldiers in Xi-an, and the Li River in Guilin. Unlike other tours, though, it was also an opportunity to visit childhood homes, schools, clubs, and synagogues. Despite all of the changes and new building that have taken place, most of these places still exist, and many people, including Kurt, were invited inside of their old homes by the current residents. Both of the apartments where Kurt had lived are still standing, as are the Jewish Club (though not for much longer) and the synagogue. It was a very emotional and special experience for all of us. Everywhere we went the local people

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SJI MEMBERSHIP

Country	Total
United States	299
China	13
Israel	14
England	9
Hong Kong	7
Canada	6
Australia	4
Japan	1
Germany	1
Indonesia	1
South Africa	1
Taiwan	2
Italy	1
TOTAL:	359

FROM THE EDITOR

One of the great joys about this avocation is seeing what people will submit for publication.

Months ago I received a letter from one, David E. Feldman, of Long Beach, NY. He was writing at the recommendation of Vera Schwarcz. Feldman had a manuscript of a novel he had written based on the life of his uncle, Howard Hyman, who had been a U.S. soldier in China during World War II and had met Mao and Zhao. He was looking for a publisher for the entire work – which, of course, SJI could not be.

I must admit I did have a vision of Charles Dickens flash before my eyes as I considered serializing his novel. Ultimately, however, I decided it was enough of a risk for us to break with tradition by publishing some excerpts of his work.

So here, for the first time in this publication, is a work of fiction along with a real life account, excerpted from *China Today*, of the man who inspired it. Interestingly, originally Feldman had had to disguise his Chinese characters' true identities in his novel and, indeed, change a historical memoir into fiction. Now that all has been revealed in *China Today*, perhaps he will publish the factual story as well. And – if anyone knows of a publisher for Feldman's work, please let him know, care of this journal.

Lastly, speaking of distinguishing between truth and fiction, let me recommend the review of *City of Light* by Igor Rachewitz and our own Donald Leslie, in this issue.

Anson Laytner

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Dear Sino-Judaic Institute:

Hi! My name is Tova Lane. I am a Frum (traditional religious) twelve-year-old girl. I live in Monsey, NY. I am interested in corresponding with Jews around the world. If you know of any Jewish girls or women who would be interested, you can send me their address(es) at: Tova Lane, 17P Edison Ct., Monsey, NY 10952.

Thank you, Tova
P.S. I can write in Hebrew or English.

Points East

Anson Laytner, Publisher

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SJI members interested in receiving a copy of the annual financial report should send a self-addressed envelope to: Shelton Ehrlich, Treasurer of the Sino-Judaic Institute, 755 Northampton, Palo Alto, CA 94303.

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She corralled the children to the other side of the dirt courtyard and called as she approached the doorway.

"Favorite Uncle!"

As she entered, the bottle was grabbed from her hand. Uncle's front room was filled with people!

Only they were strangely quiet.

"Little girl, sit down. Uncle cannot hear you."

One of her cousins interrupted. "Or, if he can, it is only his spirit, which has no time for you."

Shiyan realized that everyone was dressed in white.

Uncle-who-knew-everything was dead.

Someone on the radio was selling War Bonds. Winston Churchill exhorted America to 'give him the tools' so that he might 'finish the job.'

Francis folded her arms, smiled and shook her head. "What was it your friend, Benny, said? 'Everyone knows that all Japanese are nearsighted and if they can't shoot straight, how can they win a war?' " He said that, right?"

Henry took a deep breath, looking not at Francis but at the off-white tiles on her mother's kitchen wall. From the radio on the window sill a liquorice stick clarinet danced around a melody. "But he didn't mean it. He was kidding, saying America will win the war because..." he hummed along with the melody, then went over to the old upright his mother, who had played in silent movie houses, practiced on. With one finger, he picked out the tune.

"Well?" Francis's eyes brightened. She turned from the kitchen table to look at him. He was a handsome boy, whose short, wavy hair and olive skin gave him a Mediterranean look and whose deep brown eyes were often filled with character and laughter. Now they were sad, yet adoring. It did not matter that she wore no makeup. To Henry, Francis was beautiful whatever

adornment she did or did not wear.

Francis thought of makeup and jewelry as unimportant, not because she was confident in her beauty but because being beautiful was unimportant. The facts of a circumstance, the opinions and actions of a person were far more relevant than appearances. Hearing that she was attractive without makeup or jewelry was an insult to her intelligence, her personality, her goals.

"I think I've got that." Henry played the melody again, this time adding chords played with the left hand.

"I'm waiting to learn how you can tolerate what Benny said."

"Do you care so much that he insulted the Japanese? We are at war with them now, you know. You've got to understand Benny; in his way, he was being patriotic."

"All well and good, but he ought to be more patriotic to those he has something in common with."

"He's an American." Exasperated, Henry ran his fingers back through his curly, black hair. He stopped suddenly and held up a finger for silence. "Yup. Wait, no. Oh, sure."

"What? You hear something?"

"Woody Herman. That's who that is. I'm almost sure."

"Patriotism is all well and good, Henry, but Benny ought to be more in touch with what goes on around him. He ought to be more in touch with his own life!" Her lips tightened and her dark eyes held his for a long moment. She turned away and her ebony hair followed, bouncing lightly on her delicate shoulders. Henry tried not to let the pleasure he felt just watching her show on his face.

"Francis, I wanted to have a nice evening before I shipped out. Can't we talk about what normal couples talk about?"

"Is that what we are to you? A normal couple?" Francis shook her head. "My goal is not to be half of a normal couple." She went to the window and switched off the radio.

"Francis, while I'm away, it'd mean a lot to me if we could have ... an understanding."

She shook her head. "How can we have an understanding if you don't understand me?"

"But I do-"

"My family and friends have to work too hard to put a roof over their heads and food in their mouths while other folks who hardly work at all are driving fancy cars and eating caviar barely a half mile over there." She pointed towards the window. "This you understand?"

"Sweetheart," Henry grinned. "Downtown is that way."

"See how seriously you take this?" She went to the window and looked down on the Bronx street. "I just don't think we can have an understanding when one of us doesn't understand. You care about silk shirts and cars and going to the theatre and what kind of end table goes with the sofa..." She shook her head. "I'm sorry Henry."

Henry looked at her. He was so proud of her knowledge and opinions, but at the same time, there was a place for politics and a place for more important things and he wanted to tell her exactly that, but what he said was, "If that's the way you want it, Francis..."

(continued next issue)

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I wanted her to meet some of my favorite students after which she will return to the girls' dormitory."

The girl stepped forward, her eyes sullen, her hands folded over her stomach.

"Welcome, Mary," said Chong Lingxiu. "Have a seat over there."

"Thank you, Doctor Han," she said, nodding to Chong, who said, "Now I will answer Qu's question. Do you all know who H. H. Kung is?"

"Of course," said several voices at once. Even the new girl looked up, recognition in her eyes.

"Chiang's new premier," said Qu, and Chong nodded.

"Head of one of the Four Families," said Chen.

"Yes, and Chiang's brother-in-law as well," Chong pointed out. All nodded. Everyone knew that H. H. Kung, the late Sun Yatsen and Chiang Kaishek had married the three daughters of the Soong family, sisters of Chiang's aid, T.V. Soong.

"Well," Chong continued, "Kung's daughter fled Hong Kong on a specially designated airplane on which there was room enough for many people - whole families might have escaped the Japanese with her."

"Choosing who would go must have been agonizing," said one of the boys.

Everyone agreed. Who could imagine having to choose who would remain to face the Japanese as they terrorized Shanghai and Nanking?

"No, not for her. Kung's daughter made such a choice easily," Chong said, and something in his voice hushed the students until Room 44 was so quiet that Chong's voice echoed. "She took no one."

Qu Nuli frowned, not understanding. "No one?"

"Rather than taking citizens of Hong Kong, Kung escaped with her pets."

He lowered his voice to a whisper. "Her dogs."

"Dogs?" the boys echoed.

"Dogs."

Qu Nuli stood up, ready to do something but unsure what it might be. Mary Cha's eyes had become eager, and darted from one student's face to the next, searching, her own troubles momentarily forgotten.

The next day, university and high school students joined together and demonstrated throughout Kunming. And the demonstration became an uprising, and spread to other cities.

Kunming had begun what would be a slow, excruciating change. Starvation and sickness turned corrupt officials into objects of popular fury. Poets and students replaced landlords and strongmen as local heroes as the city became a crackling political battleground.

Qu Nuli and Mary Cha were swept up in the tide of the demonstration. The crowds marching together gave them the giddy feeling of belonging to something bigger than they were.

Qu Nuli remembered the poverty of his boyhood in Chengdu and the taxes that burdened his father and grandfather.

Mary Cha Wulin thought of what she had assumed was her future - as essentially a slave to Pei Han's mother.

New ideas began appearing on posters around campus - a survivor of the New Fourth Army incident told of his family, who lived for decades alongside that of an official, sharing what little they could manage to keep out of the coffers of the nearest warlord. The two families' sons, best friends, played soccer together in the road in front of their homes but the previous January, one boy had recognized his best friend, now grown, in the attacking force and the relationship between families had disintegrated.

The posters containing such stories began to be referred to as 'wall newspapers.'

The university administration demanded that all those putting up wall newspapers register themselves and state their affiliations. Innocuous students, youngsters such as Qu Nuli, were sent out at night to put up posters. Neil Qu, Wodi and Chen Liduo helped write and ink the papers, which were given innocent sounding titles such as "Read" and, occasionally, they saw gangs of students tearing their papers down

and once Qu Nuli thought he saw the tall, bony Hsiang among them.

Uncle Guo would be delighted to see his Favorite Niece. Shiyan already had two questions ready for him and would be sure to think up more by the time she arrived.

She watched her brother and her brother's friend, impatient to leave. "Weima! Let's keep moving."

"Nnno!" her brother cried, without looking up from whatever he and little Ai Mei were doing.

When would he, the Uncle-who-knew-everything, return to good health? When would her visits to him consist of other than sitting by his bed, quizzing him and feeding him medicine?

The two dark-eyed children, Weima and Ai Mei, stood up and looked around, their game finished.

"Time to go, Weima!" The three started off. "Get to the side of the road. Car! Car!" Shiyan waved and pointed, and they watched the canvas covered truck thunder past and coughed on the dust cloud it left behind.

"Ok, let's go," she said, when it was safe, and on they went to see the Uncle-who-knew-everything.

In many Chinese households, the husband's mother was the overseer and so it would have appeared in Mr. Ju's home but despite his recent illness and near blindness, Uncle Guo was the real decisionmaker. His beloved sister would give her opinion and he would quietly agree or most respectfully notice another aspect of the decision that beloved sister had forgotten. His opinions were so persuasive that his relatives came to feel that his were their opinions as well.

"Weima! Don't wander off. And leave that dog alone! Ai Mei, take his hand." Ai Mei, the bigger of the two little boys, led Weima back to the road as they approached favorite Uncle's compound. Shiyan looked around, holding Uncle's medicine bottle gingerly and watching her brother and his little friend. She thought back, trying to think of what good she might have done that was now being rewarded by the fact that no one was there to spoil the surprise.

IN THE FIELD

◆ New SJI Board Member

Mrs. Judy Green, a resident of Hong Kong, and a member of the board of directors of the Hong Kong Jewish Historical Society, has agreed to join the Board of the Sino-Judaic Institute. Mrs. Green was born in South Africa, but grew up in Hong Kong, where her family is now 4th generation, based or born in China. We are most pleased that she has accepted our invitation to join the Board, and to make available to the Institute and its work, her extensive experience and knowledge.

◆ Old China Hands Reunion-Scottsdale, Arizona

An "Old China Hands Reunion" will be held on Thursday, October 19 through Sunday, October 22, 2000, at the Ramada Valley Ho Resort, Scottsdale, Arizona. Rooms must be reserved by Tuesday, September 19, 2000 and can be made directly with the Ramada Resort: Phone 602-945-6321; 800-321-4852 in the USA, direct to the hotel; Fax 602-947-5270. The organizer is Peter Stein, 5602 E. Monte Rosa, Phoenix, AZ 85018; Phone/Fax: 602-9945-4603 (Home & Office). In the US Phone/Fax: 1-888-meas-sys. All e-mail correspondence and registrations to: meas-sys@primenet.com

◆ Conference on Harbin Held

The Center for Chinese Studies, University of California, Los Angeles, in conjunction with the Southern California China Colloquium, held a day-long conference on "Paris of the Orient? The Worlds of Harbin, 1895-1945," on Saturday, January 23, 1999.

Among the papers presented were:
- Joshua A. Fogel, Department of His-

tory, University of California, Santa Barbara, "The Jews and the Japanese: A Comparative Analysis of their Communities in Harbin, 1898-1931."

- David Wolff, Senior Research Scholar, Woodrow Wilson Center, "The Harbin Alternative: Social Experiments and Intercultural Learning in Manchuria, 1895-1945."

- Peter Berton, International Relations, University of Southern California, "Cultural Life in Harbin in the 1930s."

The discussant was Dr. Boris Bresler, Professor Emeritus, University of California, Berkeley and Editor, English Supplement, Bulletin of the Igud Yotsei Sin, Israel. Profs. Berton and Bresler are members of the Sino-Judaic Institute.

◆ Xu Xin in U.S.

Prof. Xu Xin is now in the States until June, teaching at the Florida Community College at Jacksonville. His address is 3737 St. Jons Bluff Road South, #2511, Jacksonville, FL 42223, office phone 904-642-9853; xuxin@fccjmail.fccj.cc.fl.us. He is a very effective lecturer on the history of Jews in China.

◆ Chinese and Jewish Characteristics: Preliminary Characteristics

A 25-page article, titled, "Chinese and Jewish Characteristics: Preliminary Characteristics," by Albert Yee and Anson Laytner, has been accepted by *Asian Thought & Society*, an academic journal, and should be published in about a year.

Anyone who would like a copy of the final galley proofs should send a check for US \$2.50 (copying & Postage) to Dr. Yee at 3822 Lincoln

Rd., Missoula, MT 59801. Comments would be most welcome.

◆ Abstract

In 1969, a China scholar named Joseph P. Levenson died at age 48. His scholarship and person were so highly respected that a book (Meisner & Murphey, 1976) was published as a memorial to the "historian of 'the mind of modern China'" (McDonald, 1976, p. 77). A Jew with deep religious convictions, he wrote about the Chinese with empathy that came out of what Levenson said "on a psychological level there is a comparability between the Chinese and Jewish experience" (McDonald, 1976, p. 78). His wife wrote that Levenson was writing a book on Judaism that extended his impressions of the Chinese and Jews and how they grappled with the "tensions between history and value, particularism and historiography" (Levenson, 1976, p. 178). If he had lived to complete his book and more, this article might be superfluous.

Although comparative studies on the characteristics of the Chinese and Jews have been neglected, some recent works indicate interest in this area may be developing (Chirof & Reid, 1997; Goldstein, 1998; Schwarcz, 1998; Zenner, 1991, 1993). Our work arises from extensive readings and participant observation in the United States and Asia with analysis and synthesis aided by social-psychological concepts and theory. Since Jews have lived among the Chinese in peace for many centuries, the two ancient peoples have been compatible for long. That remarkable history is reviewed.

On the Trail of the Carved Menorah from The Beth Aharon Synagogue in Shanghai

by Xu Xin

Jews who lived in Shanghai during the second half of the 19th century and the first half of the 20th century constructed quite a few synagogues. Among them was Beth Aharon, built in 1927 with funding from Silas Aaron Hardoon (1851-1931), a "Sephardic" Jew who made his fortune in Shanghai in the late 19th and early 20th centuries. It occupied a choice site on the once elegant and prestigious avenue running along the Bund, the waterfront thoroughfare of Shanghai, and became a house of worship for hundreds of Jewish refugees from Europe during World War II. From 1943-45, in addition to being a house of worship, it also served as a hall of study for the Mir Yeshiva, the only yeshiva in Eastern Europe to survive the Holocaust intact. The Yeshiva moved to Shanghai after its rabbis and students escaped from Poland and resided for a short time in Kobe, Japan. It is said that rabbis and students of the Yeshiva studied in the Synagogue 18 hours daily.

In the late 1940s, the dwindling Jewish community sold the synagogue. In the 1960s, it became a printing workshop for Wen Hui Boa, one of the major Shanghai newspapers. However, the paper demolished the building in 1985. According to Tess Johnston, an old China hand and then secretary to the U.S. Consulate General in Shanghai in the early 1980s, only one of the two carved menorahs on both sides of the front of the synagogue was saved. This was due to her efforts and the help of two visiting professors (one of whose parents had fled the Holocaust and lived in Shanghai for a few years). The stone was last seen being lifted onto a truck waiting to be shipped and preserved, according to Johnston's article: "Consulate general helps to preserve Jewish relics in Shanghai," *State* (Jan. 1986, no. 285, pp. 30-31), published by the U.S. Department of State.

Since then, no effort has been made to locate the Menorah, although some remember and are concerned about it. As Johnston wrote in her article: "This stone

could be of historical importance to world Jewry. If preserved, it could perhaps serve as a monument to Shanghai's role as safe haven for the thousands of Jewish refugees who have passed through here."

I had been concerned about its fate for years and even discussed it with friends in Shanghai, but not until July 1998 did I take real action. My effort was inspired during my research at the United States Holocaust Memorial Museum when I met Dr. Susan Bachrach, Chief Curator and Director of the Division of Exhibitions. I learned about a proposed exhibition, "on a history of the flight of Jewish Polish refugees on the eve of the Holocaust from Lithuania to Japan and Beyond." This will naturally include a segment on the life of those Polish Jewish refugees in Shanghai from 1941 through 1945. Bachrach asked if I could perform archival and artifactual research on their behalf when I returned to China. Nothing could make me happier than to provide assistance and service for this important project. Shortly after I returned, I started my research in Shanghai, with locating the carved menorah of the Beth Aharon Synagogue as a primary goal. My research started naturally with Johnston, literally the last witness when the synagogue was demolished. I had a wonderful meeting with her at her beautifully decorated apartment in Shanghai. She very kindly spent her time with me and provided as many details about that event as possible. She gave me a copy of her article, which not only records the event, but also provides some important clues as to the fate of the stone. Perhaps the most valuable name I learned was that of Qian Zong Hao. Later, I discovered that he is an associate research professor and Director of the Department of Archives of the Shanghai local History Museum.

The next day, I went to that museum to seek Qian. He was working in his office when I arrived, introduced myself and told him my purpose. Unfortunately, he told me that although he had worked in the Museum for over 20 years, he had never learned anything about the carved menorah. He said that he would have been informed if his museum had ever received it. He went through old records from the middle 1980s without discovering any records of the stone or reports of the demolition of the synagogue. Obviously, this Museum was not in charge of those activi-

ties, although the Museum holds an excellent exhibition of the history of modern Shanghai.

Next, I asked if he knew of any unidentified stones that had been collected by the museum in the past and learned that a few hundred were currently in storage. I was very happy to hear this and suggested I might go and have a look. I told him that I might be able to help the museum identify such objects. Instead of aimlessly searching, since I did not have any specific information (besides the fact that the storage facility lies far from the city; the weather was extremely hot – about 95-100 – and too many stone items were piled together), he suggested that I first go to the Shanghai Municipal Administrative Committee of Cultural Relics. They are in charge of the ground buildings of Shanghai. He suggested I find those who were in authority at that time, and he promised that he would give permission and even go with me to visit the storage place after I learned more. He also very kindly suggested a few other places to investigate, such as the office building of the Wen Hui Daily, which had replaced the Beth Aharon Synagogue.

I followed his advice and went to the office building of the Daily in the hope of finding anyone who remembered the demolition. I was in luck! Cao Guohe turned out to be the very person in charge of the demolition. He recalled the event and remembered that a carved menorah was saved and turned over to the Shanghai Municipal Administrative Committee of Cultural Relics.

However, when asked if he remembered the name of the person who was in charge at that time, he said that he had no memory of it at all. Nevertheless, his story matched Johnston's. I was very happy and encouraged.

The Shanghai Municipal Administrative Committee of Cultural Relics might be the key place. At first, I had limited success. Then I met Li Kong San, Associate Professor of the Department of the Ground Buildings. He had handled the matter in 1985. When asked the fate of the menorah, he told me that the stone still existed and had been stored. When I requested seeing it with my own eyes, he agreed and was willing to accompany me. Immediately, I hired a taxi!

Points East

Points East

which were unblinking behind round, wire-rimmed spectacles. His voice was deep, authoritative.

He walked to the edge of Qu's bed and sat down. "Welcome to Lianda. My name is Chong Lingxiu. I'm not a freshman, but I come by a lot to visit my friend, Chin Chuzi." "Oh," he clapped his hands and heads around the room snapped up. "If anyone sees Hongai, tell him we have studying to do."

A few of the boys laughed, though Qu Nuli did not understand the joke. "Have you met Hongai yet?" Chong asked. "No? Well, he likes to sit in the library and read. Economics fascinates him."

Qu Nuli nodded.

Hsiang cackled. "That's true, I suppose, but he prefers taking his girl behind the library to kiss."

Chong ignored him. "I hope we can be friends, Qu Nuli."

"My friends at middle school called me Neil."

"If I can help you in any way, Neil, don't hesitate to ask." Chong Lingxiu smiled, and his wide forehead wrinkled in a friendly way.

"I appreciate any help I can get from older students." Qu looked down, his voice soft. He glanced around the room. "Chen was telling me about Shanghai and what it was like to live so close to so much water. I saw a large river—"

Chen shook his head. "Not the same. A river is a ribbon of water running through your city or nearby, while an ocean is, well - you have never seen an ocean, Neil?"

"Only in books."

"It is like a city, but of water. And it does not flow in any one direction, but first toward, then away! My father says the ocean is a paradox, drawing crazy people who talk at no one and stab at the air. He made a stabbing motion with his fist and Nuli drew back. "Yet it heals others."

"The ocean? Baah!" Hsiang paced the thin strip between the beds, his close cropped hair stood straight out. He cleared his throat and spat on the bare wood floor. "How can anyone profit from seeing an

ocean? Worthless! Why not learn some useful things?" Hsiang haughtily straightened the collar on his nightshirt.

Chong Lingxiu, who had been listening from the doorway, broke in, his voice deep. "What 'useful' things?"

Hsiang put his hands on his hips and faced Chong. "Oh, I can think of a few. Maybe finding a few teachers who don't waste time with overblown political fantasies."

"You mean literature?"

"Hah!" He looked at Nuli, who was smaller and slighter of build, besides being younger. "Chong Lingxiu's ideas will only waste time better spent in school or pursuing...."

"Pursuing what?" Chong Lingxiu smiled.

"Pursuing..."

Chin Chuzi called from the other side of the room, "Why not let him judge for himself?"

Chong Lingxiu started to say something.

"Save your speech," said Hsiang, and he brushed by him and walked out, stopping once to turn and smile briefly at Qu Nuli.

As he left, Hongai came in. Everyone watched him silently. "So?" he asked, finally. "What are you all looking at?"

One evening, a few months into the school term, Qu Nuli sat in Room 44 with his hands folded in front of him, daydreaming of his father and grandfather and the way his mother sang while she worked, when he saw that Chen had finished reading the *Hsinhua Daily* and he eagerly borrowed the paper and began scanning it.

The United States had been attacked by the Japanese! America would be forced to enter the war. Qu Nuli smiled to himself, aware that most of his new friends would approve. Then he saw the second headline.

Chong Lingxiu came in, saw Qu Nuli's lost look and sat down beside him. "What is it? This article about the Americans?"

"No, this other one. Explain to me, Chong, why the Kuomintang attacked the New

Fourth Army."

Chong sighed and adjusted his glasses. "Like the threads on a screw, your knowledge always spirals skyward. You and Wodi and Liduo are all boys of good character, boys with good judgement. You're respectful of your families. You have strengthened the five virtues and observe the xiao owed your parents. But today, with China hanging in the balance and with money and arms being donated to Chiang and the Four Families, you need more. Any time you don't understand something, you can come to me and to Chuzi, as you can to Professor Han."

"I don't understand," said Qu Nuli. "Wouldn't defeating the Japanese bring Chiang Kaishek prestige and honor?"

Chong nodded. "An astute observation. But he thinks he must be the only one to achieve that defeat - if Chu Teh's forces achieve it first or if they are known to have helped...."

A shrill voice called out. "Bullets are most effective when fired from the same gun!" Hsiang stepped forward. "The strength of the Japanese requires us to be unified under our strongest leader. The one who is recognized by the whole world!"

Chong looked at Hsiang. "You think Chiang wants to join forces with the New Fourth?" He laughed. "Perhaps we should give Chiang credit for seeing a threat from them. But don't mistake his goals. He wants to destroy them, not join them."

"Only because they will not cooperate." Hsiang took a cigaret out of his pocket. "Ahh, why do I waste my time arguing with you." With a wave, he left the room.

"In a twisted way, he is right," said Chong. "We really do need to join together to fight these invaders." He got up from Qu's bed and other freshman appeared from the recesses of the room where they had been listening. It was obvious from the way he patiently waited for them to find places that Chong was going to explain by way of anecdote.

There was a soft knock at the door and the boys looked up to see Professor Han and a young girl - too young to be a university student.

"This is Cha Wulin ... Mary Cha, we will call her. She is my houseguest for a while.

Excerpts from *Born of War*, a novel based on the life of Howard Hyman

by David Feldman

[Author's note: Several characters are introduced in these excerpts from the first chapters. Qu Nuli is based on Zhang Yan, the former editor at *China Today*, and Henry Neiberg is based on my Uncle Howard Hyman.]

Chapter 1

Rain pelted the cobblestone streets of Chengdu, turning the dirt between the stones to mud. A sedan-chair rushed by, its well-to-do occupant warm and dry while its wet carriers strained and grunted and ran through a puddle. From behind a fence came the sound of plucked musical strings as a landlord's family and a few of its luckiest friends feasted and drank.

Two women walking in front of the house were splashed by the sedan chair but did not react. A nine-year-old boy leaped clear as two more chairs passed in the opposite direction. At the roadside, beggars squatted, their hands out, eyes upraised. Two sick men, one old, the other forty - father and son, perhaps - lay nearby, unable even to beg. Occasionally, a car roared through the narrow streets, drawing shouting children from doorways and yards, their parents trailing behind, pointing at the coughing, roaring monster.

It was the end of 1931 and little Qu Nuli sprinted through the streets of the capital of Szechuan Province. His family had lived in Chengdu since before Qu was born, and these streets were an extension of himself so that as he ran Qu Nuli saw but did not notice the beggars. The sick were part of the scenery, as were the flies and mosquitoes which seemed to be everywhere. He would be leaving Chengdu soon and would remember these streets and the opulent houses, behind their high, iron gates.

In the far north, the Japanese had replaced Manchuria with Manchukuo, the puppet state. Further south, Chiang Kaishek led campaigns against the Red Bandits, who established a Soviet in the mountains of Kiangsi. He had hurled his best soldiers at the poorly armed, outmaneuvered bandits, only to be defeated in what Chiang called his 'greatest humiliation'.

But none of these events mattered to Qu,

who was more concerned with his imminent departure for school. His father would expect him to live up to Confucian standards, and that asked a lot of a boy in these modern times. Being the son of a high school teacher brought with it responsibilities!

The rain soaked his shirt and at the sound of gunshots Qu Nuli ran faster. Warlords struggled for control of the city, shooting and killing one another. The current warlord was cruelly creative in his economic oppression. Seventy special taxes had been levied on his constituents, to be prepaid twenty years in advance.

Warlords, any one of four or five diseases, gangsters, soldiers, politicians - any might grab him at any time, never letting go.

Qu Nuli put on a burst of speed.

His father was a modern man by any standard. As a teacher of young men, it was his duty to know a little about everything so that he could guide ethically besides teaching the required subjects.

For the seven years he was at missionary school, Qu would study Bible and become known by his anglicized name, Neil, as was the custom for boys in such schools and, following the lead of his family, Neil Qu Nuli would set his academic sights high. When it came time to list the three colleges he wished to attend, he listed as all three choices the prestigious Lianda, wartime union of China's three greatest universities. The three schools had fled south and west from the onrushing Japanese and had settled in Kunming, City of Eternal Spring.

Though in southernmost China, in Yunnan Province, Kunming was a place of green hills and flowers, where the grasses grew tall and rustled in the light breeze. The clouds had a soft edge, defined by sunlight and the greens of Kunming's vegetation were lush from the rains which were hard but not harsh, the drops small and evenly scattered. And after the rain there was a cool, fresh smell that was the flowers and plants accepting the moisture.

While its surroundings were beautiful, the Lianda campus was a decrepit, poverty-stricken place. Vacant buildings became makeshift classrooms, supplies borrowed from townspeople or built as needed. But what it lacked in decor, Lianda made up for in academic tradition and renown -

some said infamy. The university was not grounded in its campus but in its teachers, some of whom were China's finest poets and writers. And the atmosphere of flight only increased their enthusiasm for teaching and deepened their convictions.

Lianda's freshmen lived in a separate compound on bunk beds borrowed from the Kunming High School. Qu Nuli was assigned to Room 44.

"Remember boys," said Hsiao, the prefect, that first evening, "the lights will be put out in a few minutes, and you will have to be up early." The door banged shut behind him.

"Time for the new boy to tell us about himself." Chen Liduo, who was tanned a deep shining brown, sat up in bed.

Hua agreed. "You said your family name was Qu, right? Where are you from?"

"Chengdu."

"Oh, from a city!" a tall boy jumped out of bed and swaggered down the line of cots. His clothes were of a finer cut than those of the rest of the students. "I knew a boy from Chengdu, once. He thought he was smarter and more intelligent than the boys from all the rest of the provinces put together!"

Hua, who had been telling a joke to one of the boys across the room, laughed loudly. The tall boy's head spun.

"Well ... I don't think I'm any smarter than anyone else." Qu Nuli inadvertently pulled his feet up on the cot and hugged his knees. He had grown to moderate height but had not filled out much since missionary school. His hair was fine, like a child's, and the hairs of his moustache and beard were equally thin and far apart.

"He never did claim to be smarter, Hsiang," Chin Chuzi agreed.

Hsiang turned back to Qu Nuli and held up a finger. "But I've heard that lying is a fine art in Chengdu. The boy I knew lied continuously and in an undetectable way."

A tall figure, broader than the lanky Hsiang, stood in the doorway. "But nowhere is lying practiced with such perfection than it is right here in Kunming!" This student was a man, his face was older than the others, particularly around the corners of the eyes,

After about half an hour we arrived at the place. I recognized the Menorah as soon as I walked into the yard because the stone sat in an open space. I carefully examined it and discovered that it is not made of stone or of granite, as previously described (including Johnston's description), but of cement and bricks. The menorah pattern is on three sides. The stone, which is in a fairly good condition, is about 95 cm tall, 88 cm wide, and 60 cm deep. However, it is not well preserved as it lies in the open. Inclement weather might damage it in the long run. I took some pictures. I then saw a second piece, which turned out to be the bottom part of the column where the menorah pattern was made. The search for the carved menorah ended. My feeling was mixed; I was very happy to locate it and find it intact, but saddened to see it unprotected. Something must be done. I told Li that I hope his committee will do something about it. I also promised to provide necessary assistance to preserve it properly, if needed.

Recently, I learned that the United States Holocaust Memorial Museum is trying to borrow the Menorah from China for its 1999 exhibit. I sincerely hope that this action will attract attention and result in better protection for this invaluable carving.

Sino-Judaic Institute Historical Exhibit Arrives in Kaifeng

(continued from page 1)

Professor Xu Xin and a Harvard graduate student traveled to Riverside Scene Park to oversee the final logistics of setting up the SJI exhibit.

The third building contains Kaifeng's own historic exhibit on the local Jews. This exhibit displays some of the same historical information contained in the SJI exhibit, but it also contains a few local highlights. The first is a replica of a Tang Jewish merchant and his camel. The second are rubbings from the three stone steles contained in the Kaifeng Museum (1489, 1512, 1663). The third are color photos of the Jin and Shi burial sites, the site of a Jewish-funded bridge, and the Wailing Wall in Jerusalem.

Kaifeng Jewish descendant Mr. Moshe Xingwang Zhang has worked every day since August to see these exhibits displayed in Riverside Scene Park. His efforts and the efforts of those involved should be recorded as a new chapter of Kaifeng Jewish history.

Old China Hands Tour to China and Hong Kong

(continued from page 1)

were fascinated by this group of foreigners born in China and wanted to know about us. In Tianjin, a city of about nine million people, but almost unvisited by western tourists, we became quite an attraction ourselves.

I thought that you might want to know more specifics about the Tientsin part of the trip. Former Tientsin residents on the trip included Ilana Prejenski Richmond, widow of Richmond of Philip Morris tobacco, Mark & Clara Boyarski Leaf (Lifshitz), Joe Wainer, Frank Ognistroff (trip organizer), the widow of Jack Coblenz, George Franke, Musia Werek, and Al Spokoiny.

We started our tour with a visit to the Astor House, which is still spectacular. Our escort was the assistant manager who was clad in a formal black suit with "tails." He took us to the rooms where USA President, Herbert Hoover, Sun Yatsen and other dignitaries had stayed. Those suites are now museums. Next we went to Victoria Park, across the street, still beautiful and very popular with ping pong players, Tai Chi exercisers, strollers and lovers. Our wonderful Hyatt hotel was around the corner from the Grand Theater and almost across the street from the Talaty House. We visited Kisling Restaurant which is now in part of the building that housed the Victoria Café. Most of the building is an enormous "Kentucky Fried Chicken" place.

I found the "Tientsin School" building on a late night walk up Victoria Road which is still lined with beautiful banks and office buildings. The Leopold building still stands nearby. The school and its courtyard is now home to hundreds of people.

Cousins Road, which includes Paoshean Li and the Elgin Building, is half rebuilt with beautiful stores; the other side, including Poushin Le, has deteriorated. It is crowded and neglected. The narrowed Cousins Road is now a long lane of temporary bazaar-like shops selling mostly clothing.

The Kunst Club is mostly gone. The remaining parts include the former library, courtyard, and the cloakroom. It has served as a recreation building for the locals. The Synagogue is very well preserved and is a nicely decorated restaurant. The upstairs has nice party rooms. It could easily be restored to its original function.

The canal in front of the temple has been drained and transformed into a wide boulevard. Unbelievably, The Temple and the Kunst Club are now across the boulevard from each other.

Another emotional moment came for us in Hong Kong. There we unexpectedly found the synagogue, Ohel Leah. The synagogue has been beautifully preserved in its courtyard, with a new highrise built around it. The highrise building contains the Hong Kong JCC, complete with athletic facilities and nursery school, which serves a community, made up mostly of North American, European, and Israeli Jews. This synagogue holds special meaning for Kurt. When he and his parents, along with 270 others, left China for Israel, they found themselves stranded on a ship in the Hong Kong harbor, without money to leave the ship or buy food. An important local Jewish businessman and philanthropist, Horace Kadoori, invited them to stay in the synagogue as his guest until they could leave for Israel. The current rabbi, a young American Jew, welcomed us into the building and informed us that it had recently been restored and had been rededicated only the night before, with a member of the Kadoori family speaking at the ceremony.

All three of us agree that this was a wonderful once-in-a-lifetime experience.

Visit the Sino-Judaic Institute's Page on the Web

www.sino-judaic.org

The Sephardi Jews in Shanghai

by Rena Krasno

Sephardi Jews of Middle Eastern origin played an important role in the history of Shanghai. In 1850, eight years after the termination of the Opium War and the opening of Treaty ports, Elias David Sassoon opened the first Sephardi Jewish office in Shanghai. He and his clerks thus planted the seed of a new community that was to number some 2,000. Its most prominent members, among whom the Sassoons and the Kadoories, helped Shanghai develop into a major world port.

The Sephardim were the first Jews to settle in Shanghai, and the only ones who came as traders and not as penniless refugees. The 4,000 strong Russian Jewish community was founded by refugees from civil disorders and rabid anti-Semitism in Russia. They were followed by over 20,000 European Jews who escaped from the Nazis, since Shanghai was the only place in the world that did not demand proof of capital nor a visa.

The Sassoons strictly adhered to the practices of Judaism both in their business and personal lives. They trained their staff at their own school in Bombay, and took care of their educational and religious needs. This policy resulted in unusually loyal and trustworthy employees.

The life of Sephardi Jews reached its zenith in the 1920's. The Ohel Rachel synagogue was built by the Sassoons, the Bet Aharon synagogue by another Sephardi millionaire, Silas Hardoon. The Kadoorie family was famous for its philanthropic works, especially in the fields of education and health.

The Sephardi Jews not only cared for their own community but contributed to the welfare and prosperity of Shanghai in general. During the war, many Sephardi Jews helped the European refugees by providing loans, jobs, lodging and meals.

Their mouthpiece, *Israel's Messenger*, founded and edited by N.E.B. Ezra influenced Dr. Sun Yat-Sen to have China vote in the League of Nations favoring the creation of a Jewish National Home.

Among other prominent Sephardi families in Shanghai were: the Abrahams, the

Cohens, the Dangoors, the Jacobs, the Nissims, the Salomons, the Sophers and the Toegs.

[Editor's note: The Jews that this and other articles refer to as "Sephardic" are technically not true Sephardic Jews, but rather are Jews from the Middle East. True Sephardic Jews are descendants of those Jews who were expelled from Spain and Portugal in the late 15th century. The majority of these settled in the Ottoman empire, primarily Rhodes and Turkey. Jews from the Middle East in general may better be referred to as Mizrahi, or Eastern, Jews.]

The Matook R. Nissim Collection

An exhibit of papers and photos, part of the Matook R. Nissim Collection, was displayed at the Hoover Institution prior to their being donated to the Archives. Matook Nissim is a Sephardi Jewish 'Old China Hand', born in Shanghai in 1923. He is a third generation 'Shanghaiander'; his grandmother was born in Shanghai in 1870 and his father in 1896.

Matook Nissim graduated the Western District Public School for Boys, passing both the Senior Cambridge and London matriculation. Following the careers of both his grandfather and father who worked in the Sassoon Banking system, he entered the office of Sir Victor Sassoon, the 'Rothschild of the East'.

Since Matook's grandfather was born in India, a hereditary privilege, he, too, carried a British colonial passport. During the Pacific War, this led to his internment as an enemy national by the Japanese occupation forces in Shanghai.

At the early age of 24, Matook Nissim was appointed Treasurer of the Shanghai Sephardi Communal Association, numbering some 2,000 individuals.

On April 23, one day before the Communists entered Shanghai, Matook Nissim left for Hong Kong. After a 3-year stay in Paris, he immigrated to the United States. Today, he is Vice-President of Sutro & Co., San Francisco, Executive Director of the Bank of the Orient and is on the Board of several prominent organizations. He is one of the founding members of The Hebrew Academy, San Francisco, and former President of Magain David Sephardic Congregation.

The 29th Annual Scholars' Conference on the Holocaust and the Churches

The Burdens of History: Post-Holocaust Generations in Dialogue March 6-9, 1999, Long Island, NY

by Rena Krasno

The above conference sponsored by the Nassau Community College, in cooperation with Yad Vashem and The Philadelphia Center on the Holocaust, Genocide and Human Rights, was one of the most productive I ever attended – a time for dialogue, reflection and academic exchange. Two dozen countries were represented.

Among the various panelists was my good friend, David Kranzler, who participated in a discussion on *Rescue, Rescuers, and Resistance*. The subject of his presentation was: *Jan Zwartendijk: The Unheralded Half of a Twin Rescue Team* (the other "half" being, of course, Sugihara). For many in the audience, this was a new theme and one of much interest.

My role was in "media presentations", where I showed *Sanctuary Shanghai*, filmed by the famous artist and documentary maker Chen Yifei. Chen Yifei had invited to Shanghai a small group of former European refugees, who searched for their homes in the 'restricted area' (ghetto) created by the Japanese occupiers in 1943. *Sanctuary Shanghai* includes their spontaneous and emotional reactions, as well as some old film footage (1937 – 1945) on Jewish Holocaust refugees. The 50-minute film was broadcast in China on August 21, 1998. It brought vividly – perhaps for the first time – the horror of Nazism to millions of Chinese and explained the role Shanghai had played in the survival of some 20,000 Jews.

Some readers may be interested to learn that I shared my media time slot with Gottfried Wagner, the great-grandson of Richard Wagner, whom Hitler so admired. Wagner showed a video of a talk by his good friend, Ralph Giordano (who was unable to attend), entitled *Can These Generations Still Breathe?* Giordano is perhaps Germany's best-known novelist and social critic. One of his parents was Jewish and he survived the war in hiding. Alas, his books still have not been translated into English.

Jewish heritage. Born in Cluj, in postwar Transylvania, she was educated in the Communist universe of what the Chinese writer Ci Jiwei calls "mnemonic engineering." "My studies in Chinese history have provided many years of effective detour around Jewish memories," Schwarcz observes. "Yet this coat no longer fits. Chinese survivors of the Cultural Revolution remind me of Jewish questions that lie unanswered at home."

In the book's most dramatic sections, Schwarcz describes uncovering the secret of "the other Vera," a child by her father's first wife who died in 1940, a few days after her birth. Schwarcz had never been told she was named for a half sister who had died. She also describes her dismay in discovering that her mother's reparations file, laboriously compiled to satisfy the demands of German bureaucrats, contains no mention of her own birth.

For Schwarcz, memory does not heal, nor does history retrieve satisfying stories that allow us to get on with the present. Rather, acknowledgment of the past involves a process of loss that cuts wounds open but allows us to become more fully human. "I no longer avoid looking into the black hole of my birth town," she writes, although "to remember is not to become well or whole again." Yet if Schwarcz's journey did not bring comfort, it surely involved a certain triumph — the recovery of a personal heritage obscured by family secrets.

In Memory of Howard S. Hyman American GI Met Mao Zedong in 1954

by Zhang Yan (Former first deputy editor-in-chief of *China Today*)
excerpted from *China Today*, July 1998

Sad news from Puerto Rico: Howard S. Hyman, a dear friend of the Chinese people and an American serviceman in wartime China, passed away there last February at the age of 75.

A picture of Mao Zedong with three American GIs taken in China's wartime capital, Chongqing, in 1945 is now a historical "relic" on display in both the Red Crag Village Museum in Chongqing and the Museum of the Chinese Revolution in

Beijing. Howard Hyman was one of the three young Americans photographed smilingly with Mao. For Chinese and foreign visitors alike it has become an important image of the friendship between the people of China and the United States of America.

Howard came to China during the Second World War in early 1944 as Private First Class on assignment to US 14th Air Force headquarters in Kunming, Southwest China. It was there he learned about the corrupt and repressive nature of the Kuomintang government under Chiang Kai-shek which was spending most of its effort fighting the Chinese Communists, while the Communists, under Mao Zedong, were bearing the brunt of the anti-Japanese struggle. Through unofficial sources he began to learn about the other China "up north" in Yan'an that presented an entirely different picture. He also met several other Americans in the unit with similar backgrounds and interests and made friends with a group of progressive English-speaking Chinese university students, including myself, who shared their knowledge and views of China and the world with their American friends. This helped a great deal in shaping Howard's outlook on China and his own country, and making him determined to fight for what was right and just throughout his life.

In the last months of the war and after V-J day, millions and millions of dollars worth of U.S. war material was turned over to Chiang Kai-shek's forces — even though at the time the American government was officially supposed to be neutral in the civil war that everyone expected to break out. As a clerk at the air base who handled all sorts of records, Howard was shocked to know what was really happening. It was then, together with his close friends Edward Bell and Jack Edelman, that he decided to try to find out the truth through visiting the representatives of the Chinese Communist Party in Chongqing. These three ordinary American GIs were treated kindly and courteously by Zhou Enlai and were even honored at a banquet hosted by Mao Zedong, Chairman of the Party who was in the city negotiating with Chiang Kai-shek in a last-ditch attempt to form a coalition government and avoid war. During the meal Mao talked about the importance of world peace and of Sino-American friendship — which he toasted many times. He asked them to tell Americans back home the truth about China.

Later in his article "On the Chongqing Negotiations" Mao referred in part to the

American GIs: "When In Chongqing, I had a profound sense of the warm support given to us by the broad masses of people. They are dissatisfied with the Kuomintang government and place their hopes on us. I also met many foreigners, including Americans, who sympathized with us." As Jack Edelman wrote 40 years after the V-J Day: "So in a small way we had touched one of the great revolutions in history."

When McCarthyism ran rampant in the U.S. in the 1950s, Howard and the two other former GIs were blacklisted and had difficulty finding jobs simply because of their positive attitude toward new China. They had to bury their famous photos with Mao, causing them to turn yellow from the damp. Yet nothing stopped them from participating in grass-roots movements to promote a positive U.S.-China policy. They were actively involved in the Committee for a Democratic Far Eastern Foreign Policy and the U.S.-China People's Friendship Association.

In the summer of 1976 when the devastating "cultural revolution" was still going on in China, Howard and Ed Bell led a delegation of American World War Two veterans who had been stationed in China on a return visit to their old haunts. Unfortunately, they failed to locate their wartime Chinese friends who were not allowed to meet foreigners in those days. The only balm for their disappointment was the discovery, while touring a memorial hall in Chongqing, of an old photograph showing Chairman Mao Zedong with three Americans. It was their picture, hanging in a place of honor. According to the guide, it had been there since 1958 when this house, where Mao had spent much time during the Chongqing negotiations, had been opened as a memorial. "That was during the Cold War," remarked Ed Bell. "It would have been hard for many Americans to realize that the Chinese treasured their friendly contacts with our people." After returning to the U.S. they passed the news along to others who had been working to promote the normalization of U.S.-China relations; it was an encouragement to become more active in that cause. . . .

Howard Hyman used to tell people, "China changed my life." In fact, he has dedicated his life to the promotion of U.S.-China friendship and world peace in general. His Chinese friends, including myself, were all deeply grieved to learn of his passing. But we are all proud to have had this great friend in our lives. He shall live in our hearts forever.

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Jews and Judaism in Traditional China, a Comprehensive Bibliography, by Donald Daniel Leslie (Monumenta Serica Monograph Series XLIV) \$45. Available from Stephen Feldman/Asian Rare Books, 175 W. 93 Street (16-D), New York, NY 10025-9344, phone (212) 316-5334, e-mail: arbs@erols.com (Web site: <http://www.erols.com/arbs/>)

This book — chock full of information — is a must for the serious scholar and an endless source of fascinating detail for any interested reader. For example, it lists the seven libraries which hold the Torah scrolls from Kaifeng: the American Bible Society library, New York; the Austrian National Library, Vienna; the Bodleian library, Oxford; the Ridwell Library, Southern Methodist University, Dallas; the British library (formerly the British Museum), London; Cambridge University Library, Cambridge, and the Jewish Theological Seminary of American, New York.

The 253 pages of annotated listings, which builds on the previous work of Rudolf Lowenthal, Michael Pollak, and other scholars, covers primary and secondary sources which include inscriptions, books, pamphlets, articles, theses, unpublished manuscripts, diaries, and letters, based on their relevance, size, and reliability.

The Jews of China, Volume One: Historical and Comparative Perspectives, edited by Jonathan Goldstein, professor of history at the State University of West Georgia and research associate at Harvard University's John K. Fairbank Center for East Asian Research. (M.E. Sharpe, 80 Business Park Drive, Armonk, NY, 10504), 352 pages. Hardcover \$69.95; Paperback \$29.95.

This is the long-awaited publication of a selection of papers originally delivered at the 1992 Harvard conference on "Jewish Diasporas in China." (While only 19 selections are printed here, drafts of all the papers have been deposited and can be consulted at the Harvard-Yenching Library, 2 Divinity Ave., Cambridge, MA 02138).

After examining Kaifeng, the work turns to the late 18th, 19th, and early 20th century Jewish experiences in China with emphasis on Hong Kong, Harbin, and Shanghai. The concluding section deals with Zion-

ism, the Holocaust, and the Judaic exodus from China following the end of World War II.

Three very interesting papers, by Shirley Berry Isenberg, Barbara C. Johnson and Nathan Katz, compare and contrast the history of the Kaifeng Jews with that of Jews in India, site of the one other, long-lived Jewish Diaspora of Asia.

Jonathan Goldstein's historical introduction provides a clear and succinct overview.

A future publication, Volume Two of this work, will be a sourcebook and research guide.

Far From Where? Jewish Journeys from Shanghai to Australia

by Antonia Finnane (Senior Lecturer in History at the University of Melbourne. She specialises in Chinese history and has studied at Beijing Language Institute and Nanjing University.) May 1999, \$29.95 PB; Australian History, Immigration Studies, 256 pp, 216 x 140 mm, 32 pp halftones; ISBN:0 522 84846X

On 14 January 1947 the town of Darwin turned out in style to welcome a ship carrying refugees from China. It was the Hwa Lien, which means 'China Connection.' Of the 523 passengers, 303 were Jewish refugees who, with the rise of Hitler, had fled Europe to find haven in the "open city" of Shanghai. At the end of World War II they joined the hundreds of thousands of immigrants entering Australia.

These Europeans did not stay in tropical Darwin: most of them settled in Melbourne at the other end of the continent. In time they were followed by other members of Shanghai's Jewish community of Iraqis, who were Shanghai's former merchant princes, and Russian refugees from Bolshevism.

In *Far From Where?* Antonia Finnane traces the extraordinary lives and experiences of some of these immigrants from Shanghai, remembered and related as oral history by the people themselves. Her examination of their stories demonstrates the variety of the immigrant experience, and retrieves the complex histories of some of those who contribute to the richness of multicultural Australia.

Points East

In the great post-war transformation of Australian society, the arrival of these immigrants gave Australia a new future. But the lives and histories they left behind them also meant that Australia gained new pasts.

Bridge Across Broken Time Chinese and Jewish Cultural Memory

by Vera Schwarcz Illustrated. 232 pp. New Haven: Yale University Press. \$30

reviewed by Judith Shapiro excerpted from *The New York Times Book Review*

Comparisons between the Jewish and Chinese cultures usually involve stereotypes and prejudices. But in her latest book, Vera Schwarcz, a Sinologist and the Romanian-born daughter of Holocaust survivors, moves beyond generalizations to create a haunting and original counterpoint of two very disparate traditions. "Bridge Across Broken Time: Chinese and Jewish Cultural Memory" is at once a scholarly consideration of Chinese and Jewish intellectual life, a poetic evocation of the wrenching imperative of historical memory and an extraordinary personal story about uncovering family secrets. In this intensely felt and often difficult work, Schwarcz ventures into risky territory, plumbing her own experience in a second-chance family in which "something was dying to be said."

"My focus," she writes, "is upon a shared commitment to the transmission of remembrance." Despite their differences, both the Talmudic and the Confucian traditions emphasize an active quest for the wisdom of the ancients through the study of texts. In her creative exploration of these distinctive cultures, Schwarcz relies heavily on metaphoric bridges thrown across time. She quotes much poetry, including her own, and draws on many sources, from ancient records of Chinese Jews to the archives of the Holocaust Museum in Washington.

The book stumbles only when Schwarcz ventures into the realm of comparative suffering, a subject guaranteed to create rifts among those with common wounds.

More compelling is Schwarcz's description of her own extraordinary journey into the universe of Chinese intellectuals as a way of fleeing — and then retrieving — her own

Points East

The Wagners became an extended family to Hitler and visited him often. Gottfried, who was born in 1947, hit a stone wall whenever he asked his parents about Nazi history. He finally broke all ties with his family, left Germany for Italy, and wrote a book which will soon appear in an English translation: *Twilight of the Wagners*.

Gottfried Wagner was very touched by Chen Yifei's sensitive film and asked me many questions following my introductory presentation. Like most of my audience, this was the first time he had heard of this subject.

Baghdadi Jews in Shanghai

by Aviva Shabi excerpted from an article in the Israeli paper, *Yediot Aharonot*, 1992

Jacob Alkow, Hollywood producer and roving reporter, who came to Shanghai in 1937 as representative of a California citrus fruit company, wrote about the life of foreign residents in Shanghai during that period. Alkow, who later immigrated to Israel, had been in close contact with some of the wealthiest families of the Jewish community.

The Abrahams

When he arrived in Shanghai, Alkow presented himself first to the Abraham family. Reuben (Ruby) Abraham was the son of the Rabbi David Ezra Joshua Abraham, head of the Shanghai Baghdadian Jewish Community, and related by marriage to the Sassoon family. In the Abraham family garden, Chinese gardeners carefully tended plants of the "four kinds" (arba'a haminim). Every morning, from six to eight o'clock, Ruby and his three sons studied Talmud with the grandfather. They read Hebrew and were familiar with the literature of the Middle Ages. They were not, however, acquainted with modern Hebrew literature, and he brought them the works of Bialik, Fichman and Shofman.

The Toegs

Rivka Toueg (formerly Toeg) was born in Shanghai during the golden era of the Jewish community. Her father had arrived in

Shanghai as a young clerk in the Sassoon Company, prospered quickly and became one of the new millionaires of Shanghai. The Toegs resided in the International Settlement in a four story house with all the uncles and aunts. They owned stables, a block of buildings in the center of town and a wood factory on the river front.

They lived a colonial life in every sense of the word. The children took ballet lessons and listened to classical music. At home they spoke English, except for the grandmother who only spoke Iraqi Arabic. Each child had a personal nursemaid, and Chinese "boys" served meals at table. On the Sabbath they studied Torah in the synagogue and Sundays were spent sailing on the river, picnicing, or at the race track.

"I remember that until I was twelve years old I never took a bath by myself", she recounts. "I didn't know how to rinse a cup. I had a nursemaid who was closer to me than my own mother. The servants lived below, in the courtyard behind the house. We knew nothing of their private lives and we treated them as inferior beings. They loved us, but when the Communists came they began to see this pattern of servants and masters as exploitation. Perhaps it was exploitation, but we didn't understand it as such."

Wartime Shanghai

In 1937, after war and much bloodshed, the Japanese gained control over the Chinese section of Shanghai. Hundreds of thousands of Chinese refugees fled from the destroyed Hongkew quarter and crowded into the city suburbs. The first stream of Jewish refugees soon began arriving from Europe. By that time there already was a large community of Russian Jews who had fled their country after the Revolution in 1917 and came to Shanghai via Harbin and Tientsin.

The stream of Jewish refugees increased after Kristallnacht and became a flood in 1939. By 1941 about nineteen thousand refugees from Germany, Austria, and Poland had arrived in Shanghai. They came by boat from the ports of Italy to Bombay and to Shanghai.

The wealthy Baghdadians of the commu-

nity were active in the rescue project and founded the "European Refugee Committee." Jacob Alkow was its honorary president. Alkow raised an initial sum of about a quarter of a million dollars from a small group of wealthy people: Kadoorie, Sassoon, Hardoon, Ezra, Abraham. They established clinics and soup kitchens, and Horace Kadoorie built a school for the refugee children. When the stream of refugees increased still more, a demand to stop the flow of immigration began because the entire burden fell on the local community.

In July, 1939, when eighteen thousand refugees were already squeezed into Shanghai, the first aid from abroad arrived through the American "Joint" (Joint Distribution Committee). In September of that year World War II broke out and the gates were locked.

The question "Why did the Japanese allow the entrance of Jews into Shanghai?" is still a mystery. The discussions with the Japanese were conducted face to face by Victor Sassoon and Eli Kadoorie. There is no written documentation as to what was agreed upon then. But from certain hints Alkow understood, the Jews had negotiated a business deal with the Japanese who were interested in maintaining normal economic and commercial activities in Shanghai. Only later, in 1943, did the Japanese, under Nazi pressure, issue an order compelling all of the refugees who had arrived after 1937 to confine themselves to the closed quarter of Hongkew.

After the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor in December 1941, all the foreign residents who were Allied nationals were moved into prison camps built in the outskirts of Shanghai. The Baghdadian community was severed in half. Most of the wealthier families who were British nationals were imprisoned until the end of the war. Those of Iraqi nationality, sometimes members of the same family, were left at home and allowed to continue with their daily lives. The Japanese confiscated the palatial mansions, the private art collections, the stock exchange and the factories. The Cathay Hotel was used to house Japanese officers, the Sassoon office buildings were turned into the Japanese propaganda center.

My Family Story

By Vera Jedeikin

[Note by Rena Krasno: The following is an extract from the memoir of Vera Jedeikin, entitled *My Family Story*. It tells of her experience as an 18-year-old in Japan (1919). Her writing vividly reflects the atmosphere of the time. This memoir was given to us by her son, Joseph Sudeikin, a San Francisco attorney. Mr. Judeikin supplied us with very important material both for the Hoover Institution, Stanford, and for the Jabotinsky Institute in Tel Aviv, Israel.]

Living in Japan and Meeting My Husband

The year was 1919 and I was 18 years old. Yokohama at that time was the main port in Japan and a seat of many big foreign firms. The foreigners were mostly English and Germans with a sprinkle of Russians, French and Italians.

Father rented a furnished house, "Bluff 56", which was very nice and comfortable, but it was boring; nothing to do, no friends, strange language, again music lessons, English lessons and so on.

One evening we all went to a movie, where I met my future husband, Louis, among a few other young men (Charles Linton and others). After a few days, Louis paid us a visit. I remember he came with Mr. Berger. Soon I started to go out with him; he took me to dances and I must say I never danced before with a man. I felt terribly awkward and probably looked funny. Anyway I was very naïve. On August 10, 1920 we were married in a very small, unimpressive ceremony as Yokohama did not have even a temple. Our honeymoon was spent in the resort town, Karuizawa, and we stayed at the Mampei Hotel.

My parents and Sonia soon left for the USA.

We rented a two-story house in Yokohama where Louis had an office on the first floor and our private apartment on the second. We acquired some friends, the Landezens who came from Vladivostok, the Sands, Lintons and some Germans. Louis loved Germans at that time.

The 1923 Earthquake

Our life was quite uneventful in Yokohama, but on Saturday, the first of September 1923, everything changed.

At about 11:30 a.m. I went out of the house with a friend of mine (Julia Ivanovna

Shustroff) to Benten-Dori, a shopping centre, taking along my little dog, "Lady," a white fox terrier. While passing a downtown street and looking at the new huge telephone building, I mentioned to my friend that I would hate to be near this building during an earthquake. Little did I know that less than an hour later something terrible would happen and I would be near this building. While in the shop (Goto Sabey), a horrible earthquake hit Tokyo and Yokohama. The earth shook so violently that everybody in the store fell. I rushed to the door but did not make it as the whole place fell like a house made of cards. Something hit me; I fell and for awhile lost consciousness. I do not know for how long, but when I came to myself, my first thought was that "this is it" – the end of the world. Then "I am going to die now" was my second thought. I lost consciousness for awhile. The earth shook wildly and I understood that it was just an earthquake. I heard some voices above me and moanings next to me, so I started to shout and call for help. The Japanese answered "Choto mote, kudasi" which meant "Wait, be patient."

Hours passed till they dug us out. The dog was killed. Julia (my friend) and I started to run toward my house, but it was almost impossible to move, as the whole street was full of debris. We had to jump over it to reach the main street. As far as we could see, the whole city was in ruins; only the big telephone company building was seen, standing erect, like a skeleton. I did not know what to do. People were running in all directions at that moment. I saw a group of people coming my way in the front and Mr. Lev Zikman, he also saw me, came near and told me to run away from this place as everything started to burn. There was only one way – to go to the beaches or parks. Well, so we ran to the park and stayed there till 4 o'clock in the morning. It was impossible to get out as everything around us was on fire and there was smoke all around.

Somebody gave me a jacket, which I wetted and put on my head so that my hair would not burn. Well, it was almost dawn when we left the park, jumping over the holes and debris; with difficulty we reached the beach where we boarded little boats, which brought us to Empress of Canada, a Canadian ship which was anchored some distance away in the sea. The ship was crowded with refugees. Early in the morning I found out that my husband

was also on the same ship and we were happily reunited. My brother, Jusia, was safe on another boat. It was a terrible disaster. Many, many people perished. Among our friends and acquaintances we lost 27 people; it was hard to take.

Well, after three days we were brought to Kobe, a port city in Western Japan. We did not know anybody there, we did not have a cent in the pocket, as when the earthquake hit us, it was 12 o'clock noon, on a Saturday and Louis just came home bringing money from the bank to pay all the bills and pay salaries to our employees. When it started to shake, he ran out of the house in his shirt, leaving all the money on the desk. He never saw the house again or the money as he ran out to look for me. So did Jusia (he lived next to us). For many hours they ran through the street looking for me.

KOBE 1923

It was not easy to start all over again, but Louis was young, clever and very energetic. The first thing he did was to rent a room (Harima Machi 20) then a bank loaned him some money. He bought a second hand desk, chair and typewriter and started to write letters to his customers and to Swiss watchmakers who were very understanding and gave him immediately enormous credit. Though we were insured against fire, the insurance companies did not pay anything as the fire was caused by earthquake, so Louis lost everything. It was a difficult time for me too. Everything was gone; no house, no clothes, all my beautiful trousseau made in a convent, all the beautiful gifts from father, photos from my childhood and mother, nothing could replace it. Also, I got terribly nervous, I was afraid to walk on the street, I tried to walk in the middle of the road; I was afraid of tall buildings. I was afraid to stay alone in my room. We rented a room in Kobe. Louis was away most of the time, traveled a lot, and I was very much alone, but whenever he was in town, I would go to our office (one room) and sit on the desk (there being no other chairs) and helped him in any way I could (typing with one finger).

It took Louis a year or two to rebuild his business. In the meantime Mr. Shimizu, our top salesman and manager, found us and moved his family also to Kobe. Mr. Shimizu was our "banto" which means the first salesman in our business. He worked 30 years for Louis. The office was expanded; my first child was born.

cannot even be taken as a later piece of hearsay.

4. Jacob (*loc. cit.*) also makes another posterous remark, raising the same problem and compounding the blunder. He writes, always with regard to the people of Zaitun, that 'they call the Saracens and the Jews by the name of those who have large noses and do not eat the meat of the pig, God forbid, saying that both are *somaciun*, which in our language means men with coloured eyes.' After their conquest of China, for military and administrative reasons the Mongols divided the population along ethnic lines into four classes: Mongols, Northern Chinese, Southern Chinese and the so-called People of Various Categories (in Chinese *Semu jen*, commonly mistranslated as 'men with coloured eyes'). This latter group of sundry foreigners comprised Western and Central Asians, as well as Europeans and people of other nationalities resident in China. Marco Polo would have been a *Semu jen*. As in the case of *Yeh-li-k'o-wen*, the social and administrative term would not have been introduced into Zaitun until the city passed under Mongol control, i.e. until the late 1270s, too late for Jacob to take cognizance of it and record it, as he does, as a term in general use in the still Mongol-free south. We might add that in the 13th century *se* 'colour; category, kind' was pronounced *shai*. This is further evidence that Jacob's *somaciun* derives from a modern European transcription (*se, so*).

5. Jacob (p. 189) calls the Jews *ciuhu* (= *Chu-hu*, a well-attested term in the 13th century) 'nerve and sinew extractors' (evidently corresponding to the Chinese *T'iao-chin chiao*, but this term is not mentioned elsewhere before the 17th century!), and *tachincho* (= *Ta-Ch'in chiao*). This last term was used for the Nestorians in the T'ang (and possibly the Sung), though not in the Yuan dynasty. It is unconnected to Judaism in China.

6. Jacob (p. 109) writes of the slaughter of Jews by Baiciu 'along with Saracens, Christians, and Parsees' in Sinchalan (Canton). Selbourne (p. 380, n. 37) comments: 'This is accurate; the rebel Bae-Choo [read Banshu, i.e. Huang Ch'ao] carried out a massacre of settlers and those of minority religions in Guangzhou in AD 877 [878 or 879].' Close enough, but where did Jacob get this information? There is no Chinese reference to this slaughter. The original Arabic of c. 916 to Abu Zayd does

not write Parsees, but Magians. Ibn Battuta in 1346 mentions 'sun-worshipping Turks' (taken by scholars to be Parsees) in Khansa (Hang-chou). Once again it looks as if Selbourne has obtained his information from one of the many modern western translations from the Arabic.

7. Jacob (p. 109) writes that 'they also speak their prayers in a tongue that I could not follow, being composed of the language of Sinim and of some words of our tongue [Hebrew], but spoken in a strange fashion, as also is their Torah, all being written in Mancino [Chinese] yet with whole words of our language [Hebrew] being hidden within it so that they may not be seen.' One cannot believe that these Zaitun Jews, contrary to the K'ai-feng Jews, ever prayed in Chinese (were they Reform Jews!), or translated the Torah into Chinese.

8. Jacob (*loc. cit.*) writes of Jews in Penlian (without Selbourne pointing out that this is an old name for K'ai-feng); then in the next line he talks of Chaifen. Did Jacob/Selbourne not realize that Pien-liang and K'ai-feng were names for the same place?

9. Jacob's whole suggestion that there were two groups of Jews in Zaitun, Mancino (Chinese) Jews and Italian Jews, is unbelievable. He even writes (in 1271) of a synagogue 'more than one thousand years old' (p. 114). Much of what he writes about the Zaitun Jews of the 13th century seems to come from the description of the K'ai-feng Jews of the 17th and 18th centuries by the Jesuit missionaries Ricci, Gozani, etc.

10. Jacob (*loc. cit.*) speaks of 'Vioni, a merchant of Genoa and long in this place [Zaitun].' Recent scholarship has shown that the Genoese family that settled in China in the 13th-14th century was named Vilione and not, as it was earlier misread Vilioni. Once again Selbourne has obtained his information from modern scholars.

11. We have left till last the most amazing, even miraculous, of all Jacob's suggestions. All modern scholars, Chinese and Western, agree that Zaitun (of the Arabs and Marco Polo) corresponds to Ch'uan-chou, not to Chang-chou further south on the Fukien coast, as G. Phillips erroneously believed at the end of last century. See *T'oung Pao* 1:1890, p. 231, where he wrote: 'These readings of Zaitun most un-

doubtedly point to the port of Gay-cong, which is the local pronunciation of Yueh-kiang, the port of Changchou [i.e., Chang-chou].' Now, according to the manuscript, Jacob *thought* that he was in Zaitun (Ch'uan-chou), but proceeded to describe Chang-chou! He mentions 'Ciancio' (Chang-chou) and writes (p. 102):

'The country people give the city [Zaitun] the name Giecchon, and it stands at the mouth of the Sentan river, opposite the islands they call the elder and younger brothers'. Jacob's 'Giecchon' is undoubtedly Phillip's 'Gay-cong' – hence Changchou – near modern Amoy (but why does Amoy appear *only* in the Index for p. 99?), opposite the islands of Taiwan and Quemoy (Jacob's 'islands they call the elder and younger brothers').

Here we must take leave of Jacob of Ancona and his extraordinary 'tale' – a most appropriate term. In Italy, the *marchigiani*, of whom willy-nilly Jacob of Ancona was one, are renowned for their inventiveness; and Jacob's biblical namesake was a bit of a hoaxer himself (see *Genesis* 27, 1-29). One wonders whether our imaginative author chose this particular name for his brainchild with tongue in cheek.

The moral of this story is that if one engages in the hazardous sport of Polo-bashing or invent a new traveller, he or she must team up with expert advisers on matters Chinese and Mongolian (and in Jacob of Ancona's case, Jewish). Incidentally, after an initially enthusiastic response, Dr. Wood has now come down firmly against the authenticity of Jacob's manuscript.

In spite of this, *The City of Light* may well become a best-seller like *Gulliver's Travels* or *The Voyage and Travels* of Sir John Mandeville, our hoaxer's most distinguished forerunner, and why not? Selbourne has implied that academics were too jealous to appreciate his book. On the contrary, we only hope he is very successful (and perhaps even gets a knighthood like Mandeville!), in which case some of his many readers might decide to search for the real truth – and even read Marco Polo or our books (God be praised, as Jacob of Ancona writes).

Dressing Down

by Joseph P. Weber

When Nazi Germany seized Austria in March 1938, the persecution of the Jews began immediately. In Germany it had already been going on since 1933, resulting in a mass exodus of those lucky enough not to be dragged to concentration camps which, during World War II, became gas chambers and ovens.

Since foreign consulates were miserly in granting visas, about twenty thousand of us ended up in Shanghai, the only place requiring only the price of a ship's ticket.

Life in China was hard. Since the Nazis allowed us to emigrate with only ten marks per person, after passing a law that the evil Jews must surrender all gold and jewelry, we survived the next eight years only through the generosity of local and US philanthropists. Suffering from the severe subtropical climate, so different from what we had been accustomed to, we were ill equipped to make even a modest living. Thousands endured their entire eight-year, or longer, stay in "homes," fifty persons to a room.

Eventually, clothing began to fray and shoes were wearing out. Buying new things was just a dream, although there were a few second-hand stores where many of us sold our belongings, just to buy a few groceries. Most foods were sold by the half-ounce.

During the oppressively hot, humid summers we wore Chinese style wooden clogs or sandals made of used tires. As to clothing, the ingenuity of the Displaced Persons reached its full flowering: Frayed shirt collars and cuffs were re-fashioned by seamstresses who cut off the tails and made the shirts look as good as new. Men's sports or suit jackets were turned inside out, revealing unsuspected new patterns. Thus, tailors and cobblers, not exactly at the top of the social register in the old country, were relatively better off than say, lawyers, whose skills turned out to be utterly useless. I remember seeing a once-respected Viennese attorney standing on a street corner, day after day, trying to sell pencils.

Once jackets and overcoats had been turned inside out and began to turn shabby again, our enterprising tailor/artists came up with still another version: They removed the frayed collars and lapels, cut the sleeves off at the elbow and voila – a brand new design for the fashion-conscious involuntary globetrotter.

By 1944-45, toward the end of World War II, there appeared on the streets of Honkew, the suburb where our ghetto was located, a pitiful number of our fellow refugees dressed literally in sackcloth. Discarded, torn gunny-

sacks were all that was left for them to cover themselves.

Because of the small Austrian quota, we had to wait until 1952 before being allowed to immigrate into the US. After getting married to the former Tessie Silberman, just before leaving Shanghai in 1947, we spent five years in Bolivia, where two of our three sons were born.

The happy ending: Enjoying our children, four grandchildren and one great-grandchild, we are now living in comfortable semi-retirement, at long last.

Jacob Schiff, The Japanese and Joseph Trumpeldor

by Rena Krasno

Jacob Schiff, a leader of "German Jews" in America from the 1880's to the second decade of this century, came from a family of rabbis in the Jewish Quarter of Frankfurt. Every house in the street where he grew up bore an identification plate. In his family's case it was a ship – hence the German surname *Schiff*. His neighbor's house had the design of a red shield, leading to the famous *Rothschild* surname. Indeed, Jacob's father later became associated with the Rothschild's banking business. Jacob Schiff immigrated to the US in 1865 at the age of 18. In 1875, he married the daughter of a prominent New York financier, Salomon Loeb. He then joined the Wall Street firm, Kuhn, Loeb and Co. and eventually acquired great personal wealth.

One obsessive thought always pursued Schiff: the fate of Jews in Russia who were being decimated by Czar Nicholas II. In fact, the Czar's anti-Semitism was so profound that he called *Zhidi* (derogatory Russian term for Jew) all objects of his scorn – among whom were the Japanese.

When the Russo-Japanese War broke out in 1904, Japan was in desperate need of funds for arms and equipment. As a result, the Japanese government dispatched Baron Korekijo Takahashi to New York to seek loans. At a dinner with prominent financiers, the Baron met Jacob Schiff – a most fortunate encounter for Japan because Schiff believed in the premise: 'the enemy of my enemy is my friend.' Indeed, Schiff's hatred for the Czarist regime had peaked the preceding year after the dreadful April 6, 1903 Kishinev pogrom. In Kishinev (the capital of Bessarabia), a Russian boy had been found murdered and mutilated, a crime to which his uncle later confessed. Disregarding the true culprit. The

Russian authorities nevertheless used this heinous act as a pretext to instigate a pogrom. Hundreds of handbills were printed in the office of Kishinev's only – and rabidly anti-Semitic paper – the *Bessarabitz* – demanding the 'blood punishment' (*krev* in Russian) of Jews in retaliation for 'the ritual murder of an innocent Christian boy.' 1,500 Jewish businesses were looted and destroyed, 45 Jews killed, 92 wounded and crippled. Horror stories of unspeakable tortures of Jews – disembowling, bashing of babies' brains, rape and mutilation of women – reached Europe and America. Indifferent to worldwide protest, the Czar initiated yet other pogroms throughout his realm, including one more in Kishinev in 1905.

Jacob Schiff took an instant liking for the courteous and cultured Baron Takahashi, with whom he was to develop a true friendship. In the winter of 1904 when Japan was at war with Russia, Schiff succeeded in underwriting a Japanese bond issue of 200 million dollars using all his financial clout and negotiation skills. At the same time, Schiff fought fiercely – and successfully – against any American financial support for the Czar.

In 1906 Schiff and his wife visited Japan. Baron Takashi arranged for the couple to attend a private luncheon with the Emperor at the Meiji Palace – an unprecedented event. The Japanese government awarded Schiff the **Order of the Rising Sun**, the highest honor Japan could confer on a foreigner. A year later, when Baron Takahashi sent his beloved daughter to study in the United States, he entrusted her to the Schiff family, with whom she lived for almost 3 years.

Feeling Japan owed a debt of gratitude to a Jew, the Japanese government gave Russian Jewish prisoners-of-war preferential treatment. The Japanese Ambassador in Washington assured American Jewry that: "special friendship of the highest degree would be extended to Jewish prisoners." One such prisoner was the Zionist leader, Joseph Trumpeldor, who lost his arm in the battle of Port Arthur. During his year-long incarceration in Japan he was given complete access to books, freedom to establish a library and organize classes. Trumpeldor later settled in Palestine and was killed in the defense of a Jewish Settlement in Upper Galilee (Tel Hai) in 1920 – the same year that Jacob Schiff died.

Jacob Schiff's immeasurable contribution to Japan's first victory over a European power affected Japan's attitude towards all Jews. Some believe that this was one of the reasons why Japan did not agree to the demands of its ally, Nazi Germany, to exterminate all Jews living within the territories it occupied.

BOOK NOOK

Jacob d'Ancona, *The City of Light*. Translated and edited by David Selbourne. London: Little, Brown and Co., 1997. 392 pages, £22.50 reviewed by Igor de Rachewiltz and Donald D. Leslie reprinted from *Journal of Asian History*, 1998

After the Columbus-bashing of the '60s and '70s culminating with the great 'Vinland map' fiasco, Polo-bashing is now fast becoming a fashionable academic exercise.

In 1995, Dr. Frances Wood produced a book questioning Marco's veracity and attempting to show that he was never in China – indeed, that he may even not have written the *Description of the World* himself. Her essay is not impressive and the main thesis she propounds unquestionably faulty (as had been amply demonstrated by Chinese scholars long before she revamped this old and discredited theory). It made no difference: her book *Did Marco Polo Go to China?* was a commercial success, almost a best-seller.

Last year, another English writer published a translation of what purports to be the original narrative of Jacob of Ancona, an Italian Jew who went to China in 1270 (arriving in 1271), some four years before Marco Polo reached that country, and who left a more lively and captivating account of Chinese mores than the one given by the Venetian traveller.

David Selbourne, the editor and translator of Jacob of Ancona, is a former Oxford academic now living in Urbino. He allegedly obtained access to the late thirteenth- or early fourteenth-century manuscript (written in Italian vernacular) and was allowed to translate it into English by its present owner on condition that he would not divulge any information concerning its whereabouts, or reproduce the original in facsimile. Selbourne entitled it *The City of Light*, this being Jacob's designation of 'Zaitun', i.e. Ch'uan-chou, the famous city and harbour on the coast of Fukien in southeast China mentioned by Muslim and Christian travellers, where he claims to have resided in 1271-2.

At that time Zaitun still belonged to the native Sung dynasty (960-1279), but in

1277, soon after the fall of the Sung capital Lin-an (Hang chou), it came under Mongol rule. When this tragic event occurred, however, Jacob was safely back in Italy, having left China in February 1272 and reached his home in Ancona in May of the following year.

The story of his journey by sea to China, his sojourn in Zaitun and the description of his life there make very good reading, although the general public may find his religious digressions somewhat repetitive. The editor/translator has enriched the original narrative with useful introductions to the individual chapters, attractive illustrations, notes and references (but unfortunately no proper bibliography), and a rather inadequate glossary and index. A good deal of research has gone into this production, and one is really sorry to discover that our precursor of Marco Polo never existed and that his brilliant account is nothing but an elaborate hoax. We should stress that any suggestion that Selbourne himself was conned in Italy is challenging the reader's credulity. We believe that there never was an Italian manuscript, only one in English. The inescapable conclusion is that some of Selbourne's several mistakes have been put there deliberately to cover his tracks.

We are in complete agreement with Professor Jonathan Spence (*The New York Times*, Oct. 19, 1997) and several other reviewers that many of the major features of the book are preposterous. Jacob's debates in Zaitun, with Confucians in particular, are certainly imaginary. Reading the work leaves the uncomfortable feeling that Jacob knew far too much about China after a mere five months' stay (e.g., he names Han Fei Tzu, Su-ma Ch'ien and other famous Chinese, and gives a remarkable number of Chinese and Mongolian terms).

But a feeling of unease is not sufficient. Other reviewers (e.g. Bernard Wasserstein and David Wasserstein, *The Times Literary Supplement*, Nov. 14, 1997) have pointed to anachronisms and other peculiarities that support strongly the suggestion that we are dealing with a hoax. Our main aim in this review is to pinpoint several errors of Selbourne/Jacob that could never have been made by Jacob if he had gone to Zaitun (or even existed at all). When

citing from his book, all explanatory matter within square brackets is ours.

1. On two occasions (pp. 109, 350), Jacob writes of circumcision before the eighth day. It is most surprising that Selbourne (see his note 50 on p. 388) should not know that circumcision may only be performed on the eighth day (or after, if medically recommended, but never before). But it is utterly absurd to have a pious Jew in 1271 making this blunder.

2. Jacob also writes (p. 123) that the Jewish ritual slaughter for food requires a stunning of the animal for humanitarian reasons before it is killed. Stunning is strictly forbidden (see the *Encyclopaedia Judaica* under 'Shehitah'). Selbourne, having been outside the U.K. for some years and thus missing the debate there, may not have known this, but Jacob undoubtedly would have.

3. Jacob (p. 113) writes of 'the Christians the *people of Zaitun* [our italics] call the *elicoveni*.' Now, *elicoveni* is the Italianized form (with the plural in *i*) of the Chinese word *Yeh-li-k'o-wen* which, in turn, is a phonetic transcription of *Erke'un*, the name given by the Mongols to the Christians, the Nestorians in particular. (The Mongol rulers had adopted this term, which was a Syriac title of Greek origin, from the Nestorian Turks with whom they had close family and cultural relations.) As shown by Ch'en Yuan (1880-1971) as early as 1917, as well as by later scholars, the term *Yeh-li-k'o-wen* was first introduced into China by the Sino-Mongolian administration after the Mongol conquest; in other words, it did not exist before the arrival of the Mongols. In the case of Zaitun, the term would not have come into current use before the end of 1277, and then it would have been employed only in official documents. Jacob's statement that the people of Zaitun call the Christians *elicoveni* is, therefore, spurious because it is anachronistic by at least five years. In our opinion, Jacob of Ancona's creator has obtained his information on the *Yeh-li-k'o-wen* and Christianity in China from a modern work (perhaps A.C. Moule, *Christians in China Before the Year 1550*, first published in London in 1930). Jacob of Ancona simply could not have used this term in 1271-2; and his statement, in the way it is phrased,